

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

Chapter 411

3rd Person's POV

“Let me take care of him. He comes here often, so we already know each other,” Luén said softly to Azrel.

The Beta was far too drunk to question anything. Wine clouded his senses, dulling both instinct and caution. After a brief hesitation, he nodded and released Rowan into her care.

Rowan barely remained standing.

The Alpha's larger frame leaned heavily against Luén as she guided him away from the crowded club floor. Despite the music still pulsing through the walls, the farther they walked, the quieter the world became.

They entered a dim hallway lined with deep maroon carpet and low golden lights that flickered like dying embers. At the end of the hallway, she pushed open the door to one of the private suites and led him inside.

The moment the private room door clicked shut behind them, silence enveloped the world.

Beneath the thick scent of whiskey and smoke, Rowan's wolf caught something else—

Lylah's scent.

That intoxicating moonflower scent wrapped around his senses instantly, sinking claws deep into instinct. It flooded through him so violently that his pulse staggered.

“Lylah...” The name left Rowan in a rough, shattered breath.

His large hand lifted instinctively, trembling as it cupped Luén's face. His thumb dragged across her lips as though trying to convince himself she was real. Madness burned behind his eyes now, feverish and untamed, his wolf too deep inside instinct to separate memory from reality.

“You came back to me...” he whispered hoarsely.

Luén stilled.

For one fleeting second, pity brushed against the sharp edges of her heart.

Two lifetimes.

And Rowan Blackfang still looked at Lysara as though the moon itself had been carved from her soul.

Even now, after death and rebirth, after fate had twisted every path into ruin, his obsession had survived.

A strange ache coiled inside Luén's chest.

In another life, Rowan had burned for Lysara just as fiercely as she had burned for Ezrael. Yet neither of them had been chosen in the end.

Perhaps that was why she understood him so well.

Perhaps that was why the bitterness inside her recognized his.

May

I know your love for Lysara burned bright enough to set kingdoms to ash. Luen thought as she watched him quietly. But she belongs to Ezrael now, just as my Ezrael kneels only at her altar.

The realization tasted like poison.

But Rowan...

Rowan still had value.

Strength. Influence. Ambition.

Luén would not allow a weapon like Rowan Blackfang to decay inside the graveyard of his own grief-not when they had both bled beneath the same merciless curse.

Love.

Slowly, she lifted her hand and cupped his jaw "Rowan..."

His wolf surged instantly beneath his skin at the sound of her voice.

Then Luén pushed him backward onto the satin-covered bed.

Rowan barely resisted. His gaze remained locked on her face like a starving beast staring at moonlight through chains.

She leaned over him, deep violet eyes gleaming beneath the low lights.

"I remember," she whispered near his lips, "how deeply you once loved Lysara."

Something flickered violently in Rowan's expression.

Ancient.

Buried.

Like ghosts clawing upward from the depths of his soul.

Luén's fingers slid slowly through his dark hair.

"But loving her destroyed you once already." Her voice softened into something dangerous. "Are you truly willing to lose again?"

The air shifted.

The wolf inside Rowan growled low in his chest, restless and fraying as shattered memories clawed through him-fleeting glimpses of silver palaces beneath eternal moonlight, blood staining marble floors, and the unbearable agony of loving the Lunareth princess who had never chosen him.

Luén felt it too.

The pull.

Not love.

2:4

34

Chapter 411

Never love.

But recognition.

Two fractured souls standing at the edges of the same cursed past.

"What if," she whispered against his mouth, "this time we stop losing?"

Then she kissed him.

Not gently.

Not tenderly.

It felt like striking flint against steel.

Finished

Rowan's hand gripped her waist instantly, his control snapping apart as instinct swallowed reason whole. The scent of whiskey, moonflowers, and restless wolves thickened around them until the room itself seemed to pulse with heat.

They did not belong to one another.

Perhaps they never would.

Yet every touch carried the violence of shared loneliness-two souls hollowed out by rejection, trying desperately to fill the emptiness with something that burned.

And somehow, in all that ruin, it felt right.

Morning arrived pale and cold beyond the curtains.

Rowan stirred slowly, pain throbbing behind his eyes.

Fragments of the previous night drifted through his mind like shattered glass. Lylah beneath his hands. Her eyes were beneath the moonlight. A kingdom he had never seen and yet somehow remembered.

It had felt like a dream.

No-

Not a dream.

A memory.

"Alpha Rowan." The soft voice sliced through the haze.

Rowan's eyes snapped open.

A woman sat at the edge of the room, violet eyes watching him quietly beneath the pale morning light.

Not Lylah.

3/4

Chapter 411

May 19

His breath caught violently.

14

fished

“You-” Rowan shot upright so abruptly the sheets tangled around his waist. His gaze swept across the room in stunned disbelief-the scattered clothes across the floor, the tangled blankets, the unmistakable scent of female soaked into his skin.

His pulse lurched.

Last night, it all crashed into him at once.

“You’re not her.” His voice came out raw. “You’re not Lylah!”

The woman remained calm beneath his fury.

Recognition struck him fully then.

“I remember you....” Rowan’s expression darkened. “You’re the healer assistant from Ezra’s family’s treatment center.” His jaw clenched hard enough to crack a bone. “What the fuck happened between us last night?!”

For a moment, silence stretched between them.

Then Luen lowered her gaze faintly, almost amused.

“There really is no one else your sees,” she murmured. “Even while holding me...” Her violet eyes lifted back toward him. “You kept calling her name.”

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The Betrayed Princess Rising

Ruby Walker

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

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Chapter 412

Rowan’s POV

“We what?”

The word came out rougher than I intended.

No.

No, there was no way I had actually slept with a stranger.

But the evidence was everywhere around me. The tangled sheets. The lingering scent of a female wolf soaked deep into the room. The ache in my body. The fragments of heat and violet eyes clawing through the haze of my memory.

And worst of all-

My wolf remembered.

Not clearly. But enough to make my pulse turn uneven beneath my skin.

The woman watched me calmly from across the suite, untouched by my rising frustration.

“She... Lylah must be someone truly extraordinary,” she said softly. “You couldn’t forget her even for a single moment.” A faint, unreadable smile touched her lips. “Even Alpha Ezra once mistook me for her.”

My head snapped toward her.

“Did you and Ezra...?” The question slipped out before I could stop it.

But the moment the words left my mouth, I cursed myself internally

That wasn’t what mattered right now.

My jaw clenched hard.

Damn it.

I raked a hand through my hair, frustration burning beneath my skin while my wolf prowled restlessly inside my chest, agitated and impossible to calm.

“You should’ve stopped me before things went that far last night,” I said darkly. “If anyone finds out about last night, it’ll become a problem for both of us.”

Especially me.

Lunaris watched my every move now. One scandal, one moment of weakness, was enough to stain the reputation I had fought to build. And if Cora heard about this...

A headache throbbed behind my eyes.

"Name your price," I said coldly. "Money. Property. Whatever you want. Just keep your mouth shut about

1/3

14:09 Tue, May 19 M

Chapter 412

what happened last night."

Most lower wolves would have jumped at the offer.

But this woman only stared at me with those strange violet eyes, unreadable and unnervingly calm.

"I have no intention of telling anyone what happened," she replied. "So there's no need for your money. Alpha Rowan."

That answer only made me narrow my eyes harder. "Then what do you want? Last time we met, you could barely tolerate my existence. Now suddenly you're acting gentle?" A low scoff left me. "I'm not stupid enough to fall for an act that easily."

And yet-

I couldn't stop looking at her.

The longer I held her gaze, the stranger the feeling became.

Something beneath my skin stirred uneasily.

Like my wolf was standing at the edge of an ancient memory, straining to hear something buried beneath centuries of snow and blood.

Who the hell was she?

Lylah had no twin. I was certain of it.

And yet this woman carried echoes of her everywhere-in the shape of her face, the softness of her voice, even the scent lingering faintly against the air.

But unlike Lylah, there was something dangerous beneath the surface.

"Last time we met, we were strangers," she said after a moment. "I judged you too quickly and reacted poorly." Her gaze lingered on me, strangely steady. "After looking into your background... and watching your speech at the Lunar Business Venture, I realized I was mistaken. You're far more impressive than I expected, Alpha Rowan."

A faint smile touched her lips.

“If anything, I should feel honored that last night happened.”

The words should have sounded manipulative.

Instead, they unsettled me even more.

She dipped her head politely, then turned toward the door as if intending to leave without another word.

“Wait.” The command left me instinctively.

She paused.

“What was your name again?” I asked. “I forgot.”

2/3

14:09 Tue, May 19

NJ

412

She glanced back over her shoulder

Golden morning light spilled across her pale skin, catching in those unnatural violet eyes until they almost seemed to glow

“You can call me Luen.”

Luen

What a strange name.

I was certain I had never heard that name before in my life,

And yet something deep inside me reacted to it violently-as though some forgotten part of my soul had just awakened from a long, cursed sleep.

I watched her walk away, unease coiling tighter in my chest with every step she took.

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3rd Person's POV

By noon, storm clouds had gathered over Lunaris. Cold silver rain lashed against the towering windows of Rowan's office while tension prowled through his study like a restless beast.

Cora stood near his desk, fury radiating from her in sharp waves.

"Where were you last night, Rowan?" She demanded sharply. "You never came home. I called you over and over, but neither you nor Azrel answered me." Her voice trembled as panic gave way to anger. "Do you have any idea how worried I was?"

But Rowan barely heard her.

His body remained in the office, yet his mind was trapped elsewhere-lost inside fragmented memories of violet eyes, moonflower scent, and the haunting echo of a name his soul somehow recognized.

Luén.

Even now, his wolf paced violently beneath his skin.

As if something ancient had brushed against the edges of his existence and refused to let go.

Cora's voice sharpened. "Rowan, are you even listening to me?"

Before he could answer, a knock cut through the tension.

The office doors opened.

And the temperature in the room seemed to drop instantly.

"Logan Silver," Rowan said flatly, rising from behind his desk at once.

Beside him, Cora blinked in surprise.

Logan entered without hesitation, dressed in a charcoal coat darkened by rainwater. His warm, honey-colored eyes were now colder than winter steel, and the wolf beneath his skin radiated restrained hostility.

In his hand was a sealed envelope.

“You and I never formally terminated our collaboration agreement,” Logan said without preamble. His voice carried the quiet finality of a blade sliding from its sheath. “I came to settle that today.”

He stepped forward and placed the envelope onto Rowan’s desk. “I already signed the dissolution papers. Add your signature, and our partnership ends here.”

Silence crashed heavily through the office.

Rowan’s gaze lowered toward the documents, his jaw tightening. “You remember the terms,” he said slowly, “The first party to sever the agreement pays the penalty fee.”

“I know.” Logan’s expression never shifted. “I’ll pay every coin of it. Because I refuse to remain allied with

1/3

14:09 Tue, May 19 MJ

Chapter 413

you any longer.”

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Then Logan turned toward the door.

Just like that.

The moment the office doors shut behind him, Rowan’s control snapped.

His fist slammed violently against the desk.

Crack!

The heavy wood splintered beneath the Alpha’s strength. A low growl rumbled from his chest as fury surged through him—not merely anger at losing a good ally, one of Lunaris’ best engineers, but humiliation.

Rejection.

His wolf bared its fangs beneath his skin.

“How dare he!” Rowan snarled. Dark energy rolled through the office like thunder before a storm. “I’ll surpass him.” His eyes burned with savage ambition. “I’ll become the greatest tech tycoon in Lunaris. Greater than him. Than that bastard Ezra. Greater than the entire Lunaris Research Center!”

Cora’s pulse quickened uneasily.

This wasn’t supposed to happen.

She had been the one who opened the path between Rowan and Logan in the first place. Logan had agreed to support Rowan because of the debt he owed Jax Stillward.

He had promised her.

Promised he would always stand beside her and her mate.

So why had everything suddenly changed?

“Logan!” Cora hurried after him.

She caught up to him outside on the estate lawn where rain poured steadily from the darkened sky. Wind whipped through the gardens as she grabbed his arm desperately.

Logan stopped but did not turn toward her immediately.

“What happened?” Cora demanded, tears already gathering in her eyes. “Why are you suddenly doing this? You promised me you would help Rowan build his future, here in Lunaris!” Her voice cracked. “You didn’t just disappoint him-you betrayed me too!”

At that, Logan finally looked at her.

And something in his gaze made Cora’s wolf recoil instinctively.

“Betrayal?” he repeated quietly.

The word carried no warmth.

2/3

14:09 Tue, May 19 M

Chapter 413

Only disgust.

“Is it betrayal for someone to finally wake up after being manipulated?” Logan asked coldly. “No. This is what happens when someone finally realizes they’ve spent too long dancing like a fool on your strings.”

Cora's breath faltered. "W-What are you talking about?"

Fear crept silently into her chest.

Then she remembered the business venture. Commander Ivar is standing beside Lylah. The old War God's gaze had rested on her with unmistakable warmth. A kind of warmth he would never show Cora again.

Logan stepped closer.

Rainwater slid down his face while his wolf pressed heavily against the surface, eyes glinting silver beneath the storm-dark sky.

"Not only me," he said. "Soon Thane and the others will turn their backs on you as well."

Cora's stomach dropped violently.

"And when that day comes," Logan continued, his voice stripped bare of mercy, "we will never acknowledge you again." Each word struck harder than claws tearing through flesh "Because the truth has finally surfaced."

His eyes hardened.

"You hid the existence of Jax Stillward's true daughter."

Cora went deathly pale.

Logan's lip curled faintly. "You lied to all of us about Lylah, Coraline!"

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14:09 Tue, May 19

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Ruby Walker

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Chapter 414

3rd Person's POV

"You lied about Jax Stillward's true daughter dying at birth," Logan said, his voice cold enough to freeze the rain itself. "Your father lied and claimed Lylah was merely an adopted daughter. Every part of it was deception!" His wolf pressed heavily beneath his skin, silver flashing dangerously in his eyes. "The truth is that you and Lylah were switched near Ironcrest territory the night you were born!"

Each word landed with brutal precision, leaving Cora no room to breathe-let alone defend herself.

"You knew," Logan continued, stepping closer while rainwater streamed down the sharp lines of his face. "And you stayed silent all these years because the lie benefited you."

Cora's breath hitched painfully. "L-Logan..."

"And the five of us?" he said quietly. "We were blind fools." His jaw tightened. "Jax saved our lives, and this is how we repaid him. By standing beside the wrong daughter while his real child suffered alone. We should be ashamed before Selene herself."

The storm seemed to grow louder around them.

"But don't worry," Logan said at last, his voice devoid of warmth. "We won't ask for repayment for everything we wasted on you." A cruel smile touched his lips. "Consider it alms. Pity thrown to someone beneath even a beggar."

The words shattered what little composure Cora had left. Tears filled her eyes instantly.

"Wait, please, listen to me first!" Panic cracked through her voice as she grabbed for his arm before he could reach the car. "Logan, please-"

She couldn't lose him.

If Logan had already turned against her, then Thane would be even worse. Once he learned the truth...

No.

No, she couldn't let that happen.

"Logan!"

She rushed after him through the storm, but her heel slipped against the soaked earth. A cry tore from her throat as she crashed hard into the mud.

Cold rain drenched her instantly.

“Wait!”

Desperate fingers reached for him, trembling violently.

But Logan never looked back.

The car door slammed shut like the final nail in a coffin.

1/3

14:09 Tue, May 19 M

Chapter 414

Moments later, the headlights disappeared beyond the gates, devoured by silver rain and the jaws of the

dark.

Cora stayed kneeling in the mud long after he was gone.

Rainwater bled into her tears, sliding from her lashes while grief and fury carved her hollow from the inside

out.

Again.

She had lost to Lylah.

Again.

And somewhere deep beneath her skin, her wolf let out a broken, trembling whine.

The days that followed became a waking nightmare.

Cora had expected backlash after the Lunar Business Venture. But she hadn't expected complete devastation.

Everywhere she turned, Lylah's name echoed through Lunar like a blessing whispered by the Goddess herself.

Especially at Lunar Grace.

“Lylah, I swear you’re too humble!” one student exclaimed excitedly as laughter filled the treatment center hallway. “Why didn’t you ever tell us you’re Alpha Ezra’s mate?”

Another gasped dramatically, “Then we should call her Luna Lylah from now on!”

Warm laughter erupted instantly.

But Lylah only smiled softly, shaking her head with gentle embarrassment.

“No, please don’t,” she said kindly. “Just call me Lylah. We’re colleagues here.”

The response only earned her more admiration.

“Ah... this is the first time I’ve ever seen a Luna so gentle and approachable...”

“No wonder Alpha Ezra chose you as his mate.”

The words followed Cora everywhere like ghosts.

Praise for Lylah.

Affection for Lylah.

Respect for Lylah.

Each passing compliment felt like her being forced lower and lower beneath Lylah’s shadow.

2/3

14:09 Tue, May 19

Chapter 414

By the time she walked past the corridor, conversations lowered into uncasy silence before rising again behind her back in hushed whispers.

She could hear every single one.

And it was killing her, piece by piece.

Evening settled quietly over Lunar Grace.

Amber sunset spilled through the tall windows of Lylah’s office, painting the room in gold while stacks of patient reports lay scattered across her desk. The soothing scent of herbs lingered in the air as she quietly reviewed today’s treatment notes beneath the warm glow of the lamp.

Then came a knock at the door.

The ward assistant peeked inside carefully.

“Lylah, someone is here to see you.”

Without looking up from the files, Lylah answered gently, “Let them in.”

The assistant stepped aside.

And the moment the figure entered the room, the atmosphere changed.

The air itself seemed to tighten.

Slowly, Lylah lifted her eyes.

Eldric stood at the doorway.

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3/3

14:09 Tue, May 19 MJ.

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Chapter 415

Lylah’s POV

I slowly set the patient files aside.

34

Finished

The moment Eldric stepped into my office, Selestine stirred beneath my skin with a low, warning growl. Her hackles rose instantly.

Behind him, Daia entered with practiced elegance while Orion lingered a step behind them, tension clinging to his scent.

My eyes narrowed.

Three uninvited guests.

Three people I would rather never see again.

“Lylah-”

“What do you want?” I cut in coldly before he could continue.

The warmth inside the office seemed to vanish.

Eldric paused, clearly thrown off by the sharpness in my voice, but he recovered quickly. “We came to visit you.”

Visit.

The pathetic excuse almost made me laugh.

“And to ask something,” he continued carefully, “We found out your mate is Alpha Ezra of Moonclaw Pack, the strongest Alpha on the entire continent.” Eldric drew a slow breath before continuing more quietly, “Why did you hide something like that from us for so long?” His eyes locked onto mine, searching for something that no longer existed between us. “Why didn’t you tell us?”

I leaned back slowly in my chair, studying him.

“So that’s why you’re here.”

My voice came out calm, but beneath it lay something far colder than anger.

“Tell me, Alpha Eldric, why exactly would I owe you information about my mate?”

His jaw tightened.

Before he could answer, Daia stepped forward with a graceful smile that never quite reached her eyes.

“Lylah, it’s basic courtesy,” she said smoothly. “We were once family. In some ways, we still are.” Her gaze swept across the office. “You should have told us something this important. Carrying the title of Moonclaw’s Luna must place enormous pressure on your shoulders.”

For one brief moment, I nearly laughed out loud.

1/3

14:09 Tue, May 19 M

Chapter 415

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The audacity was unbelievable.

“Is that all?” I asked flatly. Then I sighed and gestured toward the door. “If so, this conversation was pointless. Please leave. I still have work to do, Alpha Eldric. Luna Daia.”

Eldric’s expression flickered.

But instead of leaving, he stepped closer to my desk.

His wolf pressed faintly against the surface now, pushing out traces of Alpha pressure as though trying to remind me who he once was in my life.

“Lylah,” he said quietly, “I know you resent us. You have every right to.” His expression softened into something painfully rehearsed. “I was wrong. We hurt you. I caused you suffering no daughter should endure.” He exhaled heavily. “But your life is better now, isn’t it? You found a powerful mate. You became Moonclaw’s Luna.” His voice lowered. “Surely fate has compensated you for the pain of the past.”

Selestine snarled viciously inside me.

Compensated?

As though suffering could be balanced like a debt ledger.

As though abandonment could be erased with luxury and status.

“And no matter what happened,” Eldric continued, “I still raised you for fifteen years. I fed you. Protected you.” His gaze searched mine desperately. “For fifteen years, you were my daughter.”

A cold silence settled between us.

Then I rose slowly to my feet.

“Yes,” I said. “Until your real daughter appeared. One night is all you need to sever every tie between us,” I continued, my voice sharp as silver. “If you came here hoping for my sympathy, then you should’ve prepared a far better story. And you have none.”

Daia’s eyes flashed gold for a split second.

Eldric stiffened, offense rippling through his scent, but he forced himself to remain calm.

“I know I failed you, Lylah,” he said quietly. “When I was your father, I gave you little more than pain. Nothing I ever did could compare to what Alpha Ezra has given you now. “But you...” His eyes softened, glowing faintly. “You’ve always had a heart far too merciful for this world. Bigger than mine ever was. That’s why I know, someday... you’ll forgive me.”

The manipulation was almost insulting.

“You’ve had more than enough fortune now already,” Daia snapped, the fragile mask of sorrow finally shattering.

The sweetness in her voice curdled into something sharp and ugly, revealing the woman beneath the performance she had worn so carefully. “It would be a pity if all that comfort still failed to soften your heart.”

213

14:09 Tue, May 19 M

Chapter 415

14

Ah. There it was.

Entitlement.

So now they wanted to play the victims.

Daia stepped forward before I could answer.

“After everything we gave you for fifteen years, you still haven’t repaid your debt to this family.” Her fingers curled possessively around Orion’s arm, pulling him closer to her side as though displaying him like leverage. “But now...” Her eyes gleamed. “You finally have the chance to repay it. For your brother.”

2/3

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