

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King

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Nyssa's POV

"Luna!" I felt a pair of hands on my shoulders, keeping me steady as I fought the dizziness, focusing on taking slow, deep breaths. After a moment, the world stopped spinning, and I slowly opened my eyes, relaxing a little. "I'm fine, Selene."

"Luna, you should really see a doctor," Selene, my personal maid, said worriedly.

This was the third time this week I had felt sick and dizzy. I had promised Selene I'd see the pack doctor, but with everything going on, I hadn't found the time. This week had been hectic, and today was especially important— it was the day Kieran would officially take over the full affairs of the pack.

A year after my father's death, Kieran had been there for me. Despite not being his mate, he was protective and attentive to me. Most of all, he had been the reason I was able to survive the rogue attack that took my father's life.

I couldn't think of anyone else who deserved this role more.

A faint smile tugged at the corners of my lips, and I absentmindedly nodded, staring at the mirror as Selene got me ready for the event.

"Nyssa." I glanced at the owner of the voice and smiled wearily as my best friend barged in to hug me. "You look stunning, but that dress needs to go."

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I looked down at the white dress I was wearing, the one Kieran had bought for me. It was pretty and simple.

"What is wrong with it? I think it looks lovely."

"It's just not your color; it makes you look bland," she said in distaste.

I heard a scoff from Selene as she stepped in front of me, crossing her arms. "The Luna looks amazing, and I would advise you to show some respect, Miss Aria."

Aria glared at Selene, looking furious. "I wasn't talking to you, so mind your business," she hissed.

"It is my business if you are going to keep talking without a filter."

"You-"

I groaned and held my hand out to pull Selene behind me when Aria was about to retort. These people fought like children, my goddess. Selene didn't like Aria; according to her, there was something weird about her. And Aria, my childhood friend, wasn't one to back down from a fight either.

"Not today. You two know how important this day is, so..." I pointed to both of them. "Behave."

They both rolled their eyes and turned their heads away with a huff.

"Anyway, Nyssa, I'm downstairs if you need me," Aria said with a smile before walking away, her hips swaying with each.

movement.

"You have to be careful with that one, Luna." I shook my head and ignored the warning.

"It's okay; she's a good friend. Let's go to the party."

Moments later, as I walked down the staircase, I looked at the crowded ballroom. The guests had arrived, and the party was now in full swing. The grand ballroom was filled with guests, and glittering crystal chandeliers were arranged in rows, casting a soft golden glow over the scene.

Everything looked perfect, but I couldn't find Kieran.

"Where is Kieran?" I leaned in to whisper to Selene, my eyes darting around the hall.

"I don't know. I will search for the Alpha, but will you be okay alone?" I shook my head, not wanting her to walk around.

"You should stay here in case he comes. I will check the study."

She was about to disagree, but I gave her a stern look, which made her bite her bottom lip.

“Yes, Luna. Just be careful, please.” I chuckled and walked out of the ballroom. This girl- what could possibly happen to me?

As I walked through the dimly lit and quiet hall, save for the faint sounds of music coming from the ballroom, I could feel my heartbeat rise.

What was this smell? I asked myself in confusion. Even though I didn’t have a wolf, I still had the sharp sense of smell of a shifter, and this scent smelled disgusting.

I felt a huge lump in my throat as I drew nearer, the scent becoming stronger. Then suddenly, I heard voices, familiar voices that I knew too well.

“Fuck, we shouldn’t be doing this here.”

My eyes widened, and I took a step back, unable to believe my ears. No, I refused to believe I had heard that voice correctly.

“Kieran, I will be quick. You know how I can make you cum easily with just my mouth.” The other voice replied, and the blood drained from my face.

The sounds of kissing had my tears threatening to spill, but I held them back and tried to delude myself.

It wasn’t him. Kieran always loved and protected me, so it couldn’t be him. He wouldn’t do that to the person he loved.

Tears glistened in my vision as I shook my head in denial.

He had saved me. He had taken the hit of the silver bullet for me.

“Later, baby. After this is all over, you know how important today is for me. Everything we’ve wanted for years is finally happening.”

I closed my eyes and felt the world spin for a moment. With each harsh breath I took, I also felt my heart shattering into pieces.

How could Kieran do this to me... and with my best friend of all people?

“Hmph, when are you going to reject her? I can’t wait anymore.”

“Be patient, my love. Just give it a bit more time.”

Feeling sick to my stomach, I covered my mouth and tried to push back my last meal that threatened to spill out.

“I’m getting tired of hiding that we’re mates. My patience is wearing thin, Kieran.”

My eyes widened at the words.

“M-mate?” I stuttered, looking at the door, my body trembling.

Aria was Kieran’s mate. How was this possible? Why hadn’t I known?

“You don’t know how it feels seeing you, my mate, with that wolf-less idiot! Reject her soon. It’s been years, Kieran, and I’m tired of this shit.”

I leaned against the door to support myself. I was slipping away with each passing second. With my trembling hand, I opened the door, hearing startled gasps.

All the questions I wanted to ask seemed stuck in my throat, and I glanced up to see their blurry images.

“How-” How could you do this? I wanted to ask, but I felt myself succumbing to the darkness.

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Nyssa’s pov

“No.” I sat up on the bed with a gasp as last night’s events flashed through my mind. Groaning, I held my throbbing head and tried to gather my thoughts.

Yesterday... Kieran and Aria— I inhaled a sharp breath and felt my heart drop.

“My Goddess, Luna, you are awake!” Selene rushed to me, setting aside the bucket of water in her hands.

“What...” my voice was hoarse as I tried to force the words out. “What happened, Selene?”

“Luna,” her eyes reddened as she stared into mine. “Congratulations, Luna. You are pregnant.”

Pregnant?

“What do you mean by pregnant? Who is pregnant?” I must have hit my head hard last night because I was sure I was hearing things.

“The pack doctor came the night you fainted, Luna,” Selene broke down in tears, struggling to find her words. “S-she said you were pregnant, but you didn’t wake up for two days, and I thought something bad had happened.”

“But it was only because you were pregnant... that’s a relief.”

I stared at my flat belly and swallowed hard. I was pregnant. How was I supposed to feel about this? If it had been two nights ago, I would have been excited, but now...

I shook my head to clear my thoughts. This was my child. I shouldn’t be thinking like this.

“What happened that night?” I finally found my voice and asked Selene.

She smiled, her white teeth on display. “Alpha Kieran successfully became the rightful owner of Emberfang Nation. Things are looking up for you, Luna.”

My eyes widened, and I tried to get up from the bed but instantly regretted it as a sharp pain shot through my body, making it feel like I had been hit on the head with a brick.

“Careful, Luna, do not-”

“Where is Kieran?” I cut her off, and she looked at me in confusion before answering.

“He is in the study with the elders of the pack.”

Ignoring the pain that wracked my body, I ran out of the room, Selene’s shouts fading behind me.

I stopped when I reached the study, taking a deep breath. Don’t think about last night, I told myself, trying to focus on something else. But the disgusting scent still lingered, and my mind kept replaying those words from last night.

Aria was Kieran’s mate.

My limbs felt weak, and I stood still for a moment to regain my composure. Just as I was about to open the door, a loud yell from inside made me stop in my tracks.

“What do you mean this is our Luna?”

“As you can see for yourself, this is the evidence I have received.” The voice that responded was calm- too calm.

I pushed open the door, and almost immediately, all eyes in the study turned to me. Then the whispers began. The pack elders looked at me while murmuring among themselves.

“Did she really do that?”

“No, the Luna isn’t like that.”

What was going on?

“Enough.” Kieran’s deep, commanding voice cut through the room, and I shivered as my legs went weak. Silence followed, apart from the soft ticking of the clock. Each tick sounded louder than the last, like it was counting down to something.

“Leave. I want to speak to her alone.”

There was a chorus of agreement, and once we were alone, I searched his eyes- looking for something. Guilt? Remorse? Anything. I wanted him to explain last night.

Instead, a stack of pictures was thrown at me.

“How do you explain this?” he asked.

I glanced down at the photos on the floor, my eyes widening in shock and confusion. How was this possible?

There were several pictures of me- naked with different people. Pictures of me on my knees, on a bed, tied up, sitting on someone’s lap.

I fell to the floor, clutching the pictures in my trembling hands, my vision blurring.

“W-what is this?”

“You’re asking me?” He scoffed, walking toward me before crouching down slowly, bringing himself to my eye level.

“You want to pretend to be innocent after all this evidence?” My hands shook as I stared into his eyes, desperately searching for the man I once knew.

“No, these are fa-”

“Shh.” He smirked, putting a finger to his lips before roughly gripping my hair. I gasped, watching him in horror.

“Oh, I know, baby,” he laughed, tightening his grip. “You’re telling this to the person who faked the pictures.” His laughter echoed in the room. “But that’s for you and me to know.”

“How could you do this? You accused me of infidelity while you were the one sleeping with my best friend all along!” I yelled, and he snarled, shoving me away with a flick of his fingers.

“Because I can, bitch,” he said, a dangerous glint in his eyes. Then, as if on cue, he put on that kind smile I once knew. “Aria is my fated mate. She is the one I love. You, on the other hand- I only had to mate with a worthless person like you because you were the dead Alpha’s only child.”

He stared at me in disgust. “But since we have known each other for a while, I’ll give you a choice.”

I shivered as he spoke, tears falling down my cheeks when I heard his next words.

“I, Kieran, Alpha of the Emberfang Nation, reject Nyssa as my mate.”

A sharp pain gripped my chest, and I clutched it in agony.

“Say it back. Renounce your title as Luna, and I’ll let you off with banishment.”

My body trembled as the harsh reality sank in. This wasn’t the man I fell in love with. The man I had known and loved for seven years was gone. The man I had sacrificed everything for... Was he really standing before me?

I stared at the ground and laughed, teardrops splattering against the sleek black wood. The crime he accused me of and the punishment he gave me were worse than death. The idea of ramming my head into the wall and ending it all crossed my mind, but...

I wrapped my hands protectively around my stomach.

I remembered the child growing inside me. How would he react if I told him I was carrying his child? He would probably get angry and kill me since he wouldn't want a child born from me.

This wasn't the man who promised to love me forever.

"I, Nyssa, reject Alpha Kieran as my mate and... I-I renounce my title as Luna." A small whimper escaped my lips as I felt the power drain from my body. The power I had inherited from my father's bloodline was now gone.

That was it. The bond was broken.

I clenched my hands by my sides and slowly stood up, ignoring the pain that surged through me after being rejected.

"Pack your bags and leave silently tonight," his voice echoed behind me as I walked out of the study. "And don't think of doing anything stupid, or so help me, you'll die by my hands."

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Nyssa's pov

"Luna..." I stopped to find Selene standing in front of me with a bruised face as soon as I stepped out. I closed my eyes as tears streamed down my cheeks.

"W-what is going on? Why are these people saying these things?" she asked, stepping closer and wrapping her arms around

"What happened to your face?" I choked out, trying to hold back my tears.

She looked down in shame, and I managed to push her away slightly. Just as I had guessed, she must have gotten into a fight for me.

"Selene, I am no longer Luna. I-" I inhaled sharply and continued, "I have been banished. You have to behave and stop getting into fights."

I gave her a final warning before turning away, but her hand grasped mine.

"Let's go together, Luna. I will serve only you in this life and the next, so please take me with you. Don't leave me alone here," she pleaded.

I watched as she cried. “I don’t care about anything, but I won’t let you leave without me. I promised the last Alpha that I would protect you, and I-”

She didn’t get to finish her words as she broke down, hiccupping and sobbing.

I held her hand and smiled. At least I had someone in my life. “Pack your bag and meet me secretly at the pack’s boundary by 11 p.m.,” I said sternly, and she nodded.

I didn’t want her to stay here either. It would be hell if Aria became the new Luna.

When I reached my room, I stuffed my clothes, the precious moon dagger gifted by my father, and anything else I could find into my bag. I had to get away from here. I didn’t know where I was going, but anywhere would be better than here.

I placed my hand on my stomach and closed my eyes, trying not to cry. I had to live- for the baby inside me, at least.

“Do you know how long I have waited for this day?”

I looked up to see Aria standing by the door, but I didn’t answer. I continued packing.

“This room, everything here, is finally going to its rightful owner,” she taunted, sitting cross-legged on the bed.

“Oh, should I tell you something? Since we’ve been close for a while now, I’ll share this for old times’ sake,” she said as she stood from the bed, walking closer. The sound of her heels echoed through the room.

“Do you know how disgusted Kieran has always been with you?” she sneered, but I controlled my anger, refusing to react. I had to leave soon.

“But when he noticed the Alpha’s only child was nothing more than a gullible, wolf-less idiot who couldn’t have a mate, he decided to give you a try,” she continued with a smirk.

“You were so desperate for love that you chose not to see the truth before you,” she snarled, eyeing me with disgust. My hands trembled as I fought against the urge to respond.

“You are dumb, stupid, and useless,” she rolled her eyes. “And get this into your thick skull-your father’s death... do you really think it was just a simple rogue attack?”

“W-what?” I whispered, barely audible, my hands pausing as I gasped.

“Fool,” she spat, trailing her hand across my face. “Your father wasn’t as gullible as you. He never trusted Kieran. He tried to warn you against marrying him.” She laughed hysterically before continuing.

“But our little wolf-less mutt craved love and affection so badly that she ignored everything. In your selfish desire to feel the mate bond, you overlooked the truth.” She tsked.

“You were so pathetic that I decided to give you my mate. Well, aren’t you grateful?”

I stood transfixed, biting my bottom lip so hard that it drew blood as I tried to process everything she had said. Guilt crashed down on me.

I killed my father because of my selfish desires?

This all happened because of me? Father died because of me?

I gripped the hem of my dress tighter, and a strangled cry escaped my lips.

“Hmph, you deserve all of this,” Aria smirked with satisfaction before walking away.

My cries echoed as I sat alone in the room. She wasn’t wrong- I deserved all of this.

“Luna, are you okay?”

Selene ran up to me as I walked through the clearing, the sound of broken twigs reverberating in the dead silence of the night.

I nodded and smiled. “Let’s get out of here.”

She was about to say something but shook her head. “Let’s go, Luna. It will be a long walk, but we can rest under the cave outside the boundary.”

She took the bag from my hands and held me close, and I leaned into her, grateful for her warmth.

After walking quite a distance, we finally reached the outer boundaries of the Emberfang Nation. I inhaled sharply as I stared at the land my ancestors had

struggled to build. I had grown up here, this place was all I had ever known. But now...

“Rest here, Luna.”

Selene finished cleaning a small area under the cave for me, and I sat down, closing my eyes for a moment.

“I will get you something to eat-” Selene started, but I opened my eyes and raised a finger to my lips, signaling her to be quiet.

“Are you sure she’s here?” I heard someone ask as footsteps grew closer.

“I’m sure. I’m not fucking stupid,” another voice replied, and Selene gasped, looking scared.

“We have to find her. The bounty on her head is huge.”

“I heard she’s quite beautiful too. We could have some fun first.”

I glanced at Selene and held my hand out, signaling her to stay still. Moving slowly, I opened my bag and took out the moon dagger, silently praying they would pass by without noticing our scent. By the sound of their footsteps, there were four men. I was wolf-less, and Selene was just an omega- we stood no chance.

But luck was not on our side.

The footsteps paused, and moments later, they stopped right in front of us.

“Found her,” the biggest man smirked and stalked toward me. “Fuck, she’s such a beauty.”

The rest laughed in unison.

Before he could reach me, Selene ran in front of me with a small stick, holding it protectively.

“D- don’t take a step closer,” her voice came out small, and the men burst into laughter.

“Oh, there’s another girl? We’re getting lucky tonight, boys.”

“L-Luna, you should run. I can hold them off,” she whispered. But before she could step forward, I yanked her back behind me and held the dagger tighter, watching as it shone brightly under the moonlight for just a moment.

“Who sent you? Was it Aria or Kieran?” I demanded, looking at them with all the courage I could muster.

“Haha, it’s someone more powerful than them,” the biggest man replied, licking his lips as his eyes roamed over me like a predator watching its prey. “Now come here and be a good girl, let’s make this easy, okay?.”

Someone important? Was there someone else who wanted me dead besides Kieran and Aria?

I looked back at Selene and frowned. “You should leave. This isn’t your fight,” I told her, praying she would listen. But she didn’t.

“Please run away, Luna. If there is an afterlife, I hope the Moon Goddess allows us to meet again.”

That was her last sentence before she ran forward and launched herself at one of the men.

“You fucking bastards!” she yelled, scratching the man’s face. I stood there frozen, watching in horror as the man’s expression darkened. He grabbed her by the neck and then- snap!

“Selene!”

She went limp, and I collapsed to the ground, forgetting how to breathe. “No... No!”

“Ah, why would you do that? You killed her before we even got a taste.”

I stared at Selene in shock, tears blurring my vision. Again. Someone had died because of me. Again. Was falling for the wrong man such a grave sin? Did the Moon Goddess have to punish me like this? What had I done so wrong?

“Get her,” the man commanded, and I watched as they surrounded me. Fear gripped my body, but I forced myself to stand, my father’s words echoing in my head.

“You are stronger than you think, Nyssa.”

He had been wrong. But as I gripped the dagger tighter, I knew one thing- I wasn't going down without a fight. I had something to protect.

Chapter O

The first man lunged at me, but I managed to dodge just in time. He was fast, but I moved away before he could grab my hand. Raising the dagger, I slashed his outstretched arm.

"Ahhh!" he screamed.

As the weapon struck him, we all watched in shock as his body crumbled into fine dust, disintegrating into nothingness.

"What the hell?" someone exclaimed.

I stared at the dagger, unable to comprehend what had just happened. When I looked up, their expressions had shifted- no longer toying with me, but determined to kill me.

I inhaled deeply, steadying my trembling hand. I wasn't going to survive this. I knew it. This was the end.

Before they could come closer, I tilted the dagger, angling the blade toward myself.

With one final breath, I drove the dagger into my heart.

"If there is a Moon Goddess watching... no, if there are any gods out there- anyone who can hear my plea-please... please give me a second chance. I will make things right again."

I whispered the words desperately as a single tear traced down my cheek. A blinding light erupted from the dagger, consuming me entirely, until I, too, dissolved into dust.

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Nyssa's pov

"Wake up, child."

My eyes slowly fluttered open, and I groaned, shutting them again at the piercing brightness that greeted me.

“Finally, you’re awake.”

I grudgingly sat up and searched for the owner of the voice. My eyes met a pair of pure white eyes, and I gasped, instantly recognizing the otherworldly woman smiling at me.

“Moon Goddess.”

I bowed, my body trembling as disorientation settled over me. She was the Moon Goddess depicted in ancient scrolls-the mother of all werewolves.

Where was I? Why was I in the presence of the Moon Goddess?

I asked myself in confusion but groaned when a splitting headache struck. Different scenes and memories flashed through my mind, overwhelming me. I clutched my head, trying to comprehend them, but it felt as if my skull was about to explode.

Oh, I had died.

Tears clouded my vision as I looked down.

“Oh, child, don’t cry. It’s going to be fine now,” she said, her voice soothing and gentle as she patted my hair. “I will be giving you a second chance.”

“Second chance?” I asked, confused, and she nodded.

“I will send you back in time to correct your mistakes and right your wrongs.”

A second chance? But...

“But why?”

She smiled before stretching out her palm, and a dagger appeared in her hand. My eyes widened as I recognized the moon dagger given to me by my father.

“Because of this. This dagger saved you. The owner of this dagger is very special to me, and he made me grant your wish.”

I cocked my head in confusion.

“Father?”

She shook her head.

“You will meet him in this lifetime. Don’t worry.”

Meet who? I was about to ask, but the Moon Goddess reached out and touched my forehead. A wave of dizziness crashed over me, and my eyelids grew heavy as I felt myself drifting away.

“In this lifetime, I hope you break the curse,” the Moon Goddess whispered, her voice growing distant.

“Nyssa?”

I heard a voice call out to me, and when I opened my eyes, Kieran was in front of me, a worried expression etched onto his face. His hands were on mine, stroking them gently.

I swatted his hands away in disgust and moved back, igniting startled gasps around me. I stared at his shocked expression and clenched my fists in hatred.

“Don’t you dare touch me,” I hissed. This man was the cause of my misery.

He stepped closer, and that was when I noticed he was dressed in a tailored black suit that seemed all too familiar.

“Nyssa-”

“Princess, what’s wrong?”

I froze and turned toward the man seated in the chair. By his side were his beta and gamma- the same ones who had died with him during the rogue attack a year ago. I could feel tears threatening to spill. The man I never thought I would see again was sitting before me.

“Miss, are you unwell?”

I stiffened and turned toward the girl clad in a blue dress that matched her eyes. I still vividly remembered how her neck had been broken because of me.

Father. Selene.

That was when I looked around. Guests were seated before me, watching in shock. It almost seemed like... a wedding.

I glanced down at my dress. I was wearing a white gown.

And that was when it finally dawned on me.

The meeting with the Moon Goddess wasn't a dream!

I whimpered, feeling a sharp pain in my left hand as if something was being carved into my skin. Quickly pulling up my sleeve, I stared at the tattoo of a dagger that had suddenly appeared on my wrist. A feeling of warmth coursed through my body, and I could hear the sounds of chains slowly breaking apart within me.

I had really been sent back in time, and this was the day I had made the worst decision of my life.

I had married Kieran.

I would not repeat that mistake again. Not in this lifetime.

"It must be because Nyssa is shy."

I glanced up as Aria joked to lighten the mood, making everyone laugh along with her, but a flicker of disdain flashed in her eyes as she turned to me.

My nails dug into my skin as rage surged within me. This was my best friend, the person I had trusted and loved like a sister- the person who had betrayed me.

"Nyssa, you need to say your vows," she urged.

Vows? You must be kidding me.

I looked at Kieran, who forced a smile, then turned to the priest.

"Priest, go on."

I wouldn't be marrying this bastard in this lifetime.

The priest frantically nodded, snapping out of his trance before bringing out a book. He placed his hand on it, his deep voice resounding through the hall.

“By the power bestowed upon me by the Moon Goddess, Miss Nyssa, do you take—”

“No way!”

The priest froze mid-sentence as I glared at him.

“You keep quiet,” I ordered, and he nodded obediently.

“And you-” I pointed at Kieran, who watched me in shock. “No way in hell am I marrying you.”

“Father.”

I turned to the guests and looked at my father, who covered his mouth, his eyes wide as he watched the drama unfold.

“Ah- yes, Princess?”

“I don’t want to marry someone below my status. I am still your daughter, and I have come to my senses, so this wedding is now canceled.”

As soon as I said those words, Kieran grabbed my hand and growled, his eyes blazing with fury.

“How dare you speak-”

Clang!

The sound of broken chains echoed within me, and then... an intruder spoke in my head.

He is here.

I froze in confusion at the unfamiliar voice in my mind.

Before I could comprehend what was happening, time seemed to stop, and an alluring scent filled my nose.

“Hands off.”

I heard a deep voice, and my knees went weak from the sound alone.

In a flash, before I even realized what was happening, Kieran's grip on my hand was removed, and a stranger stood between

Sharp intakes of breath echoed through the hall as I stared into a pair of piercing silver eyes.

The well-built man stood before me, and I instantly forgot how to breathe.

His white hair was styled back, complementing his fair skin. His chiseled jawline cast shadows that highlighted the sharpness of his features. Intricate tattoos snaked out from his neck, stretching down his broad shoulders before disappearing beneath

his sleeves.

I sucked in a deep breath as an intoxicating pull- so strong, it drew me toward the stranger.

"Mate?" the man growled lowly.

I took a step back in shock, but his hands found their way to my waist, pulling me closer to him.

After what seemed like an eternity, he closed his eyes briefly. When they reopened, they were the color of pure white, just like his hair.

"Mine."

Yours, the intruder in my head purred.

What the actual fuck?!

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Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King

Darius pov

"So let me get this straight- you're telling me that the Lycan King, who has never once stepped foot outside his pack for hundreds of years, is attending some random wedding just because he had a dream last night about a woman in a wedding dress.... after seeing the invitation he threw away himself?" Cassian, my

beta asked in disbelief, but I didn't respond, my eyes closed as I toyed with the coin in my hand.

Cassian scoffed, then let out a low chuckle, shaking his head in amusement.

"You really are something else, King. Out of eight generations of my family, I can't believe that I'm the lucky one who gets to witness you leaving the pack. Ha! I bet Grandpa is sulking in his grave with jealousy right now. But you know what? I'm actually excited to meet the woman who managed to drag you out. Hey, Drake! How much longer until we reach... uh, what's the name of the pack again?"

"The Emberfang Pack, Beta Cassian, and we are almost there, we will arrive in about twenty minutes time" Drake, my Gamma, responded, and I didn't need to see him to know he was grinning.

The Lycan King, who hadn't stepped outside his domain in at least three hundred years. The ruler whom outsiders had never laid eyes on was now leaving his territory to attend a wedding.

How ironic.

Wars had been waged, countless lives lost to diseases, the world had changed in ways unimaginable in centuries, and yet through it all, I had remained hidden, indifferent. Not once had I cared enough to step beyond my walls.

But now, because of a woman-

-

one I had only seen in my dream, I was choosing to break my own rule.

I was just as surprised as everyone else.

Yet, no matter how much I tried to rationalize it, I couldn't fight this strange pull dragging me toward that pack.

What was the reason?

"Darius, it's getting stronger. I can scent something... it's drawing me in... it's intoxicating," Sila's voice rang in my head. My eyes slowly opened, flashing white for a brief moment before returning to their usual sliver.

I didn't respond.

I could scent it too.

“Cassian,” I began, my voice low. Emotionless.

“Yes, my king” Cassian turned to me with a bright smile, his legs crossed, black hair falling over his face as he waited for me to speak.

“Do you know that people’s lives are just like a coin? One side holds fortune, where everything aligns in your favor. The other... misfortune, where a single action can flip your fate entirely.”

He raised a brow, intrigued but silent, as I continued. I shifted my gaze to him, tilting my head slightly.

“Why do I feel like my fate is about to change forever? That in a matter of minutes, everything will be different?”

The corner of Cassian’s lips curled into a smirk. “Is it because of the girl in your dream, my king?”

Chapter

I exhaled, my gaze drifting away before I shrugged. “I don’t know. Call it a hunch.”

But deep down, I knew it was more than that. This scent, whoever it belonged to, was familiar.

Lavender and wild roses. I’d recognize it anywhere.

“Drive faster. I want to be there in ten minutes- no less,” I commanded, my voice ice-cold.

Drake bowed slightly and pressed his foot down on the accelerator.

I opened my palm and glanced at the coin resting in it. The side facing up was heads- luck was on my side today.

Minutes later, the car came to a stop, and Drake moved to open the door for me. But I pushed it open myself, stepping out with my hands casually tucked into my pockets. My gaze swept over the surroundings. The pack was adorned with vibrant flowers, guests mingling and chatting, their eyes turning toward me as murmurs rippled through the air.

“Who is that guy? He’s so good-looking, I haven’t seen him around before.”

“Good-looking? Forget that, did you feel his aura? He doesn’t feel like just anyone.”

“An Alpha, maybe?”

“No, more than that. I haven’t felt this kind of presence from any Alpha. And look at those tattoos, they’re not just for show.”

“My king, should I announce your arrival?” Cassian asked, stepping up beside me. I gave him a brief shake of my head.

“Lead me to the wedding venue,” I ordered. Without hesitation, Cassian approached someone nearby and asked for directions. When he returned, we started walking toward the venue. Before long, we arrived at a door, which Drake opened, and we stepped inside.

As soon as I entered, the heavy scent hit me all at once, and my head instinctively jerked toward the center of the venue. My eyes narrowed as they fixed on the girl standing there in a wedding dress, her hair cascading past her waist, her eyes a piercing shade of blue. For the first time in years, my heart hammered against my chest as I stared at her, unable to tear my

gaze away.

Time seemed to slow, and I could feel it. A strong pull drawing me toward the girl. Like a spell, I found myself taking a step closer, then another, then another.

I couldn’t control my body, my mind was blank, but I didn’t stop. I felt Cassian and Drake’s surprised gazes on me, but their

stares didn’t matter.

“By the power bestowed upon me by the Moon Goddess, Miss Nyssa, do you take—”

“No way! You keep quiet. No way in hell am I marrying you.”

“Father, I don’t want to marry someone below my status. I’m still your daughter, and I’ve come to my senses. This wedding is canceled.”

Then I heard it.

A low hiss from my wolf.

“Mate.”

I froze. My lips tugged into a frown, unable to believe what I had just heard. Mate.

I narrowed my eyes and muttered under my breath, “It couldn’t be.”

She couldn’t be my mate.

But in the next second, when he held her hand, rage burned inside me. Without thinking, I found myself in front of him, yanking his hand away.

“Hands off,” I hissed under my breath before turning to her, taking a step closer, my head tilted to the side.

“Mate?” I growled lowly, my voice rough with disbelief. Her eyes widened, and she took a step back, but before I knew it, my hand wrapped around her waist, pulling her closer toward me. The overwhelming urge to lean in and inhale her scent clawed at me, but I fought it.

“Back down, Silas,” I growled when I felt him fight for control over my body.

To mark her. To claim her.

It was the first time he had ever done this, and I closed my eyes, fighting against him. My hands tightened, but in the end, he

won.

When I opened my eyes, a growl escaped my throat as I echoed one word.

“Mine.”

A gasp rippled through the crowd, and someone muttered in surprise.

“It couldn’t be! I- is that the Lycan King!”

Her eyes widened and under her breath, she whispered.

“No freaking way”

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King

Nyssa pov

The Lycan King?

The ruler of all werewolves. The strongest being after the goddess herself. A ruthless and heartless man cursed to live for eternity?

That kind of man was my mate?

If it weren't for the intruder in my head moaning like a dog in heat, I would have laughed at the absurdity of his words.

"Mate! Mate! Mate! Yay! We found him in this lifetime! I love you so much, Moon Goddess. Thank you! Oh my gosh, and he's so fucking hot. I can't believe this is really happening!"

I wanted to scream or pull my hair out in frustration. Too many things were happening at once.

First, I had been reincarnated back into the past- on the very day I was supposed to marry Kieran. Second, I was hearing voices in my head, which probably meant I was losing my mind. And third...

I swallowed hard, my gaze locked onto the insanely gorgeous man standing before me.

Apparently, he was the Lycan King. And I was his mate.

My heart pounded so fast it felt like it might explode.

"I-I..." My hands pressed against his chest as I tried to push him away, to say something-anything but he wouldn't budge. Not even an inch.

His piercing gaze never left mine, not even as the entire room fell into stunned silence. Everyone stared at him as if they had just seen a ghost.

Shit.

I turned my head to the left, seeking out my father. His mouth hung open, eyes bulging in disbelief as he pointed at the Lycan King.

I blinked at him desperately, silently begging for help.

He finally snapped out of his daze, his gaze shifting from the Lycan King to me. I mouthed the word help.

He blinked once, then shot up from his seat. But before he could say anything, a booming voice shattered the silence.

“Bow to the King!”

All heads whipped toward the black-haired man standing in the middle of the aisle, his sharp eyes scanning the room.

“Show your respect to the Lycan King!”

“Oh my goddess, he’s really the king!” someone gasped.

One by one, everyone dropped to the ground, heads bowed in respect, bodies trembling in fear.

Alphas of the strongest packs knelt, even my father shuddered before following suit. I watched as Kieran’s furious expression shifted in an instant-fear etched across his face as he fell to his knees and bowed.

Every single person in the hall had submitted, and a shiver ran down my spine as I took in the scene.

In my past life, I had only heard stories of the infamous Lycan King, feared, respected, and untouchable. He never allowed outsiders into his pack. So why had things changed in this lifetime?

Why was he here? Why was he my mate? This never happened then.

I froze. A gasp escaped my lips as the man in front of me leaned in, his breath fanning over my skin before he lowered his head to my neck-

And sniffed me.

Thump. Thump.

“Oh, my goddess,” I whispered as I felt his nose brush against the crook of my neck. He was sniffing me. Before I knew it, my body reacted to his touch, the overwhelming need to lean into him nearly consuming me.

“Fuck! He smells so good. Nyssa, I can’t believe our mate is sniffing us out. Do you think he’ll mark us?”

I inhaled a shaky breath, my heart hammering at the words echoing in my mind. Mark us? Wait—us?! Did that mean the voice in my head was actually my wolf?

“This is impossible,” The Lycan King finally muttered as he pulled away, his eyes returning to the silver colour. His eyes locked onto mine, disbelief flashing in their depths- followed by something else. Disgust.

“My mate? There is no way this is possible “His voice was barely a whisper, as if he were trying to convince himself.

The murmurs around us grew louder.

“Mate? The daughter of Alpha Ethan is the king’s mate?”

“Wait, does that mean she’s his second chance mate? But that’s impossible, no one has ever had a second chance mate!”

Oh, my goddess. I wanted to crawl into a hole and disappear.

This had to be some sick joke. I hadn’t even broken off the wedding with Kieran yet! My eyes darted to him, watching him tremble, his hands secretly wrapped around Aria’s.

I narrowed my eyes into a glare as rage burned within me. Everything that had happened that led to my death flashed before my eyes.

“Because I can, bitch. Aria is my fated mate. She is the one I love. You, on the other hand— I only had to mate with a worthless person like you because you were the dead Alpha’s only child.”

“You are dumb, stupid, and useless. And get this into your thick skull— your father’s death... do you really think it was just a simple rogue attack?”

My hands tightened into fists.

Screw this. I didn’t care if he was the Lycan King or not, right now, I had more important things to deal with. I was going to make those two fools pay.

Without hesitation, I placed my hands on the Lycan King’s chest and met his gaze.

“You are right, my king. This is impossible. There must have been a mistake, so if you don’t mind, would you let go of me? I was in the middle of something before you interrupted.”

Chapter U

I meant to whisper the words, but the collective gasps that echoed around the hall proved that everyone had heard me. They were werewolves, after all, with sharp hearing. Yet, the Lycan King's expression didn't change one bit. His eyes remained narrowed, as if he were studying me- assessing me.

It made me nervous, fear creeping in, but I guessed the whole 'reincarnated into the past' thing had gotten to my head. I puffed out my chest and met his gaze head-on as I repeated, "Would you please let me go?"

This time, he actually released me, taking a step back. Though I should have been relieved that he listened, I couldn't help but crave his touch again. I forced myself to ignore the feeling and turned around, noticing that though everyone remained on their knees, their eyes were locked onto the scene in front of them.

Taking a deep breath, I shifted my gaze to Kieran. The moment our eyes met, he quickly let go of Aria's hand and opened his mouth to speak.

"Baby, what is wrong—"

I held up my hand, cutting him off with a sharp glare. "Don't you dare call me 'baby,' you bastard. Not after what you've done!"

His brows furrowed in confusion, as if he truly didn't understand. Maybe the shock had overpowered his fear, because he got up and stepped toward me.

"Baby, what are you talking about? What did I do?"

He reached out, but before he could touch me, I raised my hand and slapped him hard across the face. The sharp crack echoed through the hall, leaving everyone stunned.

Kieran's head snapped to the side, his fingers brushing his cheek in disbelief as he turned back to look at me. I stepped closer, my voice trembling with rage.

"What did

you

do? How dare you ask me that, when you already have a mate?!"

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King

Darius pov

“How is she?” I asked, taking a slow sip of wine without looking up.

“I’m not entirely sure about her condition, my king, but from what I’ve heard, the pack doctors still can’t explain why she hasn’t woken up in the past two days. They said everything appears normal, yet she remains in some sort of coma. They have no idea when or if she will wake up,” Cassian replied.

I raised a brow and finally lifted my gaze to meet his. My expression remained unreadable as I noted the worry etched across his face.

“Is that so?” I said calmly, setting the glass back on the table with an air of indifference.

Cassian nodded quickly.

“Yes, my king. But don’t worry, I’ve already contacted Doctor Zayn. He’s the best in the world. No one compares to him. I’m certain once he examines her, everything will be fine.”

“Is that so?” I said again, idly toying with the coin in my hand, flipping it mindlessly as I barely paid attention to what he was saying.

“My king... I know you have a lot on your mind, especially with your new... mate. I mean, this is your second chance mate after centuries, but you should go see her for yourself”

“Who said I was worried?” I cut him off before he could continue.

Cassian froze, his eyes widening slightly, mouth parting in shock.

I stopped flipping the coin, letting it rest loosely in my palm as I tilted my head.

“And who said she was my second-chance mate?” I spat the words, venom lacing each syllable.

Cassian’s brows furrowed in confusion.

“But that day, you said she was your mat-”

My eyes narrowed dangerously, cutting him off before he could finish.

It was a silent warning, and Cassian was smart enough to take the hint.

In an instant, he dropped to his knees and bowed low.

“Forgive me, Your Majesty. I must have been mistaken.”

I didn’t say anything. Instead, I raised my hand, staring at the spot where the coin had been facing. With a frown, I dropped it onto the desk, my thoughts spiraling.

Mate? A second chance mate?

I couldn’t wrap my head around it. It was impossible, ridiculous, even. Despite living for centuries, I had never seen anyone receive a second chance mate.

Why?

Because the mate bond is sacred. So sacred that once it’s broken whether by death or rejection, there’s no second chance. So why now?

“She is our mate, Darius,” Silas growled, his voice sharp and firm. “I don’t understand it either, but she is our mate. I can scent her, she belongs to us. And you feel the bond too, don’t you? Isn’t that why you haven’t left this pack yet?”

The moment Silas said that, my eyes darkened, and I unintentionally released a murderous aura that filled the room.

“You’re mistaken,” I said coldly. “There is no mate bond. That girl cannot be our mate. Have you forgotten? We were cursed to walk the earth alone for eternity. Don’t be delusional.”

“I am not delusional, Darius. I can’t be delusional about something I can feel. If you’re confused, then go to her again- touch her, just once, and you’ll feel it... the mate bond.”

With that, Silas ended the mindlink, and a mocking sneer tugged at the corner of my lips as I lifted my head to stare at Cassian.

Go meet her? If I were to be honest, I wasn’t too concerned whether she was my mate or not. Actually, I didn’t care at all. And even if she was, there was only one outcome to whatever this was.

I would reject her because no one could ever be my mate. Not after her.

“Your Majesty,” Cassian said, drawing my attention, “I’ve just received news. The Alpha of Emberfang Nation, Alpha Ethan, has requested an audience with you.”

“The girl’s father?” I asked, and Cassian nodded.

“Yes, my king. He has been requesting an audience with you since yesterday, but I assumed you wouldn’t want to speak to anyone. Should I allow him in?”

I leaned back in my seat, my fingers tracing my bottom lip as I considered his words. After a moment, I gave him a brief nod.

“Let him in. We are guests his pack, and it would be rude not to listen to him since he’s offering us accommodation.”

Cassian bowed respectfully and began to rise, but before he could leave, I called out to him.

“Cassian. If you think Zayn can help, feel free to summon him to check up on her.”

Cassian paused, confusion flickering in his eyes for a moment before a smile spread across his face. He nodded and bowed.

“Understood, my king.”

Once he left, I turned my attention back to the coin on the table. Reaching out, I watched it with mild amusement.

“Heads again?” I muttered, inspecting the coin with a smirk spreading across my lips. Flipping it once more, I watched it land on heads again for the second time today.

“Well, seems like things are about to get interesting.”

Nyssa pov.

“I, Kieran, Alpha of the Emberfang Nation, reject Nyssa as my mate.”

“Say it back. Renounce your title as Luna, and I’ll let you off with banishment.”

“I, Nyssa, reject Alpha Kieran as my mate and... I-I renounce my title as Luna.”

“But our little wolf-less mutt craved love and affection so badly that she ignored everything. In your selfish desire to feel the mate bond, you overlooked the truth.”

My face twisted in pain as I turned around, my heart pounding so violently it felt like it might burst from my chest. Memories flashed through my mind—each image like a dagger, twisting deeper into my heart. The weight of it all pressed down on me, stealing the air from my lungs.

“Father! No, please, wake up! Someone help, please save him!”

“Princess, everything will be alright. You’re stronger than you know, Nyssa.”

“Please, run, Luna. If there’s an afterlife... I pray the Moon Goddess lets us meet again.”

“If there is a Moon Goddess watching... no, if there are any gods out there, anyone who can hear my plea- please... please give me a second chance. I will make things right again.”

“Because of this. This dagger saved you. The owner of this dagger is very special to me, and he made me grant your wish.”

I gasped and sat up, clutching my chest as pain flared and my breathing came in ragged, uneven gasps. Sweat clung to my skin, and for a moment, my vision blurred.

I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to steady myself. When I opened them again, the dark spots faded, and my breathing slowly evened out. Without thinking twice, I jumped out of bed and rushed to the calendar on the wall, my eyes narrowing in on the date.

“P-Please don’t let this be a dream. Please don’t let it be a dream,” I whispered desperately, inching closer.

April 25, 2022.

My eyes widened. I checked it once. Then twice. Then a third time.

This wasn’t a dream.

I had really g, one back in time.

Three years back in time.

“Oh my goddess!” I gasped, covering my mouth as tears began to stream down my cheeks. My body trembled uncontrollably.

This couldn’t be real... and yet, the evidence was right in front of me. Now that I was finally alone and could think clearly, a surge of joy burst through me.

“So that means.... the ruined wedding was real. Kieran hasn’t marked me yet. We haven’t mated. The rogue attack hasn’t happened.” My voice trembled with rising

hope. "I can save my father. And the others who died that day especially... Serene!"

This was good. So good. I bit my bottom lip, a soft smile spreading across my face. But just as quickly as the joy had come, a creeping sense of unease began to settle in my chest. Something... I was forgetting something-

Then it hit me. A scent.

Woods. Pine. Wild and commanding.

Unfamiliar, yet I recognized it instantly.

The Lycan King.

I shivered as I became painfully aware of the eyes on me, sending a chill down my spine.

"He's here!" That annoying voice exclaimed excitedly.

I quickly turned around- to see him seated on the window ledge, a pair of piercing silver eyes trained on me.

Oh right, the lycan king was my mate.

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Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King

Nyssa pov

"What did you do? How dare you ask me that when you already have a mate?!"

That was what I wanted to yell. What I wanted to scream. But no words came out- only a whisper of air. Nothing more.

Confused, I raised a brow, my hand flying to my throat as I tried again.

"When you already have a mate!!"

Yet again, nothing. Just silence.

I saw the puzzled expressions of everyone around me, including Kieran, who looked at me as if trying to decipher my words.

“Elara, what are you trying to say?” he asked, his voice laced with confusion.

Frustration bubbled inside me, my hands clenching into fists. Why couldn’t I get a word out? Was I mute? Was this the price for going back to the past?

“I, I... hello.”

The words finally slipped past my lips effortlessly.

So I wasn’t mute. Then what was wrong?

I shook my head, forcing myself to speak despite the weight of the Lycan King’s heated gaze on me. He hadn’t said a word, just stood there watching. And if you asked me, it was unsettling. His eyes felt as though they could read my every thought.

“You bastard! You knew Aria was your mate, yet you still want to marry me because of my father’s position!”

As you can guess, I couldn’t say it out loud. The words died in my throat.

Kieran frowned and stepped closer, making me instinctively move back, but he quickly closed the distance. His hand cupped my cheek, his touch sending an involuntary shiver down my spine.

My breath hitched.

I found myself staring into the eyes of the man I had once loved- the man I had dreamed of being with from the moment I first saw him.

His brown eyes narrowed in concern, his voice dropping to a whisper.

“You’ve been acting strange, my love. Are you okay? Did something happen?”

For a brief moment, my heart pounded against my chest. The way he looked at me, the gentle warmth in his voice, it almost made me lean into his touch. Almost.

But I forced myself to take a deep, shaky breath and shook my head.

Don’t do it, Nyssa, I reminded myself. Don’t fall for his lies.

Beneath that caring facade was the man who had played a role in my father's death. The man who had cheated on me, framed me, and left me for dead.

Beneath it all, he was a man hungry for power. Someone who had never truly loved me- only used me as a tool.

I closed my eyes, and when I reopened them, they were ice-cold.

I wouldn't waste this second chance. I would expose Kieran and Aria, then live my life the way I wanted to.

My gaze flickered to my father, his Beta, and Gamma, who all looked at me with concern.

In this lifetime, I would protect the people I cared about.

My eyes shifted to Serene, who knelt not far away. Worry and fear shone in her gaze. I knew she wanted to come to me, to ask if I was okay, but she couldn't, not when the Lycan King stood behind me.

I would make sure to repay kindness with kindness...

Then, I turned my gaze to Kieran and Aria.

And cruelty with cruelty.

I took a step away from Kieran and shot him a glare before turning to Serene. Without hesitation, I ordered, "Get me a paper and pen."

If I couldn't say it, then I would write it.

A few minutes passed before Selene handed me a pen. I stepped onto the podium where the priest had stood moments ago, placing the paper down as all eyes remained fixed on me. By now, everyone had risen from their knees, but instead of leaving, they stayed, drawn in by the unfolding drama.

My father stood to my right, while Serene positioned herself on the other side.

Ironically, Kieran and Aria stood far apart, yet their expressions were similar- fear and anger.

And the Lycan King...

Well, he stood behind me, his eyes still fixed on me.

The man hadn't said a single word, nor had he looked away, which explained why people were staring in awe.

"Princess, are you okay?" my father asked, leaning closer to whisper in my ear. "What is going on? And why do you want to break up with Kieran? Actually, scratch that— are you really the Lycan King's mate?!"

As he spoke, I turned to face him, studying his expression. We shared similar features, and though I couldn't remember my mother, my father always said I took after her the most.

My parents weren't fated mates, but they had loved each other until she ran away a few months after giving birth to me, choosing to be with her fated mate instead, leaving my father heartbroken.

I should have learned from their mistake and never fallen for Kieran, who wasn't my fated mate either.

I forced a smile, resisting the urge to throw my arms around him.

"I'm fine, Father. I'll explain everything now, just promise me you'll believe me, no matter how unbelievable it sounds."

He raised a brow at my words, considering them for a moment before nodding.

"Of course, I will believe you. Even if you tell me the earth is flat, I will always believe my daughter." He grinned, and warmth spread through my chest at his unwavering trust.

"Thank you, Father." I returned his smile, then turned to face the gathered crowd.

"I apologize for the commotion today, but I will explain everything right now. Since I cannot speak the truth aloud, I will write it instead, I will expose those who have conspired against my father's pack!"

A wave of murmurs rippled through the crowd.

"Plot against the Emberfang Nation? What is she talking about?" someone whispered.

"I don't know, but this is getting interesting," another remarked.

Beside me, I felt my father's presence shift, his gaze growing sharp and cold. I flicked a glance at Kieran, catching the way he swallowed hard, his fists clenching at his sides.

Without hesitation, I picked up the pen, ready to write but just as the tip touched the page, the intruder in my mind spoke again.

"Don't do that, Nyssa. You cannot reveal anything about the future," she said, her tone sharper, more serious than before.

I froze, my eyes widening.

"What?" My voice came out shaky as I tried to process her words. But when she continued, it felt like a bucket of ice-cold water had been poured over me.

"The future must not be revealed to anyone. That means you cannot expose Kieran and Aria. If you do, there will be consequences- backlash from the goddess herself. Do not do anything reckless, Nyssa."

My mouth fell open in disbelief.

What was she saying? That I couldn't say anything? Then how was I supposed to change my fate? How was I supposed to get a second chance?

My grip tightened around the pen as anger bubbled up inside me.

"That's bullshit. What you're saying is absolute bullshit."

So I was sent back in time, given knowledge of everything to come... and I wasn't allowed to tell anyone? No. Hell no.

"Nyssa! Listen to me, don't—"

I ignored the warning, my hand moving furiously as I scribbled across the paper.

'Kieran and Aria are mates. They have deceived everyone- me, my father, and the entire pack. Kieran is only after power. He plans to seize control and kill my father and me!'

I placed the pen down, turning toward my father with a hopeful smile.

I didn't care about the wrath of the goddess. Even if I had to die, I would expose Kieran and Aria. I would protect everyone.

But then-

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My heart dropped as my father frowned, raising a brow in confusion. He shook his head.

“What did you write? There’s nothing on the paper, princess.”

I gasped, whipping the page around, only to freeze.

The words were still there. But they were fading. Slowly, fading.

Before I could even process what I was seeing, a sharp pain twisted through me, and I clutched my stomach as an invisible force slammed into me, forcing blood to spill from my mouth.

“Princess!!!” My father’s frantic voice echoed, but my vision blurred, and a ringing filled my ears. Before I could collapse, a strong arm wrapped around me, pulling me close to a solid chest.

It wasn’t my father.

It wasn’t Kieran.

For a fleeting moment, I gazed up into emotionless silver eyes, drawn to them in a way I couldn’t explain. A soft gasp escaped my lips as my strength gave out, and I slumped against his chest, black dots clouding my vision.

Yet, before darkness fully consumed me, I heard it—a voice.

“I must have forgotten to mention it, child, but you cannot tell anyone about the future. Failure to adhere to this rule, and your soul will disintegrate forever.”

The Moon Goddess.

It was her voice.

My eyelids grew heavy, and as the last remnants of consciousness slipped away, everything faded to black.

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King

Nyssa pov

I had never seen such an attractive face before. He was so mesmerizing, it was as if he belonged in a painting, like a sculpture. He looked like art itself.

With white hair and silver eyes, his face could make anyone take in a sharp breath, leaving them in a trance.

He had it.

For a brief moment, I couldn't breathe as the Lycan king fixed his gaze on me. He didn't move- just stared. His expression was blank, his eyes cold. Not a word escaped his lips.

My heart pounded so fiercely, it felt as if it might explode. An overwhelming urge to move toward him surged, but instead of giving in, fear rooted me in place. I took a step back, then another, never breaking eye contact with him.

Yet, he didn't budge.

"Girl, why are you running when you should be moving forward?" The voice in my head whined, and I cursed it silently.

Move forward? No way. I wasn't about to walk toward that man, especially with the rumors that surrounded him. Not when everyone referred to him as The Reaper King for a reason.

"Whoever you are, you better shut up right now," I hissed under my breath. Without thinking twice, I turned around, ready to run out of the room.

However, before I could get far, I tripped and lost my footing. In the next second, I found myself free-falling to the ground. My eyes widened, and I gasped as I felt myself plummeting towards the edge of the desk.

For a brief moment- just a brief moment, everything slowed down. Then, a sharp memory hit me all at once. It was a memory from my previous lifetime. Exactly what was happening now. But then, I had just gotten married to Kieran. The next morning, Serene had knocked on the door to drop off a tray with two glasses of water for Kieran and me. When I had gone to open the door, I tripped just like this and fell, my head striking the edges and knocking me unconscious. I had spent two days with a concussion because of it and now...

What was this? Why was I falling to the ground again, like last time? Was the past repeating itself?

I closed my eyes, bracing for the fall but it never came.

Instead, I felt a hand wrap around mine, yanking me back until I collided with a hard chest.

My eyes snapped open, instantly recognizing the familiar scent that enveloped me. He was standing right in front of me.

I froze at our proximity, we were so close I could feel his warm breath fanning across my face, sending a shiver down my spine.

“I couldn’t tear my gaze away from him.

His eyes gradually turned colder, his lips curving into a faint frown as he stared down at me. When his grip tightened around my wrist, that’s when I realized I had been blatantly staring at the Lycan King.

I quickly tried to pull away, but his hold was firm. I couldn’t move.

“1-1.” I stammered, trying to find my voice.

But before I could say anything, a knock sounded at the door. It creaked open, drawing both our attention.

Three people stood at the entrance- Serene, the man who had shouted for everyone to bow before the Lycan King yesterday, and another man I hadn’t seen before.

The moment they saw the Lycan King and me in such close proximity, they all froze.

I didn’t know how long we stood there, frozen, just staring at each other. The Lycan King still hadn’t let me go, and from the way he looked at me, unbothered by the eyes on us, it was clear he didn’t care who was watching.

“K-King, I didn’t know you were here. Apologies for disturbing you,” the black-haired man said, though the smile on his face said otherwise. He didn’t look the least bit sorry, if anything, he seemed amused.

“Quick, let’s go back. We can come another time,” he urged, already trying to drag everyone out.

The stranger- someone I'd never seen before glanced around in confusion as he was tugged away, while Serene stood frozen, clutching a tray in trembling hands, her eyes glistening with tears.

"M-Madam," she whispered, barely audible.

Before she could be pulled out with the others, I finally snapped out of my daze. I yanked myself free from the Lycan King's grip and rushed to Serene, throwing my arms around her. The tray slipped from her grasp and crashed to the floor between

I felt Serene stiffen as I wrapped my arms around her in a tight hug, my chest tightening at the memory-this was the girl who had once laid down her life for me. She had died because of me.

"Serene!" I cried out, hugging her even tighter, hot tears streaming down my cheeks. "Oh goddess, Serene. This isn't a dream, you're really here. You're really alive."

I could feel every pair of eyes in the room on me as I wept, clinging to her like a lifeline. Serene. The goddess had truly granted our wish. We had found each other again. She was alive.

"Miss, you're okay! Oh goddess, you're awake. You gave me such a fright, I thought you would never wake up!" Serene sobbed, hugging me just as tightly.

I shook my head, laughing through my tears before gently pulling away and reaching out to wipe hers.

"Look who's talking," I said softly, gazing into her eyes with a relieved smile. "You're the one who gave me a fright. How could you do that to me, hmm?"

"You're so silly, Serene. How could you sacrifice your life--"

"You really want to pass out again, don't you?" the voice in my head cut in, unimpressed.

I froze as the moon goddess words flashed in my head before I passed out.

"I must have forgotten to mention it, child, but you cannot tell anyone about the future. Failure to adhere to this rule, and your soul will disintegrate forever."

Ah damn.

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King

Nyssa pov

“You seem to be fine, there is nothing to worry about, Miss. If you rest and eat well, everything will be okay,” Zayn, whose name I had just learned a few minutes ago, said with a soft smile. He checked my pulse before gently placing my hand back on the bed.

I gave him a small smile in return, my eyes lingering on his features for a brief moment. He had long blonde hair that fell past his shoulders, and green eyes that reminded me of the forest. I couldn’t quite place it, but for some reason, he had an aura that instantly made me feel safe. Even his touch seemed to have a calming effect on me, making me feel... better.

Weird.

“Thank you, I appreciate it,” I said, grateful for his help. I knew of the man standing before me. He was well-known, much like the Lycan King who sat opposite me in silence. But unlike the King, this man had a much better reputation.

Zayn was a doctor in the Lycan King’s pack, rumored to have the ability to cure any disease known to man. There were even rumours that he had once brought someone back to life minutes after they had died.

Whether those rumors were true or not, I couldn’t say, especially considering the King’s pack was so isolated from outsiders. Either way, I felt much better. Relaxed, even.

Zayn smiled, his eyes curving slightly as he gave me a nod. “You’re welcome, Miss-”

However, before he could continue, a voice cut him off.

“Haha, you shouldn’t be thanking Zayn. You should be thanking our Lycan King. He’s the one who told Zayn to come check on you. You know how hard it is to get the most skilled doctor to come all the way here? Well, it’s because of the king.”

The black-haired man, Cassian, the king’s beta, said with a wide grin, gesturing toward the king with a delighted expression.

I raised an eyebrow in confusion before turning to see the king- no, Darius still staring at me with a blank expression as he sat in the chair not far away, his legs crossed.

He didn't even acknowledge that he was being spoken about, despite everyone's eyes on him.

What was this weird feeling? That something bad was about to happen.

I could feel Serene's worried gaze on me as she shrank away slightly. I knew she couldn't help but feel uncomfortable from Darius's penetrating stare.

Ignoring it, I gave a small bow to Darius.

"Thank you, my king. I appreciate your help. If there's any way I could ever repay you, please tell me."

As soon as I said the words, Cassian's grin widened, and he leaned back, waving his hand nonchalantly.

"Of course not, you don't have to say that. How can the king ask you for something when you are his mate—"

"Let's reject each other."

A cold voice cut through, interrupting Cassian.

The air instantly turned frigid, and everyone froze at Darius's words. Cassian looked stunned, Zayn raised a brow, slightly shocked but with a flicker of amusement in his eyes while Serene gasped, her hand reaching out to squeeze my shoulder

gently.

And me?

How did I feel?

Honestly, I didn't know.

Rejection had always been a taboo among werewolves. It was considered a sin for fated mates to reject one another because the mate bond was sacred.

That's why, even if fated mates wanted to part ways, they couldn't simply do so. They could only be with someone else while the mate bond remained intact because if they went through with the rejection, there was a high chance both would die from the pain, or at the very least, the weaker one wouldn't survive.

The Lycan King wanted to reject me.

He wouldn't die. He was far too strong to be die by something like a rejection.

But I would.

Fuck. After everything I'd gone through- after going back into the past, was I really going to die from a rejection? This was beyond unfair. Why did the freaking Lycan King have to be my mate?

"Aww, he wants to reject us. That's so sad. He must still be heartbroken over his first mate. He hasn't healed from the past yet."

The voice echoed in my head, and my fists clenched at my sides.

Was it being serious right now? What about me? I was the one about to be rejected, and was likely going to die from it.

If whatever was talking in my head was my wolf then I was going to strangle it

Before I could snap back at it, Darius spoke again, his voice as cold and sharp as a blade.

"You said you wanted to repay me, right?" he asked, his tone emotionless. "Then let's hold the rejection ceremony and sever this bond."

He practically spat out the word bond like it was a curse. Then he stood, hands tucked casually into his pockets with an air of indifference.

"Once you're strong enough, we'll hold the rejection and end whatever this is. Do you understand?" he asked, and before I could respond, Cassian took a step forward.

"But, King, if you hold the rejection, then she would-"

Darius turned his gaze to Cassian, cutting him off instantly. The look alone was enough to make him step back instinctively. Darius didn't say a word, but his expression was more than enough to silence his Beta. No one spoke against the Lycan King

no matter who they were.

—

Silence reigned for a brief moment before Darius returned his attention to me and repeated, “Do you understand?”

I felt Serene’s grip on my shoulder tighten. I knew she was about to step forward, but before she could, I reached for her hand and gave it a gentle squeeze, then met Darius’s gaze.

“I understand, Your Majesty. We’ll hold the rejection ceremony whenever you want.”

Chapter U

“Miss!” Serene cried out as soon as the words left my mouth, but I ignored her, eyes still locked on his.

“But would you give me three days? Just three days and then we can reject each other on the fourth,” I said calmly.

He raised a brow, clearly confused. I could feel both Cassian and Zayn’s eyes on me, but neither said a word.

For a moment, I could’ve sworn I saw Darius’s lips twitch into a smirk before it vanished just as quickly. Maybe I imagined it.

After a tense pause, he gave a short nod and said, “Three days. That’s all you get. It should be enough time to say goodbye to everyone, shouldn’t it?”

With that, he turned and left the room without a backward glance.

As soon as he left, the whole room somehow felt warmer. I wasn’t sure if it was my imagination, but everyone seemed to breathe a sigh of relief.

“Goddess, what is wrong with him?” Cassian muttered under his breath before turning to give me a polite bow. “Don’t worry, miss. I’ll try to speak with the Lycan King.”

With that, he also left the room, leaving just Zayn, Serene, and me.

No one spoke for a moment, and I could feel Zayn’s awkward smile as I turned my attention to him. Then, under his breath, I heard him mutter,

“Well... this is definitely getting more interesting.”