

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King #Revival 101 – 110

Read Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King Revival 101

Chapter 101

Nyssa pov

As I walked down the stairs, I saw Darius and the others already eating, well, more like talking. But the moment I stepped closer, all conversation stopped, and every gaze flickered to me.

“Oh my goddess,” Cassian whispered in shock, his eyes raking over me in a once-over glance before he blinked, his mouth practically hitting the floor.

Drake looked equally stunned, and Zayn narrowed his gaze on me before the corner of his lips slowly curved into a smile as he held my gaze.

But out of everyone... there was one pair of eyes that burned hotter than the rest.

Darius.

His gaze was locked on me, and my breath caught as I turned to meet it—my throat tightening as I swallowed nervously, finding myself trapped beneath the weight of his unreadable stare.

Why was he looking at me like that?

What was that emotion flickering in his eyes, soft and distant, like he was seeing someone else entirely—someone who wasn't me?

I recognized it.

It was love.

And Darius... Darius felt anything but love for me.

I narrowed my eyes slightly, the world around us seeming to blur and fade as we stared at each other in complete silence.

Why was my heart beating so fast?

“My lady, the king seems to be mesmerized by your beauty,” Serena whispered beside me, finally breaking the haze.

I blinked, snapping out of it, my fingers instinctively brushing over my cheek in confusion.

Was that really it? Was that why he was looking at me like that?

Because I looked... pretty?

I had to admit, I did look different from how I usually did back at the pack. More natural, maybe softer.

With my hair down, light makeup, and this dress, yes, I probably looked prettier than usual.

The corners of my lips curled into a faint smirk, and I lifted my chin slightly, letting Serena's words settle with smug satisfaction.

Maybe my beauty really had left him speechless.

Hmph. This feeling wasn't bad.

"Let's go, my lady," Serena said, and I nodded before stepping down the stairway, the sound of my heels clicking softly **with** each step.

I caught sight of the maids, including Sandra, standing behind Darius in silence.

When Sandra met my gaze, she offered a small smile.

I returned it, then turned to Darius and lowered my head respectfully, a polite smile on my lips.

"Good evening, dear esteemed Lycan King. Forgive my lateness, the journey exhausted me, and I accidentally fell asleep, I said calmly.

I could sense everyone's confusion, their surprise at my sudden politeness,

Everyone... except Darius, who simply continued staring at me with that same cold gaze.

Hehe. Of course I wasn't going to be rude to Darius in his own pack.

I didn't want to give anyone the chance to say I was disrespectful to their king.

"Ah, look at her, she's rude to the king."

"She has no manners."

“Typical of someone from that pack—vulgar, no etiquette.”

Yes, I knew exactly how they would talk.

So I told myself to be careful. To move wisely.

“Hmmm, what is going on...” Cassian muttered under his breath in confusion.

I grinned and walked confidently toward the table, and as Serena pulled out a chair for me, I sat down gracefully, offering a soft smile in Darius’s direction.

“I hope the ride wasn’t too rough, my king? You should also rest after dinner,” I said politely, just as one of the maids behind him stepped forward to begin serving the food onto a plate.

Darius didn’t respond. He simply kept watching me.

That unblinking, piercing gaze made me swallow hard. It was starting to make me slightly nervous, maybe even a little uncomfortable... **but**

I didn’t let it

show.

I offered the maid a quiet thank you, then picked up my utensils and took a bite.

The moment the food hit my tongue, my eyes nearly popped out of their sockets. I inhaled sharply.

Oh my goddess.

It was delicious.

Even better than anything the chef back home had ever made—something I never thought I’d say.

Still, no matter how good it tasted, I had my dignity. I composed myself, keeping a neutral expression, and after a short pause, took another graceful **bite** before nodding.

“This is good, You have really skilled chefs here,” I said with a polite smile, looking back at Darius.

He still didn’t respond.

Cassian let out an awkward laugh and quickly jumped *in*.

“Haha, thank you, we do. *And* you look really pretty, my lady. That dress suits you very well,” he said, sneaking a glance **at** Darius **before quickly looking**

away.

My smile widened.

“Thank you, Cassian,” I replied, genuinely pleased.

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“Y–Yes, you do look beautiful, miss,” Drake added.

Zayn nodded in agreement.

“You look stunning.”

With all the compliments flowing in, I felt my cheeks grow warm. My face turned bright pink, and I looked down, a little flustered.

“T–Thank you, everyone. I appreciate it.”

Geez... With everyone complimenting me like this, did I really look that pretty?

“Y–You’re welcome,” Drake stammered, his voice low as he glanced quickly at Darius and swallowed hard.

My lips were starting to feel sore from smiling so much but it felt good, hearing people say I looked beautiful.

I was just about to reach for another bite of my meal when, without warning, a hand slammed against the table, so hard it nearly shattered the wood.

Everyone flinched.

My eyes widened as I snapped my head toward the source and froze.

Darius was glaring at me, a look in his eyes so sharp, so cold, it made a shiver crawl down my spine.

Before I could react, I whispered without thinking, my breath caught in my throat,

“W–What-”

That was when it hit me—his aura.

It surged toward me like a crashing wave, heavy and suffocating, almost knocking the air right out of my lungs.

“Why...” he snarled, and I looked at him in surprise, the fury in his eyes freezing me in place.

“Why are you wearing white like her?”

I blinked *in* confusion, but the

deadly look he gave me made it clear-

I had pushed his limits *this* time.

Chapter 102

Nyssa pov

To say that I was beyond confused would be an understatement.

I had no idea what was going on. Was he seriously mad at me... for wearing a white dress?

But this wasn't the first time I'd worn white in front of him, so why... why was he staring at me like he wanted nothing more than to have my head right

now?

I stared back at him in silent confusion, a slight frown tugging at the corner of my lips.

I could feel everyone's gaze on us, the tension in the air so thick it felt like it would explode any second. And as his gaze narrowed on me, I could have sworn my heart stopped.

“Look, she hasn't even been here for a day and she's already angered the Alpha,” one of the maids whispered from the side.

“Right? Outsiders like her really lack ethics and respect,” another added.

As I continued to stare at Darius, I knew better than to let this blow up further. So, I forced a smile onto my face and responded,

“I apologize, Alpha. But I don't understand-

-are you upset that I'm wearing white?” I asked, keeping my voice steady despite the knot in my chest.

Darius's eyes moved from my face and slowly trailed down my body. As he watched me, his jaw clenched in clear frustration.

But instead of reacting the way I expected, he simply took a deep breath and looked away.

"Do not wear white anymore. Choose any other color except that," he said firmly.

My smile widened slightly, and I lowered my head in response.

"Okay, Alpha. I understand," I replied politely.

When I lifted my head again, just in time to see the deepened frown on his face, he turned and walked away without another word.

As I watched him disappear around a corner, the polite smile slipped from my lips. A scoff escaped me, and I fought the urge to roll my eyes.

What the hell was his problem? Why was he so against me wearing white? He had said something about me looking like her...

Wait—did he mean his late mate?

"Please don't mind the King or think too much about it," Cassian said suddenly, snapping me out of my thoughts.

I turned to look at him as he gave me a nervous smile.

"Actually," he continued, "I think the reason the Alpha was upset is because... you reminded him of his late mate."

I raised a brow at that.

"His late mate?"

He nodded.

"My grandfather used to tell me that the late Luna loved wearing white and always left her hair down, just like you are right now. I guess in **that** moment... you really reminded him of her. This is my fault, I should've informed the maids before they brought the clothes."

As soon as he said that, Sandra, who had been silent the whole time stepped forward and lowered her head slightly.

"No, this is all my fault. Forgive me, I should have taken note of such things." She lifted her head and met my gaze.

"Forgive me, Miss. It won't happen again."

I blinked at both her and Cassian, seeing the guilty expressions on their faces. Quickly, I shook my head and smiled.

"You didn't do anything wrong. It's okay. I'll just avoid wearing white while I'm here, haha," I said, trying to diffuse the situation.

I wasn't even sure if I had worn white when everyone was back in the Emberfang Pack, but maybe it was the environment that caused him to react like that.

But whatever, it didn't matter.

I didn't care and I wouldn't wear white anymore. I just wouldn't.

I gave them a smile before picking up the spoon and continuing to eat.

After Darius left, the tension in the air immediately melted, and everyone resumed eating—including Serena, who I had asked Cassian for permission to join us.

Cassian had agreed with a smile, and as we ate, everyone chatted lightly.

"I heard about what happened to your ex and your best friend. Are you worried about them?" Cassian asked as he stuffed food into his mouth.

I watched as everyone shook their heads at him, clearly displeased that he had brought up something so heavy **when** we were talking about lighter things. He really couldn't read the room.

"Beta Cassian," Drake whispered his name in warning, but Cassian only looked back at him, confused, like he didn't understand what he'd said **wrong**, causing me to smile slightly.

"Yes, I'm also curious about what happened," Zayn cut in, his voice calm as he turned his gaze to me with a polite smile.

"I heard that while I was *gone*, a lot happened and some people even disappeared," he added, tilting his head slightly. "I'm curious about everything."

I couldn't help but smile nervously and glance away.

“Well, there’s nothing much to say... I went to Kieran’s home to get some closure, and then he was missing. And my best friend, well, my ex–best friend’s blood was also found at the scene. It’s a long story. I don’t really want to talk about it,” I lied through my teeth, closing the conversation.

Everyone nodded, and Serena looked a little sad as she glanced at me, but Zayn only hummed.

“I see. That must’ve been a pretty scary experience,” he said, lips curving into a small smile.

“Though... you don’t look sad or scared, if you ask me.”

I turned to look at him, narrowing my eyes at his words, and for a brief moment, he held my gaze—an amused glint in his eyes.

But it vanished as quickly as it appeared when Cassian asked in confusion,

“Huh? I don’t understand. Why did you say she doesn’t look sad or scared? Why wouldn’t she?”

Zayn flicked his eyes to him but only smiled, shaking his head.

“Ah, I don’t know either. I guess the wine is already getting me intoxicated,” Zayn smiled, then stood from his seat.

“Forgive me, miss,” he apologized politely, then turned to the others.

“I’ll be retiring to bed. The journey was draining.”

With that, he walked away without looking back, and as he did, it

That man... Did he know something?

Chapter 103

Nyssa pov

After dinner, everyone went to their rooms, and I was sure that if Cassian hadn’t been tired from the trip, he would’ve kept talking thankfully, he **was**

As soon as I entered my room, I went straight to the bed, collapsing onto it and closing my eyes, too exhausted to even pull off my shoes or do anything

else.

“Miss, aren’t you going to change into your nightwear?” Serena asked as she reached for my foot and gently slipped off one shoe.

I didn’t even respond, just shook my head into the pillow and lifted my other leg as she moved to take off the next.

“You must’ve been really tired,” she murmured, and I nodded in response, causing her to chuckle softly.

She gently placed my legs back on the bed, then quietly pulled a blanket over me.

“You should sleep, my lady. Today has been really tough for you…” Her voice trailed off for a moment before she added under her breath, “You did really well, my lady.”

I knew what she meant.

Coming to this pack, where it was obvious the Lycan King despised me was hard enough. But leaving everyone behind hadn’t been easy either. Still, she was here with me, and I had to stay strong, for her, for my family, for my pack.

I gave a small nod without lifting my head from the pillow. As she turned off the lights and walked to the door, I stopped her.

“You too. You should get some sleep… You did well today, Serena. Don’t worry, we’ll go back to our pack soon, and everything will be okay,” I said.

Even though the room was pitch black, my vision allowed me to see the warm smile that spread across her face as she gave a small nod.

“Okay, miss.”

With that, she turned and quietly stepped out.

I watched her retreating figure until the door closed behind her, then shut my eyes and took a deep breath to steady my nerves.

I had no intention of staying here long. If I wanted to leave this pack, then I had to find out why Darius spared me and brought me here. I had to know what he wanted from me, do it and go.

But from what I’d seen so far… it didn’t seem like he intended to tell me anything.

As different thoughts swirled through my mind, I drifted off to sleep before I even realized it.

The next morning went smoother than I expected. Serena had come to wake me up, but this time, I'd already been awake a minute before she walked in -which honestly surprised her more than it should have.

Before I knew it, she had me ready for the day. I wore a blue dress with my hair pulled back into a ponytail. Simple and not too extravagant.

Now, we were walking downstairs, making our way to the dining table, ignoring the maids who paused what they were doing just

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If you asked me, they were the ones being unethical here. Because if this was how they treated the king's guests, outsiders or not, it reflected badly on

Darius.

In our pack, even if the maids didn't like outsiders, they'd still smile and remain respectful, especially to ranked wolves. But here, it seemed like **respect**

didn't exist.

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"Look at her. She wore a white dress yesterday and angered the Lycan King. She's already causing trouble on her first day," one of the maids whispered- or tried to, since her voice was louder than it should've been.

"Right? But what did you expect from an outsider?" another chimed in, and a round of chuckles followed.

I kept walking, ignoring them, even though I could feel the rage radiating off Serena. I knew more than anything, she wanted to storm over and shut

them up.

"I heard she's from the Emberfang Pack, the strongest after ours but still, clearly they don't teach them any manners. Did you see the way they were gawking at the packhouse yesterday? Like poor people. I wonder how poor they are in their pack."

As soon as those words left her mouth, I froze mid-step, my eyes narrowing and a deep frown tugging at my lips.

Serena immediately stopped walking before she could bump into me, and as the corner of my mouth slowly curved into a smirk, I knew I couldn't let this

slide.

No, they could take jabs at me, I wouldn't care. They were strangers, after all, and I wouldn't waste energy on mere strangers.

But one thing I would never tolerate... was anyone insulting my pack.

My ancestors, my father, they had worked too hard to build the Emberfang Pack into what it was today. A mere omega had no right to speak about it that way, Lycan King's oak or not.

“Miss... are you okay?” Serena asked softly.

I didn’t respond. I simply turned around and fixed my gaze on the three maids who had spoken.

As soon as I did, they fell silent, just like the rest of the staff who had been whispering around them.

They had also muttered things, but luckily for them, I hadn’t heard. These three had been the loudest.

And as they caught the glint in my eyes and the smirk curling at the edge of my lips, I watched them stiffen.

But a second later, one of the women lifted her chin, as she stared straight back at me, and this seemed to encourage the others to do the same.

She was the one who spoke, her voice laced with smugness, though I caught the slight tremble behind it.

“Do you need something? Why are you staring at us like that?”

“You–You!” Serena snapped suddenly, pointing at her with fire in her eyes. “How dare you speak that way! Lower your head immediately when speaking to the lady!”

The maid scoffed at Serena’s words, and another rolled her eyes.

“What do you mean? I don’t understand, how are we speaking to your lady like that?” the third one added mockingly.

“And don’t forget, she might be your lady, but she’s not ours, so stop disturbing us. We have a lot of–”

Before she could finish, her eyes suddenly widened and she clutched her chest in pain. The other two turned to her in shock, only for the same sharp pain to hit them seconds later. All three of them collapsed to the ground at once, gasping, causing everyone to gasp in shock through the hallway, even

Serena froze.

As if on cue, the three women turned to look at me, their faces pale with fear.

“Did you-?” one of them stammered, eyes wide in disbelief.

I didn’t say a word. My expression remained calm, blank as I took a step forward.

With each step I took, they instinctively shrank back, trembling, the fear in their eyes deepening.

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And then I let a slow, cold smile curve my lips.

I had released my aura and was going to teach these three girls a lesson.

Nyssa pov

Before I had Sheila, you could say I had no aura at all—if what I had back then could even be called an aura.

When I was wolfless in my past life, other people's auras easily overwhelmed me, especially when they were angry and I'm specifically talking about Aria and Kieran.

Most of the time, Aria would release her aura on me, forcing pain through my body. She'd always come up with some excuse afterward, calling it a "mistake," but after everything that happened... I knew none of it had been a mistake.

And it definitely wasn't a mistake when Kieran and I argued and he would release his aura just to make me submit.

Back then, I always ended up on the receiving end whenever someone decided to unleash their aura.

But now... now it felt good to be the one with the power—to be the one releasing it instead, even if it wasn't at full strength, just barely.

I could feel everyone's gazes on me, watching in stunned disbelief, but I simply stared at the three women with a smile before stopping in front of them.

"H—How do you have this much aura-?"

One of them stammered, but I cut her off, my voice calm and collected.

"What were you saying about the Emberfang Pack—my pack again?" I asked, staring down at them, my gaze cold despite the smile on my lips.

Their eyes trembled with fear as they looked at me, but one of them, the boldest of the three spoke up again, her voice laced with defiance.

“W–What are you doing? Who do you think you are, bullying us like this? This is the Lunar Dominion Pack, not your little Emberfang—”

“I am the daughter of Alpha Ethan of the Emberfang Pack!” I cut her off sharply, my voice rising. Gasps echoed around the room as everyone stared, clearly stunned by my reaction.

Sure, I had wanted to live quietly while I was here. I wasn’t in the mood to cause trouble, especially with the deal I had made with Darius but this lack of respect for my pack was a lack of respect for my father, and that was something I couldn’t allow.

“My pack—the second strongest in the world, a respected, flourishing territory. Its leader is my father. And there is no way I’ll let you or anyone else here disrespect it,” I hissed, stepping closer.

Immediately, their eyes widened in fear, their bodies visibly trembling. This time, none of them dared to speak.

“So I’ll ask you again—for the last time. What did you say about my pack?” I hissed again, releasing a bit more of my aura. This time, not just at them, but at everyone around. From the grunts echoing around me, I knew they could all feel it. Several people took a step back, instinctively distancing

themselves from the scene.

This was how the werewolf world worked. This was why, in this world, the strong ruled over the weak and the strongest ruled over the strong.

They forced others to submit.

And that was exactly why everyone feared the Lycan King, not simply because he was a king, but because they knew his str power alone was enough to force even the strongest to bow. That was how he’d ruled the most powerful pack on Earth **for** sc challenge.

He was simply strong.

And after my death, I came to truly understand just how important that power was.

ould rival anyone’s. His

y years **without**

If only I hadn’t been the same wolfless omega in my past life—maybe I would’ve stood a chance to protect my **pack** from Kieran **and Aria after**

my father

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died.

Maybe I could've fought back.

But now... now that I had even the smallest amount of power, I wasn't going to let anyone bring me down again.

The boldest of the three blinked in shock, but as I took another step toward her, deadly intent radiating from me, she quickly shook her head and

stammered out,.

"N-Nothing! 1-1 didn't say anything about your pack, my l-lady. Please forgive me!"

As soon as she spoke, everyone else who had been whispering, those still frozen and watching echoed in unison as they bowed.

"Forgive us, my lady!"

My gaze narrowed at the boldest one before flickering around the room with a frown. As my eyes swept over each of them, they instantly lowered their heads and looked away.

It was almost amusing how quickly they were willing to apologize now but not when Serena had been speaking to them earlier.

"Good," I muttered under my breath, though loud enough for everyone to hear.

"Make sure I don't hear anything about my pack from any of you again. And make sure to give me and my attendant here"-I placed a hand on Serena's shoulder, who was still staring at me with wide eyes-"the respect we deserve. We are the king's guests, not people to be gossiped about or disrespected by anyone."

As soon as the words left my mouth, all of them immediately lowered their heads again.

"Y-Yes, my lady."

I scoffed when I saw the boldest *one*, her fists clenched tightly at her sides, but still, she echoed along with the rest.

Without sparing them another glance, I turned around, only to find Sandra standing right in front of me.

I raised a brow as she looked directly at me despite her lack of sight. I hadn't even realized she'd been there, but apparently neither had anyone else, because one of the women on the ground cried out.

"Miss Sandra... She-"

But before she could finish, Sandra ignored her completely and lowered her head.

"Forgive the maids, my lady. This is due to my improper teachings. I will ensure this never happens again," she said, her voice humble.

"No, Miss Sandra. *You* don't understand, she-"

The maid's words trailed off the moment Sandra turned to her with a cold, piercing gaze that silenced her instantly.

The corner of my lips tilted into a slight smirk as I watched, and I shook my head.

"You're not to blame, Sandra. Their disrespect and ignorance are not your fault. If you'll excuse me, I'll be heading to brea!"

That was all I said before walking away, Serena following closely beside me.

I could feel the weight of everyone's gazes as we passed, but I ignored them all. And just as I was about to reach the staircase, an amused, calm voice froze me in place.

"Good morning, miss. That was a pretty impressive aura you released just now."

I stopped in my tracks and turned, only to see Zayn leaning casually against the railing of the staircase.

Chapter 105

Nyssa pov

I narrowed my eyes at Zayn, who was leaning against the railing, his gaze fixed on me in amusement. I stared back at him, frowning as I noticed the smile

etched on his face.

For some reason, whenever I encountered this man, he exuded a calm and soothing aura that made me feel safe, especially the first day I met him, when I had just woken

up from the coma after going back into the past. Zayn's presence was undeniably calming.

But at the same time, he made me feel uneasy because of one simple reason: I felt like he could see right through me.

And even now, as he watched me, it was as though he could read my thoughts.

Still, I simply plastered a polite smile on my face as I met his gaze head-on, unflinching,

"Morning, Zayn. And you think so? I don't believe my aura was impressive at all. I'm wolfless, after all and there's only so much I can do," I said.

He tilted his head slightly, his smile widening as he shook his head and pushed away from the railing, walking over to me and stopping just inches away.

"Wolfless? Ah, I must have forgotten that for a second, because of the aura you just released. I didn't know someone wolfless could radiate such power- enough to make everyone there submit," he said.

My smile stiffened at his words, because he was right.

When I was truly wolfless, I couldn't even bring a fellow wolfless Omega to his knees. Yet I was certain most of the people there had wolves, still, I brought them down without even trying.

It was suspicious, indeed.

It wasn't like I needed to hide my wolf, but I hadn't even told my father yet, so I definitely wasn't going to tell Zayn that I wasn't really wolfless.

"Really? You're right," I hummed, not breaking my expression. "But I guess they were just weak. I'm not sure why the servants of such an esteemed pack would be this fragile. You know, in our pack, I couldn't do that to our servants... yet it was easy here. I suppose you really need to start training them," I said, not once stammering.

For a brief moment, I saw Zayn's smile twitch, but instead of arguing, he simply chuckled and gave a small nod.

"I guess you're right, miss."

I nodded in return, and for a moment, neither of us said anything.

We just stood there in silence until Zayn eventually gestured toward the dining table.

"I think we should go for breakfast before it gets cold," he said.

The corners of my lips curved into a soft smile, and I gave another small nod.

“You’re right.”

With that, we both turned and walked down the stairs, Serena quietly trailing behind us.

As we made our way toward the dining hall, it wasn’t long before loud, cheerful voices began echoing from down the corridor.

I lifted a brow in confusion as I caught the sound of a woman laughing brightly.

“I’m happy that you’re finally home, my king. Everyone missed you, and I was shocked you were gone from the pack for that long.”

A woman?

It was definitely a woman’s voice.

“Ah, she’s here. What a bummer,” Zayn muttered under his breath beside me. I turned to glance at him, catching the small shake of his head and the slight smile playing on his lips.

Before I could ask what he meant, we reached the bottom of the staircase and my eyes instantly locked on the woman seated between Darius and

Cassian.

She was speaking excitedly to Darius, her wide smile and sparkling eyes trained solely on him.

But Darius didn’t even spare her a glance. His focus remained fixed on his food as he slowly ate, completely ignoring her as if she didn’t exist.

I blinked, confused, taking in the sight of her.

She had long, wavy blonde hair and bright blue eyes that shimmered under the morning light.

She really was beautiful. At first glance, she looked like she belonged on a runway.

I watched the interaction closely, especially the way Cassian rolled his eyes as she turned to speak to Darius, even jabbing Cassian side slightly in the process, whether by accident or on purpose, I couldn’t tell. Either way, she didn’t seem to notice... or care.

“Who is that girl beside our mate?!”

A jealous snarl exploded in my head, and I blinked, stunned by Sheila's sudden outburst.

Since we arrived at the pack yesterday, she hadn't said a single word and now here she was, growling like a damn beast at the woman across from us.

Before I could even respond, Darius's eyes, which had been lowered the whole time, suddenly flicked up to mine.

My breath caught as our gazes locked, his cold, piercing eyes holding mine for only a second before narrowing sharply on Zayn, who stood beside me.

For the briefest moment, I saw his eyes flash a whiter shade of color but it vanished just as quickly, replaced once more by that emotionless gaze... only now, it held a frown.

"Oh? Who is this? Is she a new maid? I haven't seen her before," the woman's voice chimed, light and pleasant.

I tore my gaze from Darius to find her smiling at me, but despite her friendly tone, I caught the glare hidden in her eyes.

And as insane as it sounded, something told me she knew exactly who I was.

"Maid? Are you serious, Ella? Does she look like a maid to you?" Cassian grumbled.

At the sound of his voice, the woman—Ella, apparently turned to him like she had just noticed he existed.

"This is Nyssa. She's the king's mate. Didn't I tell you that yesterday when you rudely sent me a text in the middle of the night?"

I watched as Ella's eyes widened in mock surprise.

"Oh, she's the one? I really didn't know. She looked like a maid, I mean, I just didn't realize," she said with a too-sweet smile.

Then, heels clicking with every step, she stood and walked toward me, stopping directly in front of me with a hand extended for **a handshake**.

"Hi, my name is Ella. Nice to meet you," she said with that same smug smile still stretched across her face.

Chapter 106

Nyssa pov

From the moment I saw that look in her eyes, I knew I wouldn't like the woman standing before me.

A fake smile, innocent eyes, a

Ah, I knew it all too well.

perfectly polished exterior.

I could tell she didn't like me. In fact, she seemed irritated by my very presence and everything about her felt fake.

Fake like someone I once knew. Aria

She'd wear that same smile while making snarky remarks about me. Pretend to be friendly when, deep down, she hated my guts hated my very existence.

Back then, my trust in Aria had led to my downfall in my past life, so in this life, I had promised myself I wouldn't live that way

anymore.

I wouldn't surround myself with people who didn't genuinely like me, and I wouldn't care about anyone's feelings if it meant mine would be trampled on.

So while she stood there smiling at me, her hand stretched out for a handshake as everyone around us watched, I simply frowned, stared at her hand and ignored her.

I could hear the sharp gasp of surprise from everyone around as I turned and walked past her without giving her even the slightest bit of attention, her hand still hanging awkwardly in the air.

I stepped toward the dining area and lowered my head slightly in greeting to Darius, who watched me with a cold glint in his eyes,

but I continued with a smile.

"Good morning, my king. I hope you slept well?" I asked, already knowing he wouldn't answer, so I didn't wait before taking the seat in front of me and lifting my hand to wave at a clearly shocked Cassian.

"Morning, Cassian. How are you? Is Drake not having breakfast with us today?" I asked, since I didn't see him anywhere.

Cassian blinked, but soon a glint of amusement flickered in his eyes as he nodded with a small smile.

“Ah, yes, yes. He had something to take care of. How was your night, miss?”

“I slept well, thank you,” I replied with a nod, just as one of the maids stepped forward, her eyes flickering toward me **nervously** for a brief second before she began serving the dishes.

Something told me Ella was still stunned into silence, because I hadn’t heard a word from her until the maid finished serving **my** plate and I politely thanked her.

“Y—you...” came a high-pitched, annoyed voice from behind me.

Just as I expected, Ella walked up to me, her face red with embarrassment, **a** finger pointed straight **at me**.

“Did you just ignore me? I introduced myself to you, and you ignored me?” she asked **incredulously**.

I **didn’t** spare her a glance, I simply began eating.

1/3

Everyone watching seemed stunned. I could even feel Serena’s wide-eyed gaze fixed on me.

They were all shocked that I was so openly ignoring Ella, without even trying to hide it.

“Morning, Miss Ella,” I heard Zayn say as he took a seat beside me. I didn’t have to look to know he was smiling, **especially** as the maid began serving his meal.

“Since you want to be greeted, then I’ll greet you,” he joked, but Ella clearly wasn’t in the mood. She completely ignored him, **her** gaze still locked on me.

“Can’t you hear that I’m speaking to you? Wait- is she deaf or something?” she turned to Cassian, asking flabbergasted.

Cassian laughed and casually rolled his eyes.

“Didn’t you hear us just have a conversation? If she was deaf, then how would she hear me? You really need to start using **that brain** of yours, Ella,” he tsked under his breath.

Ella frowned, then turned back to me, her finger still pointed in my face.

“If she isn’t deaf, then how dare she ignore-”

Before she could finish her sentence, I brought the spoon in my hand up and gently pushed her finger away, fixing a cold stare on her as her eyes widened at me.

“Could you move your finger away?” I said, my voice calm and composed. “I’m trying to eat. So why are you disturbing me?”

Her gaze narrowed on me, a disbelieving scoff slipping past her lips but I simply turned away, set the spoon down, and picked **up** another as I resumed eating.

“My goddess, how rude. Are people from outside this rude? Can you see this, my king?” she turned toward Darius, who was watching me. He had stopped eating altogether, his eyes still on me.

“I’m trying to be nice here, and she’s being rude. How can a woman like her be your mate?”

“Ella,” Cassian warned, his tone sharp.

But instead of stopping, she pouted, her lips curling with frustration.

“Am I wrong? Everyone’s celebrating that the king brought home his mate, but how could the king’s mate be not only wolfless but rude?” she said angrily.

The corner of my lips tilted into a slow smirk.

“Ella, that is enough. Stop that. You’re in the presence of the king himself, and you are—”

“Rude?” I cut in before Cassian could finish his sentence, turning to Ella with amusement in my gaze.

“So you

weren’t rude when you

said I looked like a maid?” I asked calmly.

She blinked in confusion before rolling her eyes.

“Is that why you’re upset?” she scoffed. “It was a mistake, I haven’t-”

I cut her off again with a soft chuckle.

“Yeah right, you didn’t know I wasn’t a maid. You know, you should drop that act with me, since I see **right through you and I** won’t entertain whatever it is you’re planning. So could you please leave me alone and allow me to **eat?**” I asked **with a frown**.

She stared at me, flustered, but the next second, her expression twisted into anger, and she growled.

“Who do you think you are to speak to me-”

“You.”

This time, I wasn't the one who cut her off.

It was him.

The emotionless voice belonged to Darius.

We all turned toward the man who now stared at Ella with eyes so cold they sent chills through everyone *around*.

Ella gasped, her eyes wide in surprise, but the next moment, she suddenly blushed until that small flicker of hope vanished with the next words that left Darius's mouth:

“Who are you... and what are you doing here?”

Chapter 107

Nyssa pov

Huh?

Everyone stared in stunned disbelief at Darius. I could feel the pressure as the room fell into silence, the only sound was the **ticking** of the clock.

Did Darius just ask her who she was?

He didn't know her?

I tilted my head, eyes locked on the expressionless man as he kept his cold, unrelenting gaze on Ella.

It didn't look like he didn't know her. I mean, they were just eating together and not many people could sit at a table with the Lycan King like that. I highly doubted he didn't know her.

So... why?

Why did he ask her that?

And clearly, I wasn't the only one surprised.

Cassian and Zayn both looked confused as they stared at Darius, but even their confusion didn't compare to Ella's expression.

Her eyes were practically bulging out of their sockets, and her mouth hung wide open in pure shock and disbelief.

If everyone else hadn't looked so out of it, I probably would've burst out laughing.

But whatever was going on seemed to be making Darius angry.

His eyes flashed a paler shade of white, and his frown deepened as he continued staring at the flabbergasted Ella.

Before anyone could react, a heavy aura, thick with killing intent was pushed straight toward her.

In the blink of an eye, Ella gasped and collapsed to her knees, one hand reaching for her chest as she clutched it in pain.

"I asked you a question," Darius said, his voice void of all emotion.

"Ah!" she screamed, trembling on the floor.

That finally snapped everyone out of their daze.

Cassian was the first to react, rising abruptly from his seat and bowing his head low in submission.

"M—My king... please allow me to ask for forgiveness. This is Ella, and she is my—" Cassian paused briefly. "My ma

I stiffened, my eyes widening as I stared **at** Cassian in shock. Even Serena, who stood quietly behind me, froze in **place**.

What?! Mate? She was Cassian's mate, yet she'd been all lovey-dovey with Darius right in front of him? What the hell?

Even Darius seemed caught off guard, his head tilting slightly as strands of white hair fell across his face.

1/4

12.25 FTI, 1 Aug

"Your mate?" he asked, his tone unreadable.

Cassian nodded with a sigh. "It seems the king has forgotten about this again."

Darius stared at him in confusion, a frown creasing his brows, and I couldn't help but find the whole exchange a little **amusing**

"I have?" he asked, ignoring the fact that Ella was still on the ground, gasping for air.

"Yes! I told you twice already that Ella is my mate. You forgot the first time, the second... and now the third," Cassian replied with a pout.

A small laugh slipped from my lips as I reached for my spoon and resumed eating before my food got cold.

"I see," Darius muttered, clearly uninterested. Then his gaze flicked to Ella, who trembled under the weight of his eyes. His tone sharpened.

"Then what is she doing here? I haven't seen her before, so why is she suddenly eating with us today?"

The entire room went still. Even I froze, my spoon halted mid-air as I turned toward Darius to see if he was actually serious.

From everyone's expression, it was obvious this wasn't Ella's first time here and my suspicion was confirmed when she finally spoke.

"M—My king, what do you mean... my first day? I've been coming here for at least two years now!" she stammered, her voice rising in pitch until it cracked.

The moment she realized she'd just raised her voice at the Lycan King, she slapped a hand over her mouth in horror.

Darius, however, simply stared at her. Whether he truly remembered or not, I couldn't tell, his expression was icy cold. Cold enough to freeze the Atlantic.

Just when the silence in the room felt like it could suffocate us, Darius turned to Cassian and muttered,

"Mate or not, I don't want to see her here again. The next time that I do... I will end her life."

I gasped, so did Cassian and Ella. Only Zayn had an amused look dancing on his face as Darius rose from his seat.

I watched him approach Cassian, stopping right beside him as he asked,

"Do you understand?"

Cassian's eyes widened where he stood, his breathing heavy. But even without Darius's cold glare, something told me this wasn't a

bluff.

Cassian knew that too. Because the next second, he bowed his head slightly and responded, voice tight with restraint,

"Yes, I understand, my king."

With that, Darius turned away, walking off without so much as a backward glance. Everyone watched him leave, tension still hanging thick in the air.

But just before he disappeared from sight, he paused.

Then he turned to me.

My heart nearly stopped as his piercing gaze locked on mine. My breath caught in my throat, and I couldn't **help** the way **my** spoon slipped from my fingers, clattering softly onto the table.

"And you," he said, tone low and final, "we are going somewhere by twelve this afternoon. Be ready before then."

I blinked, barely registering his words before instinct kicked in. I lowered my head with a tight, nervous smile.

"O—Of course, my king! Haha, of course," I said, laughing awkwardly.

But he only stared at me, blank and unreadable, before finally turning and walking away.

I could've sworn everyone let out a breath of relief the moment Darius disappeared, myself included.

My goddess, that man was terrifying. He had no problem threatening his Beta's mate so easily.

I couldn't help the sneer tugging at my lips, nearly cursing my own luck out loud.

Why, Goddess? Why did you make this man my mate?

"M—my—king, my king, I—please forgive me, please forgive me!"

Ella suddenly panicked, scrambling to her feet as soon as Darius was gone. I turned to her with an eye roll.

When Darius was still here, she couldn't say a word but now that he was gone, she was making a scene?

"My king, my king... please forgive me-"

"Would you stop screaming?" Cassian snapped with a sharp glare. She froze, then started crying as she stumbled over to him.

"Cassian, help me ask the king for forgiveness. I don't even know what I did wrong, but-"

"You don't know what you did wrong?" Cassian cut her off, clearly frustrated. "You insulted the king's mate right in front of him, and yet you say that?"

He exhaled harshly. "And you almost got me in trouble, Ella. How many times have I told you not **to** come here without permission?"

Ella frowned as he scolded her, then her eyes snapped to me with a glare. I almost spoke up to tell him that Darius hadn't acted out of some protective instinct, he didn't care about me like that. But instead, I ignored the whole scene.

I simply gestured for Serena to sit and called for a maid to serve her."

"B—but she—" Ella stammered, but Cassian ran a hand through his hair, cutting her off again.

"Don't say anything. Just leave before the king comes back."

She looked like she wanted to argue, but Cassian's narrowed eyes shifted to me, and she immediately froze.

Cassian might've been the friendly one, but he was still the king's Beta and definitely not someone to test.

Ella pouted but obeyed. She turned and stormed off—though not without throwing one last glare in my direction. As soon as she left, Cassian sank into his chair with a frustrated sigh.

12:25 Fri, 1 Aug

"Your mate is one of a kind, don't you think, Beta Cassian?" Zayn chuckled through a bite of food.

Cassian rolled his eyes, then glanced at me. I could already tell he was about to apologize, but I shook **my** head with a smile to stop

him.

He seemed to understand, offering

I returned to my food, but my mind

't focused on the taste anymore.

a small, grateful smile before standing and heading off in the same direction **Darius had gone**.

I couldn't stop thinking about what Darius had said.

Where exactly was he planning to take me?

I wasn't sure. But I was going to find out soon.

Nyssa pov

"Miss, where do you think the Lycan King is taking you? Do you think it's a date?" Serena asked as I casually chewed on the **popcorn** in my hand, my eyes still trained on the television.

As I watched the movie, I simply shrugged.

"Who knows where? That man is unpredictable. He could be taking me somewhere to kill me, for all I know."

Serena gasped dramatically, her head snapping to me from across the couch, her grip tightening on her bowl of popcorn.

"W-What... you don't really think that's the case, right, miss? The king wouldn't do that," she asked, clearly worried.

The corner of my lips curved into a slow, amused smirk as I shrugged again and popped *more* popcorn into my mouth.

"Who knows? But don't forget, this is the same man who wanted to reject me despite the consequences, told me to drink poison as an alternative, and constantly looks at me like he wants to kill me. You really think it's that impossible?" I said, raising a brow.

Serena frowned, clearly not finding it funny.

After everything that had happened at the dining table this morning, we had nothing else to do, so I suggested we watch a movie together before it was time for me to leave with Darius.

Now we were watching How to Train Your Dragon while eating popcorn.

And honestly? It was pretty nice. Just lounging here, doing nothing, thinking about nothing, for once.

Because in both my past life and tis one, I hadn't really had time for myself.

In the past life, I was the Luna, the leader of the pack before Kieran became Alpha.

After my father's death, Kieran couldn't immediately assume the role because the pack elders didn't want him to. For two very

clear reasons:

First, because my father had made it clear that if anything happened to him, I was to take over, even if I planned to pass it to Kieran eventually.

He'd told the elders that I was the one fit to hold the power, not Kieran because he wasn't trustworthy.

And second, because Kieran's background was unknown.

He claimed to come from the Emberfang Pack, yet he had no proof to back it up.

So, for a year, I had been in control. Running the pack. Managing Kieran. Managing everyone.

But now... I couldn't even remember the last time I sat and watched a movie like this.

"Hehe, that's funny," I muttered under my breath, laughing at the scene playing out.

"A—Are you laughing, my lady?" Serena asked, stunned. "I'm scared... What if the king does something bad to you? **Do you have to** go? What if I went in your place?" she asked.

My eyes flickered to her just in time to see her shiver slightly at the thought of going with Darius, and I couldn't **help but** scoff **lightly** as a small smile tugged at my lips.

"Don't worry about me, dummy. I'm going to be fine. And no, you can't go in my place, the king wants me. I have to go. It's **part** of what we agreed on."

"Huh?" Serena asked, confused.

But I just shook my head and turned back to the TV.

“Don’t worry about me, I’m fine. If I’m not, I’ll tell you. Let’s just watch this, okay?” I said with a small smile.

For a brief moment, Serena said nothing. Then she softly muttered an “okay” under her breath before turning her attention back to the screen.

But as she did, the corner of my lips tugged downward into a frown.

The reason Darius wanted me to come with him probably had something to do with the fact that I was a white wolf. I still had **no** idea why he even needed me in the first place but I knew one thing for sure:

I had to be careful.

I couldn’t trust that man.

Or anyone else in this pack.

Soon, we finished the movie and from how relaxed and happy Serena looked, she really seemed to enjoy it.

Since we still had about twenty minutes left before it was time, I decided to send another text message to my father, just letting him know I was okay, following up on the one I sent last night.

And then, I let myself take a nap.

And just like yesterday, I had another dream.

The same blurry face.

The same strange déjà vu.

The same intense feeling that this wasn’t just a dream..

Because as I stared at the bright blue sky in a daze, I could feel the wind on my skin, the warmth of the sun, and even the steady thump of my heartbeat.

It felt too real.

One moment I was asleep, and the next... I was here.

“Am... Am I dreaming again?” I whispered to myself, narrowing my eyes in confusion. How the hell was I here?

“Why do you like wearing white, little mate?”

The cool, deep voice snapped me out of my daze.

I blinked and turned to find the man from the last dream standing beside me, this time in casual clothes... or at least **what** people wore casually centuries ago.

Wait-

Now that I was finally get clearer look at him, he actually v
dressed like someone straight out of the **past**.

I tilted my head slightly, frowning in confusion.

Huh?

"Why are you dressed like that?" I blurted before I could stop myself.

But realizing I hadn't had a chance to ask him anything yesterday, I quickly followed up.

"And who are you? Where are we? Is this a dream?"

The man tilted his head, as if confused by my questions, but instead of answering... he just kept talking, ignoring me completely.

"Oh, because you love the color?" he said with a laugh. "It suits you, little mate."

I frowned, watching as he suddenly reached out and tucked a strand of hair behind my ear.

I stiffened at the touch, and the urge to lean into it was almost unbearably strong. But I didn't.

Instead, I leaned away and raised my hand between us, stopping him.

How... how was I wearing a white dress that looked like it came straight out of the Victorian era?

Chapter 109

Nyssa pov

I had so many questions I wanted to ask, things I was completely confused about.

For example, where was I? Who was this man, and why was his face so blurry? Why were we dressed like this?

Was this a dream, reality, or some kind of illusion?

I couldn't even tell. I was so overwhelmed that all I could do was stare down at my dress in utter confusion.

Before I realized what I was doing, I reached out and touched the fabric. When I felt its texture, I frowned, lifting a brow in disbelief.

This definitely wasn't a dream. Dreams didn't feel this real.

I could hear the sound of birds flying overhead, feel the wind brushing against my skin, hear the rhythm of my own heartbeat. I was fully self-aware and if there was one thing I was certain of, it was that this wasn't a dream.

Which left only two options.

Either this was an illusion... or it was reality.

If it was an illusion, then whose vision was I seeing? This place clearly had nothing to do with me. Not my life. Not my past.

So whose reality was this?

Wait...

Had I transmigrated into the past? Into the Victorian era? In someone's body?

My eyes widened in sheer horror at the thought.

"Little mate," the man called out, and I shifted my gaze to him, only to find him now staring at the sky ahead as he spoke.

"I asked the pack doctor to check if the pup is a girl or a boy, but he said it's too early to know that now."

The corner of my lips curved into a sneer as I listened to him speak.

I couldn't even understand what he was talking about or who he even was. And worst of all, if I really had transmigrated into the past... then I needed answers, fast.

Whoever this man was, I had no time for him.

"Could you please stop talking to me? I asked who you are, and you haven't even answered," I said in frustration, glancing around to find that we were standing in a garden.

There were flowers of every imaginable color scattered everywhere.

Pink, yellow, blue, purple, red, green, an endless sea of beauty.

And for a brief moment, even though I was freaking out of my mind, as I stared at the well-maintained **garden**, I **couldn't help but** be mesmerized by how bright and beautiful it looked.

1/3

And just then, a memory that wasn't mine floated into my mind, words echoing softly in my head as a vision **of a woman** and a man, holding each other as they walked through this very garden, played behind my eyes:

"Do you know why I love taking care of these flowers myself, my king? Because this is the place *you* come whenever **you need to** think, or whenever the royal meetings become too much. I want this place to be beautiful and peaceful for you. I want it to **be your** happy place."

The memory vanished as quickly as it came, fading like mist, and I immediately shut my eyes as a throbbing headache spread through my skull.

I staggered back slightly, my breath catching as my vision began *to* blur.

"But I believe the pup is a girl," the man laughed, turning to me as though completely unaware that I was seconds away from passing out.

He continued walking toward me, and as I groaned, wanting to move away from him, I realized, I couldn't.

I couldn't move my body.

Couldn't take a single step away as he leaned in closer and gently placed a hand on my stomach.

"I want it to be a girl. Our first child should be a pretty girl who looks like you, don't you think?"

My eyes widened at his words, snapping down to my stomach as I gaped in shock.

C-child? Was I pregnant?

No--was this body pregnant?!

But before I could even comprehend what he had just said or ask what he meant, a whimper escaped my lips as I felt it again.

That same powerful force slamming into me.

And just like last time, I felt my soul being yanked from the body before I could blink or react.

I couldn't even get a single word out as I watched myself being pulled free, floating out of the body I had inhabited only moments

ago.

Then, to my horror, the body I had just left... suddenly laughed.

She reached out and gently touched the man's hand still resting on her stomach.

And for the briefest of moments, just a moment, she turned slightly.

Her face was still blurred, but her head tilted... and her gaze locked onto mine.

She stared right at me.

Eyes trained directly on me, like she knew I was there, before everything snapped back... and the world went dark.

"I apologize, Miss Sandra. My lady must be tired, that's why she's not waking up from her nap. I'll try again."

I heard Serena's worried voice, and suddenly, my eyes snapped open.

2/3

20:15 Fri, 1 Aug

I sat up in bed, staring at nothing in particular as my heart pounded violently against my chest.

"Oh my goddess! You scared me, my lady!" Serena yelped in shock, standing from the bed with a hand pressed **to her chest**.

As I turned to look at her, I caught the surprise in her eyes. Behind her stood Sandra and two maids, their heads bowed in **silent** submission.

Sandra looked confused, her pale eyes fixed on me as if trying to make sense of what had just happened.

"M—My lady, are you okay?" Serena asked softly.

I shifted my gaze back to her, taking a deep, shaky breath. Running a hand through my hair, I tried to calm my racing heartbeat before offering her a small nod.

“Yes, I’m fine. Just a bad dream,” I whispered, shaking my head, trying to convince myself that’s all it was.

A dream... right? It had to be a dream. Or some terrifying illusion.

“Forgive me for intruding, miss,” Sandra spoke up, “but the king asked me to call for you.”

I turned to her, then glanced at the clock on the wall, my eyes widening slightly when I realized it was already noon.

That’s right.

I was supposed to be going somewhere with Darius.

Great

#

AD

Comment

Chapter 110

Nyssa pov

“Serena can’t come with us?” I asked, confused as I stared at the man before me.

After I woke up, whatever that had been, Serena and I had walked out of the massive packhouse, led by Sandra, and as soon as we stepped outside, a sleek car was already waiting.

Darius was inside, his eyes closed as if he were sleeping.

Drake was in the driver’s seat, he must’ve returned from wherever he went and when our eyes met, he gave me a small, polite smile in greeting.

Standing in front of me was Cassian, who’d just informed us that Serena couldn’t come along.

“Hmm... it’s the king’s order,” he said. “He only wants you with him. No... company.”

I narrowed my eyes at his words and turned to Serena, who looked worried. Her expression was tense, clearly nervous as she stared at Cassian.

“B—but Beta Cassian, can’t I just follow the lady?” she pleaded. “I promise I won’t cause a scene. I’ll be quiet, no one will even know I’m there. I’m just worried and don’t want to leave her alone.”

Cassian sighed and rubbed the back of his neck with an awkward smile.

“I wish I could let you, but it’s the king’s command, Serena. I’m sorry. You should stay back and maybe get to know the others in the packhouse. I think most of the maids are around your age.”

Serena frowned immediately, her disgust clear, like just the thought of socializing with them was repulsive.

“But—but-”

“I’m going to be okay, Serena,” I cut her off gently before she could go on.

If this was what Darius ordered, then no one could argue. Pushing it would only put Cassian in a tough spot.

“Nothing will happen,” I added with a small smile, even though I was freaking terrified inside. “I’ll come back soon, and then we can watch another movie, hm? So go back inside.”

But my smile stiffened.

Why didn’t Darius want Serena to follow? He didn’t seem like someone who cared enough to worry. So... what was his reason?

Where was he taking me?

A cold shiver ran down my spine.

He wasn’t planning to end me somewhere quiet, was he?

Even though I knew it wasn’t the case if Darius had wanted to kill me, he would’ve done it back at the Emberfang pack without

hesitation.

“Miss...” Serena’s voice trembled, her eyes glassy like she might cry, and guilt hit me.

I had scared her earlier, talking like Darius might kill me.

“Go back, Serena,” I said more firmly now. “Don’t forget what pack we’re in.”

She sniffled and slowly lowered her head in submission, turning around and walking back toward the packhouse.

As soon as she disappeared, Cassian let out a deep breath and shook his head.

“That girl scares me for some reason,” he muttered.

I blinked and turned to look after Serena’s retreating figure.

“Serena? But she’s the sweetest,” I said, genuinely surprised.

The corner of Cassian’s mouth lifted into an amused smirk as he walked to the car door.

“Well, that’s true,” he said, “but the day we left the Emberfang pack, she spent the whole ride talking about how good of a person you were. She even asked both Zayn and me to take care of you once we got here.”

He opened the door, glancing over his shoulder. “She’s scary whenever it has to do with you.”

I watched him as he chuckled softly, my brows pulling together in confusion.

Then my gaze flickered to Darius, who still had his eyes closed, sitting silently on the other side of the seat. As I stared at him, everything seemed to blur around him for the briefest moment, and I found myself dazed.

Damn, this man was attractive. If it wasn’t for his shitty personality, I’d probably like him a lot more because of his face alone.

People liked pretty things, and I wasn’t an exception, especially when he was the most attractive man I had ever seen.

At that moment, the image of what happened yesterday in the car flashed in my mind, and I couldn’t help but blush when I remembered how good his fingers had felt deep inside me.

“Please enter, Miss,” Cassian called out.

I blinked, realizing he was watching me with a smirk, like he knew exactly what I was thinking. I quickly cleared my throat, face flushing as I thanked him and stepped into the car.

As soon as I did, Cassian closed the door and I inched closer to the opposite side, trying to create as much distance between us as possible.

Once Cassian climbed into the front passenger seat, Drake started the engine and we began driving off.

I swallowed nervously and took a quick glance at Darius, only to find him still resting with his eyes shut. I quickly looked away,. more specifically, out the window, trying to stay quiet, to not draw attention to myself.

It didn't help that this was the same limo we had been in yesterday... when Darius and I did that thing.

"This is so awkward, I want to throw myself out of the car," I whispered under my breath in frustration and almost immediately, I heard Sheila's voice..

"Why don't you throw yourself at him/instead, hehe," she chuckled, and I froze.

"W-What are you saying?! Would you shut up?" I said through the mind-link, my face burning **hotter**.

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"I mean, if you think about it, you never got to return the favor from yesterday. You came, but didn't help him--"

"That was because he said he didn't want me to!" I hissed, cutting her off.

"So you would have helped him if he asked?" she teased, and I could practically hear the smug smirk in her voice.

53%

(+28)

"Would you shut up, you dirty wolf? Stop saying nonsense," I scoffed. "You haven't even said much since we came to this pack. The only time you spoke up was when you saw that Ella girl, and now you're just spewing nonsense again."

I rolled my eyes, pressing a hand to my flushed cheek, trying to ignore her.

I couldn't even deny what she said, because... yesterday, I had practically thrown myself at Darius. We had both agreed that being sexual might help lessen whatever strange bond was between us, but in the end, I was the one who came, and Darius didn't.

I did feel bad about it and wanted to help him, he had denied me. Though I didn't want to admit it, it did hurt a bit.

“This place...” Sheila suddenly spoke again, her voice softer now, almost sad and it made me freeze.

“This place... I don’t know why, but it feels like we’ve been here before. For some reason, it makes me both happy and sad at the same time.”

I blinked in confusion at her words but more than anything, I was surprised.

Because that was exactly how I felt too.

Like I had been here before, even though I couldn’t remember. And even though it wasn’t possible, the feeling, the stepped foot in this place before was strong.

And the longer I stayed here, the more it made me feel both happy... and inexplicably sad.

“Have we been here-”

Before I could even finish my sentence, Darius’s cold voice cut through my thoughts.

“We’re going to see a shaman,” he said.

I turned to look at him, only to find his eyes narrowed on me as he continued,

“And whatever she tells you, you’ll do it. No questions asked. Do you understand?”

urge

that I had