

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

Chapter 61

Cora's POV

The call from Gavriel shattered my world.

Rowan had been rushed to the hospital.

0191

Finished

I abandoned every obligation without hesitation and went straight there, my wolf pacing inside my chest, restless and frantic. The moment the door to his private room slid open, my heart plunged.

'Rowan!' I rushed to his bedside.

He lay still, face ashen, his powerful presence dimmed to a fragile flicker.

I spun on Gavriel, fury rising with my wolf.

'You are his Beta! How could you let him poison himself with alcohol when he hadn't eaten for days?!"

'Lady Cora, I tried," Gavriel said tightly. "But Alpha Rowan wouldn't listen to anyone. He was beyond angry after the dinner with Archer West."

My jaw clenched. "What happened?"

'He was certain Corlis Prime's offer would succeed. No one had ever dared refuse our cooperation before." Gavriel hesitated. "But it failed. Badly."

'Archer West rejected the offer?" I asked, stunned.

'Yes. And worse, his chief engineer, Riven. A ruthless and sharp man. He dissected the proposal in minutes and exposed its weaknesses to everyone. Alpha Rowan was humiliated."

Humiliation was a wound deeper than any blade for an Alpha.

No wonder Rowan had spiraled,

“Leave us,” I said quietly. “I’ll stay with him.”

Gavriel bowed his head and withdrew.

I took Rowan’s hand, his skin cold beneath my fingers. I stayed for hours, listening to the machines, feeling his weakened bond signature flicker against mine.

Then,

“L-Lylah...” Rowan murmured.

My breath caught.

“I’m here,” I whispered. “Rowan. It’s me.”

His eyes fluttered open. Red-rimmed. Unfocused. He pressed a hand to his head, and when I moved to

**1:22 pm**

Chapter 61

help, he shoved me away.

“Why are you here? Where is Lylah? I want her. I need her here.”

The words cut deeper than claws.

“Rowan, I’m your mate,” I said softly, my voice trembling. “Lylah already has a husband-”

0191

Finished

“Go, Cora.” His gaze hardened, cold and distant in a way I had never seen before. “I don’t want to see you. Leave me.”

My claws slid from my fingertips, piercing my palm. Blood welled, but I welcomed the pain. It grounded me. It kept me from breaking.

Without another word, I turned and walked out.

Outside, the night wind tore at my coat as I hailed a taxi and gave an address on the outskirts of Lunaris.

“Rowan,” I whispered to myself, my wolf snarling low, “you will regret choosing Lylah over me.”

Two hours later, we reached the border of Whitepine Pack territory. I continued on foot, the familiar landscape pressing in around me. The last time I had walked these grounds, I was fifteen.

At The Rest of Whitepine, the gravekeeper looked up sharply.

“Which graves are you looking for, young lady?”

“Jax and Vala Stillward,” I said. “Warriors of Whitepine.”

Her

eyes widened. “Oh Selene, finally,” she breathed. “Come. I will take you to them.”

I followed her in silence.

I knelt before the burial mound. White roses lay fresh on the stone.

Someone had been here recently.

My fingers curled, my wolf urging me to tear the flowers apart, to rip the earth itself open. If I had known their biological daughter—that shameless bitch—would become such a persistent obstacle, I would have eliminated her years ago.

I lowered my voice to a whisper.

“Jax. Vala. Watch from beyond as I destroy your precious daughter,” I whispered. “You were useful to me once. But I would never tolerated anything that stands in my way.”

I forced the tears out and let my shoulders tremble, the act perfected over the years. I rose just as a hand tapped my shoulder.

I turned, expecting the gravekeeper.

Instead, a tall man stood behind me, broad-shouldered, radiating authority. His Modern Healing laboratory **coat** was pristine, decorated with rows of prestigious badges.

**213**

**1:22 pm**

Chapter 61

**040**

Finished

“You’re Cora aren’t you? I’m Thane Blackridge.” he said, smiling. “You’re Jax and Vala Stillward’s daughter.”

“You knew my parents?” I asked carefully.

Something dangerous flickered in his eyes—like a hunter who had finally found what he’d been tracking.

“Of course,” Thane said. “We’ve been searching for you for a very long time. And now, I’ve finally found you.”

Before I could react, he pulled me into a brief, possessive embrace.

Found.

The word echoed in my mind.

A slow smile curved my lips.

It seemed fate had finally tipped in my favor tonight.

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.

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

Chapter 62

Lylah’s POV

Finished

After bathing and dressing, I stepped out of my bedroom, the soft morning light washing the penthouse in

a pale, golden glow. My hand closed around the first thing I'd claimed as mine since last night.

And no it wasn't my brush or lipstick.

—

It was my hairdryer.

My fingers itched shamelessly, my wolf stirring with quiet hunger to feel Alpha Ezra's raven-black hair again.

As if summoned by my thoughts, his voice carried through the space.

"Good morning, Lylah."

I swallowed, forcing my pulse to calm.

"Good morning, Ezra." Then I moved closer, my steps light. "You washed your hair today? Good. Let me help you dry it."

His scent slammed into me, and my wolf purred deep in my chest, restless and needy. Ezra wore a simple shirt and pants. Something so casual it almost seemed wrong on a man who usually carried command like

— yet it only made him more attractive.

a crown

—

A reckless thought crossed my mind; this man could wear a rug and still look like a God.

"Lylah?"

"Ah yes!" I blinked, pulling myself back to reality. "Sorry."

"I thought you were leaving," he said with a soft chuckle. "You just went quiet."

"I was just zoning out. You know, old habit," I said, lifting the hairdryer. "Come on. Sit."

But before he could, the little *robot* rolled between us and chimed brightly.

"Daddy must be wondering why Lylah is silent! It is because she is staring at Daddy and drooling!"

"What?" Ezra blinked.

“Bambi!” I snapped. “That is not true!”

“And now her face is turning red!”

“No, it’s not! I’m going to punish you!” I lunged, laughing, but the little machine glided away on its wheels.

Ezra’s laughter followed us; warm, free, unguarded.

Just as my fingers were about to close around Bambi, my phone buzzed violently in my pocket.

173

1:23 pm

Chapter 62

Finished

I stopped.

The moment I answered, a rigid male voice spoke.

“Lylah Moonrow. This is Lunar City Court. You are required to appear immediately.”

I froze. “What?”

“Alpha Rowan of Blackfang has filed to annul your mating,” the voice continued. “He has presented evidence that you left his Pack without authorization and formed a mating bond without the consent of your Alpha. A formal investigation is now underway.”

My fist tightened around the phone, knuckles white. “He doesn’t have the right—”

“He does,” the voice interrupted, cold as ice. “Failure to appear will be considered an admission of guilt. Should you refuse, enforcement will be dispatched to bring you in. The choice is yours.”

The call ended.

I stared at my phone, my pulse roaring in my ears.

Of course, Rowan would move like this.

Of course.

Some bitter part of me almost laughed. This was exactly who he was – pulling strings, calling in favors, using every ounce of his authority to tear my life apart.

Elijah must be involved too. Rowan would use anyone, everyone, to destroy my bond. To destroy my happiness.

Fine.

My grip tightened around my phone as I turned,

And found Alpha Ezra standing far closer than I'd realized.

"Ezra, that was—"

"I heard everything," he said quietly. The softness in his eyes was gone, replaced by something deeper. Sharper. Alpha power coiled beneath his calm voice.

"Don't worry," he continued. "I'm going with you."

"There's no need," I said quickly. "Rowan is my problem. I won't drag you into the mess he created."

Ezra stepped closer.

"Lylah," he said, and even though his aura shifted, his voice remained gentle. "Do you remember what we

are now?"

I swallowed. "Of course. Mates."

2/3

1:23 pm

Chapter 62

840

Finished

"Good. Then understand this." His gaze locked onto mine. "As long as I stand beside you, you will never face anything alone. Not even Rowan."

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 )

Chapter 63

Lylah's POV

Finished

Alpha Ezra was silent as we drove toward the City Court, but I could feel the fury coiled beneath his calm.

It made guilt twist in my chest—I hated that I had dragged him into this.

Finally, Damon pulled up in front of the courthouse, and we stepped out together.

The crowd that had gathered was larger than I expected. Every pair of eyes that landed on me dripped with mockery, disdain, and barely concealed curiosity. I swallowed the heat rising in my throat and stepped inside.

The air here was heavier, as if the very walls anticipated the storm about to break.

I scanned the room, and my gaze landed on him. Rowan.

He stood at the center, framed by people who smiled at him with reverence, bowing and offering warmth, treating him like a king among his subjects.

“Hi, Lylah,” he said, his voice smooth as silk as our eyes met.

“Lylah Moonrow,” an older man with a white beard chimed, stepping forward. “Finally, you’ve come. I am the High Judge of Lunaris City Court. We’ve been waiting to address your illegal actions.”

“Illegal?” My teeth ground together, sharp as a snarl.

“According to our records,” the Judge continued, “After leaving the Ironcrest Pack under Alpha Eldric, you placed yourself entirely under the protection and authority of Alpha Rowan Blackfang. For the past five years, he has been your Alpha, and it was expected that you defer to him on all significant decisions- including registering for Lunar Grace and leaving his Pack.”

The weight of every gaze pressed down on me.

Rowan's smile was deceptively calm, almost innocent, but I could feel the predator lurking beneath it, enjoying every second I struggled to defend myself.

I wouldn't give him the satisfaction.

"Alpha Rowan knew I've accepted at Lunar Grace," I said, voice rising. "And he sabotaged it. I refuse to serve someone as my Alpha who manipulates me, who claims authority but betrays trust."

A gasp rippled through the room.

"And your mating?" the Judge pressed. "You may deny him as Alpha, but you were still his mate. How could you hold a mating ceremony with another man?"

The hall erupted in whispers.

"She's Alpha Rowan's mate and still managed to seduce Alpha Ezra into claiming her? Disgusting."

"Not surprising. A woman like her would crawl over anyone to seize a Luna's seat."

1/3

1:23 pm

Chapter 63

Finished

"Such audacity..."

Before I could respond, the air shifted.

A grounding pressure pressed against my spine, and I felt it deep in my bones.

"No." Alpha Ezra's calm voice cut through the murmurs. "Lylah is my mate. Not his."

The courtroom froze. Every jaw dropped.

Someone started. "Alpha Ezra pardon me, but you don't need to defend her now-"

"What are you doing here?" Rowan's growl ripped through the room, low and lethal, his golden eyes burning like wildfire.

Everyone instinctively recoiled, only Gavriel dared to step forward, bracing himself to hold Rowan back.

"To protect my Luna," Ezra said, calm as the wind before a storm.

Rowan roared. "What kind of bullshit is this?!"

“Alpha, please control yourself,” Gavriel whispered, though I could still hear him. “Let’s back off, there’s no point in pushing further against him. At least now we finally understand why the app on Lylah’s phone couldn’t track *the* one who contacted her-”

“No!” Rowan’s roar shattered the air.

He ripped free from Gavriel’s grip, eyes blazing gold, fangs bared. “I refuse to believe he was the one Lylah married!” He jabbed a trembling finger in Alpha Ezra’s direction.

Ezra shifted subtly, guiding me to stand firmly behind him.

Rowan’s fury erupted. Eyes blazing gold, claws extending, muscles taut and trembling on the edge of shift, he surged forward, each step faster. Until,

“Guards.” Ezra’s single command sliced through the chaos like sharpened steel.

Damon and three guards appeared as if from the shadows, slamming into Rowan and holding him back. He thrashed against them like a cornered beast, claws flexing, golden eyes blazing as he roared, cursing and pointing straight at us.

“Let me go!”

But the moment the words left my lips, he froze. “Alpha Rowan, you hacked my phone? Planted the app without my knowledge?”

The air shifted instantly.

Gasps rippled through the courtroom as every gaze snapped to Rowan. Hands flew to mouths, murmurs rising like a storm.

He scrambled for words. “No! Lylah, please listen to me-”

2/3

1:23 pm

Chapter 63

Finished

“I’ve listened,” I cut him off. “And I don’t want your excuses. We’ve both played dirty. Otherwise, how would I have known you were sleeping with my sister all this time? I have the records from that apartment.”

Rowan’s face drained of color, red fading to a pale, ashen white.

“You assumed I bonded with Alpha Ezra to make you jealous? Wrong. I let you go a long time ago. I did this because I love him.”

Rowan's lips twitched. "Love?"

I stepped closer to Alpha Ezra, sliding my fingers into his.

He stiffened at first, startled, but when our eyes locked, the hard edges of his tension softened.

I lost my sense of caution. On tiptoe, in front of the entire court, I pressed my lips to Alpha Ezra's cheek. "Yes."

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 64

0:30

Finished

3rd Person's POV

Rowan had endured humiliation in many forms throughout his life. Challenges to his pack. Betrayals from allies. Battles that had shattered his empires and left rivals broken at his paws. But none of it compared to what unfolded before his eyes now.

Lylah moved to kiss Ezra again.

Not a fleeting brush. Not a forced courtesy.

It was a claiming kiss.

Ezra, his rival. The bastard who challenged not only his authority, but his tech empire, his influence, his very standing in Verdanth.

Rowan lunged forward, his wolf surging violently beneath his skin. But Gavriel seized him from behind. iron-strong arms locking around his chest, while Damon stepped into his path, blocking him without hesitation.

“Lylah!” Rowan’s voice shattered through the hall, raw with fury and disbelief.

From where he stood, her lips lingered on Ezra’s far too long. Too intimate.

Her lips were a line Rowan had never crossed. He had kissed her brow, her temple, and the corner of her mouth. He had told her it was a matter of respect. But in truth, it had been possession.

A prize meant for their bonding night. A purity Rowan had claimed in his mind long before any

ceremony.

Now all of it was shattered.

Another Alpha had claimed it.

When they finally parted, Lylah’s eyes gleamed, her cheeks flushed, her scent thick with heightened emotion.

Rowan’s chest burned like it had been carved open.

Before he could speak, the massive doors of the hall burst inward.

Two powerful figures entered, their auras rolling through the chamber like a pressure wave. Lesser wolves instinctively lowered their gazes. Even the air seemed to tighten beneath their authority.

“Thorvald Storm...” Bjorn, High Judge of Lunaris, went pale. The very male Rowan had paid a fortune to control this outcome now looked terrified.

Rowan bared his teeth slightly. “Who are they?” he demanded. “They’re not going to ruin our plan, are they?”

Bjorn swallowed hard. “Alpha Rowan, my apologies, but-”

1/3

1:23 pm

Chapter 64

Finished

“How dare you, Bjorn?” Thorvald Storm roared. His voice carried layered dominance. “What gives you the right to summon Alpha Ezra and his Luna here and disturb their peace?”

“I am the High Mayor of Lunaris.” Thorvald’s gaze swept the room like a blade. “Anyone who dares interfere with Alpha Ezra will answer to me.”

Rowan’s eyes flashed.

He had believed securing Bjorn meant victory was already in his grasp.

How wrong he had been.

“It appears my Alpha and his Luna were summoned,” a younger male said coolly, stepping forward, “because someone filed a petition to annul their mating bond, claiming it violated Verdanth law.”

His gaze locked with Rowan’s.

“I am Sigurd North,” he continued. “Alpha Ezra’s personal attorney. I have secured evidence that will make our plaintiff regret ever bringing this before a court.”

Rowan’s wolf snarled beneath his skin.

“Mr. North, that will not be necessary,” Thorvald cut in sharply. His eyes turned to Rowan, hard and unimpressed. “Alpha Rowan Blackfang, your presumption is astonishing.”

“Alpha Ezra and his Luna’s bond is fully legal,” Thorvald continued. “Recognized under Pack Law and Verdanth’s highest statutes. I personally handled their mating license. I welcomed them myself when Alpha Ezra brought his Luna to Lunaris. How dare you question it?”

Rowan’s gaze snapped to Bjorn.

The judge would not meet his eyes.

“Bjorn,” Thorvald commanded, pointing. “After this, you will issue a formal apology to Alpha Ezra and his Luna for enabling this disgrace.”

“I will,” Bjorn said quietly, bowing his head.

Rowan felt something twist violently in his chest.

After all the bribes. The leverage. The obscene amounts demanded.

Just to watch this fool betray him?

“Alpha we’ve lost this,” Gavriel said under his breath. “The path is closed. If we stay, they will move against

1. us. Let's leave."

Thorvald turned to Ezra and bowed deeply.

"I offer my apologies once again for this insult, Alpha," Thorvald said. "You and your Luna will not be disturbed again. You have my word."

2/3

1:23 pm

Chapter 64

"Very well," Ezra replied smoothly, his voice calm. "Then this matter is settled?"

140

Finished

"Yes." Thorvald reached into his coat and produced a sealed file. "I even brought the archived record of your mating license. Officially stamped by Lunaris City Hall."

He opened the file and thrust it into Rowan's line of sight. There's Ezra and Lylah on it, the Lunaris seal glowing faintly over the photo.

Whispers rippled through the hall. Rowan's ears burned as they reached him—mockery, pity, murmurs that he had never truly let go of his past.

Amid it all, Lylah spoke.

Her voice was soft but it burned hotter than any roar.

"You heard that, Alpha Rowan," she said calmly, lifting her chin. "You bring your lawyers. We have ours. If I ever hear you slandering my mating bond again, we will see you in court. And we will let all of Verdanth witness it."

214

o

1

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 )

白

Finished

Lylah's POV

With Alpha Ezra's large hands on my waist, we stepped out of the Court building together. The instant the cool air hit us, leaving Rowan and his entourage behind, a wave of relief rolled through me.

A sleek black Rolls-Royce Phantom waited nearby, its glossy surface gleaming in the afternoon sun. Damon opened the door for us, and Ezra and I slid into the leather interior.

"Finally everything is settled." murmured, relief softening my voice. "Let's go home now."

"No." Ezra's deep command cut through my suggestion. "Damon, leave us."

I frowned.

Damon froze in the driver's seat, caught between two commands.

"Damon, you may leave. My mate and I need to speak alone," so I said.

He nodded without a word and stepped out. Once we were alone, the weight of the tension between us pressed in like the stillness before a storm.

I finally found my voice. "Ezra, I'm sorry about the kiss. I acted so impulsively."

Earlier, he had stopped me just as I leaned in. His hand hovered near my face, as if to cup it, but his thumb lightly brushed against my lips—a firm barrier that kept our mouths from meeting.

"I'm not angry," he said.

"No?" I blinked, incredulous. "But I thought you would be after I acted so presumptuously."

He leaned slightly closer “I just didn’t want that moment to be wasted. I want our first kiss to happen because you want it not because you were trying to shove it in Rowan’s face.”

My stomach fluttered. He wanted our first kiss to be truly ours...

Ezra shifted even closer, his presence magnetic, enveloping me.

“But I won’t lie I liked what you did,” he admitted. “I’ve waited a long time for this, to claim you, to free you from his shadow. Even before we spoke of the mating license, I had already been watching you.”

My breath caught.

Watching me?

The legendary Alpha Ezra of Moonclaw Pack, rival of Rowan both in power and influence—had his eyes on me?

“You watched me?” I whispered, disbelief and something warmer flooding me.

A slow nod.

1/3

1:23 pm

Chapter 65

Finished

Reality hit me like a slap before my mind could twist it into a fairytale. He and Rowan were rivals—whether in pack strength or in business. Of course, he would keep an eye on anyone who got close to Rowan.

“It’s fine, Ezra,” I said softly. “We both have our reasons for this mating. I wouldn’t have minded if you had claimed me as your Luna to spite Rowan.”

“No.” His eyes locked on mine. “I want you because of you. Not just to spite anyone.”

He let that linger, giving me a moment to absorb it before continuing. “You may have forgotten, but we met a long time ago. When you were still a little girl, at the Ironcrest Border Rehabilitation Center.”

Memories surged like wildfire.

The center, perched at the edge of the forest, was the only place my grandmother trusted for her care—serene, quiet, far from the chaos of the city. My parents were too busy to accompany her, so I stayed by her side every day, until the day she passed.

“You were there?” I breathed, my heart lurching. “Ezra, I remember now! Oh Goddess...you were that solemn, grumpy boy everyone whispered about.”

He nodded, a faint smile tugging at his striking features.

Even as a boy, he radiated an untouchable authority, a chill that kept other pups cautiously at bay. His room was right next to my grandmother’s, yet for reasons I couldn’t understand as a child, staff would hover outside, guards would bow low as he passed, and everyone treated him with utmost courtesy and

respect.

Every day, everyone fussed over how to approach him, and I hated the constant noise—it always disturbed my grandmother’s rest.

So one day, driven by stubbornness, I crossed the threshold and offered him my friendship. To my surprise, the tall, handsome boy did not turn me away. Night after night, I would bring my toys and quietly play in his room. Ezra never joined me, never spoke much, yet he never sent me away either.

When the staff realized he had chosen a companion of his own, the interruptions ceased.

“What was a future Alpha even doing there back then?” I asked, curiosity mingling with a strange flutter in my chest.

“I needed an escape. My head felt like it would burst under the weight of my family’s expectations. I’m grateful I found that place”

I couldn’t help but giggle. “So that’s where we met.”

But even as a smile brushed my lips, a shadow fell over my chest. A memory I had tried to bury pressed in. “Not long after... my grandmother’s liver failed. And they couldn’t save her.”

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 66

Ezra's POV

Finished

The change in Lylah's voice hits me harder than any blow. One moment there is light in it, and then it dims as if a shadow passes over her heart. My wolf feels it instantly. The shift. The ache.

I still remember her as that bright little girl who used to sneak into my room at the rehabilitation center, asking if she could be my friend. She carried sunshine in her smile, chased away the silence that clung to me back then. But when her grandmother's condition worsened, that sunshine faded. The light in her dimmed. And then, one day... she stopped coming.

At first, I didn't know why. I only felt the absence—my wolf restless, pacing beneath my skin, sensing that something precious had been taken from our orbit. Later, the staff told me about her grandmother's illness.

That was the day I went to her room.

I hadn't even stepped inside when I heard her crying.

"I was completely broken then," she whispers now, her voice thick with memory. "It felt like my whole world collapsed and I couldn't think straight." Her fingers twist together. "My parents picked us up that morning. I didn't even get to say goodbye to you." Her eyes meet mine, shining with regret. "I'm sorry, Ezra."

The guilt in her expression claws at my chest. It's a look I never want to see on her face.

My hand moves before I can stop it. My thumb brushes gently over her brow.

"Don't apologize," I murmur. "You were shattered. You were grieving. If anyone should be sorry, it's me. You were always warm and kind *to* me, and I never had the chance to give you even half of that back."

After she left. I searched for her.

I scoured the forests around the center, my wolf driving me deeper each night, restless, certain that she was still somewhere within reach.

But she never came back.

When I realized she wouldn't return to that Rehabilitation center, I went back to Moonclaw. I sent people to Ironcrest and had her watched from a distance. Alpha responsibilities pulled me in a hundred

directions, and updates became fewer and delayed.

And then, one day, I learned the truth.

Lylah had fallen into the hands of Rowan Blackfang.

My jaw tightens at the memory.

“When I heard Rowan Blackfang brought you into his pack,” I admit, my voice darker now, edged with the low growl of my wolf, “I planned to take you. I went to Blackfang territory myself.”

1/3

**1:23 pm**

Chapter 66

Finished

Her breath catches. “You did?”

I nod once. “My people said you were happy there. I didn’t believe them. I needed to see it with my own eyes.” My claws itch beneath my skin at the memory. “I thought I could take you and give you a better place. A safer one.”

I swallow.

“But that evening, I saw you with him, walking together. You were smiling. You were guiding him patiently, and like always you looked... happy.”

That was the moment my wolf went still.

That was the moment I understood.

Taking her then wouldn’t have been a rescue. It would have been ripping her away from the life she believed in.

‘I didn’t want to destroy your happiness,’ I say quietly. “So I left. I returned to Moonclaw.”

My hands curl slowly into fists. “What I never expected was that Rowan Blackfang would abuse his authority over you. That he would dare to hurt you.”

The growl slips free this time.

The woman who stood by him when he was crippled. The woman who gave him loyalty, patience, devotion.

How dare he touch her with anything but reverence?

‘I know I can treat you better than him, that’s why I moved the moment you put your name on the Mate.Market. This time, Selene was on my side.’ My gaze softens on her. “For once, I wasn’t too late.”

Lylah’s voice trembles with disbelief. “**Ezra...** that’s insane. I had no idea. All this time...”

“It was a long wait,” I admit. “But it was worth it.”

Because now she is here.

With me.

She has no idea how many nights I begged Selene to protect her. How many times my wolf lifted his head to the moon, praying not for power, not for victory—but for her safety. Her happiness.

From the very first look, my wolf knew.

She **was** ours.

“We will only be together for two years under a mating contract,” she teases softly. “Are you satisfied already?”

My answer **is** immediate.

**2/3**

**1:23 pm**

Chapter 66

Finished

“How long it lasts isn’t what matters,” I say, my voice low and unshakable. “What matters is this—while you are with me, I will use everything I am, everything I have, to give you the life you deserve.”

Not as a contract.

Not as a convenience.

But as my Luna.

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 )

Chapter 67

9 Finished

3rd Person's POV

That night, long after midnight, sleep refused to claim Lylah. She lay awake, eyes fixed on the ceiling, one hand pressed lightly to her face as a strange, unfamiliar current of emotion swelled in her chest. Her heart felt too full, too restless—caught somewhere between disbelief, warmth, and a fluttering sense of fate she had never truly believed in before.

“Selene,” she whispered into the quiet, her cheeks still warm, “I know you love to twist destinies but I never expected you would do this to me!”

Her lips curved in a breathless, embarrassed smile.

“How could it be that Alpha Ezra, my mate on contract by fate and sheer luck, was that same boy I used to play with?” she murmured. “Not only that but he's been watching over me all this time? While I wasted so many years with the wrong person?”

The thought made her chest tighten.

She still remembered that stubborn little girl in herself—charging into his room, insisting on knowing why he was always so quiet. Back then, he had been a quiet boy who quietly earned the admiration of everyone at the rehabilitation center.

Now, he was the Alpha of Moonclaw Pack.

The more Lylah thought about it, the more heat rushed to her face. Embarrassment made her squirm beneath the blankets.

Her phone suddenly rang. Tiara.

“More than a week, Lylah darling, and you haven't contacted me once!” Tiara's voice came through, dramatic as ever. “You've completely forgotten me!”

“Tiara, calm yourself,” Lylah said, biting back a smile. “Listen, I have some tea I'm sure you'll love to hear.”

“Tea?” Tiara gasped. Less than a minute later, the call switched to video. “Oh Selene-Lylah, your face is red! What did you just do with your mate?”

“Don’t start with that nonsense!”

“You’re blushing, and your eyes are all shiny like you’ve been crying from joy. How could I ever not suspect something?” Tiara teased.

“I was crying from embarrassment,” Lylah admitted. “I only found out today why Alpha Ezra found my name among hundreds in the Mate-Market and chose to bond me.”

Then she told her everything.

Every word Ezra had spoken. Every confession in the car that afternoon. Every memory that had fallen into place like pieces of a long-hidden puzzle.

1/3

:23 pm

Chapter 67

When she finished. Tiara stared at her in stunned silence.

Then her eyes sparkled.

**o18**

Finished

“This is a masterpiece,” Tiara breathed. “A tale worth telling for generations! No wonder your savior Alpha appeared at exactly the right moment. Oh, Goddess, Lylah—I feel like I just listened *to* a fairytale!”

Here her dramatic best friend went again. Lylah rolled her eyes.

“And you know how fairytales are supposed to end,” Tiara continued excitedly. “They live happily *ever* after together for eternity! You and Alpha Ezra should too!”

“Tiara, right now my focus is standing on my own feet.” Lylah said more seriously, “I’m done dedicating my life to a man and relying on someone else. It’s still hard for me to think beyond my own growth. I don’t want to make the same mistake again.”

“But Ezra isn’t Rowan,” Tiara protested—then softened. “Fine. You Independent Queen, I get it. Your logic always won.” Her smile turned playful. “But tell me... how long do you really think you can stay immune to a man as perfect as Alpha Ezra of Moonclaw?”

Lylah let out a heavy sigh.

In Moonclaw Pack, Vargan's chamber was alive with warm firelight and the remnants of a small feast.

"So Sigurd went to Lunaris at dawn right after Ezra called him to deal with some bastard who dared interfere with his mating?" Vargan boomed proudly.

He slapped his hand against the table, laughter rumbling in his chest.

"My grandson finally knows how to wield his power! Putting lesser wolves in their place and protecting his Luna!"

"Yes, Master," the council members agreed. "It is good to witness this version in Alpha Ezra."

"If this continues," Vargan laughed, "the day I get to see and hold their pup won't be far!"

The council chuckled with him.

Then Vargan's expression sharpened with purpose.

"It has been days already," he said. "I must see how their bond is progressing with my own eyes."

Vargan remembered the night he had disguised himself as a wanderer and first met Lylah. He had liked her immediately—her pure heart had left a deep, lasting impression. Now, he could hardly wait to see her again.

He turned to his attendants. "Prepare for my departure to Lunaris. I will meet our Luna personally."

"At once, Master!" they replied.

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 )

In all the ways Lylah had poisoned my life, I had always believed in one thing: that Selene would always let me win. She would never **waste** her favor on a mutt when I stood ready to claim it. Victory had always belonged to me—I only needed the right pieces placed on the board.

And Selene, in her infinite wisdom, had placed one perfectly.

This time, her gift wore the name Thane Blackridge.

I even found myself grateful that Rowan had shoved me out of his room that night. If he hadn't, I would never have gone to Jax and Valas's grave. I would never have met Thane.

That single meeting bore sweeter fruit than I could have imagined.

Thane told me about his childhood as we sat together in the restaurant the night before. He had been only seven years old when it happened—a brutal bear attack along Blackridge's border near Whitepine, when he and his packmates were still careless pups at play.

They would have been torn apart, ripped to bone and blood, if Jax Stillward had not intervened.

“We would have died without him,” Thane had said quietly, his voice heavy with old loyalty. “We never had the chance to thank him, Cora.

Never had the chance to repay that debt.”

His blue-gray eyes had locked onto mine then, something solemn and possessive sparking within them.

“But you are his daughter, the blood of the man who saved my life. So from this moment on, whatever you need, I will provide.”

Now, under the sterile glow of the laboratory lights, the Heir of Blackridge Pack-Vale Team's infamous, iron-fisted senior—was smiling at me like a man under a spell.

“Your lab coat is still being tailored,” Thane said as he stepped closer. “Use mine for now.”

Before I could answer, the door slammed open.

“Cora!”

Alexander burst in, his wolf-scent sharp with urgency. The moment he saw Thane standing so close to me, his body moved instinctively—placing himself between us. “Thane? You're here?”

“Yes,” Thane replied coolly.

“I told you yesterday Cora is still new. At least give her some space. Your rules are too strict for-”

A soft laugh slipped from my lips.

Alex froze.

1/3

1:23 pm

Chapter 68

Finished

“Relax, Alex,” I said gently, placing a hand on his arm. “Thane isn’t scolding me.”

Thane stepped forward then, draping his lab coat over my shoulders with deliberate care. His touch was careful. Protective.

“Relax, cousin,” Thane said, chuckling. “I would never hurt Cora.”

Alexander stared, clearly stunned. “This is unbelievable,” he muttered. “I came early to secure her seat by the window. She likes it there. When I saw you with her, I thought you were giving her a hard time.”

“Cora’s seat is already secured, you don’t need to do that again.” Thane said. “From now on, her needs are my responsibility.”

Alex’s jaw tightened. “Are you serious, Thane?”

I stood quietly between them, pretending to organize my things—while inside, delight bloomed like a dark flower.

Two powerful wolves were already on my side.

Perfect.

“This **is** the first time I’ve ever seen you show this much care to a junior,” Alex said carefully. “But remember, Thane—Cora isn’t unmated. She’s already been claimed by Alpha Rowan of Blackfang Pack. The founder of Corlis Prime.”

“I know,” Thane replied, utterly unbothered.

If I played this right—if I kept them both bound to me by loyalty, protection, and unspoken desire—I would never struggle in Lunar Grace. Power would follow me wherever I walked.

I only had to keep them close.

Obedient.

Devoted.

“Cora,” Alex called.

“Yes, Alex?” I turned, softening my voice, letting just enough vulnerability show.

“I have good news. This year, our department is organizing the Gastric Cancer MDT team. Observational learning. We want you to join.”

“Really?” I widened my eyes slightly. “But... I’m still new. Is that really okay?”

“Of course,” Thane said smoothly. “I will personally guide you. Teach you everything.”

“Oh, thank you so much,” I said softly, lowering my lashes. “I don’t know what I would do without you both.”

They looked pleased.

2/3

1:23 pm

Chapter 68

Finished

Exactly as planned.

“Is there any requirement to join?” I asked lightly.

“For other students? Of course,” Alex scoffed. “But we’re Professor Corvin’s students, Cora. Requirements have never stood in our way. We are the backbone of this research.” He studied me. “Why? Do your friends want to join?”

An idea sparked in my mind.

I carefully masked my reaction, forcing my expression into something innocent while I held back my smile.

“I was thinking...” I said softly, “of inviting my sister Lylah.”

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 )

Chapter 69

Cora's POV

“Sister?” Thane frowned slightly, studying me. “You have a sister?”

Finished

I nodded. “Yes. She’s currently a junior assistant in the Traditional Healing Class. She was adopted into my family, and she hates me so much... but despite everything. I still consider her my sister.”

“Cora, you must be joking!” Alexander’s voice thundered across the room. “I will never allow that shameless leech anywhere near you again!”

The shift in Thane was instant.

The warmth in his gaze vanished, replaced by something darker-colder.

I felt his wolf stir beneath his skin, the subtle pressure of a protective dominance rolling through the room like an invisible tide. The air itself seemed to tighten.

“What exactly did this girl do to Cora?” Thane asked, his voice low.

“Thane, you wouldn’t believe half of it.” Alex scoffed. “After living in Cora’s place in Ironcrest Pack for more than a decade, she tried to steal Alpha Rowan, then sabotaged Cora’s chances to be accepted here- she’s poison. Pure evil. And she won’t stop until she’s destroyed everything Cora has.”

Rage flashed in Thane’s eyes.

Inside, I nearly smiled.

“Alex, please,” I murmured, pressing a hand to my chest as if wounded. “Don’t speak of Lylah like that. She only acts out because she’s desperate for affection. I don’t hate her...I pity her.”

“There’s no need to pity someone like that,” Thane said gently, his voice wrapping around me like silk and steel.

I nodded, grateful and demure. “I understand if you both don’t want her here. I only ask for the application form. I can give it to her myself.”

Alex shook his head. “Cora, you’re too naive. Even if she tried, with that dull brain of hers, she’d never qualify for this project.”

“Let her try,” I said with a soft smile—one that always melted him. “At least then, she can’t say I didn’t help.”

Reluctantly, Alex handed me the form.

I thanked him sweetly and glided from the laboratory, fully aware of Thane’s gaze following me. I could feel the pull of his attention, the faint tug of interest and instinct—exactly where I wanted him.

But instead of heading toward the Traditional Healing building, I turned sharply and went outside.

At the trash bin, I tore the application into strips. I crumpled the remains and shoved them deep inside.

**1:23 pm**

Chapter 69

Finished

“Who’s naive now?” I whispered, a cruel smile curving my lips. “You’re both fools if you think I’d ever give Lylah a real chance.” I laughed softly. “All I wanted was to make Thane see me as treasure.” My eyes gleamed. “And it worked.”

Just as I turned away, a foul scent hit me—sweat, old leather, and poverty clinging to the air.

“Young lady.”

I spun around.

An old man stood there, hunched, with a wild beard and tangled dreadlocks. His clothes were worn thin, his presence an eyesore in a place meant for elites.

“Who are you?!” I shrieked, stepping back. “Beggars aren’t allowed here! Leave now, or I’ll call the guards to drag you out!”

He straightened as much as his age allowed. “I am not a beggar. I came to visit my granddaughter-in-law. Her name is Lylah.”

My heart skipped.

He studied me “This place is very large. Perhaps you know where I can find her?”

For a heartbeat, I could only stare.

Then cruel delight flooded through me, so sharp and intoxicating that I laughed out loud, my eyes stinging with tears. Did this old, poor, pathetic beggar truly just say that Lylah was his granddaughter-in-

law?

Of course.

She ran from Rowan only to fall into the hands of some miserable, lowborn family. I could already picture it—her bound to a low-ranked wolf as insignificant and ugly as the life she'd chosen.

How fitting.

Selene, you've just given me the most perfect gift ever.

"Sir," I said, wiping fake tears from my eyes. "I'm sorry—I was just... overwhelmed. Yes, I know your granddaughter-in-law. We're actually very close."

His face lit with fragile hope. "Then please, show me to her. I miss her terribly."

"Of course," I said sweetly. "She's in the building opposite this one." Then I paused, pretending to look him over with concern. "But you came with empty hands?"

"I wanted to buy her a gift. But I have no coins."

My smile widened, syrupy and false. "Oh, don't worry at all! Come with me. I know just the **place** where you can find something suitable for her."

My eyes glinted.

**2/3**

**1:23 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 )

Chapter 70

3rd Person's POV

Finished

Cora led Vargan toward the outdoor garden, her steps light, her posture demure—but her lips curved with a smile far too sharp to be innocent.

Sunlight spilled over the garden beds, illuminating rows of carefully cultivated blooms. The air **was** thick with floral perfume and something darker beneath it. Cora slowed deliberately, her gaze drifting toward a cluster of pristine white flowers glowing faintly in the light.

“Lylah adores flowers,” Cora said sweetly, tilting her head. “Especially those. The white lilies.” She lifted a delicate finger and pointed. “If you brought her those, I’m sure she would be so touched.”

The lilies were breathtaking—petals pale as frost, edges faintly luminescent. Beautiful. Deadly. Their poison was subtle, woven into their pollen and sap, but dangerous even to shifters with enhanced healing.

Cora’s smile widened imperceptibly.

She could already picture it—Vargan’s foolish gratitude, his clumsy hands offering death wrapped in white petals and offering them to Lylah.

Amusing.

“Thank you young lady, you’re so kind” Vargan said warmly, his lined face brightening. “But am I truly allowed to pick them?”

“Of course,” Cora replied smoothly. “They’re bred for harvest.”

He hesitated only a moment before kneeling, carefully cutting several stems. He’s only a beggar—one Cora **was** certain had no education or sense at all—there wasn’t a flicker of suspicion on his face.

That only amused her more.

To her, it felt like luring a blind, helpless mouse straight into a predator's trap—so easy it was almost boring.

"May I know your name?" Vargan asked as he stood, clutching the flowers. "So I may repay your kindness someday."

Cora stepped back, her nose wrinkling in instinctive disgust before she forced her expression neutral. "I'm Coraline. Don't bother," she said coolly. "We won't meet again." She gestured impatiently. "Now go. Quickly."

She watched with thinly veiled pleasure as he admired the bouquet, completely unaware of the poison resting against his palms. "So which way should I go?"

"Lylah is in the Traditional Healing Hall, that building," Cora said, pointing. "Just walks straight **ahead.**"

"But would you walk with me? I'm afraid I might go to the wrong building." He reached **out,**

**Cora** recoiled violently, a shrill cry tearing from her throat. "Don't touch **me! Get your filthy hands away!**"

172

1:23 pm

Chapter 70

Finished

Her mask cracked.

Vargan froze, wounded confusion in his eyes. "You called me filthy?"

Her patience snapped.

"You beggar," Cora hissed, venom lacing every word. "How dare you? I'll take you there, fine. But don't you dare touch me, and keep those flowers away from me!"

She spun on her heel and stalked toward the hall, forcing him to follow. Whispers trailed behind her as other students turned to stare. Cora's fists clenched at her sides, nails biting into her palms as she fought the burn of humiliation.

At the entrance, she halted abruptly. "Wait here. She'll be out in a moment—"

Suddenly, Vargan's hand closed gently around her wrist.

"Lylah would want to see you too," he said kindly. "Please, wait with me."

Cora shrieked.

She tore free violently, her voice echoing through the corridor. “Don’t touch me! You disgusting beggar! You’re filthy—you’ll stain my skin!”

The outburst drew immediate attention.

Doors opened. Heads turned.

Then, Lylah emerged.

She had just completed her teaching when the disturbance rippled through the hall. Her wolf stirred in recognition as her gaze locked onto the old man—the same one from outside her apartment that night.

He had come to see her.

Relief almost surfaced, until her gaze dropped to his hands.

Moonshade lilies.

Her blood went cold.

“Sir!” Lylah rushed forward, panic flooding her voice. “No! Get those away from you! Drop them!”

214

B

2/2

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.