

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

The Betrayed Princess Rising

Chapter 41

3rd Person's POV

What Lylah had just heard felt unreal.

Alpha Ezra making an exception for her because she was his mate?

0:51

Finished

The words echoed in her mind, heavy and disorienting. She had always believed their mating bond was little more than a contract for him. She never imagined he would bend rules for her sake.

Before she could gather herself enough to ask again, Ezra deliberately changed the subject. His voice left no room for further questioning, closing the matter with finality. So they moved on.

They sat together at the dining table, sharing the first thing they had ever made side by side—simple butter-roasted bacon. The warm, savory scent lingered in the air, wrapping the moment in an unexpected intimacy.

After dinner, Lylah reminded Ezra about the new “friends” they had brought home from the grocery store. The turtles. Together, they arranged the enclosure on the balcony, positioning it carefully where moonlight, fresh air, and morning sun would reach.

Later that night, they retreated to their separate rooms.

After bathing, Lylah lay back on her bed, damp hair fanned across the silk pillow. Her phone vibrated softly in her hand.

Seven unread messages from Tiara.

Lylah groaned and immediately called her.

“Lylah, you’re shameless!” Tiara shouted the moment the call connected. “How could you forget about me so easily?”

“Relax.” Lylah laughed softly. “I was just so busy today.”

“Busy with what?” Tiara teased mercilessly. “Cuddling with your new mate? Kissing under the Lunaris sky?”

“Tiara stop!” Lylah hissed, heat rushing to her cheeks. “We were learning how to cook.”

“Cook?” Tiara scoffed. “You two are unbelievable. Your mate is Alpha Ezra of Moonclaw. One word from him, and a hundred omegas would be in the kitchen.”

“Just tell me the news,” Lylah said quickly, trying to steer the conversation away. “You messaged me Blackfang is in chaos right now. What happened?”

“Oh, darling, you won’t believe this,” Tiara giggled. “So yesterday at the college, Alpha Rowan publicly humiliated himself. He accused an innocent pack member of stealing his jewelry.”

Tiara recounted every detail with delight.

Lylah winced at each new revelation—secondhand embarrassment twisting painfully with a lingering

1/3

1:20 pm

Chapter 41

sense of pity.

0:5

Finished

“They say he went berserk that very day.” Tiara added. “Raging in his office and punishing his subordinates mercilessly. Congratulations Lylah, you’re stripping him of his sanity piece by piece. He deserves every second of it.”

Understanding settled coldly in Lylah’s chest.

So Rowan had found out.

She remembered Maia’s call from the day before, how Rowan’s presence had pressed through the line, heavy and suffocating, until his furious growl finally pierced the conversation.

It had been days since she left, yet she wasn’t surprised that he had only just discovered she sold every one of his gifts. Rowan had always relied on the same tactics.

Control through silence.

When she failed to obey, he punished her by withdrawing—cutting her off completely—until she broke first. Until she crawled back, apologizing for mistakes she never committed.

Apologizing was never Rowan's role.

It was always hers.

-Flashback four years ago-

Winter had been unforgiving that year, biting deep into the bones of the Blackfang Pack. Hunger gnawed at them all.

It was Rowan's first year running his company, and the first cohort of investor Alphas had arrived for a high-stakes meeting.

That morning, only a single bottle of milk remained after the rations had been handed out to the pack members. Lylah hadn't eaten in two days, yet she carried it to Rowan's office anyway.

She knew he needed it more than she did.

He was in the middle of a meeting with the Alphas when she entered. They noticed her immediately.

"Well, Alpha Rowan," one of them chuckled, "you have yourself a devoted little Luna."

"Bringing you milk with that smile," another added. "Looks like she takes very good care of you."

It was nothing more than teasing.

But Lylah would never forget the way Rowan's aura had turned vicious.

He dragged her out of the room without a word, his grip bruising. Then, in a fit of rage, he hurled the bottle into the trash.

After that, he ignored her for an entire week.

T

1:20 pm

Chapter 41

13

Finished

Desperate, frightened, and convinced she had done something unforgivable, Lylah apologized again and again. Tiara had scolded her harshly, calling her naive, calling her blind.

On the ninth day, Rowan finally relented.

“It’s fine, Lylah,” he said coolly. “I’m not that angry. You can stop flooding me with those apology letters.”

She had smiled then—relieved, grateful, foolishly happy.

Only later did she understand the truth.

Rowan hadn’t softened because he felt remorse.

He had softened because her guilt had inconvenienced him.

He never cared about her pain—only his own comfort.

- Flashback off-

214

W

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 42

3rd Person’s POV

.o

Finished

The muddy grounds of Blackfang Packhouse trembled as a sleek black Bentley rolled through the gates and came to a hard stop before a modest wooden house.

Rowan stepped out—and the air shifted.

Conversations died mid-sentence. Wolves stilled in their tracks, instincts screaming as the Alpha's aura unfurled without restraint. It slammed into the surrounding pack members like an invisible force, heavy with dominance and barely leashed fury.

Rowan's gaze locked onto the door before him.

"Tiara Ashcroft," he called, his voice deceptively calm as it carried through the courtyard. "Open the door. Your Alpha wishes to speak with you."

Silence answered him.

Seconds stretched. His patience thinned, fraying like a snapped tether.

Murmurs rippled through the gathered crowd, hushed but unmistakable.

"What does Alpha Rowan want with Tiara? This is so unheard of."

"She's Lylah's friend. It must be about her."

"But look at him, he looks like he's ready to tear the place apart."

A second car screeched to a halt beside the Bentley, silver paint splattered with mud.

Gavriel and Cora rushed out, both freezing the instant they saw Rowan standing there.

"Alpha!" Gavriel rushed to his side, eyes widening. "Alpha we've been looking for you everywhere."

Rowan hadn't shown up at the office today. He hadn't returned to his estate.

Cora's sharp gaze took him in, and her heart dropped.

"Rowan," she said carefully, stepping closer. "What are you doing here?" Then her nose wrinkled as the scent hit her. "Did you... Did you spend the entire night drinking?"

His eyes were bloodshot, gold dulled, and rimmed red. Alcohol clung to him, but beneath it—rage.

Obsession.

Rowan ignored her.

“Tiara Ashcroft,” he called again, this time louder. Dark amusement curled his lips as his wolf surged closer to the surface. “You dare defy me?”

He lifted his hand, claws threatening to break skin.

1/3

1:20 pm

Chapter 42

o:

Finished

“I know Lylah is hiding inside. I’ll count to three. If you don’t open this door,” Rowan paused, voice dropping into something lethal, “I will order my warriors to burn your house to the ground.”

The roar that followed was not entirely human.

Fear rippled through the crowd like wildfire. Several wolves staggered back, whispers turned sharp, filled with horrors.

“So cruel...”

“He’s lost control.”

Gavriel stepped forward despite his instincts screaming at him to submit. “Alpha, please control yourself. I’ve already retrieved every gift Lylah sold-”

“I don’t give a fuck anymore!” Rowan snapped, the words slurring just enough to betray his drunken state. “All I want is to see her walk out of this damn den and face me.”

His chest heaved.

“Does she really think it’s amusing?” he snarled. “To play games with me?”

“N-no Alpha,” Gavriel murmured, forced to bow as Nightborne surged. His Beta wolf crumpled under the pressure, submission instinctively overtaking him.

Cora watched the scene unfold—and something inside her snapped.

The murmurs had grown louder. Phones were lifted, cameras shamelessly recording. The pack was watching their Alpha unravel.

All for her.

For Lylah.

Anger burned hotter than fear in Cora's chest.

"Tiara doesn't live here anymore Alpha," a voice from the crowd said timidly. "She moved to another house a long time ago."

Before Rowan could roar again, Cora surged forward and grabbed his face. Forcing him to look at her.

"Enough, Rowan!" she shouted "Lylah isn't here!"

For a heartbeat, Cora forgot who she was touching. Forgot the danger.

"She's gone!" she said fiercely. "She's no longer in Blackfang. Stop looking for her. Just forget her. She didn't even remember you when she left for Lunar-"

Cora froze.

Rowan's **jaw** tightened. The wolf behind his eyes snapped to attention.

:20 pm

Chapter 42

'You know where she is.'

In one swift motion, he seized Cora's wrist, his grip iron-hard.

'Say it,' he commanded, voice cold enough to draw blood.

S-she's..."

Say. The damn. Word."

Cora swallowed, her pulse racing. "I saw it in Lunar Grace's official news."

Rowan leaned closer, breath uneven.

Lylah was accepted as a junior assistant there."

214

A

Finished

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 )

Lylah's POV

Finished

Today marked my first visit to the Lunar Grace office tower. I signed the official statement confirming my acceptance. Everything was settled. And by the next day, I would begin work.

Alpha Ezra had instructed that today was meant for me—to familiarize myself with Lunar. He couldn't accompany me, so Damon was assigned instead.

Lunar land wasn't that sprawling, and in a day's drive, we could touch nearly every corner of the city.

As dusk began to settle, staining the sky in muted violets, I asked Damon to stop at the border shared with Whitepine Pack. Three hundred meters beyond the boundary lay The Rest of Whitepine—a sacred area. where fallen warriors were laid to return to the Moon Goddess kingdom.

"Allow me to escort you, Luna," Damon said, stepping out beside me.

His gaze swept the area, alert. "May I ask what draws you here?"

"I want to visit my parents." I tightened my grip on the white roses we had bought along the way. "Alpha Ezra has already given his permission as long as I don't cross too far. We'll return before nightfall."

"I understand," he replied, then hesitated. "But, your parents were buried here? They were Whitepine warriors?"

I smiled softly. "Yes."

Surprise flickered across his face. If memory served me right, this was the first time I had ever spoken those words aloud to anyone.

The scent of flowers left by other visitors mingled with damp earth. The ground hummed faintly beneath my feet, and Selestine stirred within me, responding to the welcoming pull of sacred land.

"The last time I came here was five years ago," I said quietly. "Right after I learned that Jax and Vala Stillward were my biological parents."

That same night—after Cora first appeared—the truth spilled through the Ironcrest Pack like wildfire. Whispers of switched infants. An emergency birth deep in the forest.

“There were only two women giving birth that night,” Eldric said quietly. “One **was** you. The other was bleeding out—forced to deliver in urgency. They **were** warriors, respected nobles of Whitepine Pack. Jax Stillward and his mate.”

I had overheard the conversation that night, hidden in the shadows as Eldric spoke with Daia. Neither of them knew I was listening.

Neither of them knew that I had carried the truth of my identity in silence ever since.

Damon said nothing, standing respectfully beside me as I knelt and offered my prayers.

When I was finished, I rose.

1/3

1:20 pm

Chapter 43

Finished

“Let’s go.”

“Luna,” Damon said gently as we turned back, “if you ever wish to return, just tell me. Being separated from one’s true parents...it cannot be easy.”

“I never had the chance to know them,” I admitted. “Never saw them alive. That’s what hurts the most.”

Would Jax Stillward have been proud of me? Would Vala have loved me as her daughter—me, and not Cora?

Or would they have cursed this twisted fate, just as Eldric and Daia did?

The thought lingered as we drove back toward the city, the lights of Lunaris rising ahead of us like distant

stars.

Damon dropped me off at the roadside near the penthouse, and I insisted he didn’t need to escort me further. Thankfully, he agreed.

The street was quiet.

Too quiet.

Three young wolves stood ahead, their laughter sharp and cruel.

Nearby, an elderly figure crawled along the pavement, reaching desperately for a piece of bread crushed beneath their boots.

When the youths finally tired of their mockery, they fled into the shadows, still laughing.

“Sir, wait,” I said, rushing forward without thinking. I crouched beside him. “Please don’t pick that up. I’ll get you something else, proper warm food. Just leave it.”

“Ah.” the old man murmured, lifting his head. “Thank you, young lady.”

“What happened?” I asked softly. “Do they harass you often?”

His hair was long and matted, his clothes little more than rags. Yet when his eyes met mine, something felt

wrong.

There was power there—contained, coiled. An aura that brushed against my senses with quiet dominance, regal and unmistakably unnatural.

“They aren’t very kind to wanderers like me,” he said calmly. “You are the first who has **ever** shown me compassion.”

And in that moment, Selestine stirred uneasily.

Something about this man did not belong on the streets.

2/3

Ruby Walker

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

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

## Chapter 44

Lylah's POV

Finished

"Who are you?" The question slipped out before I could stop myself. "Are you truly just a wanderer?"

I couldn't trust him so easily. If he were undercover—if there was even the slightest chance of malicious intent—I could alert Alpha Ezra and have him dealt with. The safety of Lunaris, and the wolves within it, came first.

"Is that suspicion born from my appearance, lady?" he asked mildly.

"No, it's not like that—"

"I carried proper clothes once," he interrupted calmly. "Gold as well. Provisions for the road. But Rogues found me before I reached Lunaris, and they stripped me of everything."

Shame crept into my chest.

"I apologize," I said softly. "Then which pack do you belong to? And what brings you to Lunaris?"

If he lingered here too long, those reckless young wolves would harass him again.

"Pack?" He smiled, something distant in his eyes. "I don't belong to one. My life has always been one of passage moving from one land to the next. As for my destination..." His gaze lifted. "It lies here. I have relatives in Lunaris. I was on my way to his home."

Relief loosened the tight coil in my chest. "Alright then."

I reached into my coat and withdrew three gold coins, pressing them into his palm. "This should help you buy clothes and food."

He stared at the coins for a long moment. I couldn't tell if he was grateful or insulted.

Then his fingers closed around them. "Thank you, young lady."

His gaze slid past me, lifting toward the towering glass apartment behind my back—the structure that crowned Alpha Ezra's domain, his penthouse gleaming at its peak. Something sharp flickered through the old man's eyes.

"You live there?" he asked,

"Yes," I said. "I moved in not long ago. With my mate."

“Ah.” His lips curved faintly. “So the bond is fresh.”

I blinked. “How did you know?”

“I can feel it.” His voice lowered. “A newly forged bond sings loudly to those who know how to listen. Selene gifted me sight at birth. I read fate in eyes, in palms, and in the air itself.”

**A seer?**

**1:20 pm**

Chapter 44

Finished

A memory stirred—colored lanterns and whispered prophecies at the Ironcrest Pack night market, when I was still a little girl.

“Open your hands,” he said.

Curiosity outweighed caution. My wolf stirred but offered no warning, only calm reassurance. So I obeyed.

He traced the lines of my palm with a single finger, his expression darkening as he studied them. Silence stretched, heavy and charged, before he finally looked up.

“I see it clearly now.”

I smiled faintly. “Let me guess. A terrible fate.”

He shook his head. “Not at all.” His voice carried awe. “Yours **is** extraordinary. The stars aligned when you were born—shaping a path Selene has denied countless others. You and your mate were bound to find one another across three lifetimes she granted you.”

Goosebumps rippled down my arms.

“Cherish it,” he continued. “Your days will align, your years will stretch beyond measure. You will bear pups, and centuries will slip quietly by.”

I closed my hands, suddenly overwhelmed.

Something ancient coiled behind his gaze, something vast enough to make my wolf–Selene–shift uneasily beneath my skin. His presence pressed against me, heavy with power.

I looked away.

“I apologize if I frightened you, Lady.”

“No no,” I said quickly. “Thank you.”

“And your name?” he asked.

“Lylah.”

A knowing glint sparked in his eyes. “If I am to remain in Lunaris, we will meet again. When that time comes, I will return your gold.”

“There’s no need sir.”

“I do not carry debt,” he said firmly, leaving no room for argument.

☐

214

1:21 pm

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 )

Finished

That morning, the atmosphere at Blackfang College shifted the instant Rowan arrived. His fury rolled ahead of him like a living force, thickening the air and pressing against the lungs of every wolf within its reach.

Whispers died mid-breath when he slammed the office door open and seized the Gamma by the collar, forcing him to his feet.

“Damn you Stone,” Rowan growled, his voice vibrating with Alpha power, “it seems you no longer value your *life*.”

Stone—Lylah’s mentor for years—met his gaze, jaw tight. He had known this reckoning would come.

“Alpha Rowan, what is this about?” Stone said evenly, though his pulse thundered beneath his skin.

Rowan’s lips curled. “You dare ask? You helped Lylah apply for the Junior Assistant position at Lunar Grace -behind my back!”

Stone inhaled slowly, bracing himself, then reached up to loosen Rowan’s grip.

“That program is independent, Alpha. Open to any qualified applicant, regardless of pack affiliation. Annual pack quotas don’t bind it.” His eyes hardened. “She didn’t need your approval.”

A sharp intake of breath rippled through the wolves crowding the doorway.

Gavriel stiffened. Cora’s face drained of color.

“No approval?” Rowan repeated softly, dangerously. “How amusing.” His aura flared, his claws threatening to burst through his skin. “I am her Alpha. For five years, Lylah’s life has been under my authority. Every choice she makes concerns me.”

Stone swallowed, then lifted his chin. “And yet you had no trouble deciding her future without her—when you gave her undergraduate placement to Lady Cora.”

Rowan’s grip fell away.

For a heartbeat, the world seemed to tilt.

Emotion flashed across his eyes—shock, then something darker. He hadn’t expected Stone to strike there.

“So I think what Lylah did is only fair,” Stone continued, his voice steady despite the danger. “I supported you once when you took what should have been hers. I won’t do it again.”

His mind drifted back to the day Lylah had stood in this very room, quietly asking about the Junior Assistant position he had offered.

He remembered the disappointment she tried to hide, the hurt she folded neatly away. The ache she swallowed as she spoke of finding another path.

1/2

**1:21 pm**

Chapter 45

Finished

“Alpha,” Gavriel said, slipping past the stunned onlookers. He lifted a document from Stone’s desk. “Look. This is a copy of the application form Lylah submitted.”

Rowan tore it from his Beta’s hands and scanned the page.

A low growl rumbled from his chest, shaking the walls.

“Why,” he demanded, eyes snapping up, “did Lylah list her status as mated?”

Stone frowned. “I don’t know, Alpha. But if she wrote it, then it’s true. A mating bond doesn’t lie. She already has a mate.”

“Impossible!” The paper was shredded between Rowan’s fingers. “There is no bond!” he snarled. “No one has claimed her!”

He spun toward his Beta. “Gavriel.”

“Yes, Alpha?”

“Arrange my departure to Lunaris. Fastest train. I’ll be there before the next day.”

With that, Rowan stormed out—only to halt at the doorway.

Tiara stood there, arms crossed, her eyes glittering with undisguised satisfaction.

“Well,” she drawled, “don’t you look regretful now after taking pleasure in hurting my friend piece by piece.”

Rowan’s snarl was instant. “You—”

“You’re unbelievable, Alpha Rowan,” Tiara snapped, her words cracking like a whip. Gasps rippled through the crowd behind her. “A hypocrite.” She stepped closer without hesitation. “You won’t find what you’re looking for in Lunaris. Do you know why?”

Her gaze burned into his.

“Because Lylah doesn’t want to see your face anymore. So leave her the fuck alone!”

214

B

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 )

0:31

Finished

Tomorrow is my first day of work, and sleep has completely abandoned me. Nervousness coiled tight round my chest, refusing to loosen no matter how hard I tried to breathe through it.

spent the night hunched over my study table, combing through every piece of material I thought might be useful—healing notes, training manuals, and the academy’s histories—until pale dawn slipped through the windows without my notice.

By then, it was too late to sleep.

bathed quickly, then dressed in the assistant’s uniform: a crisp white fitted shirt, a black skirt, and a arrow tie embroidered with the silver crest of Lunar Grace.

‘anicked, I slipped out of my room.

Didn’t you say you were starting work today?”

The voice made me jolt.

Good morning, Ezra.” I hurried into the dining room where he was already seated. Bambi stood at his side, ever watchful. “Yes, today’s the day. I think I might be late.”

Good morning,” Alpha Ezra smiled, slow and knowing. “You won’t be. They start in thirty minutes. And Damon drives fast.”

Alph- I mean Ezra, I can go on my own.” Beta Damon had already spent the entire previous day driving me through Lunaris. Asking again felt excessive. “I don’t want to keep burdening him.”

He’ll be more restless if I don’t give him work.” Ezra’s amusement deepened. Then his gaze sharpened lightly. “And you don’t need to feel that way. You’re my Luna. Serving you is part of his duty too. Do you understand?”

Alright,” I said.

Yesterday, I returned to the penthouse long after sunset. The place was quiet, and Ezra had been in his oom. I hadn't wanted to disturb him.

'Ezra,' I'd said then, 'I came home a bit late last night. I didn't tell you when I arrived cause I thought you were asleep.'

'Don't worry. I told you it was your day to explore Lumaris,' he'd replied easily. Then he paused, his eyes narrowing just a fraction—enough to make my spine straighten. 'But there's something I want to ask'

'Sure.'

'Did you meet someone before coming back?' His voice remained calm, but the air shifted. 'There **was** another scent on you. Not yours.'

My eyes had widened despite myself.

1/2

1:21 pm

Chapter 46

白

Finisher

We hadn't even faced each other yesterday, and yet he'd sensed it. An ordinary wolf never could have.

His was another level of awareness—sharp, predatory, a gift carved by Selene herself.

'Yes,' I'd admitted. 'I meet an old man, he's a wanderer. Some teenagers were harassing him outside the apartment building, so I intervened.' I hesitated. 'Was that... not allowed?'

'Of course it's allowed.' His tone softened, but the power beneath it remained. 'Just be careful. Lumaris is not as gentle as it appears. There are very few people I would trust with you.'

Guilt had prickled my chest then, a reminder of how reckless I'd been.

Thankfully, that old man had been decent. If he hadn't... I would have caused Ezra trouble.

We finished breakfast quickly. Time pressed in around me. I grabbed my coat and headed for the door—only to realize I hadn't said goodbye.

I turned.

Ezra was already there.

So close that our bodies nearly touched.

My breath caught, my heart slamming wildly against my ribs. Too loudly.

I was suddenly certain he could hear it, feel the frantic rhythm that betrayed me.

“Damon will pick you up when you’re finished,” he murmured, leaning closer. His warmth brushed against my temple, his scent enveloping me. “And good luck on your first day, Lylah.”

The way he said my name sent a shiver through my blood.

Selestine purred in response.

“Thank you, Ezra,” I whispered.

He stepped back, releasing me.

Only then did I breathe again.

I smiled, waved goodbye, and left—wearing calm like a fragile mask, while inside my chest, the storm raged on.

214

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 )

Lylah’s POV

140

Finished

Thanks to Damon’s reckless speed, I reached Lunar Grace just in time.

The moment my foot crossed the academy threshold, I slowed to a halt.

For years, I had only seen Lunar Grace in advertisements and from a careful distance—an untouchable dream carved in stone. The academy had stood for centuries, its pillars steeped in ancient story, its halls and corridors echoing with the legacy of great figures long gone. Every arch and carved sigil whispered honor.

Standing here now, excitement swelled in my chest, tight and breathless.

Phone in hand, I followed the map toward the Healing Department. I needed to retrieve my laptop and identification badge before heading to class.

“If the Healing building alone is this massive...” I muttered under my breath.

There were several offices listed. Most were dark and still locked.

Only the one at the far end stood open.

I approached and froze.

Inside, three people occupied the room.

A young girl stood clutching a bag to her chest, her face pale. Two towering men loomed over her.

“Damn it,” the taller one snapped. “You’ve pushed my patience far enough, Iris. This is your last chance, hand over the laptop, or you’re going to regret it.”

The girl was clearly terrified, but she didn’t step back.

“No, Alex,” she said, her voice shaking but firm. “This equipment is reserved for the new Junior Assistant of Traditional Healing. She’s arriving today. You can give your junior your own supplies.”

Alex barked a laugh.

“Traditional Healing?” His lip curled. “That pathetic subject is still hiring assistants? Anyone who applied must be painfully incompetent. Whoever she is, she’s nothing compared to my junior.”

Rage flared hot and fast in my chest.

Traditional Healing was the field I had chosen. Healing was never about hierarchy—it was about harmony. Modern methods and traditional practices were two halves of the same whole. Only fools believed one was

lesser.

Selestine stirred, urging me forward, claws scraping at the inside of my mind.

‘Wait, I whispered to her. ‘Wait a little bit.

1/3

1:21 pm

Chapter 47

019

Finished

The second guy snorted. “Probably got rejected by Modern Healing. She’s just a leftover. An incompetent loser.”

Alex scoffed. “She’s just an assistant anyway. Her job is to serve students like us. She should know her place and step aside.”

“No, Alex. I won’t give you-”

He moved too fast.

His companion grabbed the girl by the hair, yanking her forward, while Alex lunged for the bag in her

arms.

That was it.

I surged into the room.

My kick landed squarely against Alex’s knee, forcing him down with a sharp curse.

The bag flew free, and I caught it instinctively, my grip firm, my aura flaring in warning.

“How dare you?” Alex snarled, rising. “Who the hell do you think you are, interfering like this?”

I met his glare without flinching.

“Me?” I said calmly, even as my pulse thundered. “I’m the person you were just insulting. The new Junior Assistant for Traditional Healing.”

The girl sagged in visible relief. “Oh, finally you’re here!”

Alex’s eyes locked onto the laptop in my hands, his wolf pushing outward in a crude attempt to force submission. “Give it to me.”

“No.” My voice sharpened. “You said your junior was **so** competent. If they couldn’t even prepare their own supplies, that’s not my responsibility. And I won’t be fixing their failures.”

I hadn’t planned to say it—but arrogance like his scraped against every instinct I had.

“You’re just an assistant,” he growled, stepping closer. “And you dare talk back to me? Do you even know who I am?”

“I don’t care.”

He smiled, slow and smug. “Then let me enlighten you. You’ve heard of the Vale Research Team, haven’t you? Led by Professor Corvin Vale—the pioneer of modern Healing, the man who reshaped the entire field?”

My breath hitched despite myself.

I had.

And becoming Professor Vale’s student had been my lifelong dream. I had earned the score. Secured the

1:21 pm

Chapter 47

Finished

spot.

Before Rowan ruined everything.

“I’m one of only five students he accepts from across all of Verdanth,” Alex continued, pride radiating off him like heat. “Chosen. Elite.”

His gaze swept over me dismissively.

“Now tell me,” he said softly, “do you understand just how far beneath us your status lies?”

214

◦

W

3/3

Ruby Walker

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

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

Chapter 48

Lylah's POV

My silence clearly displeased him, because Alex didn't stop.

Finished

"And since you seem slow to grasp the situation, let me make it clear." he went on smoothly, "The junior joining the Vale Team is Lady Coraline of Ironcrest Pack. Top student of Ironcrest College. Rumored future Luna of Blackfang Pack."

My gaze snapped to his face before I could stop myself.

Alex's smile widened, sharp and triumphant.

"Is that clear enough, little assistant?" he drawled. "Or do you still believe you deserve priority over her?"

I already knew the truth. I had known it the moment Professor Corvin finalized his sixth student.

Cora.

Still, hearing it spoken aloud sent my heart slamming against my ribs, Selestine stirring in fury beneath my skin.

"Speechless?" Alex pressed. "Are you finally regretting your little act of defiance?"

I didn't answer.

Instead, I tightened my grip on my bag and walked past him.

"Where do you think you're going?" He stepped into my path, blocking me.

"I don't care who your junior is. She won't be using my laptop."

His lips peeled back in a hiss, teeth grinding together. “You still don’t understand. If I take this to Professor Corvin-”

“Even if Professor Corvin himself came to me,” I cut in, my voice steady despite the low growl rising in my chest, “my answer would still be no. And by all means, complain. Let’s see whether he’s willing to defend a behavior like yours.”

For the first time, Alex looked genuinely stunned.

I didn’t give him another word.

I turned and left the logistics office, my steps carrying me upstairs toward my next assignment.

Today, I **was** scheduled to assist Professor Clark.

When I reached the classroom, I found the door locked.

Through the glass panel, the room lay empty—no students, no professor, not even the faint echo of a lingering presence. I waited.

1:21 pm

Chapter 48

Finished

Thirty minutes passed.

I leaned against the wall. My eyelids grew heavy, when suddenly,

“Lylah!”

A young woman rushed toward me, breathless.

I blinked awake. “You’re the one who secured my laptop and identity card earlier, right?”

“Yes!” She smiled brightly. “You can call me Iris. I’m also a Junior Assistant for Traditional Healing class.” Relief softened her features. “And thank you for standing up to Alexander. I was afraid you’d give in once he started throwing his rank around.”

“Never,” I said honestly. “I won’t give in to someone like him. Does he pull that often?”

Iris sighed. “All the time. Being Professor Corvin’s student and the nephew of Blackridge Pack’s Alpha has completely gone to his head. He thinks power flows downward just because he’s close to it.”

I nodded.

Glancing at the empty classroom again, I asked, “Do you know why this class is deserted? Does Professor Clark even have a session today?”

“Oh!” Iris blinked. “**Yes**—well, technically. The class starts in half an hour, but Professor Clark won’t be around for the next few months. He’s been pulled into a major arcane project. His assistant handles everything now.”

She laughed weakly. “The first time I had to lecture alone, I nearly fainted. Standing in front of so many students—feeling all that stare pressing down on me—it was terrifying!”

Her ease around me made me smile.

“Are you the only assistant?”

“There’s another, but she’s on maternity leave,” Iris groaned softly. Then her eyes lit up. “But you’re here! Lylah, please cover for me today. I haven’t prepared myself at all. I swear my heart might give out. All the materials are ready. You just need to speak.”

I chuckled.

Back at Blackfang College, Mr. Stone never missed a chance to single me out whenever a crowd was involved. Commanding attention had been drilled into my bones long before I understood the weight of

1. it.

This?

This would be nothing.

2/3

1:21 pm

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 )

2/3

1:21 pm

The Betrayed Princess Rising

Chapter 49

3rd Person's POV

Finished

Inside the Modern Healing Research Laboratory, tension hung thick in the air. The door slammed open, rattling glassware and data tablets across the steel tables. Alexander stormed in, kicking a chair aside as he passed, the metal screeching against the floor.

"Alex, control yourself," one of his colleagues said carefully, voice low. "You're losing it."

"No." Alexander's eyes burned gold at the edges, his temper clawing its way toward the surface. "This is the first time a mere assistant has dared to speak to me with such insolence. I will not accept it."

In this department, nearly everyone deferred to him. His bloodline, his reputation, his mastery of modern healing—those things commanded respect. That incident wasn't just an offense. It was a challenge. And Alexander never forgot a challenge.

"Who is that new assistant?" he snarled. "I want a full background check. She won't walk away from this unscathed."

He grabbed a remote display from the table and hurled it toward the wall with a growl of rage.

Only for it to stop midair.

A hand closed around it with flawless precision.

"Someone's nerves have been tested today." The calm voice sliced through the chaos.

Alexander froze.

He turned slowly, dread crawling up his spine. "T-Thane?"

Thane stepped inside in an immaculate white lab coat, setting the remote back onto the table as though Alexander hadn't just attempted to destroy it.

When Alexander was the Alpha of Blackridge's nephew, Thane was the Alpha's son. The heir. Alex's cousin.

And unlike Alexander, Thane didn't need to raise his voice to assert dominance.

Professor Corvin had marked Thane as his student years ago, choosing him straight out of college and honing him with relentless precision through pre-doctorate. Thane's brilliance was undeniable. The Vale itself bore witness, no publication in recent years existed without his name etched into it.

"A random junior assistant from that pathetic Traditional class dared to interfere with me," Alexander said stiffly, recounting the incident. His anger sharpened with every word.

Something flickered beneath Thane's cool **gaze** as he listened. His will stirred in strange interest.

It wasn't often someone dared to stand their ground against Alex.

"How absurd for her to think she holds any importance. She's such a fool." Alexander finished bitterly.

1/3

1:21 pm

Chapter 49

Finished

Silence fell.

Then, unexpectedly, Thane laughed.

And it sent a ripple of unease through the room.

"She's right," Thane said simply.

"You're defending her?" Alexander stared in disbelief. "Are you serious?"

"Of course." Thane's tone remained even. "That assistant has no obligation to cater to our junior."

Alexander clenched his jaw. "Our junior arrived two days early without warning and I promised her everything would be prepared. Now I've failed. I'll look incompetent in front of her."

"You invited her here?" Thane asked, eyes narrowing. "Today?"

"Yes."

Thane's jaw tightened. "With multiple active projects underway, you intended to bring in someone inexperienced?"

He met Alexander's gaze fully now. "It seems the fool here isn't the assistant, it's you, cousin."

Alexander's blood ran cold.

No one spoke. Even other researchers knew better than to challenge him.

He moved to his locker, removed his lab coat, and headed for the exit.

"This was my mistake," Alexander said quickly. "But surely you'll stay to welcome our junior? She's Lady Cor-"

"Handle it," Thane cut in without looking back. "I have something far more important to do."

The door closed behind him.

Alexander's thoughts burned with resentment as Lylah's face surfaced again and again in his mind.

Across the building, sunlight poured into the Traditional Healing lecture hall as the doors burst open. Students flooded out, laughter and excitement spilling into the corridor.

Today's lecture had been electric.

Two figures emerged last, smiles bright and unguarded.

"Lylah, you were incredible!" Iris exclaimed, pulling her into a tight hug. "You handled your first lecture perfectly."

2/3

Ruby Walker

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

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

Chapter 50

Lylah's POV

Finished

“Thanks to your notes,” I said lightly. “They’re so detailed I practically memorized them. I can explain everything to the students without even thinking.” I laughed.

Iris shook her head, eyes bright. “No, that’s all you. Pure talent.”

We left the Healing Department together, shoulders brushing as we walked.

“Lunch outside?” Iris asked. “My treat.”

I liked Iris—she was easy, warm company. But the thought of Alpha Ezra, Bambi, and our tiny turtle companions slipped into my mind, tugging a quiet smile from my lips.

“Thank you, Iris. Maybe next time? Someone’s already waiting for me at home.”

Her brows lifted. “Let me guess, your mate?”

“Yeah. But we’ve completed our mating ceremony,” I added softly. “So by Verdanth law, he’s my husband

now.”

Iris gasped, hands flying to her mouth. “Selene above! I’m so happy for you!”

We parted with smiles, and I headed toward the gate alone.

I pulled out my phone to text Damon, remembering Alpha Ezra had said he’d pick me up. Damon replied instantly.

I was staring at my phone and didn’t notice anyone stop in front of me. The familiar scent struck first before I could even lift my gaze.

“Lylah.”

My spine went rigid. “Rowan?”

Every instinct screamed. I stepped back, but he caught my wrist, his grip tightening with Alpha strength.

Then he pulled me into his arms.

“Lylah. My little moon,” he breathed. “I finally found you.”

“Let go of me.” I wrenched free.

“No.” His voice roughened. “I’m not letting you disappear again. Come home. I’ve missed you—Selene knows I have.” He reached for me again, already turning toward where Gavriel and Cora stood waiting.

[ yanked my hand away. “You’re delusional, Rowan. Lunar is my home now.”

“What?” A flicker of gold flashed through his irises as his wolf stirred beneath the surface. “You’re joking, aren’t you? Listen, I know I was wrong, I hurt you, but please don’t do this to me. It’s been torture, Lylah. I

1/3

1:21 pm

Chapter 50

can’t live without you. I would never-”

“You’re late,” I cut in icily. “You lost me when you turned my feelings into a weapon—stealing my undergraduate placement at Lunar Grace and giving it to Cora.”

The color drained from his face.

140

Finished

“I—it was a misunderstanding,” Rowan stammered. “I never meant to hurt you. I didn’t even agree at first, but your father had already spoken to Corvin Vale. He paid half his fortune. Even if you’d passed, Vale would never accepted you. I hid the truth and let Cora take your place because I thought it would spare you. Because I loved you.”

I stepped back, bile rising in my throat.

Love.

Gavriel hurried forward then. “Lylah, don’t make this harder. Alpha Rowan nearly died in a car crash trying to reach you. Just come back with us.”

Only then did I notice the dried blood along Rowan’s temple, the tear in his sleeve, crimson staining the cuff.

“I don’t care,” I said calmly.

All three of them went death-still.

Instead of retreating, I stepped closer, locking my gaze with Rowan’s.

“So you claim you did all of that because you loved me?”

“Yes,” he said instantly.

I tilted my head. “So on my birthday, when you chose Cora’s celebration—ran with her through the forest and let her offer wishes to Selene—that was love too?”

“Lylah,” His breath hitched. His jaw clenched, shame rolling off him in waves.

I smiled and pressed on.

“And when you promised to take me to Mount Silvaris, but went there first with Cora to remove the pendant of prayer I placed there myself, was that love?”

His silence was answer enough.

“And housing her so close to your estate,” I continued softly, viciously. “Sneaking in every night to fuck her behind my back, was that also your version of love?”

A laugh spilled from me then—low, bitter, descending into something ugly.

“If that’s how you love,” I said, meeting his gaze without flinching, “then it truly is one of a kind, Alpha Rowan Blackfang.”

I straightened, power settling into my spine.

2/3

1:21 pm

Chapter 50

940

Finished

“It’s disgusting. Pathetic. And unworthy of me.” I smiled coldly. “So give it to someone who deserves it.”

214

1

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.