

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King

C 11-20

Darius pov

“King, King!” Cassian called out, running to catch up with me, but I didn’t respond as I continued heading outside.

I ignored the servants who trembled and bowed. I ignored Silas’s constant protests and the storm raging inside my head.

I ignored it all.

“So you know what you’re saying? Rejection? Are you insane, Darius? You know what happens to her if you reject her!”

Silas growled, slamming into me with force, but I severed our connection and kept walking until I was outside, the cold air biting into my skin.

I wasn’t stupid. I knew exactly what would happen to her if I rejected her. She was too weak and apparently, she was also an omega without a wolf. She wouldn’t be able to survive the pain of rejection.

There were two possible outcomes if we went through with it: the pain could either drive her insane, pushing her to end her own life or leave her with a deranged mind... or, if she was truly that weak, she could just die from the rejection itself.

Either way, both outcomes wouldn’t be good for her.

Not that I cared, anyway.

“King!” I halted as Cassian ran in front of me, arms spread wide to block my path.

“K-King,” he wheezed, and I raised a brow as he doubled over, panting heavily, his hand clutching his chest as he tried to catch his breath.

“F-fuck, why are you so damn fast?” he gasped.

I narrowed my eyes into a glare and took a step closer watching as his eyes widened in slight fear before he took a step back.

“How dare you block my path?” I hissed, watching him stiffen before he straightened and swallowed hard.

“F-Forgive me, Your Majesty. I mean no disrespect,” he said, his tone turning serious as he bowed. “But this... this is wrong, my king. You shouldn’t reject her. She’s your second chance mate- if you do, she will die! You know that she would not be able to handle the rejection”

I tilted my head slightly at his words, my eyes cold as I watched him take a step toward me.

“My king, please think this through carefully. After all these years, you’ve finally found a mate... Even if she’s a second chance mate, you shouldn’t throw that away.”

My hands clenched at my sides as I fought against the urge to react and lose control. I knew Cassian meant no disrespect, his generations had served me for centuries but his words grated on my nerves.

Second chance mate. Second chance mate.

That was all I could hear as he spoke.

She wasn’t my second chance mate. I refused to acknowledge her as my mate. No- she wasn’t mine.

My mate had died hundreds of years ago, and this... whatever this was, was nothing but a cruel joke from the Moon Goddess. And I had no intention of playing along.

I took a slow, deep breath and stepped closer to Cassian, my height easily towering over his. I looked down at him, my voice low and edged with warning.

“This will be the last time you refer to her as my second chance mate. Do you understand?” I took another step closer, my voice low and cold. “Don’t forget your place.”

“And don’t forget who you serve” My eyes flashed a sharp, frightening shade of white, the air around us thickened with tension. Cassian immediately dropped to his knees, his head bowed in submission.

“F-forgive me, Your Majesty. I forgot my place. It won’t happen again,” he stammered, his tone laced with respect.

I gave him a single, dismissive glance before turning away, my footsteps silent as I headed towards the forest. I needed to

run.

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Nyssa pov.

“Lycan King or not, how could he want to reject you? Does he not know what happens between mates when they reject each other? He really is as the rumors say- cruel and cold. What else would you expect from the Lycan King, cursed by the goddess?” Serene murmured under her breath as she gently cleaned me.

We were in the bathtub after the scene earlier, and despite my protests, Serene insisted on washing me herself.

I watched the eighteen year old girl with a smile, my gaze fixed on the scowl on her lips. She glared at nothing in particular, but despite the clear display of anger, her touch was surprisingly gentle as she washed me.

“Ugh, you know, miss. I used to pray to the goddess for you to find your fated mate instead of marrying Sir Kieran because he always seemed fishy to me. And when my prayer was answered, it turned out to be the king. The cursed king, of all people!!”

She hissed out, tightening her grip around the sponge, before scoffing dramatically. My grin widened at her frustration.

“Why is everything happening so fast? First, you break up with Sir Kieran, and now you’re about to get rejected. Why is everything spiraling out of control like this?”

To be honest, I was just as scared as she was. I was about to die again without even getting the chance to truly live in this lifetime, but it didn’t really matter. Darius had given me three days before the rejection ceremony, and I was going to use those days for my revenge. I was going to expose Kieran and Aria, and ensure that those I loved would survive this time.

“Is the miss really smiling right now?” Serene asked, and I blinked out of my daze to find her frowning at me disapprovingly. My grin widened involuntarily, and I shook my head before reaching out to touch her cheek, gently stroking it with my

thumb.

“You know, you look really adorable when you’re worried,” I said, my voice soft. “Just like back then. You’re always worried about me. I wish I had actually listened to you back then. Maybe if I did, everyone wouldn’t have ended up that way.”

Serene raised a brow in confusion at my words, but I couldn’t tell her anything about the past, not even if I wanted to.

I sighed and wrapped my arms around her, pulling her into an unexpected hug. She tensed immediately, her body stiffening at my sudden gesture.

“Serene, thank you for everything,” I whispered, my voice soft as I closed my eyes for a moment, letting the silence stretch between us.

Just as I thought she might relax, Serene suddenly grabbed my arms, trying to pull away from me.

“M-miss, please, can you move away? Y-your... breasts... I can feel them,” she stammered, and I couldn’t hold it in anymore. I burst into laughter as she yanked herself free, her face bright red as she desperately avoided eye contact,

I shook my head, still chuckling, leaning back against the bathtub. Serene’s frown deepened as she stood there, obviously

uncomfortable.

“Miss, you shouldn’t be laughing right now,” she said, her voice serious. “This is really serious. The Lycan King is about to reject you. If you think he won’t go through with it, you’re wrong. Haven’t you heard about what he did to be cursed by the goddess?”

Her words wiped the smile off my face instantly, and my expression turned serious in the blink of an eye.

Why wouldn’t I know what Darius had done to be cursed by the goddess? Everyone knew by now. The story of the man who went rogue after his mate’s death, a man who slaughtered almost three hundred of his pack members in a blind rage.

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Nyssa pov

“You don’t want the dress?” Selene asked in surprise as she held the white-colored, puff-sleeved dress out for me.

I shook my head and glared at the dress in disdain. I despised it for two reasons: first, because it was white; and second, because Kieran had been the one to buy it for me.

I remembered it clearly, even though it had been three years. I used to cherish everything he gave me. Kieran had always said white looked good on me— said it made me look simple, like an angel. Just like how he said not wearing makeup made me look elegant and less shrewd. Just like how being quiet and gentle made me more fit to be a Luna.

And I had believed him. Believed everything without question, even though I never truly liked any of it. White was never my color, I preferred darker shades like black and purple, something that made me stand out. I loved makeup. Ever since I was young, I could spend hours doing it just for fun. Most of all, I wasn’t quiet. I wasn’t gentle.

I was Nyssa, the kind of girl who loved to joke around with the people she cared about, who loved running through the woods with the wind in her hair. I was the kind of girl who wanted to make everyone around her smile.

But that girl... she had been destroyed by the man she once loved. For the sake of love, I buried myself, reshaped myself to meet someone else’s expectations. And now? Now that I’ve been given these three days to truly live, I won’t be gentle. I won’t be sweet or lively.

I’ll be the girl who gets her revenge.

“Burn it,” I hissed under my breath, and Serene’s eyes widened at my words.

“W-What are you saying, miss? This is your favorite dress. It’s one of the ones Sir Kieran bought for you and you want me to burn it?” she asked, her voice trembling.

I nodded nonchalantly, walking toward the mirror. My gaze stayed fixed on my reflection as I reached out to touch my face, feeling the softness beneath my fingertips.

Just three years... and I looked completely different. I looked alive.

“Burn it. And everything else that bastard ever bought for me. I also want every white piece of clothing gone, burn it all. That’s an order, Serene,” I said coldly, staring at her through the mirror.

She gulped nervously at the steel in my tone, then bowed.

“I understand, Miss,” she replied, about to leave to carry out the command. But before she could move, I turned my head over my shoulder with a smile.

“Oh, and bring me a black dress. Something bold- something that shows some skin. I should still have a few of the dresses I used to wear, right?” I asked.

“Her mouth dropped open in shock before she quickly nodded, eager to obey.

My smile widened. “And get me some makeup, too.”

I was going to look pretty while getting my revenge.

“Where is Father?” I asked as I stepped out of my room, the sharp click of my heels echoing down the hallway with every

stride.

Serene, who had been following closely behind, quickly caught up and flashed a bright smile. “Miss, the Alpha is having lunch. When I told him you were awake, he said he’d see you later in private, he didn’t want to risk crying in front of everyone. And wow, Miss! You look absolutely stunning, like your old self again!”

A soft smile tugged at my lips at her words, especially the part about my father not wanting to cry in public. He wasn’t exaggerating, he had always been fiercely protective of me.

“Thank you, Serene. Let’s go. It’s been a while since I’ve had a meal with him,” I said, heading toward the dining hall.

Serene trailed behind, a puzzled look on her face.

“But... you just ate with him a few days ago.”

As I neared the dining room, voices drifted up from downstairs, making me pause on the steps.

“Alpha, I swear to the goddess, I have no idea what’s gotten into Nyssa, but I’ve been so worried about her. I don’t care about what happened at the wedding

ceremony, I just want to see her. Please, let me see her. I'm sure she wants to see me too."

My eyes narrowed. I didn't need to look to know exactly who was speaking.

My grip tightened on the stair railing, rage boiling inside me as another voice chimed in.

"Yes, Uncle. Nyssa is my best friend. I know her better than she knows herself. I think you should let Kieran see her. I'm sure she was just nervous that day. You know how Nyssa is- she acts without thinking."

I frowned as my gaze shifted to Kieran and Aria, who were sitting at the table with my father, eating together. My father, seated at the head of the table, had a frown etched across his face as he listened to both Aria and Kieran speak. Aria sat beside him, her smile polite as she carefully placed food on his plate, while Kieran sat next to her. His expression was serious, and the dark bags under his eyes were a clear sign that he hadn't slept in days, making him look haggard and worn.

"I don't know, Aria... Nyssa didn't look too pleased with Kieran that day. I don't think now is the time for him to meet her."

"Look, Uncle. Kieran hasn't even slept in days worrying about Nyssa. I pity him. I think we should at least let him speak with Nyssa so he can understand why she reacted that way that day, don't you think?" Aria added, swinging his arm playfully. My father sighed, clearly uncomfortable with Aria's behavior, but he didn't say anything, likely because of how close I was to her

I couldn't help but take a shaky breath, trying to control my nerves. This was my fault again. My father was the Alpha of the second strongest pack after the Lycan King's pack, and here he was, being disrespected by a girl. Why hadn't I realized this sooner? I had been too blinded by my friendship with Aria to see how disrespectful she was being to him.

"I really don't know, Aria," he said again, removing his grip from her hand. For a brief moment, I saw the anger and disdain flash in Aria's eyes, but it was gone as quickly as it appeared. She opened her mouth again with a smile.

"Uncle-"

"Uncle?" I cut her off and began walking down the stairs as everyone around fixed their gazes on me, eyes widening in surprise especially Kieran, no doubt due to my appearance.

“Princess!” My father whispered out.

“Baby” Kieran stood up from his seat, staring at me in shock, his eyes ranking my body but I ignored him as I fixed my cold gaze on Aria, watching her swallow nervously before standing up with a stiff smile.

“N- Nyssa, you are awake. Thank goddess, we were all worried-”

“Don’t you think it is disrespectful and inappropriate to call an Alpha uncle? Or do you not know who stands before you?” I cut her off with a glare.

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Nyssa pov

The air was thick with silence after my words. No one spoke, no one moved, not for a brief moment. They were too stunned by what I’d just said to react.

Why? Because this was the first time I had ever spoken to Aria that way. The first time I had ever called her out.

I had always seen Aria as my best friend- my sister, even. We grew up together. We were just five when our parents made us meet, and we had been inseparable ever since. I trusted her more than anyone, even more than Serene.

That’s why I had fallen for the man she introduced me to without realizing he was her mate.

To be honest, Aria’s betrayal hurts more than Kieran’s. Because never, in my wildest dreams, did I ever think she would do this to me.

“What?” Aria was the first to find her voice, staring at me in disbelief, blinking as if she hadn’t heard me correctly.

I frowned, taking a slow step forward, closing the distance between us while deliberately ignoring Kieran’s shocked gaze.

I stopped right in front of her, crossing my arms tightly over my chest, my cold eyes locking onto hers with raw hatred. I watched her eyes widen slightly, a flicker of shock crossing her face at the intensity of my expression.

“Do I need to repeat myself?” I asked, tilting my head slightly to the side. “I said you’re being disrespectful to the Alpha. Don’t you think it’s a bit rude to call the Alpha ‘uncle’?”

I emphasized the word Alpha, making sure she understood how serious this was. With each word, she took a step back, until her back was pressed against the desk, her eyes fixed on me, no longer daring to look away.

“And not only that,” I continued coldly. “It seems you’re getting far too comfortable with the Alpha. Swinging his arm around like he’s just some ordinary man? Do you have no regard for his image? He is the strongest man in this pack, your leader- not your uncle.”

“Princess...” my father began gently, but Aria cut in, her voice sharp with confusion.

“Nyssa, what do you mean by this-?”

“It’s not Nyssa,” I snapped, glaring at her. “Not to you. Don’t forget your place, it’s Miss Nyssa to you now.”

I stepped closer, letting each word sting. “I am the daughter of the Alpha, and you do not have the right to say my name so casually.”

Aria gasped and immediately straightened, clearly sensing something was wrong.

I had never spoken to her like that before and the shocked stares around us confirmed it.

But this time, Aria snapped out of her daze and reached for my hands, her eyes instantly glossy with unshed tears. She . stepped closer, voice trembling.

“Nyssa, you’re angry, right? You must be upset about something, that’s why you’re saying these things.” Her voice cracked as tears began slipping down her cheeks. “I... I don’t know what I did, but please, don’t be mad at me. If it’s something I said or did- just tell me. You know I hate it when we fight. Even if it wasn’t my fault, I’ll apologize. Just... don’t be upset with me.”

I raised an eyebrow at her pitiful display. It was almost laughable. She was apologizing, yes but the way she trembled, cried, and begged made it seem like I was the one overreacting. Like I was the instigator. Like she was the victim.

And that was her game. Always has been.

I remembered a time, clear as day when she made me feel absolutely horrible for not giving her some of my clothes. Clothes Kieran had said he didn't want me wearing anymore.

Her words back then?

"Why can't you give them to me? You know Kieran doesn't like those on you. Plus, you've gotten leaner, and they'd look weird on you anyway. They fit me better, so don't be stingy-just give them to me."

I had told her no. I'd tried to take the dresses back. And in response, she'd thrown herself to the ground dramatically, right in front of everyone.

When Kieran showed up? She didn't even blink before lying.

She said I pushed her.

I remember that day too well, the way both of them looked at me, like I was the villain. Like I had done something wrong. They made me feel so guilty that in the end, I handed her the dress anyway.

And standing here now, I could already guess what was coming next. If I had to bet my life on it, I knew exactly what would happen.

Kieran would take her side.

Again.

"Nyssa, why are you acting this way?" My hand was grabbed and I was turned to face Kieran, his eyes staring into mine with clear disapproval.

"Why are you angry with Aria? What is this behavior? And most of all..."

He paused, his gaze dropping to rank over me from head to toe. The disdain in his eyes was unmistakable.

He clearly disliked how I looked but he didn't comment on it, likely only holding back because my father was present.

"Most of all, why are you treating your friend like this? Are you angry at her over something? Even if you are, this isn't the place to fight. Not in front of the Alpha," he reprimanded.

I tilted my head slightly, the corner of my lips slowly curling into a smirk at his words.

“I’m not even disappointed,” I murmured under my breath.

Kieran raised a brow, his expression hardening. “What did you just say?”

But before anyone could react, I raised my other hand and in one swift motion, my palm struck his cheek, snapping his head to the side.

His eyes widened in shock, and I heard a sharp gasp behind me, most likely from Aria.

Yanking my hand free from his grip, I glared at him coldly.

“I said, don’t you ever touch me again.”

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Nyssa pov

Kieran looked at me in disbelief, his hands clenching by his sides as his expression shifted from shock to anger.

This wasn’t the first time I’d hit him since my reincarnation. I’d slapped him during the wedding too when he tried to touch me. And honestly, that was the plan moving forward.

Every time he dared to lay a hand on me, I would hit him again and again, with every ounce of strength I had until his face was bruised, swollen, until he finally understood that I didn’t want to be touched by him.

“Nyssa! Why would you-” Aria gasped, the first to speak.

Of course she did. She was worried about her mate.

But I ignored her, stepping closer to Kieran. My eyes narrowed into a glare as I sneered, watching the way his jaw clenched. His eyes flashed a dangerous shade of red, the color of his werewolf fighting for control, probably ready to tear me apart.

But I didn’t care. He didn’t scare me.

“This will be the last time I tell you not to touch me. Do you understand?” I spat. “Do not lay your fucking hands on me again. If I have to repeat myself, you won’t like what I’ll do to you.”

He blinked, clearly taken aback by the venom in my voice. His eyes locked onto mine, searching for an explanation, as if he couldn’t believe what he’d just heard. For a moment, he didn’t move. He just stared.

And then when I didn’t speak, he finally opened his mouth.

“Nyssa... why would you- why would you hit me?” he asked, voice low, his expression soft.

The kind of expression he wore would’ve made the old me feel bad, guilty, even. But not this time. This time, I merely scoffed, folding my arms across my chest and tilting my head to the side.

“Didn’t you hear me say I didn’t want you touching me? Or are you deaf?” I snapped. “I hit you because I don’t want your hands on me. Every time you touch me, I’ll keep hitting you. So don’t even think about laying your filthy hands on me again.”

Kieran’s gaze darkened, his confusion laced with growing fury as he stepped closer. His brow furrowed.

“What are you talking about, Nyssa? I don’t understand any of this. Why are you acting like this? Even at the wedding, you were-”

He reached out to touch my arm.

Big mistake.

I raised my hand again, ready to strike him, but this time he was faster. His hand shot out, gripping my wrist tightly and yanking me toward him. His eyes blazed, now fully consumed by his wolf.

“Nyssa!!” he roared, and my gaze narrowed on him. I was about to raise my other hand to slap him again, but in the next second, Kieran’s grip was yanked away from mine.

I blinked and turned, only to find my father standing between us, his back to me as he faced Kieran with a deep frown etched onto his face.

Silence.

No one spoke. The air grew thick, pulsing with a charged intensity that sent a shiver down my spine. I couldn't see Kieran's face, but the way he staggered back slightly told me everything I needed to know.

My father was staring him down with the full force of his Alpha aura pressing down on him.

"What do you think you're doing?" my father hissed, stepping forward as Kieran staggered back in fear.

Almost immediately, my eyes lit up and an idea popped into my head. I stepped aside, positioning myself next to my father with a slight smile, watching as Kieran's eyes widened in panic. He quickly dropped to his knees, head slightly bowed as he scrambled to defend himself.

"A-Alpha, please forgive me. I didn't mean any disrespect. I was just... a little upset with my fiancée," he stammered.

I scoffed at the word fiancée. Did he still think I was going to marry him? What a joke.

"Upset?" my father repeated, his voice booming with fury. "You call that killing intent, upset?"

Killing intent?

My eyes widened even more, and my grin stretched. He was staring at me with killing intent?

"You're such a weird person," the voice in my head sneered. "Are you seriously that happy he was glaring at you like he wanted to kill you? Do you not realize he actually meant it?"

I blinked and responded to it calmly, "Was it really strong?"

There was a pause. "What?"

"The killing intent- was it strong? Was it obvious he wanted to kill me?"

It stayed silent for a brief moment before casually replying, "Eh... you could say that. Father sensed it, so yeah, it was pretty

obvious."

I ignored its use of the word father and bit my bottom lip, trying to hide my smile as I turned my attention back to the scene.

“K-killing intent?” Kieran stammered. “Alpha, I would never... it was a mistake! I would never look at my fiancée like that!”

“Yes, uncle, I mean Alpha,” Aria stepped forward with a sweet smile directed at my father. “You must have been mistaken. I don’t think-”

“Do you want to kill me?” I cut her off, my voice low and steady, but all my attention was on Kieran.

My smile dropped, replaced by a pained expression, my eyes glistening with unshed tears as I stared at him. The room shifted with my mood- instantly, all eyes were on me.

I reached up and wiped an invisible tear from my cheek, my voice breaking slightly.

“Is it true, Kieran? Do you... want to kill me?” I asked again, softer this time.

Kieran’s eyes widened in shock, and he opened his mouth, about to speak but I didn’t give him the chance. I turned slowly to face my father, whose posture stiffened the moment our eyes met. He forced a nervous smile.

“Princess... I didn’t see it clearly, don’t cry-”

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I shook my head, letting out a soft chuckle, then clapped my hands together in mock delight,

“Well, if he wanted to kill me first...” I paused, my smile widening as my eyes gleamed with wicked amusement, “then how about we kill him, Father?”

The room fell dead silent for a second.

And then-

“Whaaattttt?!”

Everyone shouted at once.

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apter 15

Nyssa pov

My father had said no without hesitation, and I could still feel everyone's surprised gazes on me, as if I had just said the most ridiculous thing ever.

Pfft, how was that ridiculous? He wanted to kill me, was it so wrong to want him dead too? But then again, I knew it wasn't that easy to have Kieran killed. Without a solid reason like treason, my father would never act against him or Aria. And I couldn't tell him the truth about the past.

That was why I had decided- I'd use the last resort to get Kieran killed before I die.

If I couldn't kill him before the rejection ceremony, then I would get myself killed and make sure Kieran and Aría took the

blame for it.

"Princess, what is wrong? Are you okay? Why are you angry at Kieran?" Father's voice snapped me out of my thoughts. I shifted my gaze to Kieran, shooting him a cold glare before shaking my head.

"No reason. I just don't like him anymore."

I turned to Aria, pointing at her as well. "I don't like her either."

Aria frowned, but I didn't care.

"I don't want to see them again. Not in this packhouse, not anywhere near me. They seem... suspicious."

Father's brow rose. "But why? Aria is your best friend and Kieran is your fiancé," he said, pausing as he turned to them. His eyes narrowed slightly, and I saw the fear flicker in both Kieran and Aria's expressions. "Or... did they do something bad to you?"

I opened my mouth, desperate to scream yes but the invisible pain from the force that kept me silent about the past still lingered. I forced a shrug.

“I don’t know. They just seem suspicious to me.” I emphasized the word slowly, sus-pi-cious before gesturing at them both. “And for the record, they’re not my best friend or fiancé anymore. I want nothing to do with either of them.”

“But baby, what on earth are you saying-” Kieran stood, but wisely didn’t dare touch me.

I ignored him, turning back to Father with a bright smile.

“I need some fresh air. I’ll go for a run in the woods, it’s been a while.” I whispered the last part and my father frowned before he nodded slowly, turning to Serene.

“Serene,” he called out, and she instantly stiffened, quickly bowing.

“Yes, Alpha.”

“Follow Nyssa and make sure—”

“I want to go alone,” I cut in, reaching for his hands and turning his attention to me. “I just want to be alone for now. I promise, you don’t have to worry about me. I’ll be careful.”

Father narrowed his eyes at my words, but after a moment, he sighed and nodded, giving my hands a gentle squeeze.

“Be careful. You just woke up from a coma, so don’t run around too much,” he said, his tone serious.

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I chuckled softly and nodded, then pulled him into a hug, feeling him stiffen at the unexpected gesture.

A warmth bloomed in my chest as I looked at the man I thought I’d never see again.

I missed him.

“Father,” I whispered, my voice catching ever so slightly.

“Thank you,” I added softly before stepping aside.

I turned to Serene, who wore a worried expression. With a small smile, I mouthed the words, "I'll be back soon."

Serene seemed to understand and nodded hesitantly.

Then, without sparing the two idiots before me a glance, I moved—heels clicking with each step as I walked past them.

"Nyssa..."

"Baby..."

Both Kieran and Aria called out at once, but I didn't pause. I didn't flinch. I didn't even look back.

I stepped outside, letting the cool air wrap around me like a cloak, then reached inward, calling out to the voice in my head.

"Hey, whoever you are. When we get to the woods, we need to talk. Because I don't understand any of this, how on earth do I even have a wolf?"

There was silence for a moment. Then a dark, amused chuckle echoed through my mind.

"And here I thought you were still in denial," she said, her tone laced with dry sarcasm. "Turns out you're not so dumb after all. Just slightly."

I rolled my eyes and then continued down the woods.

I exhaled a sharp breath as I stopped and looked around with a smile, my eyes scanning my surroundings. I closed my eyes and inhaled deeply, the earthy and fresh scents of rich soil, damp moss, and decaying leaves. Those familiar smells had always made me feel at ease.

As I took in the once-familiar place only I knew about, a sense of calm washed over me. Not even Serene knew of this spot. It was my secret hideout, the place I escaped to whenever I wanted to be alone with my thoughts. I discovered it when I was around sixteen, and ever since, it had become my sanctuary.

"You're not the only one who's been here. Remember that stranger you saw once? You were so surprised, you tried to fight him off with a stick. Haha."

The voice in my head mocked, and I instantly rolled my eyes. I clutched the heels I had taken off earlier, holding them in one hand as I made my way to a large rock

and sat down. Placing the heels beside me, I ran my hand through my hair, exhaling softly before speaking.

“Now talk,” I ordered.

The voice scoffed dramatically, followed by a drawn-out yawn before replying,

“Talk about what, exactly? You know I’m your wolf. If I didn’t know better, I’d think you were disappointed. You should be

thrilled, you’re not wolfless anymore.”

I raised a brow, frowning as I echoed the words.

“My wolf? But how is that even possible? In my past life, I didn’t have a wolf.”

“And you didn’t have a mate either,” the voice replied dryly, “yet... here we are.”

My frown deepened at her words, and I couldn’t help but silently agree.

Two things had changed in this lifetime-

I had a wolf.

And I had a mate. The Lycan King.

“It’s three, just so you know. And my name isn’t it. I’m Sheila,” the voice huffed.

“Pfft, you didn’t even ask my name. How rude.”

I blinked, ignoring the sass as I asked, “Three things? What’s the third?”

There was a pause, and I could’ve sworn I heard a sneer before she replied anyway.

“Your hand, dummy. The tattoo on your wrist.”

I froze as it finally dawned on me, when I had reincarnated back into the past, a tattoo had appeared on my

Without thinking twice, I lifted my hand and stared at the spot, but I couldn’t see it.

“W-what? I can’t find it anymore—”

“Focus your sight on it. It’s there. You just need to concentrate,” Sheila cut me off.

I swallowed nervously and narrowed my gaze on my wrist, and then....

Slowly but surely, it appeared.

The dagger tattoo- the very same dagger I had stabbed myself with surfaced on my skin.

hand.

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King

Chapter 16

Nyssa pov

I jerked away from my hand in shock when **I saw** the tattoo. My heart pounded heavily **against** my chest, and for a moment, it felt like an illusion... until I lifted my hand again and **saw** it once more.

The tattoo was really there. The **dagger** tattoo, the same one that had turned me into **dust** was right there on my wrist.

Wait-

I froze, tilting my head in confusion. Serene had run my bath this morning. She had dressed me too. How had she not seen **the** tattoo?

“That’s impossible,” I murmured under my breath. “Serene would’ve definitely said something if she’d seen a strange tattoo on my wrist.”

“That’s because she can’t see **it**, duh. No one else can **except** you. You’re the only one who can,” Sheila said, her voice dripping with sarcasm. I frowned.

“I see, that explains it. But... what does this tattoo mean? It is the dagger, isn’t it? And something strange happened too. That fall with the Lycan King, it happened in my past life, just... differently. Right before I slipped, the memory flashed through my mind. What does that even mean?” I asked everything in a rush.

Sheila let out a long, frustrated sigh.

“You’re seriously asking me? When you should be more concerned about the fact that you now have a wolf and that you can actually shift into one?!”

I blinked, slightly taken aback by her words. She was right. In my past life, having a wolf had been everything I’d ever wanted. After my father’s death, I’d become painfully aware of how cruel the world could be to those without a wolf, like me. Kieran and Aria had made it clear I was weak, unfit to be Luna even though they never said it directly. That was why I’d always longed for a wolf. But now, with only three days left before the rejection ceremony where I was supposed to die, it honestly wasn’t on my mind.

“Eh, yeah. A wolf, that’s pretty cool,” I shrugged, opening my mouth to steer the conversation toward something more important. But Sheila gasped, sounding genuinely hurt.

“You really have no idea what kind of wolf I am, do you? That’s why you’re acting this way. Once you figure it out, you’ll be **so** surprised! You really will be!” she exclaimed.

I raised an eyebrow, scoffing as I shook my head at her dramatics.

“Stop exaggerating. What kind of wolf could possibly surprise me? I’ll probably just shift into a brown wolf,” I said with a laugh, crossing my legs and running a hand through my hair.

Brown wolves were the weakest, barely above omegas, those without wolves at all. I’d never been lucky, nor strong, so if Sheila **wasn’t** exactly what she claimed, I was probably just a black wolf, like my father. Alphas and their descendants had black wolves, the third strongest. The Lycan King had a silver wolf, the strongest wolf in the world and the second strongest wolf, a white wolf, hadn’t been seen in ages.

“Strip your clothes and shift,” Sheila said, her voice tinged with excitement. I stiffened, hearing her tone clearly.

“What?” I asked, confusion evident in my voice.

“Strip your clothes and transform into me. You’ll finally see what kind of wolf you have! I’m sure you’ll be surprised and

start appreciating me more,”

she added smugly.

I stared into the **distance**, **deadpan expression** on my **face**. “No.”

I didn’t **hesitate** before blurting it out, shaking my **head** firmly.

“What?!” **Sheila screamed**, **disbelief** thick in **her voice**.

I shrugged casually, standing up from the rock and dusting off my clothes with a nonchalant air.

“No, you heard me. There’s no need to know what kind of wolf I have. Since I won’t be living much longer, I won’t shift.” My voice was cold, but inside, my heart was pounding with excitement.

If I was being honest, I **was** curious. Really curious and I wanted to **see** what kind of wolf I had, and the feeling **of** shifting. Father had described it **as** being one with your wolf but I knew there was no point. It was just something I could hold onto, and I didn’t want to get attached to anything especially not before the rejection ceremony.

“Coward,” Sheila hissed through her breath.

I froze **as** I was about to slip my heels back on and leave.

“You really are **a** coward, Nyssa. You’ve been given a second chance, and you’re still the same coward you were before. You haven’t even been here long, and already you’re thinking about giving up. I watched you, locked up in that miserable place in your past life. And goddess, I wanted nothing more than to smack you and call you stupid for trusting Kieran and Aria when it was so obvious they were together all along,” Sheila paused for a brief moment, then continued, “Ah, wait. It wasn’t cheating if they were actually mates, right?”

I sneered at her words. I knew what she was doing, trying to provoke a reaction. But after everything I’d been through, watching everyone die, being tricked, used, and trampled on, only to end it all with my own death, it made me calm, collected. I wasn’t the same naive girl anymore.

“And can you imagine? Even Serene knew something was off. Father knew something was wrong too, and they both tried to warn you. But you wouldn’t listen because you were sooo in love—”

“Okay, okay. Fine. I’ll strip and shift, alright? Just stop talking! You’re making me feel more stupid than I already am,” I muttered under my breath, rolling my eyes.

Almost immediately, Sheila stopped, clearing her throat. Her tone shifted to something softer.

“Ahem, alright. You should’ve said so from the beginning.”

“Just tell me how to do this. Let’s get this over with, I’m starving,” I grumbled.

Sheila responded quickly. “Right. Right. It’s simple. Just strip your clothes so they won’t tear when you shift. You don’t want **to** end up naked, right? Once you’re done, just focus on it, think about shifting into your wolf. It’s easy. I could take over if I wanted, but I want you to experience the rush of shifting for the first time.”

A smirk tugged at the corner of my lips as I began to remove my clothes, murmuring, “It’s not like being seen naked is the worst thing that’s happened to me.”

“True” She casually agreed as my dress fell to the ground and I hesitated, not wanting to **go** completely naked out in the woods.

Yes, no one came here except me but still it felt weird.

“Should I take these off this too?” I asked.

མ་དཔག་པོ་ལྟོ་

Chapter 16

“**Of course**, unless. You want it to **be torn** too”

I pouted at her words and **also** began stripping my **underwear**. When **I was done**, I stood **straight** and inhaled **a** deep **breath**, shivering slightly from the **cold** wind against my skin.

“Alright, done. Let’s hurry up and **get this over** with” I closed my **eyes** and **wrapped** my arms around my **breasts**, trying to **do**

what Sheila had said.

Close **your**

eyes and just think. It should be **easy**.

I **had** seen many people shift to their wolves form within seconds **so** this should be **easy**.

A smirk tugged **at** the corner of my lips **as** I began to remove my clothes, murmuring, "It's not like being seen **naked is** the worst thing that's happened to me."

"True" Sheila casually agreed, as my dress fell to the ground. I hesitated, not wanting to be completely exposed out here in the **woods**.

Yes, no one ever came here but me, but **still**, it felt... strange.

"Should I take these off too?" I asked, glancing down at my underwear.

"Of course, unless you want it to tear too."

I pouted at her words and then pulled off my underwear. When I was done, I stood tall, inhaling a deep breath, the cold wind against my bare skin sending a shiver down my spine.

"Alright, done. Let's hurry up and get this over with." I closed my eyes and wrapped my arms around my chest, trying to focus like Sheila had said.

Close your eyes and just think. It should be easy.

I had watched so many people shift into their wolf forms in seconds, so this should be a breeze.

"Think. Think. Think," I whispered to myself, steadying my breath. A slow, warm sensation began to build within me, making me feel at **ease**.

It **was** strange, but **also...** right. Like this was something that was supposed to happen. It felt natural.

"Yes! You're doing it! It's slower this time because it's your first, but you're getting there!" Sheila cheered, and I grinned, focusing even more.

However, **a** scent suddenly wafted through the air, making my heart race involuntarily.

It was familiar.

Woods. Pine. Wild and commanding.

Fuck, I felt drawn to it.

“Uh-huh, you’re not going to like this,” Sheila murmured under her breath, causing me to furrow my brow in confusion. Slowly, I opened my eyes, and the moment I did, I felt all the breath knocked out of me as I stared at a pair of white **eyes**.

Shit. Shit. Shit.

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King

Chapter 17

Darius pov

This was supposed to be a simple run- just something **to clear** my head, a way **to push** everything out of my mind. **That’s why** I’d **given Silas** control, letting him take over in his wolf form while he ran. But not long after, **as** we moved through the woods, I caught that **scent**. **My eyes** snapped open, and **Silas** came to an abrupt halt.

“**Mate,**” he **hissed** the **words**, and I frowned. I wanted to take control **because** I knew how irrational **Silas** could **be** around **that** girl, but the sly wolf anticipated my thoughts. He slammed a force against me, making me **groan** as my **eyes darkened**, my **glare** aimed at nothing but empty **space**.

“You bastard,” I hissed under my breath. The force wasn’t enough to **leave** me injured, but it was strong enough to **weaken** me for **a** while.

Which meant that I couldn’t take over for a while.

“Mate.” He ignored me, repeating the word as if it were some kind of spell. In the blink of an eye, he surged forward, his speed blurring in a flash of light.

Paws struck the dirt, the sound echoing through the air, making the ground tremble slightly as he sprinted, scaring the birds into flight.

“Stop this instant, Silas!” I growled, though I didn’t fight for control. I knew it was useless. He had caught me off guard, and now he held the advantage. And he knew that.

He gave me no response.

I narrowed my eyes, irritation bubbling up. This wasn't like Silas. He was usually obedient, but this was the second time he had disobeyed me, acting out like this. I despised disobedience, even when it came from my own wolf.

"You will heed me, Silas! I am the king, and you are my wolf! You have no right to defy me!" I roared.

Silas immediately froze as a force slammed against him, but I knew it wasn't the force that stopped him. It was something **else**.

"Fuck." His voice echoed through the mindlink, and for a brief moment, I couldn't move. My eyes were glued to the scene in front of me, everything else fading into the background. The trees, the birds, even the ground seemed to vanish, leaving only her.

"Darius, she-" Silas blurted out. "She's... mesmerizing."

My gaze darkened at his choice of words. Mesmerizing. That was the word I had always reserved for her. It was meant for no one **else**.

"**Back** down," I commanded, my voice cold and sharp. Silas shivered at my tone, but before he could respond, the girl before us blinked, her eyes snapping open in confusion.

The moment she locked eyes with me, her breath caught in her throat. Her eyes widened in disbelief, and she took a **step** back.

"**K**-King?" She stammered, probably recognizing me by the silver of my fur.

Before she could retreat further, she stumbled over a stone behind her, gasping as she lost her footing and fell to the ground.

Chapter 17

"Mate!" **Silas growled, and in the blink of an eye, he leaped forward, landing on top of the girl, who lay with her squeezed shut in pain.**

"**Are you okay, mate?**" Silas asked through **the** mindlink, **his voice laced** with concern.

eyes

In the **next** moment, her **eyes snapped** open, and she froze **when** she saw Silas hovering over her. Her mouth parted in **shock**, but no words **escaped**, **she** simply closed it again, her gaze locked on him.

Then, **she screamed**, her eyes snapping shut in fright.

“Oh my goddess! Oh my goodness!” Her body trembled, her voice a mix of panic and disbelief. Her **face** flushed bright red **as** she turned her head to the side, biting her bottom **lip** in an attempt to calm herself.

“Huh?” Silas froze, tilting his head in confusion. “What’s wrong? **Is** she really in that much pain?”

I sighed, fighting the urge to lash out. This **was** getting out of hand. I had a mate I never wanted and a wolf who couldn’t seem to think things through. My frustration was mounting, the familiar indifference I normally wore slipping away, replaced by raw irritation.

“Silas...” I growled, ready to take control, but what he did next made me freeze, my eyes narrowing into a deadly glare.

“Oh! She must **be** shy, that’s it. We must appear more intimidating, larger than normal wolves.” Silas suddenly snapped out of his confusion and, without warning, leaned in to lick her face.

The girl’s eyes shot open in surprise, her gaze locking onto Silas, who grinned at her and wagged his tail happily.

He then spoke through the mindlink.

“Hey, mate! Nice to meet you. Don’t be scared of me; I’m not Darius. I’m his wolf. And, if I’m being honest, you look really beautiful right now.”

Her face flushed deeper, if that was even possible, as she blinked at Silas, her gaze flickering down at herself. Before I could register anything, she quickly brought her hands to her face, mumbling under her breath, “P-please, please get off me, your majesty.” Her voice barely rose above a whisper, but both Silas and I heard it clearly.

Silas frowned in confusion. “I- did I do something wrong-”

Before he could finish his sentence, I exhaled in frustration and sent a forceful wave crashing into him. In an instant, Silas **lost** control, and I took it back.

I slowly opened my eyes and looked down at her, my gaze cold as I took in her appearance. She was naked, alone in the woods. Did she not care that someone might see her? Or...

I tilted my head slightly, frowning. Was she trying to shift? But I'd been told she didn't have a wolf—and I couldn't scent one in her, which made it impossible.

I sighed and shook my head.

It wasn't my concern. Whatever it was, it had nothing to do with me.

"My king-" she whispered again, breathless.

But I stepped **back**, stopping just inches away from her, watching **as** she slowly lowered her hands from her **face**. **Her eyes** trembled as they met mine for a fleeting second before she quickly sat up, covering herself with her arms, her **head** bowed

in shame.

"My king, I-I apologize. I didn't realize you were **here**," she stammered.

2/3

I said nothing at first, simply staring at her in silence. Then, after a brief pause, I took a deep breath and shifted back into my

human form and towered over her, as her eyes widened and she raised her head to meet my gaze.

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King

Chapter 18

Nyssa pov

The Lycan King.

The **wolf** who stood before me **was** none other than the king himself- my mate.

At that moment, I didn't even know what I was feeling. Maybe it **was** the overwhelming urge to crawl into the earth and disappear. Or maybe it

was **the** equally strong desire to drag my wolf out and smack her for making me undress, allowing Darius to **see** me like this.

Honestly, I think it was both.

Either way, I was losing my mind, terrified, humiliated, and barely holding it together.

Oh, and let's not forget embarrassed out of my damn skin. I had just spoken to the king's wolf-Silas and he'd called me beautiful. While I was naked.

"My king, I- I apologize. I didn't realize you were here," I stammered, quickly covering myself with my arms, my body trembling as I fought back the sting of tears.

But before I could say another word, I froze.

My eyes widened as the wolf before me began to shift.

The sickening sounds of bones cracking and reshaping filled the air, and I felt the breath leave my lungs.

Right before me, where the wolf once stood, a man slowly began to emerge.

And those unmistakable silver eyes told me that it was Darius and not Silas anymore.

"Fuck."

The word slipped out before I could stop myself.

Slowly, I lifted my head, my eyes shamelessly trailing over the barely covered man standing before me.

And if I had to describe his body in one word?

'Breathtaking'

Maybe it was the mate bond making him seem more attractive than anyone I'd ever laid eyes on, but his body... gods, his body made my thighs involuntarily clench and a pleasurable shiver crawl, down my spine.

My mind was a complete mess.

I couldn't think properly.

I could only look.

And the worst part?

He wasn't even fully naked. Just standing there in nothing but a pair of briefs that barely **covered** his... **well**, you know.

I bit down on my bottom lip, my gaze shamefully glued to the outline beneath the fabric. My cheeks burned in embarrassment **as a** completely random thought flashed through my head.

Why the hell does he even **have** briefs on? I thought when werewolves changed, their clothes would be torn or was it **because** he **was** the king?

"Haha! You naughty girl. **Just**

a second ago, you **were** regretting being mates with the Lycan King, and now you want already want to see him naked. I don't blame you though, he **is** that hot," Sheila **teased**, her voice smug in my head.

I blinked rapidly, mortified. A shaky breath left my lips **as** shame gripped me.

"Y-you, That's not true-" I began to protest, but before I could finish, **a** cold voice cut me off, freezing me in **place**.

"My eyes are up here."

I gasped, my head snapping up, and sure enough- there he was

Staring at me.

Frowning.

That was when it hit me, I had been blatantly checking him out. And this was the Lycan King we were talking about. The realization made my stomach drop. He could very well pluck my eyes out for such disrespect.

Oh Goddess, what if he got angry? What if he decided to call off the mate bond and perform the rejection ceremony today instead? The thought sent a cold shiver down my spine. It was entirely possible.

That couldn't happen. I wouldn't have enough time to do what I needed to do.

Narrowing my eyes with quiet determination, I took a deep, shaky breath and bowed my head in submission, quickly offering an apology.

“Please forgive me, my king. I didn’t mean any disrespect,” I said, my voice trembling as I shivered slightly from the cold.

For a moment, Darius said nothing. He simply stared at me, his expression unreadable, before stepping back and before I could process what was happening, something soft landed against me.

I looked up to see he had tossed my dress at me. Without a word, he turned away, facing the other direction as if giving me privacy to change.

“I-” I began, unsure of what to say, but he cut me off with a single firm command.

“Change.”

He didn’t have to tell me twice. I quickly stood up, cheeks burning in embarrassment, and snatched my underwear from the rock where I’d left it. I slipped it on and then pulled the dress over my head, all the while silently cursing the absurdity of my current situation.

When I was done, I gripped the hem of my dress, ready to speak but before I

could get a word out, he turned to face me as if he had sensed it. His white hair fell effortlessly across his face, and his piercing eyes swept over me before he asked, without hesitation,

“Do you have a wolf?”

My brows furrowed in surprise at the question, wondering how he had figured it out so quickly.

“You’re standing naked in the middle of the woods. It’s pretty obvious you were trying **to** shift, don’t **you** think?” Sheila

Chapter IS

scoffed in my head.

I blinked. Well... that **was** true.

I parted my lips **to answer** him. There was no **reason** to lie about not having a wolf **except** Sheila’s voice broke through again.

“**Nyssa...** don’t tell him. Let’s keep that a **secret** for now,” she said, her tone serious, catching me off guard.

I thought she would rather want to **tell** him but either way, I obeyed her.

“No, my king. I do not have a wolf,” I said quietly, lowering my head, feeling his assessing gaze linger on me.

But instead of saying anything else, he simply gave a casual nod before reminding me once more,

“In three days, we will have the rejection ceremony. If you do have a wolf, then there’s a high chance you might survive it.”

That was all he said before the sound of bones cracking and reshaping filled the air, and in the blink of an eye, the man before me shifted into a silver wolf and dashed off into the woods without a backward glance.

The moment he disappeared, my legs gave out, and I let out the breath I hadn’t realized I’d been holding as I collapsed to the ground.

“T–That was the most awkward interaction I’ve ever had... in both this life and the last,” I muttered under my breath, running a hand through my hair. But just as I was beginning to collect myself, my father’s booming voice echoed through the mindlink.

“Nyssa. Return. Now.”

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King

Chapter 19

Nyssa pov

It **was** already night when I arrived at the packhouse, and the moment I stepped in, I found my **father** **pacing back** and forth, his hand on his chin, lips drawn into a **deep** frown, and his eyes dangerously narrowed. A strong, tense **aura radiated off** him, making me pause mid-**step**.

My father **was** usually a calm and collected man, someone who rarely lost his temper or **reacted** strongly **to** anything. So, seeing him like this genuinely caught me off guard.

Did something happen?

I turned toward Serene, who stood behind my father, and mouthed the words. “What’s wrong?” Instead of answering, she shook her head, and her gesture seemed to catch my father’s attention. He paused in his pacing, then turned to **face** me, his frown deepening even further.

Huh, what did I do?

“You-” My father began, striding over to me, his hand pointing in my direction, only for him to stop mid-sentence, sigh, and run a frustrated hand through his hair.

“Father, what’s wrong? Is everything okay?” I asked, unease settling in. Had something changed from the past? From what I knew, nothing significant should have happened yet.

“What’s wrong?” he repeated, his voice incredulous as he stared at me in disbelief. “Are you seriously asking me what’s wrong when you’re about to be rejected by the Lycan King in three days? Why didn’t you tell me, princess? Do you have any idea what it means to be rejected, especially by him?”

My eyes widened, and the next second, a rush of relief flooded me. I placed a hand on my chest, trying to calm my rapidly pounding heart.

“Oh, it’s because of that. I thought something bad had happened. You scared me,” I said with a nervous laugh.

But almost immediately, my father’s gaze darkened, and a chill ran down my spine at the intensity of his stare.

Hmmm. I shouldn’t have said that. But I wasn’t joking, what scared me wasn’t the rejection itself; it was the thought that something else from the past might have changed. If that was the case, I had no idea what would happen next. That uncertainty terrified me more than I would ever admit.

“Father, you don’t have to worry. Everything will be fine,” I tried to reassure him, but a shocked scoff escaped his lips, and he took a step back from me.

“**It** seems you don’t understand the gravity of this situation,” he said, his voice tense as he started pacing again. “This is rejection, Nyssa. Rejection is a taboo in the eyes of the goddess, and the consequences are severe. That’s why most people avoid it **because** they could lose their minds or even die from it. Some lose their

connection with their wolves. And you... you don't even have a wolf. Even if you did, do you honestly think you can survive a rejection from the Lycan King?"

I raised a brow at his words but remained silent. I knew he was only speaking the truth and that he was worried about me. Still, it was what it **was**. Darius wanted to reject me, there was nothing I could do about it. I just had to accept it.

"Nyssa," I watched as he walked toward me and held me by the arms, his gaze serious and intense. "This **is** a serious matter. If the king rejects you, then you will really-" He paused, unable to **say** the last word.

"Die? I know," I said, cutting him off with a sad smile. "I know that if he **rejects** me, I'll die. I know the consequences of rejection, but I don't have a choice in this, Father. You know we can't go against the king's decision. If he's made up his mind

to reject me, then I'll **have to accept** it. **There's** no **way** around it."

My father's gaze **darkened** at my words, and I could **tell** he knew I **wasn't** wrong. Even though Darius **had lived in seclusion** for **years**

, unseen by most, no one could deny he **was** the most powerful man **alive**.

Rumors about his strength had been passed down for generations.

Before everything changed, before the death of his mate, before he went rogue and was cursed, Darius had been the strongest Lycan king in history. His power had no equal. It was said he once annihilated hundreds of werewolves on his **own** and the most insane part was, he did it in his human form.

And I wasn't looking forward to letting my father get in bad terms with a man like **that**.

"But **Nyssa-**"

"Father" I said and reached out his hands with a smile. "I am going to be okay, I am going to survive so don't worry. Promise me, you wouldn't do anything that will keep the pack at risk. If you go against the king's order, you know what will happen to our pack, right?" I asked with a serious expression and from his expression I knew he had understood what I **was** saying.

This **was** the same man who hadn't even spared his own pack. If we disobeyed him, there was no telling what he might do to

“You’re still worrying about the pack even at a time like this?” my father frowned, clearly frustrated.

I couldn’t help it, my grin stretched wider.

“The pack is my home. It’s where I grew up, and it belonged to our ancestors. Of course I’ll worry about it.”

And I had promised myself, this time, in this lifetime, I wouldn’t let anything happen to it.

“So don’t worry. Nothing will go wrong. Let’s talk about this tomorrow, I’m pretty tired, Father,” I said, eager to end the conversation.

For a moment, he didn’t say anything. He just stared at me, his expression unreadable, before finally sighing and nodding. Then he leaned in and placed a gentle kiss on my forehead.

“Okay, princess. Go to bed. We’ll talk about this tomorrow. And you’re right—nothing will happen to you. I’ll make sure of it,” he said as he softly stroked my hair.

I opened my mouth to respond, but he seemed to know exactly what I was going to say because he added,

“Don’t worry, princess. I won’t do anything that would harm our pack. Now go get some rest. Goodnight.”

That was all he said before turning and walking out of the packhouse without a backward glance.

I frowned, but deep down, I knew my father was too smart to make any reckless decisions that could endanger the pack.

Now, time to **get** some food and a proper night’s sleep because tomorrow marked the beginning of my plan. And I was going to need all the strength I could get.

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King

Nyssa pov

“No, **please... please**, I can’t die like this. **Just** give me one more day before the rejection ceremony. I don’t **care** what happens afterwards, but I **have** to do something important before you reject me!”

A sharp gasp escaped me as my eyes flew open. I shot up in bed, my hand instinctively clutching my chest. My **breaths came** in short, panicked bursts, sweat dripping down my **face** as my body trembled. I struggled to breathe through my nose, trying **to** calm the panic within me but no matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t shake off the **fear** creeping down my spine.

Were those really just dreams? It all felt too real—**so** real that I could still feel the sting of the rejection from the **dream**. And even though it was milder than what I had actually experienced, it was so exhausting and overwhelming that for a moment, I wanted nothing more than to end it all.

I just wanted to disappear. To die.

I had two dreams, actually. Two dreams that were completely different from each other.

In one, I had finally fulfilled my deepest wish, to have both Kieran and Aria captured and executed for their crimes. And their crime? Being the reason I was dead.

In that first dream, I had carefully laid a trap to make it look like Kieran and Aria were responsible for my death. I killed myself before the rejection ceremony and made sure they were the ones to find my body first. I had staged everything **so** the crime scene pointed directly at them, Kieran’s fingerprints were on the knife I used to stab myself, his ring was clutched tightly in my hand, and Aria’s scarf was left carelessly near where my body lay.

A day before the ceremony, I had called them that I wanted to speak to them to settle things between us but when they arrived to my room, they had seen the brutal scene and just as I thought, they immediately figured that someone was trying to set them up and without hesitation, they wanted to hide the things that pointed to them but it had been too late by then and Serene had walked in to see the scene and when she screamed, everyone had been alerted and they all witnessed everything.

It had been a simple plan, though one small mistake could have ruined everything. If Kieran and Aria hadn’t been the first to get to me, it would have failed. If Serene

had been any later, they would have destroyed the evidence and it would have been all for nothing. But it hadn't failed. Kieran and Aria were punished for their crimes, beheaded by my father. Even though I had died, I felt happy and relieved because it meant everyone else would live.

But then, the second dream came. It started right after the first ended. In the second dream, I wasn't successful in what I had planned. Darius rejected me when the three days were up. I died from the pain in my dream, while Kieran and Aria lived... and there **was** nothing I could do about it.

"Miss!" Serene's scream jolted me from my thoughts, and I jumped, startled.

I watched **as** Serene rushed toward me, her arms wrapping around me as she checked to see if I was okay.

"Miss! What happened? Did you have a nightmare? Goddess, look at you, you're sweating everywhere!" She gasped, reaching for her dress to wipe my forehead. But before she could touch me, I shook my head with a small smile and gently stopped **her**, holding her hand instead.

"I'm fine, don't worry, Serene. It **was** just a nightmare," I whispered softly, wiping the sweat from my forehead with the **sleeve** of my dress. I closed my eyes and relaxed back against the headboard, trying to clear my mind.

"Miss..." She muttered quietly, and I reluctantly pried my eyes open to meet her concerned **gaze**.

"Can I have a glass **of** water?" I asked weakly, my voice barely above a whisper.

Chapter 20

Serene's eyes filled with concern, and she quickly nodded. "Okay, miss. Please wait here, **I'll go get some water,**" **she said. before** rushing **out of the** room. I **watched** her **retreating** figure, frowning, before running a hand **through** my **hair and** leaning forward slightly. **My voice** turned **cold as I** spoke through the mindlink to **Sheila**.

"That dream... it's not just a dream,

right? What does it mean? Were those visions of **the** future? Two dreams- does **that mean two different** outcomes?"

The dreams felt so vivid, so real, as if I were watching a movie, with me as the main character. I could see everything unfold from my own perspective, and the only explanation that made sense to me was that these dreams were visions of the future.

“I’m not sure,” Sheila replied, her tone unusually serious, lacking her usual casualness. “But one thing I’m certain of is that you’re right. This isn’t a normal dream. Your soul...” She paused for a moment before continuing, “Your soul was pulled out of your body for a moment.”

“What?? I was dead?” I blurted out in shock, but Sheila continued without hesitation.

“Well, you could say that. Your body wasn’t breathing during that time, but here’s the shocking part: those dreams felt like they lasted for hours, but in reality, you were only gone for a second. Just a second.”

I shivered at Sheila’s words, but before I could dwell on them, Serene burst back into the room, panting heavily. She clutched a glass of

water in one hand and her chest with the other, struggling to catch her breath. Her mouth opened like she wanted to speak, but she quickly sucked in a breath and shut it.

I stiffened, immediately cutting off the mindlink before reaching out and gently grabbing her hand, guiding her to sit on the bed. I took the glass from her and leaned in, bringing the water to her lips.

Serene shook her head.

“Th-the water is for you-”

“Drink,” I cut her off firmly, holding the glass steady. Her eyes widened in surprise, but she didn’t argue further. She took the glass from my hand and drank everything down.

As soon as she finished drinking, she took a deep breath and clutched her chest dramatically.

“Oh goddess, I almost died! I ran down so fast to get the water, I fell twice! It was so embarrassing- everyone was looking at me, but I was more scared something might happen to you if I was late!”

Serene cried out, her lips drawn into a pout, and I couldn’t help but slowly grin as I looked at her.

She **was** adorable.

I could still remember the shock and sadness in her eyes as she stared at my body and wept. I felt guilty, even if it had just been a dream- a vision.

“And then the water slipped from my hand, and I had to go back again to get more-” she froze mid-sentence, her gaze shifting to my **face** and catching my expression. Her eyes widened in alarm.

“And then, what did you do?” I asked, raising a teasing brow, my grin widening.

Serene inhaled sharply, her face turning bright red in seconds before she bowed her head in submission.

“I-I must **have** forgotten my place for a moment there, miss. **Please** forgive me-”

I scoffed, cutting her off before rolling my **eyes** and placing my hands gently on her shoulders, giving **them** a soft **squeeze**.

“Next time, don’t run like that again. What if you injure yourself? You know your healing isn’t **as fast as others**,” I scolded, my

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tone firm but soft.

And I wasn’t wrong. Even though Serene had a wolf, she was still an omega by rank, and compared to other werewolves, her healing **was** slow, just barely better than someone who was wolfless.

“Yes, miss. I understand,” she mumbled under her breath, lowering her head like a child being gently reprimanded.

I chuckled and leaned in to pat her head. She looked up, meeting my gaze with hesitant eyes.

“Miss.... are you okay? The rejection ceremony, was that why you had a nightmare?” she asked, and my hand froze mid-pat.

My smile cracked ever **so** slightly at her words, but in a blink, it was replaced by something brighter.

“Serene, tomorrow is your birthday, right? Should we go shopping today, just you and I? Let’s spend the whole daytogether.”

