

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

The Betrayed Princess Rising

Chapter 81

Finished

3rd Person's POV

“Barth Hollow came to Ironcrest once. You and Daia locked me in my room, I didn’t even understand why,” Lylah’s voice **was** trembling—not with fear, but with memory. “Later I learned from the servants what kind of man he really was, what kind of man you’re trying to shove me into right now.”

She paused, her throat tightening.

“Wasn’t it enough when I left Ironcrest? When I left Blackfang? Why are you still trying to mess with my life here too?”

She couldn’t stop the tears gathering in her eyes, but her voice remained raw with fury.

Eldric stared at her, stunned. He had never expected the girl he had raised for decades—the quiet, obedient child in his mind—to stand before him now and throw the truth in his face.

Inviting Barth Hollow hadn’t been easy. Eldric had paid the old drunkard a fortune in gold to secure his cooperation. He wouldn’t let Lylah destroy it.

“Lylah my daughter, why are you slandering your own father?” Eldric’s lips twitched, voice tight with feigned hurt. “Locked you up? Lylah, Sir Hollow is nothing but a good, honored man.”

But the damage was already done.

Barth had heard everything.

“Well, Alpha Eldric,” Barth slurred, swaying slightly as he moved, his face flushed with drink and anger. “You win most of your gambling rounds because of me, and this is how you speak about me behind my back? Even to your daughter?”

His lip curled.

“Forget this shit! I won’t help you or anyone in your family!”

He hurled his glass onto the floor, where it shattered, Then stormed out.

The door slammed shut behind him.

And with it, Eldric’s plans shattered too.

Standing there, his **face** red, veins bulging, his rage boiling over with nowhere to go.

“You ruined everything!” he **roared**, lunging forward, his hand reaching for Lylah’s hair.

But she dodged.

He froze.

This was the same girl who had once endured every slap, every blow, every fist tangled in her hair **without** resistance. The same girl who had collapsed at his **feet** that night, sobbing and begging, as he ordered the

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guards to drag her out of his mansion.

But now,

She caught his wrist midair.

His eyes widened.

“You don’t have the right to discipline me anymore,” Lylah said.

Her voice was calm, quiet as passing wind.

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“You lost that the moment you threw me away with a few golds paid to Rowan Blackfang just to keep me out of your perfect little family.”

Eldric’s breath hitched.

“Rowan poured all that money into Corlis Prime,” she went on. “And you took your share from it. You’re still taking it.”

She released his wrist and shoved his hand away.

“So no, Eldric. I don’t owe you anything. We’re even.”

Her eyes hardened.

“You can keep Barth Hollow for your real daughter. From now on, stay out of my life.”

Then she turned and walked away.

Lylah didn’t look back.

Eldric stood frozen, staring at the space where she had been.

Even Cora, who had shrunk behind the couch while everything fell apart, could only stare, her lips parted in shock.

Then something in him snapped.

“She dares act high and mighty in front of me?” Eldric roared, his control finally snapping.

He kicked the table, sending it screeching across the floor. “She is just a stupid girl. A shameless whore who let some random male claim her in a mating bond so easily.”

Even Cora trembled at the venom in his voice.

“She’ll crawl to that low, poor, uncivilized male she let claim her right now, crying,” Eldric’s eyes flashed with malice. “But I doubt he even cares about her, let alone waste his strength supporting a useless female like her. She’ll always be alone.”

He let out a cold, mocking laugh.

“Lylah is a fool thinking she can survive without my or Rowan’s influence. A bigger fool if she thinks she

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can stand against us. And you Cora,” His voice hard as iron. “I don’t want to hear you speak about helping her again. You will not see her. You will not contact her.”

“Yes, Father.”

Outside, the night wind wrapped around Lylah like ice.

The moment she crossed the threshold, whatever strength had held her together shattered.

Tears spilled freely down her face, her body trembling as everything she had held back finally broke loose.

She didn't see him until he was already in front of her. A tall figure stepped into her path, blocking her

escape.

Lylah didn't have the strength to tell him to move.

"Please..." she whispered brokenly.

"Lylah."

The voice was deep.

Familiar.

Safe.

Her head lifted slowly, her tear-blurred eyes meeting a pair of dark eyes she would recognize anywhere. Deep as midnight, steady as the earth beneath her feet.

"Ezra?" she breathed. "Why... are you here?"

"To take you home." That was all he said.

He pulled her against his chest. His arms wrapped around her like a shield, like he could hold every broken piece of her together just by refusing to let go.

"I'm sorry," Lylah choked.

Her mind dragged her back to that night—to the cold floors of Ironcrest, to Cora standing in her place, to the guards dragging her away while she begged and cried.

She had promised herself she wouldn't cry for them again.

She had failed.

Ezra embraced her in silence. His hand gently stroked her hair, then her back, grounding her, letting her break apart safely in his arms as she buried her face in his chest and wept.

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Ruby Walker

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

Chapter 82

Lylah's POV

Finished

The next morning, I woke with the ghost of last night clinging to me. My head was heavy, my eyes swollen, my memories blurred at the edges—but I remembered Ezra's warmth around me.

I remembered crying until my sobs broke into helpless hiccups, until I ruined his expensive coat with my tears. He never once asked me to stop.

He simply took me home.

And when I lay down, too exhausted to even think, he had pressed a warm compress gently to my forehead and stayed by my side. No one had ever taken care of me like that before.

Gratitude filled my chest, soft and aching.

He felt like shelter. Like the first warmth after a merciless winter.

Like something I hadn't realized I needed until I was already standing inside it.

"Lylah," Ezra said now.

I turned my head. We were inside the car, the city of Lunaris passing beyond the window as Damon drove us toward Lunar Grace.

"Someone wants to meet you."

I blinked. "Okay...but I have class in an hour."

"I know," he said calmly. "This won't interfere."

Damon pulled to a smooth stop in front of the academy gates. Then, Ezra and I headed toward the Traditional Healing Building side by side.

As we walked through the halls, students stopped. Staring.

“That’s Alpha Ezra. He’s even more handsome up close...”

“Isn’t she the new junior assistant? What is she doing with him?”

“Wait... wasn’t she the *one* who got those roses yesterday? Do you think they were from him?”

My chest tightened.

I couldn’t let him misunderstand.

“Ezra,” I said softly.

He looked down at me immediately.

“What they said, it’s not like that. Rowan did send flowers, but I asked for them to be delivered to Cora. I

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didn’t keep them. I don’t even know why he sent them in the first place.”

“I believe you,” he said simply.

Relief spread through me.

We reached my office. I pushed the door open,

And froze.

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A middle-aged man sat in my armchair, completely at ease, a book resting in his hand as if the room belonged to him.

My eyes dropped to the name tag on his chest.

Professor Clark Grimwood.

My breath left me.

He hadn't been seen in the academy for months. Some said years.

I straightened quickly and bowed.

"Professor. My name is Lylah. I'm the new assistant. We haven't met, but-

"I know who you are," he cut in.

He closed his book with a sharp snap and stood, his eyes sweeping over me with unnerving precision.

"So you applied to the Traditional Department despite majoring in Modern Healing in college." He began circling me. "Do you actually intend to teach? Or did you wander in here by mistake?"

"I intend to teach," I said, forcing my voice steady. "I prepare thoroughly before every class."

He stopped.

"Then answer me this. In Traditional theory, what governs phlegm production?"

"The Lungs," I answered immediately.

"The Official of Reception and Transformation?"

"The Small Intestine."

His eyes sharpened. "Mutual suppression in herb pairing?"

I swallowed.

"When one herb's toxicity is reduced by another herb. For example, fresh ginger suppresses the toxicity of

raw Pinellia tuber."

He questioned me relentlessly.

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Theory. Application. Diagnosis.

Each answer felt like stepping across thin ice.

Finally, he stopped.

“Quite impressive,” he said. Then his gaze shifted past me.

“He’s not generous with praise,” Ezra said lightly behind me. “You should feel honored.”

I had almost forgotten he was there.

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The realization struck suddenly, and I turned between Ezra and the professor, my heart stumbling over itself.

“You two already know each other?” My voice came out softer than I intended. “So the person you said wanted to meet me...is Professor Clark?”

“Correct, my Luna.” The words slipped from Ezra’s lips effortlessly.

Heat rushed to my cheeks before I could stop it, my pulse fluttering wildly beneath my skin.

“Sir Grimwood and I are old acquaintances,” Ezra continued, his tone calm, almost casual. “Since you were troubled finding a supervisor, I thought I could help. He is known for his generosity. He wouldn’t refuse someone who genuinely needs his help.”

I was still trying to absorb that, when Professor Clark let out a low huff, as if impatient with my silence.

“Your application form.” He extended his hand toward me.

For a moment, I could only stare at him.

Then it hit me.

“Professor...” My voice trembled, fragile with hope I barely dared to hold. “You’re going to be my recommended supervisor? Is this real?”

“Yes. But don’t get too excited yet,” he said gruffly, though there was no real cruelty in it. “Your foundation is acceptable. But if you fail to maintain it, then goodbye. And understand this clearly-”

His sharp **gaze** flicked briefly toward Ezra before returning to me.

“Not even your mate’s influence will save you twice.”

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

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Lylah's POV

The process had gone so smoothly that it felt unreal. The moment Professor Clark's signature dried on the paper, I completed the rest of the form with steady hands, then finished the online submission.

According to others who had applied, the results would be released this afternoon—around this very hour. My fingers hovered over the keyboard, trembling faintly.

One click, and I would know.

The door burst open before I could press it.

“Lylah!”

Iris stood in the doorway, chest heaving, eyes wide with excitement.

I pushed back my chair and stood. “What happened?”

“Oh, you don't know?” she said, incredulous. “There's huge news!”

My pulse quickened.

“What is it?”

She grabbed my wrist and tugged me into the corridor.

A crowd had gathered at the notice board. Students, staff, even senior assistants who usually carried themselves with rigid dignity now leaned forward like curious pups.

At the center, a single sheet of paper hung, stamped with the authority of Lunar Grace itself. If the Academy had personally issued the announcement, then this was no ordinary matter.

“Is this real?” someone whispered.

“They finally kicked that rotten Barth Hollow out? He won’t teach here ever again?”

“Thank the Moon Goddess,” another breathed, voice breaking. “I could cry from happiness!”

Iris and I pushed closer.

Her grip tightened around my arm as she read.

“Yes,” she said, voice low and fierce. “They finally did it. They finally threw that sick pervert out.”

“His connections couldn’t save him this time,” she added with satisfaction.

My breath caught.

Barth Hollow.

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His name slithered through my mind like poison, and with it came the memory of last night. The way his eyes lingered on me—hungry and certain, like a predator already tasting its prey.

And now, he was gone. Removed.

“How coincidental,” I murmured.

“Hmm?” Iris blinked at me. “Did you say something?”

I forced a smile.

“No, no. I just—I’m relieved Lunar Grace finally acted.”

“Right? What took them so long to do that?” Iris scoffed. “Just because Barth comes from a high-ranking family and a reputable pack? But finally, they opened their eyes.” Her lips broke into a bright smile. “This is worth celebrating. Come on.”

“Wait,” I said quickly. “My things.”

We slipped away from the crowd and returned to my office.

My laptop still sat open on the desk.

Iris entered behind me, her brows knitting together when she saw the screen.

“Were you checking something?”

“Yes,” I admitted. “The result of my MDT application.”

Her expression instantly shifted to excitement. “Oh! I almost forgot about that. Go on, Lylah, check it.”

I sat down, my fingers suddenly colder than before, and pressed the key.

The page refreshed.

Loaded.

And then,

Nothing.

The result section showed nothing. I frowned, refreshing it again. Still nothing.

“That’s strange,” Iris murmured, leaning closer. “Someone I know already received theirs this afternoon. Maybe the Vale is overwhelmed with applications.”

“Maybe.” I nodded slowly, though unease coiled deep in my stomach.

Still, there was nothing I could do now.

So I closed the laptop.

I packed my things, and soon Iris and I left for the café.

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Finished

We spent the late morning there, letting the warm aroma of coffee and the low hum of conversation dull the sharp edge of my thoughts.

The day was still young when we finished. So instead of calling Damon to pick me up, I hailed a taxi and let it carry me toward the nearest shopping center.

Lunaris was alive at this hour, **its** streets crowded with wealthy wolves enjoying their leisure.

I entered a boutique specializing in men's accessories.

Ezra's face surfaced in my mind.

He had been so kind to me since yesterday, and I wanted to thank him.

Ezra loved wearing glasses—he always had.

If I got him another pair... I'm sure he would like it.

"Excuse me," I said politely. "May I see your collection of men's glasses?"

The clerk looked up.

Her eyes swept over me slowly.

"Are you sure you can afford any of them?"

"Yes," I answered. "I would like to buy one."

Soft laughter rose behind her from the other employees.

She didn't move.

Instead, she turned away. "Just forget it. We only sell luxurious and expensive items here."

Heat crept into my face, but I swallowed the humiliation.

I refused to give them the satisfaction of seeing me react, so I stepped past and examined the display myself. If she wouldn't help me, I would choose on my own.

I had just reached for one frame when voices drifted from behind me.

"Cora, darling, you've already chosen three coats for Rowan. And now this too?"

"Yes. He'll love these shoes,"

My hand froze.

"You're so thoughtful. Rowan is so lucky to have you," another woman cooed warmly. Then added, her voice lowering, "Sometimes I wonder why he ever wasted his time with Lylah. That girl did nothing but cling to him shamelessly and drain his resources."

Slowly, I turned.

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The Betrayed Princess Rising

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

3rd Person's POV

Finished

Rowan's aunt, Nymera Blackfang, had always been a creature of appetite. Not hunger for food—but for fortune, comfort, and status.

Lylah remembered her clearly from those bitter days when the Blackfang Pack had been crumbling and Rowan was crippled. The night Nymera left, she had taken Lylah's hands in hers.

"I believe in you, Lylah," Nymera had said gently, her soft perfumed hands, untouched by hardship, cradling hers. "You can take good care of Rowan and this pack."

At the time, Lylah had believed it was trust, now she knew it had been abandonment.

Nymera had run from her duty, fled her responsibility as Rowan's only elder.

"There's still good in Lylah, Auntie," Cora said lightly beside Nymera now, her tone fake sweet.

Nymera let out a soft, mocking laugh, fluttering her fur fan lazily. "Oh, right. She took care of Rowan when he was weak. But Cora, Rowan is now a rich and powerful Alpha, and who is Lylah? She's still that same poor student."

She leaned closer to Cora, "The ones worthy of standing beside Rowan now, are us."

A cold voice cut through the air.

"You, Nymera?"

The temperature in the boutique seemed to drop.

Nymera froze.

“Someone who lived off your nephew’s fortune,” Lylah continued, “Your entire family fed from Rowan’s table, then ran the moment he fell.

And now you still dare call yourself worthy?”

Nymera’s face went ashen.

“Lylah!” she snapped, fury breaking through her composure. “What are you doing here?”

“Just stating facts.”

Nymera’s eyes narrowed, her lips curling. “Oh, you’ve grown claws.”

Cora, uninterested in their history, rolled her eyes and turned away—until her gaze fell upon the glasses resting on the velvet display beside Lylah.

Her eyes lit up.

She stepped forward.

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Finished

But Lylah moved first.

“I got it first.” She blocked Cora’s path.

Cora’s expression hardened instantly.

“I want it,” she said coldly. “Move.”

“I reserved it already,” Lylah replied calmly, turning to the clerk.

The clerk hesitated.

Cora’s voice dropped, “Give it to me. I’ll pay double. Consider it part of your commission.”

The rising tension had drawn attention.

One by one, the boutique employees drifted closer, pretending to adjust displays while their ears strained toward the confrontation.

When the clerk failed to answer immediately, Nymera stepped forward sharply.

“Are you deaf?” she snapped, her voice cracking like a whip. “Lady Cora wants it! Do you know who she is? She is Alpha Rowan’s woman.” Her gaze slid toward Lylah, “And look at her, there’s no possible way she can afford anything in this boutique.”

Cora said nothing.

Her eyes remained fixed on the glasses. A thought came naturally; Lylah must be buying them for Rowan.

Because who else would she buy something like that for? Certainly not her own low-ranked mate.

“Do you really need to take everything that belongs to me?” Lylah’s gaze lifted to meet Cora’s.

Cora blinked—then laughed. “Take? How ridiculous. Just because you were allowed to hold something for a while, it doesn’t make it yours, sweet sister.” Her eyes darkened. “I’m the rightful owner.”

Lylah didn’t miss the implication, Cora wasn’t talking about the glasses, she was talking about Rowan.

“Exactly,” Nymera said coldly. “Stop embarrassing yourself, Lylah. You cannot possibly outbid Cora.”

“I certainly can,” Lylah replied.

Nymera stilled. A flicker of something sharp crossed her face.

Can? Since when did Lylah have money?

Lylah didn’t explain.

Instead, she turned slightly and pointed toward a leather belt displayed on a polished rack. “Fine. Then I’ll

take that belt—”

“Wrap it for Cora,” Nymera interrupted immediately. “She’ll pay double.”

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Lylah's lips almost curved. "I want that hat."

"No!" Nymera said at once. "Cora will have that as well. Wrap it. She will triple the price."

Nymera's chin lifted higher with every word. She refused to lose. Refused to be challenged by someone she considered beneath the pack's lowest rank.

"The tie," Lylah's gaze moved again. "And the gold cufflinks."

"They already belong to Cora," Nymera snapped. "She'll

pay triple-

'Enough!" Cora's voice cracked through the boutique like thunder. Her wolf surged violently beneath her skin. "Aunt Nymera, have you lost your mind?!" she hissed. "Lylah is playing you! And you're just obeying her every word? Do you think my money falls from the sky?!"

Nymera froze, her body going rigid as the realization sank in. Color slowly flooded her face, deep red with humiliation.

Beside her, Cora had already lost all interest in shopping.

Well," Lylah lifted her chin, "Not interested in taking it anymore, Cora?"

No answer.

Lylah turned to the clerk. "The glasses. Please wrap them for me."

The clerk moved instantly. "Sure."

Cora watched Lylah pay for the glasses, heat burning through her chest as humiliation clawed at her pride. She couldn't believe she had been made to look small so easily!

But then she remembered Alexander's cold rejection earlier, how he had denied Lylah's application without a second thought.

It dulled the sting.

Slowly, Cora smiled.

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

Chapter 85

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Finished

3rd Person's POV

“Ezra, I’m home!” Lylah’s cheerful voice filled the penthouse as she stepped inside, her presence warm and bright, as if she carried sunlight in with her.

“You sound so happy,” Ezra said as he emerged from deeper within the penthouse, his presence filling the space. “Did your application get approved?”

“Not yet. There’s still no news,” Lylah admitted, but her smile didn’t fade. Instead, it widened. She lifted the paper bag in her hand and pushed it toward him. “I got you something. Try it on.”

Ezra blinked in surprise. “For me?”

Yes. A gift. For convincing Professor Clark Grimwood to become my supervisor.”

‘Lylah, there’s no need at all.’

‘But I want to,’ she insisted softly. “I can’t keep accepting your help without giving anything back. So please.”

Ezra sighed, relenting, and removed his usual glasses. His vision immediately dulled into a heavy dark blur.

Lylah had already taken the new pair from the box.

Her breath caught.

Without his glasses, there was nothing to hide the full force of Ezra's features—the sharp line of his jaw, the quiet strength in his eyes, the devastating handsomeness that never failed to make her heart stutter.

She rose onto her tiptoes and carefully slid the new glasses onto his face.

The moment they settled, she gasped.

“I knew it,” she whispered, her voice filled with pride, “This model looks incredible on you!”

Her eyes sparkled as she clasped her hands together, delighted with her choice.

“Do I look good?” he asked quietly, uncertain. He had never worn glasses for appearance—only the specialized pair he relied on every afternoon to see the world clearly.

“Ezra, you surpass good.” Lylah breathed, her voice full of awe, “You're devastatingly handsome.”

The words struck him harder than they should have.

He had heard praise all his life. But nothing had ever felt like this.

“You like it?” he asked, needing to hear it again.

“I do,” she said, her happiness pure and unguarded. “If you went outside like this, I know every **she**-wolf in

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Lunaris would stop and stare.”

Finished

Ezra chuckled softly, warmth spreading through his chest at her excitement. But he shook his head. “I don't want to go out.”

She blinked. “Oh. Right. You don't like crowds.”

“No.” He stepped closer, his voice lowering. “What I mean is, this view is only for my Luna.”

Ezra regretted that he had removed his special glasses. Without them, her expression was a blur, and he couldn't see the effect his words had caused. But he could feel her nervousness—hear it in her breathing and smell it in the subtle shift of her scent.

She was nervous.

And adorable.

“I’ll... make dinner,” Lylah said suddenly, turning away, her voice flustered as she retreated toward the kitchen.

Ezra followed her instinctively, but without his usual glasses, the world was unfocused, and his steps faltered.

“Ezra, be careful!” Lylah gasped, rushing back to him.

Her hands caught his arm, steadying him. Her fingers wrapped around his sleeve, her body only inches from his, her warmth bleeding into him.

They both froze.

“Sorry,” he murmured, swallowing as he straightened.

For a moment, neither of them moved.

Then Lylah released him abruptly, a small frown forming as she realized he wasn’t usually this clumsy when he walked.

“I’ll join you shortly. I just need to change into something more comfortable,” Ezra said before retreating toward his room, his steps slower this time, careful and slightly uncertain.

Behind him, Lylah stood still, her eyes lingering as she caught the faint color rising on his cheeks. He was blushing.

‘Ezra blushed? From our contact?’

The thought felt unreal.

Minutes later, he returned—but the new glasses were gone, replaced by the familiar pair he always wore.

Her chest tightened.

“Ezra,” she asked carefully, “you didn’t like the one I bought?”

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“Not like that.” He shook his head immediately. “I like it very much. I just didn’t want to risk damaging it while cooking.”

Lylah nodded. “Alright.”

But even as she smiled, she couldn't ignore the small, quiet disappointment blooming in her chest.

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

Chapter 86

3rd Person's POV

Finished

After cooking dinner together, Lylah and Ezra sat across from each other. The air was calm and peaceful, but Lylah's thoughts were anything but quiet. The incident at the boutique clung to her mind. The words pressed against her throat until she could no longer hold them back.

So she told him everything.

"...and just as I was about to leave, one of the clerks told me Cora's bill." She shook her head, half amused, half disbelieving. "Cora always has great pride, so she bought everything Aunt Nymera approved. Everything." Her eyes lifted to Ezra's. "And do you know how much it was? Three thousand gold, Ezra! Three thousand!"

She smiled as she told it, her voice light and airy.

But to him, it was nothing trivial.

"They tried to bully you again," he said quietly.

Lylah shrugged, lifting one shoulder. "They did. But does that matter? They follow my game instead. I

won."

She chuckled softly.

Ezra did not.

He simply rose to his feet. "Wait here," he said.

The Alpha left without another word.

Minutes later, he returned and placed something on the table in front of her.

A jet black card. It drank in the candlelight, its surface gleaming with an engraved silver crest—the sigil of Verdanth’s biggest Bank. Only the most elite in Verdanth possessed one.

"Ezra," Lylah’s breath caught. "Why are you giving this to me?"

"From now on, if you want to buy anything, use that." His expression didn’t change.

She blinked.

"No. It’s fine. I have my own money,"

His **eyes** narrowed slightly. "You said you wanted to buy more things for me."

"I did."

"Then use it," he said simply. "Don’t refuse. Help me buy everything I need with that."

Lylah stared at the card, her fingers hovering over it.

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Chapter 86

"...Okay," she whispered. Her fingers closed around it. "But only for you."

Finished

In Rowan’s apartment, dinner passed in heavy silence.

Cora tried to ease the tension. She offered soft smiles, gentle words, anything to coax him back to her—but Rowan remained distant, unreachable.

Lately, their relationship had grown strained, stretched so thin it was ready to snap.

"Rowan." Her voice finally broke.

Cora reached across the table and clutched his arm, her fingers trembling against him.

"I'm sorry if I've upset you. Everything lately... It's my fault. I know it is." Tears spilled freely down her cheeks. "But I love you. I love you so much. Please don't shut me out."

"I already promised Lylah I will end things with you." He said coldly "Don't plead again."

"Rowan." Her red eyes searched his face desperately. "Is this truly your final decision?"

"Yes." He didn't hesitate.

Cora stared at him, her chest rising and falling unevenly.

Then slowly, she released his arm.

"I see." She straightened in her seat and wiped her tears away with shaking hands. "I still can't believe this. But if this is what you want, then fine."

She forced a fragile smile that didn't reach her eyes.

"Oh... the Lunar Tech Conference ticket you asked me to secure," she said faintly. "I brought it with me. Let me get it."

She rose from her seat and reached for her bag.

But as she opened it, a folded paper slipped loose.

It drifted downward, fluttering helplessly to the floor.

Rowan stilled. Then he stood and picked it up automatically, his eyes scanned the page and-

His blood froze in his veins.

"Moonrot of the Stomach? It's a malignant gastric tumour of arcane origin..." His gaze snapped to her.

"No no. It belongs to my friend!" Cora said quickly, lunging forward to snatch it.

But it was too late.

2/3

1:25 pm

Chapter 86

Finished

“Don’t lie to me, Cora. I saw your name on it.” Rowan whispered hoarsely. He stared at her, horror filling his eyes. “You... you have the early stage of the deadliest cancer?”

She froze.

Then her body began to tremble uncontrollably.

Tears streamed down her face.

“I-I don’t know,” she sobbed. “Every healer I went to said the same thing... even Professor Vale...” Her voice broke completely. “He said that I only have three years.”

She looked at him helplessly.

“Am I going to die, Rowan?”

Something inside him shattered. “No.” The word tore out of him.

He stepped forward and pulled her into his arms.

“Don’t say that nonsense.” His hand moved over her back, trying to soothe the violent tremors running through her. “You’re going to be okay, Cora. Do you hear me?”

His voice cracked, betraying him. “Goddess, why didn’t you tell me sooner?”

She clung to him, sobbing against his chest.

“Because I was so afraid,” she cried. “I just found my true parents and I dreamed of living with you. I can’t imagine leaving you.”

His throat tightened. He pressed his lips to her forehead.

“You’re not leaving. I won’t allow it. I’ll stay with you, we’ll face this together until you recover. I promise.”

She pulled back just enough to look at him.

Her eyes were fragile. Hopeful. Terrified. “So... you’re not going to end our relationship?”

“No.”

214

目 1

Ruby Walker

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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

I had barely stepped into my office and set my laptop on the desk when Iris descended on me like a frantic

sparrow.

“You said you haven't checked your results? Lylah, how could you?” she demanded. “Check it now. The deadline passed fifteen minutes ago! They must have sent everything already!”

Her excitement and anxiety buzzed around me, prickling against my skin.

“Okay, okay,” I murmured.

Truthfully, after dinner with Ezra last night, the world beyond him had faded into a blur. The results had slipped my mind entirely.

Now, as I sat down, my fingers hovered over the keyboard, suddenly heavy. Behind me, Iris leaned so close I could feel she was holding her breath.

I clicked.

“What in the actual fuck?!” Iris's curse tore through the room.

I stared at the screen, a massive red notice filled the display.

REJECTED.

My mind was blank.

“How could this happen?” Iris choked. “Your requirements were perfect! You even had Professor Clark as your supervisor. This has to be a mistake!”

But I wasn't looking at the rejection anymore,

I was looking at the timestamp. Sent one minute before the deadline.

One minute.

"No, Iris." I rose to my feet. "This isn't a mistake. They made me wait on purpose to deliver this at the end."

"Where are you going?" she asked, scrambling after me as I headed for the door.

"The reviewer. I'll ask for clarity."

"But the reviewer is the Vale team!" Her eyes widened. "Wait. I'm coming with you. I'm not letting you face

them alone."

The Modern Healing building loomed cold and sterile, its glass walls reflecting fluorescent light like the eyes of a predator.

Selestine paced inside me as we walked down the corridor toward the laboratory room.

1/3

1:25 pm

Chapter 87

The lab door was open.

340

Finished

Inside, only two figures occupied the room. And one of them was the very person I had come to find.

"Lylah must be crying right now," Alexander said, his voice dripping with smug satisfaction. "Tell me, Cora. Did I do the perfect job?"

My fingers moved on instinct.

I slipped my phone from my pocket and started recording.

"More than perfect, Alex" Cora replied sweetly, her hand sliding over his arm. "But I am worried. My sister has an ugly temper, what if she comes to you?"

He laughed.

“Just let her. She has no power here,” he said. “And honestly, did she really think I’m a fool not to notice she forged Professor Grimwood’s signature?” He scoffed. “That old man has disappeared. There’s no way he’d waste his time supervising a lowly junior assistant. At least now she’ll bury that pathetic dream of joining our project.”

My wolf snarled.

“I bet she’s clueless right now,” Cora said.

“Not really.” My voice cut through the room like a blade.

They both spun toward me.

Alexander recovered first. His lips curled in disgust as he strode forward.

“Hey, leech,” he sneered. “Who said you could come in here? Get out.” Then he saw the phone in my hand. His expression darkened instantly.

“Damn it! Were you recording us? Playing dirty now?”

I tilted my head.

“Pot calling the kettle black, Alexander.”

His face flushed, anger and humiliation warring beneath his skin. His wolf flickered in his eyes, aura pressing outward as he tried to force mine into submission.

It didn’t work.

“Listen carefully,” he said, his voice dropping into something colder. “I told you before. You’re nothing but a lowly, adopted, ungrateful stray. So don’t dream of ever belonging among us.”

I ended the recording slowly, meeting his gaze.

“So this is how your team maintains its standards?” I let out a small, humorless scoff. “How disappointing. I thought Vale students were chosen for their intelligence, not insecurity.”

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1:25 pm

Chapter 87

Finished

“Shut your mouth,” he snarled. And stepped closer, “Give me your phone. Delete the damn video.”

Alexander’s hand shot forward, but another hand caught his wrist mid-air.

Iris placed herself between us without hesitation.

“Back off, Alex,” she snapped, “You’re going too far.”

His head jerked toward her, his eyes flashing.

“Move,” he ordered.

“No.”

Something dark slid into his expression. “Fuck off, Iris,” he growled, his voice thick with threat. “You’ll regret interfering.”

He grabbed her arm and threw her aside.

Iris’s body struck the sharp edge of the metal table with a sickening crack that rang through the lab.

She collapsed in a heap.

“Iris!”

The scent hit me a second later. Blood.

Something inside me snapped.

Rage flooded my veins, molten and blinding. My wolf surged forward with a feral snarl, her fury no longer contained.

Alexander was still turning when I reached for the heavy glass vase on the table beside me and smashed it against his skull.

214

R

Ruby Walker

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

Chapter 88

6:01

Finished

3rd Person's POV

It happened too fast for Alexander to react. One moment he was standing there, and the next, pain exploded along his temple. Warm blood trickled down the side of his face.

But worse than the pain, was the humiliation.

A lowborn she-wolf had dared to strike him.

“You’re a monster!” Cora shrieked, her voice slicing through the lab. “Lylah, how could you hit Alex?!”

“Didn’t you see what he did to my friend?” Lylah stepped in front of Iris, shielding her. “You only found your voice when he got hurt?”

“You bitch!” Alexander roared. His eyes burned a savage yellow, claws slicing from his fingertips.

“I swear by the Goddess,” he snarled, “you will pay for this.

“I will kill you!”

He lunged-

“Enough!”

The single word struck the room like thunder.

“Stop this nonsense. All of you.”

Corvin Vale stepped forward, his presence alone crushing the air, his silver-streaked hair gleaming beneath the laboratory lights.

Behind him came Thane Blackridge and the rest of the Vale team, their sharp eyes sweeping the commotion.

Alexander froze.

The rage drained from his face, replaced by something uglier.

Fear.

“Professor Vale...” he swallowed.

“Alex,” Thane said, his voice hard as he stepped forward. “What the hell happened? You were placed in charge. And this **is** what we walk into?”

Alexander didn’t hesitate. He pointed at Lylah.

“She started it! That feral stray attacked me!”

He gestured to the broken glass and the blood on his forehead like trophies of injustice.

1/3

1:25 pm

Chapter 88

Finished

“She tried to kill me.”

Lylah didn’t flinch. If anything, she looked amused.

“So fragile. A vase is all it takes?” she asked quietly.

“Enough!” Corvin Vale’s gaze speared into her, eyes narrowed. “You have quite the tongue,” he said coldly. “Which department are you from?”

“Traditional Healing,” Lylah answered.

She forced herself to remain calm, swallowing the anger clawing up her throat, and then she told him everything.

As she spoke, a fragile hope flickered inside her chest. This was Corvin Vale—a man whose name carried authority across Verdanth.

He would see the truth.

However, when she finished, silence fell. Vale’s expression didn’t soften. It darkened.

His thin lips curved, not into sympathy but into something smug. Displeased.

“Professor Vale, please,” Iris begged, her voice trembling. “Lylah deserves justice.”

“No.” The single word fell without hesitation.

“My student, Alexander, has already given a clear reason for the rejection. Is that still too difficult for you to understand?”

His eyes hardened.

“You broke the rules by forging a signature. Alexander had every right to reject you even at the final minute. You have no grounds to protest.”

Behind him, Alexander’s fear melted into triumph.

A slow smirk spread across his face as he exchanged a satisfied glance with Cora.

Iris’s eyes widened, disbelief etched across her face. The great Corvin Vale—the man praised as the fairest mind in modern healing—was openly defending misdeed.

“So you’re choosing to protect your student regardless of the truth,” Lylah said quietly.

Vale’s eyes darkened.

“You barged into my laboratory,” Corvin Vale said, his voice lowering “caused a disgraceful scene, assaulted my student, and still stand there without an ounce of remorse.”

His next words fell like a sentence. “Apologize to Alexander now. Or I will see you expelled from Lunar Grace permanently.”

2/3

1:25 pm

Chapter 88

The words sucked the breath from the room.

Iris went pale.

Alexander’s smile sharpened.

Even the other Vale students shifted uneasily.

Silence stretched. Then,

“Expelled? Quite the threat, Vale.”

Every head turned toward the figure standing in the doorway.

Finished

“Is this what you do now with the authority I helped you earn? Bully the powerless? You even dare threaten my student? How utterly disgraceful.” He took another step closer.

“I dragged you out of obscurity and taught you Healing when you knew nothing. This is how you repay now?”

Vale’s lips parted. “Grimwood...”

Lylah’s breath caught.

‘Professor Grimwood was Professor Vale’s mentor?’

Her mind reeled.

“This woman came into my lab, went on a rampage, and assaulted my student. That is the only fact that matters.” Corvin Vale pointed at Lylah, his eyes cold and calculating. “You can say anything, but even if this reaches the Dean, the blame will fall on her. My student is innocent.”

Lylah had once admired Vale, the brilliant mind of the Healing world. She had listened to the stories and believed them all—that he was wise, fair, and kindhearted. A man worthy of every respect.

Now, under his cold, condemning gaze, something inside her cracked.

The admiration she once held curdled into something bitter and humiliating.

For the first time, she saw the coward behind the legend.

◦

214

3/3

Ruby Walker

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

Chapter 90

B

Finished

Lylah's POV

I stepped out of the Modern Healing building, my pulse still thrumming with the surge of adrenaline from what had just happened. The world felt unreal—charged with the undeniable truth that Professor Clark Grimwood had chosen me as his student.

After making sure Iris was settled in the ward, I found myself racing toward his office, heart hammering.

“Professor Clark! Wait!” I called, bursting into the room.

Finally catching up to him, I blurted, “I haven’t properly thanked you for what you did.”

He sank into his chair, his legs crossing with effortless control, his expression one of perfect calm. “Don’t make it sound like I did anything heroic. That was nothing. If I can’t even defend my students, where’s my pride?”

Before I could respond, he reached for a book and began flipping it open, as though the conversation were already over.

I opened my mouth to say more, but he interrupted with a sharp bark: “Your class!”

My stomach sank.

The chaos of the last few minutes had made me forget everything else.

A glance at my watch made my stomach drop—twenty minutes late.

“I already told them to study on their own. I knew you’d be late. Vale and his stupid students really held us back more than I expected.” he said with a hint of irritation. “You’ll be giving quizzes in your next class. Prepare it well.”

“Alright,” I murmured, a tight mix of relief and guilt twisting in my chest. “Professor... I really do thank you, again, for defending me.”

His expression remained detached, almost bored, yet his eyes glimmered with something unreadable.

“Do you know exactly where you hit Alexander?”

“The... temple,” I answered cautiously.

“A major acupoint,” he replied, flat and measured. “You struck there. Were you not afraid of causing serious harm? If that boy had died, I wouldn’t have wanted to clean up your mess.”

“It was an emergency,” I said, forcing my racing thoughts into order. “He attacked Iris first, with brutal force. I had to stop him... to teach him a lesson, not to kill him. I shifted my strike just enough to spare his life.”

Professor Clark let out a low hum of approval

“Clever. Very clever.” He swung his legs lazily, each movement deliberate, radiating quiet authority that

1:49 pm

Chapter 90

made my skin prickle.

Finished

His gaze softened. “You’ve only been here a few days. Have you memorized all the essential acupoints?”

“The major ones, yes... but-“I hesitated. The truth weighed on my tongue. “I haven’t memorized everything perfectly yet. But I will try-”

He cut me off with a grunt. “Don’t think that just because I’ve accepted you as my student, you can slack off, Lylah. Laziness is unforgivable in my eyes. And no one beats me at it.”

I nodded solemnly.

I already knew the man’s reputation; his strictness had been apparent the first time we met.

Yet mastering material had never been a challenge. Back at Blackfang College, I’d learned to bend knowledge to my will—just as a wolf bends its strength to survive.

Here, that same confidence grounded me. At least in this, I could answer with absolute certainty.

“Don’t worry, Professor. I’ll study harder. I’ll solidify my foundation first, and I’ll be ready for any test you give.”

He nodded, satisfied. “Good.

Then added “The MDT intensive training begins next weekend. The day before, I’ll test you on the basics. Can you handle it?”

I frowned. “That’s... less than ten days. Isn’t that too harsh?”

“How is it harsh?” His scowl cut sharper than claws. “You’ve already had a cheat twice. If you can’t prove yourself purely on your own, how are you even qualified to be my student?”

Cheat?

Though he didn't say it with venom, only a mix of amusement and half-irritation, my pulse jumped at the

word.

Then I remembered something.

"You mean my cheat is... Ezra?"

"Who else?" His lips curved into a faint, knowing smirk. "That arrogant boy didn't tell you anything? If he hadn't called me—dragging me from my morning sleep—I could have arrived too late when Alexander attacked you."

a

214

2/2

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