

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

Chapter 91

Lylah's POV

Finished

“Alexander Blackridge is not a gentle boy,” Professor Clark said, steepling his fingers as he studied me. “If he decides to lash out at you and I’m not there, what will you do?”

“I’ll dodge,” I replied without hesitation.

Even as I said it, I knew evasion alone wouldn’t be enough to save me. But one thing was certain—I would never stand there and submit.

“Or I’ll fight back, professor. Don’t worry, my reflexes are fast and my wolf is strong too.”

Professor Clark exhaled slowly, the sound heavy with doubt.

“It isn’t that simple, child” he said. “Alexander comes from one of the high Families in his pack. Rank carries weight. More than strength alone.” His gaze lingered on me, “You are stubborn. And...” his lips twitched faintly, “...innocent.”

“You should go home,” he added, waving me off. “Rest, study for your test. And this, if you fail, I will not allow you to participate in the MDT project.”

“I will remember that.” I lowered my head in a respectful bow and turned to leave.

The moment I stepped outside, I saw Iris waiting for me.

She looked well—far better than she had earlier. Her color had returned, her posture steady. Relief loosened the tightness in my chest.

“Professor Clark made me a healing potion,” she said as we walked side by side. “The healer gave it and I drank it. See? I’m completely fine now.”

Still, unease lingered.

“I’ll walk you to the dorms,” I said. “I want to make sure you didn’t take any classes today.”

She shook her head. “There’s no need at all, Lylah. I don’t live there anymore. I stay in a house nearby- my brother bought it after he started working. He pulled me out the moment he realized how miserable I was in the Academy dorms.” She let out a soft, bittersweet chuckle.

Even so, I insisted.

Knowing Alexander’s nature, I decided it was safer to make sure he didn’t intercept Iris.

Just as we stepped through the academy gates, I froze. A black Bentley sat parked across the street.

I knew that car.

My stomach dropped.

“Isn’t that Alpha Rowan of the Blackfang Pack?” Iris whispered. “What is he doing here?”

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As if summoned by her words, Rowan stepped out with a bouquet of pale roses. Gavriel stood behind him, silent and watchful as always.

Rowan’s eyes found me instantly.

“Lylah!” He rushed forward, urgency radiating from him in waves..

My gaze dropped to the card tucked among the flowers. Cora.

“She’s inside. You can give it to her yourself. I’m busy.”

I moved to walk past him.

But his hand shot out and grabbed mine.

“Lylah, please,” his voice breaking with desperation. “Listen to me. Give me one more chance. Please.”

I tore my hand free.

“Cora and I are not that close anymore,” Rowan insisted, blocking my path. “Why are you still angry with me?”

The audacity of it.

My wolf snarled inside me.

Before I could answer, Iris stepped forward.

“Can’t you hear her, Alpha Rowan?” she snapped. “You can’t force her just because you are an Alpha. And besides, Lylah already has a husband. Where is your shame, pursuing another male’s mate?”

I met Rowan’s gaze. “You heard her.”

His jaw tightened.

“So you told your friend about that bastard,” he said quietly, his voice edged with venom.

He didn’t say Ezra’s name. He couldn’t.

Even speaking of my husband was something he could barely endure.

“Of course I did,” I said. My fingers curled slightly, “I love him. The entire Verdanth will know I belong to him.”

I took Iris’s hand.

“Let’s go.”

We stepped past him,

But Gavriel moved in our path.

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“You’re only angry because Alpha Rowan hasn’t officially ended things with Cora, aren’t you?” he said. “But listen, Lylah. He stayed because her health is fragile. He was waiting for the right time-”

“Wrong,” I cut in coldly. “I don’t care about any of it anymore.”

I walked past them.

Behind me, Rowan’s voice followed.

“Little Moon.”

The nickname slid over my skin like rot. Once, it had meant everything. Now it made me sick.

“You can abandon me for now,” he said, his voice dropping into something darker. Something dangerous. “But I will never give up. You chased me for years, Lylah. You waited for me.”

I didn’t turn around.

His voice hardened. “Now it is my turn. I will wait,” he promised. “I will wait for the day fate tears apart this false bond of yours.”

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Ruby Walker

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Chapter 92

Lylah’s POV

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Finished

“Goddess... that was unhinged,” Iris whispered, fear threading through her voice. “Was Alpha Rowan always that... psychotic?”

“Just ignore him,” I said, taking her hand and guiding her away. “Let’s go.”

I refused to look back.

If Rowan thought I would waste my energy reacting to his threats, he was wrong.

Not long after, we arrived at Iris’s house.

It was beautiful.

The exterior wore a soft crème finish with a carefully tended garden framing the front. The house stood in one of Lunar's most elite residential districts—territory reserved for those of wealth. This was not a home an ordinary wolf could afford.

Iris pushed the door open and led me inside.

The parlor mirrored the outside—crème tones, warm lighting, and simple furnishings. It wasn't lavish, but it felt warm and comfortable.

"Do you live here alone with your brother?" I asked.

She nodded. "Yes. Our parents passed away years ago. Our grandmother stayed behind in the Pack."

"I'm sorry, Iris. I didn't know." I hesitated before asking the question that had lingered in my mind since the beginning. "What Pack are you from?"

I had always assumed she was a native of Lunar.

"My mother was from Blackridge and my father was from Whitepine. We lived in Whitepine when they were still alive." she continued. "My brother still works late most days, he usually doesn't come home until night."

Then she turned suddenly, her expression shifting with curiosity

"Lylah, about earlier... so Alpha Rowan Blackfang was your...?"

I let out a quiet, humorless breath. "A past that was supposed to be buried—but apparently still has unfinished business with my patience."

Her lips pressed into a thin line.

"I'm relieved you stayed away from him. I always thought he was an honorable man. But earlier She shook her head. "That wasn't the behavior of an Alpha worthy of his name in Verdanth

"Oh!" she brightened suddenly "Let me show you photos of my brother!"

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She led me into the TV room, where several framed pictures lined a low table. Iris picked one up and handed it to me.

“This is him. Do you see the scar on his brow?”

I looked closer, my gaze drifting over the other frames on the table before returning to the one in my hand. Even as he grew older from photo to photo, the scar remained—a pale, jagged line etched into his skin, impossible to miss.

“Yes,” I said. “It must’ve been a deep wound.”

“It was,” she said quietly. “A bear attack.”

I gasped.

“When I was still a baby and he was just a pup, our parents used to take us to the Blackridge Pack often. That’s where he became friends with Thane Blackridge—you know, the senior on the Vale Team.”

I nodded.

“One day, while they were playing in the forest, a wild rabid bear attacked them. It almost killed them both, but a warrior arrived just in time and saved their lives—”

Suddenly, the living room lights flicked on.

Heavy footsteps followed.

Iris’s face lit up.

“That’s my brother! He’s home!”

A moment later, he appeared in the doorway.

Iris’ brother looked exactly like the man in the photos. The same dark hair, the same sharp features, the

same scar.

But the warmth from those pictures was gone.

His eyes hardened the moment he saw me.

Carefully, I returned the frame to the table.

“Iris,” he said, his voice low and firm. “Who is this? Why are you showing our family photos?”

“Oh, don’t scold me in front of my friend,” Iris protested, moving to his side. “Brother, she’s the one I took

about! Lylah Moonrow, my fellow junior assistant!”

you

I straightened.

“I’m Lylah,” I said politely, offering a small nod. “It’s nice to meet you, sir.

“Isaac Grey,” he said curtly. There was no warmth in his voice. No welcome. He turned back to Iris.  
“It’s

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already late. You shouldn’t be receiving guests.”

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“What?” Iris frowned. “Isaac, where are your manners? Lylah is my friend!”

“Iris,” he said, his voice dropping into a warning growl. “Have you forgotten what I told you?”

“But Lylah is different!” she insisted. “She’s kind to me. The kindest person I’ve ever met. She’s my friend.”

“You said that countless times before,” His expression hardened further. “And you were betrayed for it.”

“Isaac!”

I stood there, stiff and uncertain. This wasn’t what I had expected.

But I understood.

Isaac wasn’t being cruel—he only wanted to protect his younger sister. She was the only family he had left, and he was the only one she had in return.

“It’s alright, Iris,” I said gently. “I should go. We can meet another time, okay? Don’t be sad.”

She turned to me, guilt filling her eyes. “But-”

“We’ll see each other tomorrow,” I assured her. “Don’t worry.”

She hesitated, then nodded reluctantly.

“Okay.”

Iris walked me to the front door. Behind her, Isaac's eyes followed my every step.

That wolf had made it clear-

I was not welcome in his den.

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Ruby Walker

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The Betrayed Princess Rising

Chapter 93

3rd Person's POV

Finished

In Lunar Grace Academy, Rowan didn't need to search for Cora. She was already waiting outside her department building. The moment she saw him, her face lit up.

"Rowan! Thank you so much!" Her joy was impossible to hide. She had already been thrilled that he accepted her invitation—but seeing the roses in his hand made her heart swell even more.

Rowan just hummed in acknowledgment.

His body stood beside her. But his mind—

His mind was somewhere else. Still with Lylah.

Earlier, Cora had called him, saying she wanted to introduce him to some of her colleagues from Lunar Grace. Wanting to make an effort to be better for her—he agreed.

Not long after, a man approached them.

“Alpha Rowan,” he greeted respectfully. “I’m Thane Blackridge, Cora’s senior. Shall we go? The others are already waiting.”

“Sure.”

They left together. The drive was short.

Rowan had only come because Cora asked, nothing more. Inside the car, he was distant. Bored.

But the moment they stepped into the private suite of the restaurant-

His expression changed.

“Sir Logan Silver and Victor Ross?” Rowan exchanged a look with Gavriel.

Both men were well-known tech engineers in Lunaris. Highly respected and highly sought after. One of them was the very man Rowan had tried to recruit into a collaboration with Corlis Prime after Archer West and Ezra had refused him.

And now they were here. Waiting.

“I told you you’d like this,” Cora said softly beside him.

Rowan stared at her. For a moment, he couldn’t speak. Gratitude filled his chest

“Cora,” Then, he pulled her into his arms and pressed a kiss to the top of her head. “How lucky I am to have you.

She smiled shyly. “This is nothing at all.”

He pulled back, still stunned. “But how did you manage this? Even Gavriel and I struggled to secure their

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time.”

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Cora rested her hand lightly against his chest. “You don’t need to worry about that.” She paused for a moment before adding, “There was supposed to be one more guest tonight–Sir Jude Knight. He owns one of Lunaris’s top tech companies, but he’s still out of town.”

Rowan nodded. “That’s alright.” Emotion softened his voice. “I love you so much, Cora.”

Across the table, Thane watched silently.

Three men had come tonight. Logan Silver, Victor Ross, and Isaac Grey.

All wolves of Blackridge blood.

All survivors of the same past.

All bound by the same debt.

“Gentlemen,” Rowan said smoothly, “it’s an honor to meet you all.”

“The honor is ours, Alpha Rowan Blackfang,” Isaac replied calmly. “To meet the mate of Lady Coraline.”

Servers entered, filling the table with food and wine. Crystal glasses gleamed.

“Alpha Rowan,” Victor said, lifting his glass, “we look forward to the day you announce Lady Cora as your Luna. Let’s toast in advance to the good news.”

“Yes. Of course,” Rowan’s lips curved, unable to hide his excitement.

Glasses were raised.

Crystal met crystal with a sharp, celebratory clink.

Conversation flowed easily after that, filling the room with laughter and opportunity,

In the midst of it all, Thane Blackridge stepped forward and gently touched Cora’s arm. “May I borrow you for a moment?”

Before she could question it, he guided her away from the table, leading her somewhere private—away from listening ears.

“Thane, I know you’re still upset about what happened at the lab earlier,” Cora began cautiously: “In so sorry.”

“Professor Vale doesn’t lose his temper easily,” he said. “Tell me what really happened.”

“It wouldn’t have happened if Lylah hadn’t gone completely berserk!” she spar, bitterness dripping from every word. “Her MDT application was rejected, and she threw a fit over it. If she had just stayed quiet, my plan and Alex-”

She froze.

Thane’s eyes narrowed.

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Finished

“Your plan?”

Silence.

“Cora, were you the one who pushed Alex to reject Lylah’s application?”

“No!” she said quickly. “I–It wasn’t like that. I–i just...”

But the lie collapsed before it could form.

Thane glanced toward the men. They were his comrades, brothers in all but blood. Wolves of Blackridge who had left their birth Pack and carved their own names into Lunaris.

They were the same pups who had once played beside him in the forest and nearly died beneath the claws of a rabid bear. The same pups who had been saved by Jax Stillward.

His gaze returned slowly to Cora.

In his memory—and in the memories of his friend—Jax Stillward had been the embodiment of warrior blood. Honor ran in his veins. Protection was his instinct. His nature.

Thane studied the woman before him.

‘If she truly is Jax Stillward’s daughter... why does she feel so different?’ he wondered.

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

The Betrayed Princess Rising

Chapter 94

Finished

3rd Person's POV

The way Cora faltered—her words tangling on her tongue, her scent spiking with panic—told Thane more than any confession could have.

Earlier, when he had questioned Alexander, that man also deliberately concealed the truth. So if Cora hadn't slipped—had guilt not loosened her tongue—Thane would have remained blind to the fact that this entire scheme had been born from her mind.

A low, bitter thought coiled in his chest.

At least Alexander had paid in blood. Thane could still picture the wound at his temple, the punishment Professor Vale had delivered with clinical cruelty.

But Cora...

She had remained untouched. Standing in the laboratory with wide, wounded eyes while blame fell elsewhere, as if she were nothing more than another victim of circumstance rather than the architect of it.

The realization left a strange, hollow disappointment inside him.

"Thane, I'm so sorry." Her voice trembled, soft and breakable.

His wolf did not stir. That, more than anything, unsettled him.

Thane's mind drifted back to the night he returned from Whitepine Rest—the first time he had met Cora -and told his brothers about her. Their reaction had been immediate doubt.

Logan and Victor had frowned, questioning whether the girl they found was truly Jax Stillward's daughter, because according to their investigation, Jax's daughters had been switched at birth.

Switched.

Though Cora had told Thane herself that she wasn't Jax's blood, that Jax's biological daughter had died as a baby and Thane had believed her without hesitation, now the contradiction gnawed at him.

Cora said Jax's real daughter died. His brothers said she was switched. Both could not be true.

So which one of them had told the truth?

"Thane please..." Cora's voice broke again, pulling him back. "If it'll make you hate me less. You can hit me. Please hit me!"

His head snapped toward her, his brows pulling together in a hard frown. "What are you talking about? Professor Vale has already punished you. That's enough. I won't interfere."

He studied her, searching her face.

Why would she say that?

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Offering herself up so easily, as if she knew exactly what would soften him.

It felt calculated, like someone too used to wearing the mask of a victim.

"Forget it, Cora," Thane said finally, "Let's not speak of this again."

He didn't wait for her response.

Thane moved back into the gathering, reaching for a glass of dark red wine, the liquid catching the light like blood.

He approached Isaac.

"I'm sorry," Thane said, voice measured. "For what happened to your sister Iris at the academy this afternoon. I wasn't there to protect her."

Isaac clinked his glass against Thane's.

"Don't be guilty," he replied. "You had your own responsibilities."

His eyes drifted past Thane.

Toward Cora.

"If Jax Stillward were alive today, he would be proud to see his daughter grown into such an intelligent young lady." Isaac smiled faintly, "Especially knowing she will soon become Luna to one of the most powerful packs in Verdanth."

Thane said nothing.

His fingers tightened slightly around his glass.

Would he?

Would Jax truly be proud of Cora?

Or would he tear apart the continent itself searching for his real daughter-

-the one who might still be alive?

The thought slipped past Thane's lips before he could stop it. Barely a whisper.

"Would he be happy...?"

Isaac frowned. "You say something?"

Thane blinked, the mask sliding back into place with practiced perfection. "Nothing.

Around him, laughter and conversation carried on as the night deepened, but Thane Blackridge's mind remained behind-trapped in endless circles around the unanswered question.

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The Betrayed Princess Rising

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After leaving Iris' house, I didn't call Damon. Instead, I chose to walk.

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Lunaris evening wrapped around me—cool, silver-touched air whispering against my skin, carrying the faint pulse of life in the distance. It had been so long since I'd allowed myself something this simple.

By the time I reached the penthouse, Damon was stepping out.

He stopped short when he saw me, his brows drawing together.

“Luna? Why didn't you call for me? It's already late.”

I offered a small smile. “I'm fine. I just wanted to walk, I haven't done that in a while.”

“Alright,” he relented at last. “But please don't do that again. If anything happened while you were unguarded, Alpha Ezra would hold me accountable.”

There was a pause before he added, “He is inside. You can see him, but just be careful. He's not in a good mood right now.”

I nodded, though the warning sat uneasily in my chest. It felt strange to hear that. Ezra was rarely ever in a bad mood. Every emotion I'd witnessed from him had been controlled—calm and impenetrable, like the still surface of a deep lake that hid something vast and dangerous beneath.

“Alright,” I said.

I stepped inside.

The living room was empty, Ezra's presence nowhere in sight. I assumed he was in his room.

Not wanting to disturb him, I quietly retreated to my own.

I took a shower, changed into comfortable clothes, and gathered a few of my books before settling onto the couch beside the balcony's glass doors. This had become my favorite place to study. Here, my mind could fully focus, undisturbed by anything beyond the pages in my hands.

Minutes slipped by as I turned each page, my concentration sharpening until the rest of the world dissolved into silence.

The balcony door stood slightly open, and a cool draft slipped through, brushing faintly against my skin.

Aside from the whisper of the wind, everything was silent.

I wouldn't have noticed anything at all-

If not for his scent.

I turned.

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“Ezra?” My heart skipped. “Since when were you there?”

Finished

For a man his size, it was impressive that he hadn't made any sound at all. But then again, he was an Alpha. Moving like a shadow, silent and undetectable, was a skill he must have mastered long ago.

“Fifteen minutes,” he said.

“Fifteen?” My eyes widened. “Why didn't you say anything then?”

His gaze softened, “You were peaceful. I didn't want to disturb you.”

*The words did something strange to my chest.*

“I'm cramming,” I admitted, lifting the papers helplessly. “There's too much.”

“Is it about the class?”

I shook my head. “Not exactly. It's Professor Clark,” I said. “He's taken me on as his student.” I hesitated, glancing down at the thick stack of material in my hands. “But before I can officially join the MDT project, he wants to test me.”

I stared at the pages, suddenly unsure. “I don't know if I can memorize all of this...”

Ezra stepped closer.

Looking at him now, Professor Clark's words echoed in my mind.

I laughed softly.

“He talked about you.”

Ezra stilled.

“He said you were my cheat,” I continued, smiling faintly. “I didn't realize you two were so close. Why didn't you ever tell me?”

I meant it lightly. I'd asked out of pure curiosity and quiet amazement—nothing more.

But the moment the words left me, Ezra's expression tightened.

“Lylah,” he said quietly, “Sorry I never told you before.”

My smile faded. “What is it? Is everything alright?”

“Clark Grimwood and I weren’t merely acquaintances,” Ezra said at last, his voice quieter than I had ever heard it. “We were more than that. I was his student, the one he believed in above all others.”

He paused.

“But I walk away.”

My breath caught,

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Chapter 95

“Ezra... you were his student?” I gasped.

Iris’s story surged back into my mind.

“The one who made Professor Clark lose his will to teach...”

My voice dropped to a whisper.

“So It was you?”

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The Betrayed Princess Rising

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Lylah's POV

Finished

“Lost his will?” Ezra echoed, a quiet scoff rumbling in his chest. “That’s a dramatic way to put it. But yes. I left, and Grimwood took it personally.”

His words settled between us like falling ash.

“I can’t believe you were ever part of the Healing field,” I said before I could stop myself. My voice came out softer than I intended, edged with disbelief. “I can’t even picture you studying it.”

It unsettled me—how much of him remained a mystery.

A faint smirk touched his lips. “Grimwood thought the exact same thing.”

I hesitated, but the question clawed its way free anyway. “Then why choose it at all? And why did you leave?”

His gaze drifted somewhere past me, distant and cool. “I left when I realized Healing was never meant for someone like me,” he said. “It demands restraint and endless patience. I was not born with either.”

I could understand that. It was rare—almost unheard of—for an Alpha to devote himself to Healing.

“And the reason you chose it in the first place?” I asked softly.

“I wasn’t someone who had much vision for the future back then,” he said.

Something in my chest tightened.

He asked, “Do you remember the rehabilitation center where your grandmother stayed?”

I nodded immediately.

“You may not remember,” he said softly, “but once, you told me your dream was to become a great Healer whose name would be known across Verdanth—the first female Master Healer from

Ironcrest. You were standing there, watching the patients... and you murmured that one day, you'd take their pain **away**."

My breath caught.

I didn't remember saying those words. But I remembered the feeling.

The dream.

It had lived inside me for as long as I could remember.

My lips parted. "You remembered that?"

He nodded.

Warmth spread through my chest." So you chose Healing because of me?"

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He hesitated.

Then nodded again, a faint, almost boyish embarrassment crossing his face.

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"Whether you realized it or not, you were my compass." His smile faltered slightly. "Even though in the end I couldn't live up to it."

"Ezra, don't say that," I said quickly, "You're exceptional in your own field."

Even though he had once chosen the wrong path, I was glad he had finally found the one he was meant to walk.

His attention shifted to the open texts beside me. "You said you were studying acupoints."

I nodded. "Professor Clark assigned it deliberately. Now I understand why." A small laugh slipped past my lips. "He knew you'd help me."

"That sly old wolf," he murmured.. "Where are you struggling?"

"There are seven hundred and twenty points," I said. "Three hundred and sixty are used most often. I can remember their names... but their locations blur together."

He watched me for a long moment, his eyes intense enough to make my pulse stutter.

“You’ve always had a sharp mind, Lylah,” he said. “You just need the right method.”

He went still.

Then something shifted in his expression. “I know what to do.”

Before I could ask, Ezra left the room.

He returned moments later carrying a small wooden box and set it down in front of me.

“These are acupoint needles,” he said.

Before I could ask what he was doing-

Ezra turned his back on me. His hands moved to the collar of his shirt, fingers working the fabric loose. The soft rustle of cloth filled the quiet room. And then he pulled it off.

His shirt fell away, revealing the broad expanse of his bare back.

My eyes widened.

Heat rushed to my cheeks, spreading fast and merciless, until I was certain he could see the flush burning across my skin.

“Ezra!” I scrambled up onto my knees, “What are you doing?!”

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The Betrayed Princess Rising

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3rd Person’s POV

Finished

She hadn't expected him to undress so casually in front of her, as if baring himself to her was the most natural thing in the world.

Before the shirt could slip from his shoulders, Lylah caught the fabric in both hands.

The sudden contact made Ezra turn toward her.

Her gaze fell on the acupuncture needles arranged on the table, and the truth hit her all at once.

"You don't mean to practice on yourself, do you?"

"I do," Ezra said simply, a soft smile tugging at his lips. "Relax. I know you can do it."

He made it sound easy.

But how could she possibly do this?

Lylah had only seen him bare-chested once, and even then, she hadn't dared touch him. Would she even be able to focus? And this wasn't just anyone—this was the Alpha of Moonclaw Pack. How could she possibly use him for her amateur practice?

"I don't trust myself," Lylah admitted quietly. "What if I make a mistake?"

"We're practicing," Ezra said softly. "Mistakes are normal. You don't have to get everything right." His hand closed gently around her wrist, guiding her fingers away from the edge of his shirt. "It's enough that you remember. It'll be easier if you learn this way."

He made it sound reasonable.

Lylah had thought the same, but thinking about it and actually doing it were two very different things.

"Let's begin," Ezra said.

She nodded, her throat suddenly dry.

Before starting, she moved to shut the door and pull the curtains closed. The small, instinctive act of privacy didn't go unnoticed. Behind her, the Alpha let out a quiet, amused breath, shaking his head.

Ignoring the heat creeping back into her face, Lylah picked up the wooden box of needles. She walked around him slowly and stopped at his side.

In the dim light, his body looked even more defined, every line of muscle cast in shadow and gold. He was still, waiting, trusting her completely.

She tightened her grip on the box and forced her thoughts to settle.

“We’ll start with your hand,” she said. “The first major point is Hegu. It is located between the first and second metacarpal bones...”

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Finished

Ezra inclined his head.

Under his gaze, she positioned the needle. His skin was warm beneath her fingers, heat seeping into her, stirring something restless in her chest.

Lylah inserted the needle carefully.

She chose not to use the book, relying only on her memory, with Ezra quietly helping her locate each point.

At first, her movements were careful and unsure. But with each needle, her hands grew steadier, more certain. The acupoints that had once felt scattered and unclear in her mind began to fall into place, forming a precise map across his body.

Needle after needle, Ezra guided her patiently through each one.

Time slipped past without either of them noticing.

“The last point,” Lylah said, breathless with triumph. “Between the second and third metatarsal bones.”

She placed the final needle.

Then let out a soft laugh of relief. “We did it!”

Her eyes shone as she looked up at him.

“You remembered them all,” Ezra said. Sweat clung to his temples, a faint sheen glistening across his skin.

His voice was different now—deeper, rougher, as though he were holding something in.

Lylah studied her work, watching the delicate needles move gently with each rise and fall of his breath. Yet her focus slowly slipped, drifting away from the careful placement.

She no longer knew if she was admiring the accuracy of her work, or the body that carried it.

For a moment, she simply stared.

Then his voice slipped through the silence.

“Well,” he murmured, “if you keep staring like that while I’m being tortured by your needles. I might start thinking you’re enjoying this a little too much.”

214

B

Ruby Walker

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

Chapter 98

3rd Person’s POV

His voice broke through her daze.

Lylah blinked, startled back to herself.

0:4

41

Finished

“Sorry! I’ll remove them. Just hold on a moment!”

Flustered, she hurried to remove the needles, carefully disinfecting each point afterward. “Ezra, you should’ve told me if it hurt. I would’ve stopped.”

She reached for a tissue, then stepped closer, rising onto her toes to dab the sweat at his temple.

Guilt twisted faintly in his chest.

This closeness made Ezra hold his breath. His wolf stirred restlessly beneath his skin, reacting on instinct whenever she came this near.

He forced it down, steadying himself.

“It didn’t hurt,” he said, flexing his fingers and rolling his wrist. “Just a bit uncomfortable.” His eyes flicked to her. “And fortunately you did it quickly, I’m not sure how much longer I could’ve survived being at your mercy like that.”

His tone was light, teasing—meant to ease the worry written all over her face.

Once she packed the needles away and helped him pull his shirt back on, they moved to the couch and sat facing each other.

“Thank you for helping me,” Lylah said, her smile bright and unguarded. Then she hesitated. “And sorry I came home late without telling you. I stopped by a friend’s house. I also ran into Damon outside.”

The memory of what the Beta had told her surfaced in her mind.

“Ezra,” she said, watching him carefully, “Damon told me you were in a bad mood.”

“I was,” the Alpha admitted “But I’m not anymore.”

“What happened? Was it something with Moonclaw? Or work?”

“Neither. Don’t worry about it, it’s nothing you need to burden yourself with.”

She had expected that answer.

Lylah sighed softly. “You’re always there when something’s wrong, and you even solve my problems,” she said. “But when it’s you, you keep everything to your self.” Her lips pressed together. “I want to be there for you too. Even if I can’t fix it... at least let me be someone you can share it with.”

Her words struck him deeper than she realized, stirring a warmth in his chest he wasn’t prepared for.

1/2

1:49 pm

Chapter 98

11

Finished

“Besides,” she continued, her voice quieter now, “we’re mates now.”

The word felt fragile and powerful all at once.

She had never said it aloud to him before. Not like this. But right now, she wanted it to mean something.

“Please tell me.”

Mate.

The word stirred his wolf instantly.

Ezra’s fingers curled slowly into his palm, his jaw tightening as he battled the primal urge surging through him—the instinct to pull her into his arms, to claim her, to mark her as his and his alone.

“I didn’t like that Rowan showed up at Lunar Grace,” he said, his voice low and tense. “That he dared to threaten you.” His eyes darkened. “And that he actually believed fate would bend in his favor and break our bond.”

Lylah remembered the threat too.

But it no longer held any power over her.

Once, she would have clung to every word Rowan spoke, treating it like sacred truth, bending herself to his will without question. Now... his words were nothing but bitter, hollow noise—poisoned syllables stripped of any power, worthy only of contempt.

“Rowan is always spouting nonsense. And earlier, it was no different,” Lylah said with a small chuckle. “Ezra, we’re not going to waste our energy over the words of someone clearly out of their mind.”

He smiled faintly, the expression barely there.

“You’re not upset with me?” he asked. “I had my men watching over you today, Damon had other matters to attend to, so I assigned someone else to guard you from a distance. Does that anger you?”

“Not at all.” She shook her head without hesitation. “You never hid it from me. And they never crossed a line or intruded on my privacy. Just like you, they treated me with respect. They were simply there to

make sure I was safe.”

Her voice softened.

“So no Ezra, I’m not angry.” She held his gaze. “I trust you.”

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1:50 pm

The Betrayed Princess Rising

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

Finished

“Even two years from now, when this contract ends and Rowan thinks he’s finally won...” I let the words settle, tasting their finality. “He’s wrong. I would rather die than go back to that rotten man again.”

Relief loosened something tight in my chest, as if an invisible claw had finally unhooked from my ribs.

I exhaled slowly. “Are you still angry? Or do you feel better now?”

Ezra’s gaze rested on me. “Much better now.”

“Good.” I smiled and glanced at the clock. “Let’s have dinner. I’ll cook tonight.”

“Sure.”

I turned and walked to the kitchen.

The moment I crossed the doorway, my steps faltered.

I leaned against the frame, pressing my palm to my chest.

My heart refused to settle.

I knew Ezra was kind. Patient. But even the most controlled wolf had limits.

If Rowan kept pushing him, Ezra would eventually grow sick of this contract—with me.

**Was** his anger earlier really about Rowan's threat? Or was he already thinking about ending what bound

us?

The next few days passed in a blur of studying.

I buried myself in preparation for the test, and with my 'cheat' helping me, everything changed. Knowledge settled into me **faster** and more clearly, and **I** could recall every material perfectly.

By the time the test day arrived, I was ready. I went to Lunar Grace early that morning, expecting the familiar halls, only to find Professor Clark already waiting by the roadside.

He said we wouldn't be conducting the test there, then turned and walked away.

I followed.

We walked **several** blocks in silence until we reached a small white building. At first glance, it looked like a home, but the closer we got, the more I could smell it—the herbs, the antiseptic, and beneath it all, **the** lingering scent of sick wolves. A treatment house.

He led me inside, and the **sharp** herbal air filled my lungs.

:50 pm

Chapter 99

"Professor, is this yours?" I asked, looking around the modest maintenance area.

Finished

"This clinic belongs to my relative," he said. "He's out of town now. And I happen to have a student who needs to demonstrate her abilities. Perfect timing."

I froze.

He wanted me to replace an experienced healer!

Before I could protest, he handed me a white coat and told me to put it on.

Minutes later, I was sitting behind the healer's desk, my hands stiff in my lap, while he settled himself comfortably in the corner with a cup of coffee and a book.

Every time the door opened and a patient walked in, his eyes lifted briefly, observing my every move like a silent judge.

I had no choice.

So I did it.

I treated them as carefully as I could. Though I had never handled real patients on my own before, I forced myself to stay calm and appear capable. One patient after another came and went.

Until the fifth.

My wolf sensed her first—the fading aura of a dying wolf—before my eyes ever found her. It hit my **senses** like rot beneath snow.

A small, frail old woman approached slowly. Her skin was unnaturally pale, her cheeks tinged purple, and her eyes had faded into a sickly yellow. I didn't need to touch her to know how close she **was to** the end.

'Excuse me,' she said softly.

'Welcome, ma'am,' I replied, forcing a smile onto my lips.

'I heard this place has cured many illnesses,' she said, her voice trembling with fragile hope. "Can you help me too?"

'Sure,' I said gently. "Please lie down first. I'll check your pulse."

But before I could do anything, Professor Clark spoke from behind me.

"Late-stage Moonrot of the stomach. Gastric cancer," he said calmly. "It has spread and her wolf has already given up. Anything we do will be useless."

I turned and glared at him.

The old woman sighed weakly. "I already knew."

My heart sank.

"Then Lunaris Treatment Center is **where you** belong, he continued, **sipping his coffee**. "That is **where the**

1:50 pm

Chapter 99

best healers and equipment are. Not a small clinic like this."

I frowned, irritation rising. "Professor—"

Finished

“No!” the old woman cried suddenly, her frail hands trembling. “I won’t go back there. That place is Hell. They drained me. They said it was treatment, said it was my only chance, but all I felt was suffering.” Her voice broke. “I have no pack. No family. Just a lonely old wolf waiting to die. All I want for my remaining days is peace... not torture on a bed with machines and needles inside me.”

“That’s how it works,” Professor Clark said without a trace of sympathy. “Every patient with that cursed illness undergoes the same process. That is where you belong—not here.”

Tears slid down her hollow cheeks.

Something inside me twisted painfully.

‘No.’ I said.

Both of them looked at me.

‘We will treat you here, ma’am.’

Her eyes widened, filling with fragile hope. “Young lady... do you mean that?”

The sharp crack of porcelain slamming against the table shattered the moment as Professor Clark **rose** abruptly to his feet.

‘Nonsense!’ he snapped. “You will not do this. Do you have any idea what you’re saying?”

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B

3/3

Ruby Walker

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

Lylah's POV

"Very much so, Professor," I said calmly. "And since I'm in charge right now, I'll handle this."

My voice left no room for argument.

**o4o**

Finished

I turned back to the old woman and offered her a gentle smile. "You said all you wanted was to live the rest of your days in peace, didn't you?"

"Yes!" she said quickly, nodding. "Every time I go to the Lunar Treatment Center, they tell me the same thing—that I have six months left. Six months, young lady." The fragile light in her eyes dimmed, smothered by exhaustion. "I've forgotten what it feels like to live normally. This past year... It's been nothing but pain and treatments. I don't care anymore about when I'll die. I just want whatever time I have left to be quiet. Gentle."

The hope in her eyes was brighter than any flame, and it made my chest ache.

"I can help you with that," I said softly. "I'll prepare a Silverdream serum for you. It's a traditional potion. Tell me, does the pain keep you from sleeping?"

She nodded. "Every night."

"After you drink it, you'll be able to sleep soundly," I assured her. "You'll wake feeling lighter. I'll also prepare restorative tonics to help you eat and drink without pain. They'll strengthen your body and help maintain what health remains."

Her lips trembled.

"To be able to sleep and eat normally again..." she whispered, tears filling her eyes. "That is more than enough. I owe you more than I can ever repay."

"Don't say that. I'm happy to help. Make sure to rest well once you return home, you deserve comfort now."

Professor Clark released a long, heavy breath.

I turned to my desk and wrote down the formula for the potion maker. He snatched the paper from my hand the moment my pen lifted.

The old woman's smile faltered—but when he thrust the paper toward her, relief finally loosened my

chest.

“Thank you,” she said softly.

“I’m her mentor,” Professor Clark said stiffly. “If anything goes wrong, come back here and see me. I’ll take responsibility.”

The patient bowed deeply, murmuring her gratitude. When she looked at me, her smile was warm, her eyes brighter than before. Then she turned and left.

**1:50 pm**

Chapter 100

05 |

Finished

“You are very stubborn.” Professor Clark snapped the moment the door closed. “That woman cannot be saved. I told you we can’t treat her, yet you refused to listen.”

“You didn’t put me in charge just so I would follow your orders, did you?” I asked lightly, a small smile on my lips.

His glare hardened.

“Perhaps,” I continued, “what she wants isn’t to be saved. Not physically.”

He frowned, clearly displeased.

“Is healing only about preserving the body,” I asked quietly, “when the illness is devouring her soul just as surely? What about her wish to sleep peacefully? To eat without pain? To live her final days free, instead of trapped in a ward that treats her like a dying specimen?”

“At least if we send her to the treatment center, she could survive another six months,” he said, dragging his hands down his face in frustration.

“Yes. But she would live like the undead.” My voice softened. “And that isn’t living at all.”

I drew in a slow breath. “When I was young, I used to accompany my grandmother during her treatments.

I saw many patients in their final days. None of them was happy. None of them felt alive. They were breathing—but they were already gone.”

His expression shifted slightly, but he said nothing.

“And that woman knows,” I continued. “She knows the Goddess will call her soon. She has already accepted it. No healer can change that. Not even us.” I met his eyes, holding his gaze.

“So the only thing we can do now is give her what she truly wants. One month of peace is worth more than six months of misery.”

“You child...” Professor Clark murmured, his eyes studying me intently. “There’s far too much inside that head of yours. You always have an answer for everything.”

“I learned from the best,” I replied lightly,

He scoffed. “You should consider yourself lucky I’m the one mentoring you. If it were someone like Vale, you would’ve been expelled already.”

I blinked. “So... you’re not going to expel me?”

“Hmph. You just stood there and lectured me. If I threw you out now, how would I ever get my revenge?” His tone was biting—but there was something else in his eyes.

Almost... pride.

I smiled.

That evening, we remained on duty until the sun dipped below the horizon. Before leaving, Professor Clark Grimwood handed me my test results.

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Chapter 100

I had passed.

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

## The Betrayed Princess Rising

### Chapter 101

#### 3rd Person's POV

Returning from the clinic, Lylah went to meet Iris to share the good news.

The moment Iris heard it, her face lit up with excitement, her happiness impossible to hide.

“We have to celebrate!”

Lylah laughed softly. “It’s not that big-”

Finished

“It is!” Iris insisted. “I know the perfect place. My brother’s friend owns one of the best restaurants in Lunaris. People usually have to book months in advance...” She smiled proudly.

“But we don’t.”

After that, the two of them left together, heading toward the restaurant.

In the same restaurant, inside the executive private suite, Alpha Eldric of Ironcrest was having dinner with Professor Corvin Vale to address the unpleasant incident that had occurred in his labo a few days ago.

Between the two men sat Cora.

“I sincerely apologize for my daughter’s mistake,” Eldric said, his voice calm but firm. “She understands her place. It will not happen again.”

Vale swirled the dark wine in his glass, his gaze unconcerned. “It was a minor disruption. She will improve -I will personally see to that,” he said smoothly. “After all, your generous investment in my laboratory deserves results.”

Eldric inclined his head. “That is truly an honor for me.”

“After this MDT project concludes, the senior mentors and I will publish our findings.” Vale smiled faintly. “One of the top ten journals of Healing Studies.”

Even Eldric leaned forward slightly.

“If Cora proves herself,” Vale added, “I will allow her to join the publication.”

Cora’s heart slammed once.

But her face never betrayed it.

“That is a rare privilege, Alpha Eldric.” Vale continued. “So far, only one of my students has earned that distinction. Thane Blackridge.”

Beside him, Cora lowered her gaze with practiced grace.

“I will not disappoint you,” she said softly. “Professor, Father.”

As the conversation between the two men carried on, Cora quietly rose from her seat and excused herself.

1/3

3:28 pm

Chapter 101

Finished

Her heels making only the faintest sound against the polished floor as she slipped out of the private suite.

This restaurant belonged to Victor Ross.

Once, he had been nothing more than a pup—weak, bleeding, and moments from death—until Jax Stillward had intervened and pulled him back from the edge. A life debt among wolves was no small thing. Victor had never forgotten.

Now he was the most sought-after chef in Lunaris, and just like Thane, his loyalty to Cora ran deep.

Cora moved gracefully through the corridor when she saw a figure entering the restaurant.

Lylah.

A venomous anger coiled inside her, fangs bared in shadowed restraint.

She turned away immediately, changing course toward the kitchen. All the chefs immediately bowed and stepped aside, lowering their gaze as she passed.

Victor turned the moment she entered, his face lit with genuine warmth.

“Cora?” he said, stepping forward. “What brings you here? Is everything alright?”

“I came to thank you,” She smiled. “The food was wonderful, Victor.”

“That’s nothing. For you, I’ll always make the best.”

Her eyes drifted toward the entrance again.

“I...” Cora hesitated, as if uncertain. Perfectly played. “I saw an acquaintance outside.”

“Your friends?” Victor asked, following her line of sight. “You can invite them. They’ll dine free of charge.”

“Not exactly.” Cora lowered her gaze. She let the silence stretch, just enough to let vulnerability take its place. “She was the one who caused the mess in the laboratory that day. The one that led to my punishment.”

Victor stiffened.

“It isn’t that I hold a grudge,” she added, her voice soft, almost fragile. “But seeing her here reopened the wound. Tell me, am I vile for feeling this way?”

Victor’s expression hardened with immediate certainty.

“Not at all. Your feelings are valid.” The words came without hesitation. “If their presence causes you discomfort, I will have them removed and banned permanently. They will never set foot here again.”

For a fraction of a second, satisfaction flared inside her.

Victor turned sharply. “Roffe.”

The restaurant manager appeared almost instantly, posture straight, head lowered.

2/3

3:28 pm

Chapter 101

“Escort Lady Coraline to identify the customer she meant.” Victor ordered. “Then remove them.”

Cora lifted her hand.

“Wait,”

Victor immediately paused. “Yes?”

Finished

“If we were to remove them too abruptly, it could affect your reputation,” she said softly, her tone honeyed but edged with subtle calculation. “I know a more discreet way to handle this.”

214

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