

## Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King #Revival 111 – 120

### Read Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King Revival 111

#### Chapter 111

Nyssa pov

A shaman?

Did he just say we were going to see a shaman?

I stared at him in confusion, but he merely watched me with that same unreadable expression. Even after several seconds of staring, he said nothing, just glanced away and looked out the window like the conversation never happened.

My lips curved into a frown as I glared at him.

This was exactly what I meant about his shitty personality ruining any potential interest I could've had in him. If he weren't such an ass, maybe I'd have actually liked him... considering how ridiculously *good*-looking he was.

I sneered and turned away with a scoff. If he wasn't going to tell me anything, then why mention it in the first place?

Still... one thing was certain: whatever this visit to a shaman meant, it definitely had something to do with Darius's decision not **to** reject me and to bring me here instead.

Whatever it was... I had no choice but to follow him and find out.

As the car glided down the road, silence filled the space between us. Neither of us said a word. The thick glass separating us from Cassian and Drake muffled their conversation, I could hear them talking, but not what they were actually saying.

It didn't take long before the car came to a stop.

I watched as Darius straightened in his seat. Drake opened the door for him, and without sparing me a glance, he stepped out and walked away.

Before I could even gather my thoughts, the door beside me opened and I saw Cassian standing there with a smile, holding out his

hand.

"We've arrived. Let's go, miss," he grinned, his eyes curving into cheerful slits.

I couldn't help but smile back as I reached out and took his hand, letting him help me out of the car.

"Thank you, Cassian. You're such a gentleman, unlike someone I know," I said, taking a light jab at Darius.

Cassian chuckled, rubbing the back of his head with a lopsided grin, as if he knew exactly who I was referring to.

"Let's go, miss. The king has already gone inside."

I nodded and stepped forward as he closed the door behind me.

The moment I looked ahead and saw the small house in front of us, I was taken aback. I hadn't expected it to be so bright and well-kept, especially not when Darius said we were going to see the shaman.

Originally, when I thought of shamans, my mind went to the one we had back at the Emberfang Pack. She was an elderly **woman** who lived alone in a small house deep in the forest, far from civilization. Shamans often believed that distancing themselves from people gave them a stronger connection to the Moon Goddess.

And even though this place was also tucked deep in the woods, the shaman from my pack lived in **an old black house**

**that**

practically screamed creepy and haunted, with cobwebs everywhere, a roof that looked on the verge of collapse, **and walls** that seemed to have survived twice the span of her own generations.

Whenever my father offered to build her a better home, out of respect for her as our pack's shaman and a powerful one **at that**, she always refused, claiming she liked the aesthetic..

Now, standing in front of the small white-painted house surrounded by a beautiful herb garden, the difference couldn't **have** been more striking. It smelled sweet, calming... almost divine. The very air seemed to ease every part of my body.

"Is this the pack's shaman's hocked surprised as I turned to Cassian.

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He nodded. "Yes, it is. This is actually the new pack shaman. She took over last year after her mother, the previous one passed away," he explained, gesturing for me to walk with him.

As I stepped forward, I nodded in understanding, my gaze drifting to the vibrant herbs carefully planted in the garden as we **made** our way to the house.

“She must really be talented. Even if I don’t know much about herbs, these look like they’re hard to grow,” I said offhandedly.

Cassian chuckled and nodded. “You’re right. That kid actually loves growing herbs like this, and honestly, I’m surprised she’s managed to keep them this well despite how lazy she is.”

I raised a brow in confusion at his words. Did he just say... kid?

But before I could ask, we’d reached the door. Cassian opened it, letting me step inside.

And the moment I did, I froze for a second, stunned by how bright and warm it was.

The interior was cozy, inviting. Artwork lined the walls, candles flickered gently on the tables...

But what really caught my attention? Snacks.

Yes—snacks.

Chocolates, gum, cookies, and biscuits were scattered across every hard surface like it was a candy store instead of a shaman’s

house.

What the hell...

As I stood there frozen in place, a voice suddenly called out, snapping me from my daze.

“Oh! The lady is here—let me see her!” a small voice chirped.

My eyes shifted toward the large table at the center of the room where Darius sat, his back facing me.

But what truly left me stunned was the little girl, who couldn’t be older than seven, hopping down from one of the chairs and running toward me with a bright, cheerful smile.

She stopped in front of me, her wide eyes sparkling as they locked on mine.

“Oh! You must be Lady Nyssa, the king’s mate!”

My eyes widened even more as she stretched her tiny hand toward me for a handshake.

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“My name is Dorothy, the Lunaris Dominion shaman.”

My mouth practically hit the floor.

What?! No way, this pack’s shaman was a kid?

## **Chapter 112**

Nyssa pov

A kid?!

The person who planted those herbs was a kid?

My mouth hung open as I stared at the little girl in front of me, her tiny hand stretched *out* for a handshake, while I was still too busy trying to wrap my head around the fact that the pack’s shaman was a child who couldn’t have been more than seven... maybe even six.

She was adorable, short and slim, her hair tied up in a high ponytail. And when she smiled up at me, I could clearly see a missing front tooth. Her eyes sparkled with excitement as she waited for me to take her hand.

When I didn’t move right away, still frozen in surprise, Cassian stepped beside me and leaned in slightly, whispering,

“Miss, this is the pack shaman—Dorothy.”

His words snapped me out of my daze, and I quickly reached out with a nervous smile, taking her tiny hand in mine.

“Ah, so you’re the pack’s shaman. It’s nice to meet you! I’m sorry, I was just... surprised,” I said, laughing awkwardly.

Her grin widened as she clasped my hand tightly.

“Nice to meet you too! I’ve been waiting to see the woman the Moon Goddess blessed the king with. You’re really beautiful, my lady!” she beamed.

Her voice was so bright and excited but just as the words left her lips, I heard a soft scoff.

My gaze flicked to Darius. He hadn't turned around once. His legs and arms were crossed, eyes fixed on nothing in particular.

I couldn't stop the sneer that curled on my lips.

Hmph. It's not like I wanted to be his mate, either.

I turned my attention back to Dorothy, only to find her still watching me with wide-eyed awe.

Her gaze clung to me with something close to fascination, and I blinked, caught off guard.

Huh? Why was she staring at me like that... like I was something extraordinary?

"Dorothy, what did I say about staring at people for too long?" Cassian asked, and the girl blinked before shifting her gaze to him, rolling her eyes with a pout but she didn't argue back.

"And what did I also say about eating too many of these snacks? They're not good for you, young lady," he scolded again.

She lifted her chin in defense. "I don't know what you're talking about. And would you stop disturbing me and step out? I'm about to begin the session with the king and his mate, Beta Cassian. You're intruding"

I watched, expecting Cassian to be annoyed by her bold words but instead, he just smiled and reached out to ruffle her head **with a** grin.

"Alright, alright, lil fighter. But I'm getting rid of all these snacks by the time I come back," he teased before **turning to Darius, who**

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had been quiet the entire time. Cassian lowered his head slightly in respect.

"I'll be outside with Drake, my king. Please send me a mind-link if you need me." Darius didn't even glance at him in response.

Cassian simply lifted his head again, turned to me with a small wave, and headed out.

As soon as he stepped out the door, my hand was once again clasped by the little girl. I watched as she bounced excitedly, eyes glued to me with a wide grin.

“Do you really have a white wolf? Are you really the blessed white wolf that hasn’t been seen in so many centuries? Do you?! **Was** my prophecy correct?” she asked, and I couldn’t believe that this was the reason she’d been looking at me like that with **so much** excitement.

What did I tell you, Sheila said at the back of my mind with a smug chuckle. I told you I was special, that you were lucky to have me. But do you appreciate me? Nooo. Meanwhile, this little girl does, hehe. Do you see how excited she is?

Sheila bragged without a hint of shame, and I was this close to scoffing out loud.

“You know, I had a prophecy about you some weeks ago, and I told the king but he didn’t believe me!” Dorothy said, before clearing her throat and puffing out her chest with a proud smile.

“My king, I received a vision last night, and I’m pleased to inform you that the white wolf you’ve been searching for has finally reappeared after years of extinction. The one who bears it is closer than you think.” She suddenly said, puffing her chest out.

My eyes narrowed at her as she jumped higher, practically buzzing with energy.

“I said that! I was the one who told Darius that prophecy. Do you know how many of my ancestors have been trying to find the white wolf for the king? And I did it!”

She pointed to herself proudly, laughing.

“I was the one who found you! I just know Mama would be so proud of me right now!”

As I heard her words, I lifted a brow.

From what she’d just said, her ancestors had been searching for a white wolf for Darius—and she had been the one to finally find

one.

Me.

My eyes widened as I lifted my head to look at Darius. So I was right. The reason he brought me here... it was because I was a white

wolf.

That was also why he’d asked me to shift into my wolf that day.

But... for what purpose?

Why would Darius be searching for a white wolf for so many centuries?

"Why-"I opened my mouth, about to ask.

But before I could, a cold voice cut through the air, making both the girl and me freeze.

"Dorothy, that is enough," Darius said.

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As Dorothy turned to him, I watched her eyes widen in fear. She immediately let go of me and straightened up, her ponytail flying

behind her.

"I-I apologize, my king. Forgive me, I was just excited," she stammered with a nervous smile.

I couldn't help but notice how quickly she had changed... with just four words from Darius.

Darius didn't respond, and Dorothy let out a quiet breath of relief before turning back to me with a bright grin.

"Follow me, my lady. Let's begin the session."

Session? What did she mean by that

Before she could pull me toward where Darius was, I stopped her and blurted out,

"What do you mean by session?"

She turned to me with a confused expression at first, then smiled brightly again.

"In this session, we're going to try and communicate with the Moon Goddess."

Nyssa pov

We were going to communicate with the Moon Goddess.

When Dorothy, the adorable child, first told me that, I thought she was joking. But now, as the three of us, Dorothy, Darius, and I sat around the round table, I wasn't so sure anymore. Especially with how serious Darius looked.

I mean, Dorothy might've been playing around, but Darius? He didn't seem like a man who even knew how to laugh, let alone joke. So I was completely confused by everything that was happening.

How were we supposed to speak to the Goddess, the mother of all werewolves?

From what I knew, even the shaman from my pack couldn't really speak to her. All she ever received were visions or vague dreams, never an actual conversation.

But Dorothy was talking about speaking to her.

I remembered meeting the Goddess after I died. Her presence, her aura, her power, her eyes was etched into my memory.

And while she was powerful, what stood out the most was how soothing she felt.

It was like being wrapped in warmth... like being held by a mother I had never truly known.

And she gave me a second chance, too.

For that, I would be forever grateful.

But in that moment, I froze as a memory suddenly resurfaced.

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

My eyes widened as I recalled the Goddess's words.

Without thinking, I lifted my hand and glanced at the tattoo of the dagger etched on my wrist—the one that was invisible to everyone but me.

That's right. She had said the owner of the dagger was the reason *I* was granted another life.

But she also said it wasn't my father... and that I would meet him in this lifetime.

If it wasn't my father, then who was it?

Had I already met him... or not yet?

Before I could stop myself, my gaze flicked instinctively to Darius, who silently watched as Dorothy began placing items on the table.

Was it him?

Was he the owner of the dagger?

As the thought crossed my mind, I almost let out a snort and quickly looked away.

Yeah, right. What the hell was I even thinking?

Darius? Impossible. That man couldn't stand me.

And besides, we hadn't even met in my past life...

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There was no way he was the reason I was alive again.

Why was I even thinking about that now?

Before I could spiral deeper into that thought, Dorothy's small voice cut through the haze, and I looked up to find her smiling gently at me before she began to speak.

"We're going to try and talk to the Goddess, and ask her how you, as a white wolf, can offer salvation to the Lycan King," she explained.

I tilted my head, frowning in confusion.

Salvation to the Lycan King?

What did she mean by that?

My brows furrowed, but she simply smiled and turned toward Darius, offering him a respectful bow before speaking again.

"My King, I will try to connect with the Moon Goddess and see if she's willing to speak. If she is, you'll be able to get your answers directly from her

Darius gave a small nod, his cold eyes flickering to me for the briefest moment before shifting back to Dorothy.

Hm. Alright, this was actually getting more confusing by the second.

Why wouldn't anyone just tell me what was going on?

Dorothy finally took her gaze off Darius and reached for the items laid out before her. I watched as her small fingers glided over each one, her eyes fluttering shut as she touched them.

There were only three items on the table: a scented candle releasing a soothing fragrance, a single incense stick, and a pendant shaped like a crescent moon.

My eyes flickered to the pendant, and I instantly recognized what it was.

The Moon Pendant, carved from stone believed to hold the power of the moon itself. I'd seen one before, in the house of my pack's shaman.

It was said that shamans who kept it close had a higher chance of receiving visions from the Goddess.

"I will begin now," Dorothy murmured under her breath, reaching for the incense stick. I watched as she brought it to the candle's flame, lighting it before holding it close to her chest, eyes fluttering shut.

"Please be as quiet as possible," she said, her voice suddenly serious. "Even a single distraction could break my connection to the Goddess."

Then, she began to chant softly.

"Oh holy Goddess, mother of all werewolves... Your humble servant comes before you today to ask that you enter our midst and speak **with us**. **We ask** that you answer our questions with the humblest of hearts."

I narrowed my eyes at her, watching carefully, then glanced over at Darius.

He was watching too but with a faint frown on his face, his posture tense and straight.

"Please... please come into our midst and answer us," Dorothy whispered, brows drawn together in concentration.

And I wasn't sure if I was imagining it, but the room suddenly felt colder. An intense, creeping sensation shot through my body, **making my breath hitch**.

But that wasn't even the most shocking part...

"The Lycan King wishes to ask you a question, Moon Goddess. Please have favor on us and come into our **midst**,

”

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As soon as she said that, blue mist began to swirl around us, appearing out of nowhere and twirling in the air.

All the lights in the house started flickering

and off like we were suddenly trapped in some horror movie.

“What the hell...” I breathed out, eyes wide in shock.

Darius shot me a sharp glare, silently telling me to shut up but I rolled my eyes at him.

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Was he serious? I didn’t even know what was happening right now. Why the hell did this feel like we were summoning a ghost?

Were they really about to summon the Moon Goddess?

I’d never seen or even heard of anyone doing that. I didn’t think it was even possible. And what if it wasn’t her? What if it really was a ghost?

And before anyone called me crazy, I believed in ghosts. I was technically one. I had died. My soul had gone back in time. And even though I was in my body again, I wasn’t exactly... alive.

What the hell was I even thinking about right now?

As I stared at Dorothy, who continued chanting while the mist grew thicker, I debated whether I should bolt the hell out of there. But I couldn’t move.

Fear rooted me in place.

Especially when Dorothy suddenly stopped chanting then jerked back sharply, as though some unseen force had slammed into her.

I stared, frozen in both confusion and fear, as her eyes suddenly snapped open and I gasped.

Her eyes... they were white. A blinding, terrifying shade of white. Similar to Darius's, but even brighter.

And I recognized those eyes. I'd seen them before.

Dorothy inhaled deeply and tilted her head to the side.

Her entire demeanor shifted.

Her gaze flicked to Darius, who was now watching her with a look I'd never seen on him before.

It wasn't just a glare. It was deadly. Cold. Dangerous.

His usual irritation with me was nothing compared to the raw killing intent in his eyes right now.

But despite that, Dorothy. No... the Moon Goddess—only grinned wider.

Then she chuckled *softly*.

"Darius, Darius... my favorite son. How have you been?"

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Nyssa pov

It was the Moon Goddess. The mother of all werewolves.

It wasn't Dorothy I was seeing—it was her.

I remembered those eyes all too well.

Why wouldn't I?

They were the same eyes I'd seen after I stabbed myself with the dagger... without hesitation.

The eyes of the Goddess who gave me hope.

Who gave me a second chance.

And now, staring into them again, my heart pounded violently in my chest, loud enough to echo in my ears.

It felt like all the air had been sucked out of my lungs.

It was suffocating.

The pressure in the room was so intense it wrapped around me like a vice.

Even though she was in a human body, Dorothy's aura had completely shifted, replaced in an instant by something immense.

An aura even more overwhelming than the Lycan King's.

And how did I know that?

Well, because the infuriating man had unleashed his aura the moment he saw her.

Whether he meant to or not... who knows.

As I watched the Moon Goddess smile at Darius while he stared at her with nothing but hatred, I groaned, clutching my chest as a sharp pain hit me.

Fuck, what was happening?

I couldn't breathe. My vision was starting to blur.

"Is that how you greet your mother?" the Goddess asked, her smile widening as she tilted her head slightly.

"I assume the last time we met was, what, seven hundred years ago? Or was it eight hundred? No... definitely seven," she added thoughtfully, reaching

up to stroke her chin.

And for a brief moment, I couldn't help but stare at her at Dorothy's body, now moving with the grace and confidence of a deity.

The little girl I'd met just minutes ago was gone... completely replaced by her.

How was that even possible?

"You are not my mother," Darius said flatly.

And even though his voice was devoid of emotion, the hatred lacing his words was unmistakable.

"The woman who gave birth to me died centuries ago. So don't call yourself that."

My eyes widened-

First, because of what he said.

Second, because he actually spoke.

Darius never reacted to

anyone. He said what he wanted, then shut everyone else out like they didn't matter.

But this time... he shot back.

At the Moon Goddess.

She raised a brow at his words, amused, not angry.

And as I panted, still trying to breathe through the crushing pressure in the room, I watched her chuckle softly.

"Well, aren't you adorable, Darius," she said, dropping the incense casually onto the table.

Her voice was calm, almost like she was speaking to a stubborn child.

"I am still your mother. I am the mother of the woman who gave birth to you... and the one before her... and the one before that. I am the mother of every werewolf, breathing or dead and that includes you, Lycan King."

She smirked at him, smug, and I watched as Darius's jaw ticked. It was obvious he was barely holding back his anger.

To be honest, as I watched the scene unfold, I wasn't sure if I was in more pain or more shock.

Either way, if I didn't get out of here soon, then this so-called life the Moon Goddess had given me... I would really die.

The pressure from both the Goddess and the Lycan King was crushing, overwhelming me from all sides.

"I have to get out of here..." I whispered, breathless.

But before I could even stand, the Goddess's gaze flickered to me, sharp and piercing.

So sharp I almost choked on the last breath I had left.

As she looked at me, the world seemed to freeze.

My breathing grew rapid, panic rising in my chest.

Those eyes—so familiar.

But then, in a blink, the Moon Goddess smiled softly.

And just like that, the pain that had wrapped around my body began to fade.

A warm, fluttering sensation spread through me.

“My child,” I heard her murmur, her eyes curving into soft slits.

I didn’t know why... but the urge to fall to my knees and worship her overwhelmed me.

Before I could think twice, I stood up from my seat and dropped to my knees, head bowed in respect.

“G—Greetings to the Moon Goddess,” I stammered, body trembling and I wasn’t sure if it was from fear or the weight of Darius’s **aura**.

I could feel the Goddess’s gaze on me.

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And somehow, I knew she was smiling down at me with kindness.

Then she spoke.

“Didn’t you just find your mate? Who also happens to be a white wolf?” she said, her tone calm before turning her frown on Bariss.

“Yet here you are... planning to end her life right now?”

Her eyes narrowed slightly.

“You’re releasing too much of your aura, child.”

She scolded, her voice firm and laced with authority, and I watched as Darius frowned,

He didn’t say a word, but the next second, he withdrew his aura.

That seemed to please the Goddess, because she smiled, gave a small nod, and then turned to me.

“Get up, my child. Sit down. It seems I’ve been summoned for something important,” she said gently, a soft smile tugging at her lips.

I bit my bottom lip, heart racing, but eventually rose from the ground.

As I sat back down, the Goddess shifted in her seat, her posture straightening with grace.

She glanced down at Dorothy's body with a soft, almost fond smile, then lifted her gaze to Darius.

"Alright, go on and spill your question. Since I'm already here, I might as well be kind enough to answer, right?" she said to Darius, her lips curling into a teasing grin.

But instead of reacting like I thought he would, Darius simply parted his lips and asked.

"How do I use a white wolf to break the curse?"

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## **Chapter 115**

Darius pov

I had met the Moon Goddess once before. On the day my mate died. On the day I killed everyone in cold blood.

That day, I had been too late to save her. They got to her first and he had won.

Back before everything fell apart, I had been a good Lycan King. One bestowed with power by the very deity now sitting before me, smiling as though she knew exactly what I was thinking.

Before I became king, I was the younger son of my father, the late king, a man who ruled with unwavering responsibility and justice. He was everything a true king should be. Respected. Loved. Honorable.

And back then, my older brother, Dalton, was the one destined to inherit the throne.

He was meant to take over once our father stepped down. That was how it was always meant to be.

I was the younger son. I had no ambition for the throne. All I ever wanted was to support my brother from the sidelines, to protect our kingdom and our people in whatever way I could. Especially after I found my mate, Liana, my entire heart. All I wanted was a peaceful life with her.

All I wanted was to be happy.

But that happiness never came and it was all because of the deity everyone loved.

The Moon Goddess.

I remembered that day as clearly as if it were yesterday, even though many years had passed.

It was the day of the royal coronation, the day my brother would accept the crown and become the Lycan King.

And to ensure that the new king was accepted by the Goddess, the moon pendant would be placed around his neck. A tradition that had existed for centuries.

If the white moon pendant turned black, it meant the Goddess had rejected the one who sought the throne.

But if it stayed white, it meant she had accepted him.

That day, no one was worried that Dalton wouldn't be accepted by the Goddess. No one from our lineage had ever been rejected, so everyone drank and celebrated, waiting for night to fall.

And when it did, when Dalton stood before the altar in the Goddess's temple, what no one ever imagined would happen, did.

Dalton wore the pendant... and it turned black almost immediately, the grisly color shocking everyone.

"It must be a mistake. Yes, a mistake. Let me try another one, i'm sure it won't turn black this time."

That was what Dalton said, his voice strained as everyone stared at him in horror.

That was what Dalton said, his voice strained as everyone stared at him in horror.

But that day, no matter how many pendants were brought to him, each one turned black.

The Goddess did not accept him as the next Lycan King.

And while everyone was still trying to comprehend what was happening, the shaman finally spoke.

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“Forgive my disrespect, Lycan King, but if I may, could your younger son, **Prince** Darius, **try** the pendant? Perhaps the Goddess has not chosen **Prince** Dalton as the next Lycan King, and it would be wise to give it a try.”

I remembered how stunned everyone was by his words. Even though *no* one truly believed the pendant would stay white for **me**

, we all **assumed** something was wrong with the pendants themselves.

But then... everything changed when I wore it.

It didn't turn black.

It shone brightly.

And after **a** consultation with the Goddess, the shaman informed us:

I was the one chosen to be the next Lycan King.

After that, I wasn't sure what happened or how it happened but everything changed.

Every aspect of my life shifted, and suddenly, I was the Lycan King. The well-respected ruler of all werewolves.

And my brother?

He grew distant. He hated me, despised my entire existence.

I couldn't blame him, not then. To be honest, I felt it too... that I had stolen his place, taken the throne meant for him.

But after our parents died, any brotherly bond we once shared was gone, replaced by a cold void.

My hands clenched into fists as I stared at the Goddess.

Still, I never imagined he would go as far as taking away the one thing most precious to me.

My mate.

It was Dalton who manipulated the elders, convinced them that Liana was wolfless and that any children she *bore* me would likely be wolfless too.

They plotted together to get rid of her, claiming it was for my own good—for the good of the kingdom.

If I had arrived earlier... I might have-

“Saved her?” the Moon Goddess finished for me, and I blinked out of my daze to find her watching me with a soft smile, *this* time, with a trace of pity **in**

her gaze.

“You still blame yourself for what happened, don’t you?” she asked gently.

For a moment, I didn’t speak, my eyes fixed on hers.

Beside me, I could feel the she-wolf watching, her expression in confusion.

But I simply released the tension in my grip, leaning back into the seat and tilting my head slightly as I asked again, my voice low,

“The curse. How do I use a white wolf to break it?”

The Goddess raised a brow—and then her smile widened as she turned to look at Nyssa, who quickly lowered her head, unable to hold her **gaze**,

“Oh, the curse. You mean the one I placed on you, isn’t that right?” she asked, resting her chin on her hand.

“The one where you need a white-breed wolf to break the curse of eternal life... to finally die?”

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Nyssa’s head snapped up the moment she heard those words.

She turned to me, her eyes wide with a mixture of shock and disbelief.

What?!” she blurted out, her eyes narrowin

on

But I ignored her, my focus locked on the Godde

1. me.

without hesitation.

“Tell me what do I need to do to break free  
from the curse?”

## **Chapter 116**

Nyssa pov

Did—did I just hear what the goddess said? Did she just say that a white—breed  
werewolf, me, was the one to break the curse she placed on the Lycan

King?

I blinked, staring at Darius in stunned disbelief.

But, like always, the man blatantly ignored me as though I didn't exist, his attention fixed  
solely on the Moon Goddess.

Everyone had heard about the curse the goddess cast on Darius, though no one could  
ever recite it word for word.

All anyone knew was that after the Lycan King's mate died, he went rogue and  
slaughtered everyone involved in her death, even the families of those responsible.

And though he spared the women and children, the goddess had been enraged. As a  
result, she cursed him, to live for eternity, unable to die.

That was what everyone had believed for centuries.

But not this.

Not that there was a way to break the curse-

And that it had to do with a white wolf.

With me.

My heart pounded as everything became clear as day.

Goddess, I had imagined so many scenarios in my head, so many reasons why Darius  
might have wanted me here but this... this wasn't one of them.

But most of all, something felt wrong. Why did the thought of Darius wanting to break  
the curse, to end his life, suddenly hurt me?

It made me deeply sad, for reasons I couldn't understand. My heart ached.

I frowned and placed a hand against my chest, my eyes narrowing in confusion as I tried to comprehend why I was feeling this way.

“Do you *know how* many would want to be in your shoes?” the goddess spoke, and when I shifted my gaze to her, I caught the briefest glance, a knowing smile before she turned back to Darius.

“Many would give anything to live forever like you. They don’t want to die. They want to go on living, enjoying the wealth, the power, just as you do. So why are *you* so desperate to break the curse? You know...” She leaned back against the seat, her voice soft yet edged with amusement. “You should be thanking me for giving *you* eternal life.”

Darius’s expression was stone-cold at her words. He didn’t even look the slightest bit interested in what she was saying. He simply tilted his head slightly and spoke with calm precision.

“Don’t act as though *you* did me a favor,” he said. “This wasn’t a gift, it was punishment. You knew that a life without her would be nothing but torment. You knew I would loathe every second of it... isn’t that right?”

He held the goddess’s gaze, his eyes flashing white, mirroring hers.

“So you cursed me to live forever. To carry the pain and the shame, and to watch everyone I cared for die one after another.”

I inhaled sharply at his words. Even though his gaze showed no emotion, I could hear the barely restrained anger in his voice.

At that moment, I couldn’t help but see the entire situation differently. The Lycan King was right.

## **20:16 Fri, 1 Aug**

Everyone believed he was lucky, that living for eternity meant the Moon Goddess had blessed him, not cursed **him**

. **Because** no matter what happened he couldn’t die. Nothing could kill him. A divine protection always kept him safe.

But they didn’t understand, They didn’t see

dreadful truth.

To live so many years, watching everyone you love wither away and die, over and over, it was a nightmare disguised as a gift.

My hands clenched into fists as I thought about

Now, I understood why Darius was the way he

I couldn't imagine being in his shoes.

1. it.

cold, ruthless, and emotionless.

I couldn't imagine watching everyone, my father, everyone I held dear—die while I kept on living.

“But don't you think you deserve it?” the goddess said, her smile vanishing as her gaze locked on Darius.

“You are the Lycan King, the one I chose instead of your brother. I had so many expectations for you, so many plans for you, son... but you disappointed me. You killed countless people with no regard for their lives. Even those who had nothing to do with your mate's death, you slaughtered them in cold blood with your own hands. Don't you think you deserve this?”

Her voice had turned cold now, and I shivered as an intense, suffocating aura filled the space.

But strangely, it didn't affect me.

“Who asked you to pick me as the Lycan King?” Darius shot back without hesitation, and my eyes widened as I watched him lean forward from his seat, his hands pressing firmly against the table, his gaze locked on the goddess. “Why couldn't you have just chosen him or someone else? Why did you pick me?”

He asked it like he didn't care for the answer, but I could hear the edge in his voice.

The goddess frowned and slammed her hand on the table. And though it was Dorothy's small hand, the table trembled from the sheer force as she glared at him

“That is because you were the most suitable for the role! Why do you think the Moon Pendant is used to test the worth of kings? The pendant searches the soul, to see if it is pure and your brother's wasn't. That is why the pendant corroded, that is why your brother wasn't the rightful heir to the throne.

But you-

She pointed directly at him.

“You were perfect. The perfect heir. Your soul was pure, and you could have been a great ruler. But then you ruined it all when you slaughtered those people.” The goddess’s eyes narrowed at him, her expression sharp with frustration and disgust, and my breathing grew heavy as I watched this unfold,

Never in my life would I have imagined witnessing the goddess in her rage.

“But now,” she continued, *her* voice cold, “your hands are drenched with blood. Your soul is no longer fit for a Lycan King, it has been corrupted.”

I swallowed hard as the atmosphere grew impossibly *tense*,

Shit, shit, shit.

Were the goddess and Darius seriously arguing right now and I was stuck in the middle of **it**?

The goddess looked furious, and the light flickering around us was all the proof I needed.

Silence.

No one spoke for a long, heavy moment.

**20:16 Fri, 1 Aug**

I turned my gaze to Darius, silently praying he would stay quiet, just apologize to the goddess, anything to avoid making it worse,

But the moment I saw his face, I froze.

The air left my lungs.

Darius...

He looked enraged.

This was the first time I had ever seen such an expression on him.

His eyes were narrowed into a deadly glare, his jaw clenched tight, and his eyes glowed an eerie, blinding white as he roared.

“You should never have made me the Lycan King. Because of that... because of you, she was killed!”

**Chapter 117**

Nyssa pov

Sadness.

That was what I saw in his eyes. Despite the anger, despite the rage, it was there, raw and unhidden.

Eyes clouded with pain and heartache as he stared up at the moon goddess.

I knew exactly who he was talking about.

His late mate... the one who had died.

As I stared at Darius, my heart felt like it was about to shatter from the force of its beating.

Before I even realized it, that familiar ache bloomed in my chest, an overwhelming sadness crashing over me. It felt as if I was mourning something too, though I had no idea what.

"Sheila... why does it hurt so much?" I asked, my hand clenching over my chest as I stared at Darius. "Why does it hurt seeing him like this? I don't like him—no... I hate him, I despise him, so why... why is my heart aching like this?"

Sheila didn't respond right away. For a brief moment, there was only silence. Then I heard her soft, uncertain voice.

"I... I don't know," she whispered, and I frowned, watching as Darius's breathing grew faster, his voice trembling with rage.

"Because I was picked as the king... because of that, he got his revenge and plotted with those bastards to take her life. Because of that... I lost my-

He froze, the words dying on his lips. My eyes flicked to his clenched fists, my frown deepening when I saw blood dripping from between his fingers.

He was really hurting.

Before I knew what I was doing, my hand reached out, I almost took hold of his, if not for the goddess's voice snapping me out of my daze. My hand froze

mid-way.

"What happened..." she whispered under her breath, and when I looked at her, I found her eyes fixed on my outstretched hand.

“Was fate”

“Fate?” Darius scoffed at her words, his voice sharp.

She nodded, turning her gaze back to him.

“It was fate that your beloved mate died. It wasn’t entirely because you took the position instead of your brother.”

She met Darius’s gaze head-on, her head tilting slightly

“Even if you hadn’t become the Lycan King, your brother would still see you as a threat because you possess immense power, because you hold the strongest wolf, far stronger than any of your ancestors ever had. Tell me, do you think you would be spared? That your mate would be spared if you had refused the throne? No, Darius. You becoming the Lycan King only delayed that tragedy. And as you know, fate cannot be changed, not by anyone, not even by me. It had to run its course. Every living being’s fate is decided the moment it is born.”

Darius’s eyes narrowed, his frown deepening at her words, but he didn’t say anything. Instead, he lowered his gaze, and I knew, he knew, that there was nothing left to argue.

The goddess was right.,

No one had power over fate.

**20:16 Fri, 1 Aug**

Fate wasn’t an entity or a deity. It was a force, and it always ran its course.

“Darius... I know that you are hurt, but”

Before she could finish, Darius’s expression shifted in the blink of an eye.

The familiar coldness returned, replacing the anger, and I watched as he leaned back into his seat, cutting her off

“That is not the reason I wanted to speak to you. I want to ask... how can she break the curse? What do I have to do?”

I froze as his gaze slid to me, making me swallow hard. I swear, if it wasn’t for the fact that I was currently scared out of my mind, I would have been shocked by how boldly he spoke to the goddess.

Yet, the goddess didn’t seem to mind. She simply ran a hand through her hair and shrugged lazily.

“Why are you asking me that? I do not know,” she said with a smile, and Darius’s eyes immediately darkened.

“What do you mean? You promised to answer my questions,” Darius hissed, but she only chuckled.

“Well, I didn’t say I would answer that specific question, did I?”

As soon as the words left her lips, Darius growled menacingly at her, but she didn’t seem the least bit concerned. She simply stretched with a lazy grace and let out a soft yawn.

“Well, your time is up. I can’t spend too long in a human’s body, so I have to leave now. Whatever answer you seek, in time, you shall figure it out,” she said, smiling warmly at Darius, who only glared coldly at her.

Before I could react, her gaze flicked to me, and she grinned widely before speaking.

“And for you, my child... it seems you are curious about something. But whatever you seek is actually right in front **of** you, if you look closer.”

I lifted a brow in confusion, and for the briefest moment, I saw her eyes flicker to my wrist. But before I could think too much about it, the swirling mist vanished instantly, the light began to flicker again, and I watched as Dorothy’s body jerked backward.

Almost instinctively, I rushed forward and caught her before she could fall onto the table.

Dorothy groaned softly as I pulled her toward me, her eyelids trembling as she tried to force them open. When she finally did, I found myself staring into her familiar brown eyes.

“Mmm...” she whimpered, her gaze locking on *mine*. Slowly, a weak smile curved her lips, and she murmured under her breath,

“My lady, *did* you speak to the goddess? Did she answer your questions?”

She spoke so weakly that I almost missed it. Instinctively, I turned to Darius, only for the world to freeze when I met his cold, piercing gaze fixed on me.

At that moment, as I stared at him, I couldn’t help but feel it in my bones, everything had just gotten a whole lot more complicated, especially now that knew why Darius had *brought* me to this pack.

## Chapter 118

Nyssa pov

The ride back to the packhouse was quiet. Darius didn't speak or even glance at me the entire time. Not that he usually spoke to me, but this **time** left

different, different from his usual disdain or cold avoidance. I could sense it had to do with something more.

Maybe that was why I couldn't take my eyes off him. Every now and then, I'd catch myself sneaking glances at Darius, my gaze lingering on **him** before I realized what I was doing and quickly looked away before he could catch me.

So when I turned to look at him for the fifth time and saw him staring emotionlessly into the distance, lost in thought, something in my chest **ached**. I frowned, pressing a hand to my heart, fighting the sudden urge to lean in, to somehow make him smile, to wipe away the sadness on his face. **But!** quickly shook myself, forcing my gaze to the window, trying to ignore the pounding of my heart.

He would kill me if I did that.

"What the hell is wrong with me? Why am I suddenly feeling bad for that man?" I whispered under my breath in disbelief.

"This is the same man who spared my life just because I was a white breed, only useful to him for breaking his curse. So why do I feel bad?"

I tilted my head slightly and let out a disbelieving chuckle.

"So what if he's trying to end his life using me? Why should I care? He's lived for centuries already... so why do I care?"

"I don't know if I should find this funny or if I should be worried about you, Nyssa. Are you seriously talking to yourself right now?" Sheila's voice echoed in my head, making me freeze. I frowned at her words before responding through the mindlink.

"I could say the same thing! I don't even know if I should be crying or laughing right now because, what is going on? Did you hear him say I can break **the** curse as a white breed? That I can end the Lycan King's eternity and let him die? I knew something was off when he brought me here, but I never imagined it was because of this!"

I was panicking, my thoughts spiraling. It wasn't just about being the one who could break Darius's curse, it was the weight of how much worse my situation had become.

Kieran was still missing. My pack wasn't safe. And now... if anyone learned I could end Darius's eternity, I knew the attention I'd get would be anything but good.

I bit my bottom lip, lost in thought.

How many people would want to see Darius fall? How many would crave the throne?

Think about it, Darius had ruled for centuries, not just because of his power but because he couldn't die. He was untouchable. Unbeatable. But now...

My hands clenched *into* fists as I instinctively turned to look at Darius, only to find his piercing eyes already fixed on me.

I gasped, my breath catching as my body froze, my own eyes widening in shock.

Oh my goddess.

My body went rigid almost immediately **as** Darius narrowed his gaze on me. It **felt as** if the world had stopped, my breath hitching when his cold, unblinking stare met mine. Tilting his head slightly to the side, his voice low and unreadable, he murmured,

"What do you want to say?"

He leaned back, crossing his arms and legs as though waiting for me to speak, but all I could do was point to myself in **confusion**.

"Me?" I asked stupidly

His eyes narrowed further, his head tilting just slightly.

"Don't you have something to say? Isn't that why you keep staring at me?"

I swallowed hard, my face heating in an instant.

Shit. He'd seen me staring. But what stunned me even more was

that he was actually giving me a chance to speak, he wasn't ignoring me

Something told me this was a once-in-a-lifetime moment. If I didn't take it, I might never get another chance.

Before I could even think to stop myself, the words tumbled out.

"Is it true?! What you asked the moon goddess... is it true that I can break your curse and you're—you're going to..."

My voice faltered on the word die, afraid it would anger him. But his expression didn't shift, not even slightly—as he stared at me in silence for **what felt** like an eternity.

I muttered under my breath, my eyes dropping, unable to meet his gaze.

“Is that why you brought me here... so you can break your curse and die?”

I didn't know why I said that or why my voice carried a hint of sadness when I did but before I could take it back, Darius spoke.-

As I lifted my head, I saw that his gaze had shifted forward again.

“A white wolf,” he began, his tone flat yet steady.

I swallowed nervously, watching him casually reach for the bottle of wine and a glass *from* the wine section in front of him. He popped it open with a smooth, unhurried motion and poured himself a drink. Leaning back against his seat, he took a slow sip, strands of hair falling over his face without a single hint of urgency.

“That,” he continued, “was what the goddess said could break my curse. But as for how to do it, I do not know. I've searched for a white breed for centuries, but I've never been able to find one. It was as though the goddess purposely ensured I'd never be able to break the curse. But **after** so many centuries, I have finally found one.”

His gaze flickered to me, and I swallowed hard when I saw the corner of his lips curl into a humorless smirk.

“And now, she refuses to tell me how to break it.” A low, dark chuckle rumbled from his chest, and before I could react or even comprehend what was happening, he set the glass aside.

In a single, swift *motion*, he was suddenly in front of me, barely inches away. A startled gasp escaped me as he shifted our positions, and in the blink of an eye, I found myself beneath him.

My heart pounded violently against my chest as Darius's smirk deepened, his voice dropping to a low, dangerous hum.

“But even if she doesn't tell me how, I won't let you go, she—wolf. Not until I break the curse”.

## **apter 119**

Nyssa pov

“But even if she doesn't tell me how, I won't let you go, she—wolf. Not until I break the curse.”

My heart pounded violently, my body trembling as I held his gaze, unable to look away, unable to even remember that I was supposed to be breathing. Staring at Darius, it felt as though some invisible force was pulling me closer, urging me to close the distance between us, to feel his touch, to kiss him.

I **knew** it was the mate bond at work, yet I couldn't deny that I was undeniably attracted to the man before me.

White hair, a sculpted face that could rival any beauty I had ever seen and oh, goddess, his eyes. Those piercing eyes **that** seemed to pull me in like a spell every single time. I couldn't look away from them, no matter how hard I tried.

But then Darius's gaze narrowed on mine, and I realized he was speaking. Before I could stop myself, my eyes flickered to his lips, watching them move as they formed words I couldn't even register.

Instead... I swallowed hard, staring at his lips in a daze.

Goddess, why did I want to kiss him so badly right now? What was this urge?

"So, I expect you to behave until then, until I am able to find how-"

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His words cut off the moment I moved. My hand reached for his face, and when my fingertips brushed his cheek, I felt him stiffen beneath my touch. For the briefest second, his gaze flickered to my hand before returning to mine, his eyes flashing a stark white.

Ignoring the rational voice screaming at me to stop, to not be so easily drawn to him, I leaned in.

And then I kissed him.

As soon as our lips touched,

a soft moan escaped **me**, a shiver running down my spine as my hand slid to the back of his neck. I kissed him deeper, expecting that any second now he would push me away, maybe even snap my neck for daring to touch him.

But instead, I gasped when, in the very next moment, his arms suddenly wrapped around my waist, pulling me flush against him as he kissed me back.

My eyes snapped open in shock, but the next second, a shiver tore through me as his hand slipped to the curve of my butt while his other hand tangled in my hair, holding me

still as he kissed me deeper, rougher, stealing every ounce of b had as he leaned us down onto the seat.

I trembled under him, his lips moving against mine, hot, demanding like he couldn't get enough of me, like he wanted me right now...the same way I wanted him.

Fuck, what was I doing?

hu was

Why

my body reacting like this whenever I was with him? Was it just the mate bond? Or... was it something more?

Was it because I craved him?

Either way, I didn't stop. I didn't push him away as he hovered over me, kissing me hungrily as though there was no one else in the world but me.

"Mine," Sheila purred, her voice low and breathless in my head. But I couldn't even think about what she said because the next second, Darius's hand began to wander, hitching my dress higher.

I stiffened as his fingers trailed up my thigh, reaching dangerously close to my panties. My heart nearly stopped, pounding so hard I **swore** he could feel it but for some **reason**, I still kissed him back. I wanted him there. I wanted to feel his fingers on me like last time.

But before he could touch me, Darius suddenly froze. He pulled back slightly, his eyes snapping to the car door. It was only then that I realized the car had stopped, we were back at the packhouse.

My heart sank when I heard footsteps approaching. Cassian and Drake were walking toward the car... about to open the

door.

My breath hitched, and my eyes widened **as**

both **doors** swung **open**, revealing Cassian and Drake on either side. Before! could react, Darius's hand moved swiftly, he yanked my dress down, covering me back up before they could fully see.

But that didn't change the fact that they had seen our compromising position.

Both men froze, their eyes wide as they stared at us in shock. It felt like the world had gone silent. Because I was looking directly at Cassian, I saw his expression clearly, how his initial surprise slowly morphed into something else. An amused smirk crept onto his face, and as his gaze flicked away, I wanted the ground to swallow me whole.

“Ah—we apologize for the intrusion, my king. We didn’t realize you were... ahem... busy,” Cassian said, his voice strained as he tried to stifle a laugh.

“I—I apologize, my king. I didn’t... I didn’t know that...” Drake’s voice came from behind me, trailing off as though he

couldn’t finish his sentence.

Just as I was about to shove Darius away, say screw it and run, his arm around my waist tightened. A startled yelp escaped me as he effortlessly lifted me into his arms and stepped out of the car.

Huhhh?

My eyes widened so much they felt like they’d roll back as I stared at Darius’s cold, unyielding expression. Without so much as glancing at me, he gave an order to Cassian and Drake.

“I am not to be disturbed for the rest of the **day**,” he said, his tone like ice. “Do you understand?”

Both Cassian and Drake lowered their heads at the same time.

“Understood, my king”

And just like **that**, Darius strode toward the packhouse. As we neared, the guards flicked their gazes toward us for only a heartbeat before bowing and greeting Darius.

My face flushed a deep shade of red, and I could only blink at him, too stunned to form words.

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When we entered the packhouse, the maids froze mid-motion. Serena rushed down the staircase **but stopped** short as Darius walked past her. She quickly lowered her head, though I saw her gaze flick to me as they widened in terror

“Where—where are you taking me?” I stammered, my voice shaky.

“To stop whatever bond keeps drawing me to you,” Darius replied, far too calm.

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## Chapter 120

Nyssa pov

As Darius carried me to goddess-knows where, I bit down on my bottom lip, my heart pounding far too fast. My body trembled and whether it was from fear or something else, I wasn't sure. But one thing was certain: whatever was about to happen between Darius and me would change everything.

I watched as he walked, ignoring the maids who bowed and greeted him. His words echoed in my mind once again.

To stop whatever bond that kept drawing me to him...

I wasn't stupid—I knew exactly what he meant. We'd talked about it on the way to his pack, how we'd agreed to be...

intimate, that time, to lessen the strange pull between us. And now...

He **was** going to do it.

I swallowed nervously as Darius stopped in front of a particular door. When I looked at it, my eyes widened. A massive gold

door was before me.

I blinked, staring at it, my brain stuck on one absurd thought: Was that real gold? Because if it was, then... what the hell? Just how wealthy was this man?

My train of thought was interrupted when Darius reached out, pushing open the door. As he stepped inside, I nearly choked on my breath at the sight of the room beyond.

And just when I thought I'd seen it all, when I thought nothing about him could surprise me anymore, I was wrong. Again

How the hell was his room so big? Combine the room I'd been given twice over, and it still wouldn't equal this.

Expensive paintings that looked like they could each buy a small pack lined the walls. Golden sculptures gleamed in the corners, and even the bed's headboard looked like **it** was made of solid gold.

If I had to describe the king's room in three words, it would be: money, money, money.

As Darius stood there, I noticed his eye twitch slightly, almost as if he was seeing this room for the first time. Given his personality, I wouldn't even be surprised if that was true.

The atmosphere fell in a strange, heavy silence. Only the ticking of a golden clock filled the room. No one spoke, not for a long, tense moment until I finally voiced the question that had been burning at the tip of my tongue.

"Hm... Forgive me for asking, but is this your room, my king?" I asked softly.

Darius didn't respond right away. When he did, his voice was quiet, almost cold.

"One of them," he murmured.

I nodded, though I had no idea what to say or even think.

Ah... one of his rooms. No wonder he looked surprised at its appearance. If I had to guess, I'd bet he'd never even set **foot** in this one recently.

see...I

Before I could finish, his lips crashed against mine. I gasped, startled, and that was all he needed, his tongue slid into my mouth before I could even think, before I could even blink.

My body went stiff as Darius's hands on my waist tightened, and then, with effortless strength, he lifted me so that i was facing him, my legs instinctively wrapping around his waist.

He didn't slow down, not even for a second. His kiss grew deeper, rougher, as though he couldn't get enough of me, his hand sliding to the back of my head and holding me in place. A helpless moan slipped from my lips.

Fuck. What was happening?

Why were my hands **slowly** wrapping around his shoulders? Why was I pulling him closer? Why—why was the ache between my legs so unbearable, like I wanted him to touch me there?

Goddess.

"Nnngh," I whimpered, breathless, as he began to walk. Before I knew it, he had me pressed against the wall, one hand gripping my lower butt, the other trailing up the curve of my neck as he kissed me harder, leaving me breathless and aching

“Fuck,” I moaned as he tore his lips from mine, only to trail them down to my neck. I bit my swollen bottom lip, my face flushed, as I felt him kissing my skin, slow, deliberate sending shivers down my spine and making me arch against him. My breath caught when I felt his hard length pressing against my heat.

“M—my king...” I whispered, my body trembling as his lips traveled lower, brushing against my shoulder, each kiss feeling like he was worshiping every inch of me.

“This ache... **Darius** murmured, his voice a low growl, as he ground his bulge against me, forcing a desperate whimper. from my throat as my eyes fluttered shut and my head tilted back.

“I want it to stop,” he continued under his breath “And even if it means sharing my bed with you, she—wolf... I’ll do it, so long as it stops.”

“Oh goddess...” The words spilled from my mouth in a breathless cry as I felt my panties dampen, my pussy throbbing

with need.

Darius leaned back slightly, and as my eyes fluttered open, I caught the sharp glint in his gaze, it sent a shiver racing down my spine. Before I could react, his hand shot out, gripping my chin firmly and tilting my head up to meet his eyes as he murmured under his breath,

“Maybe this time... this time, when I take you, everything will get better. I won’t feel this... pull toward anymore.”

His voice was low, rough, and for a fleeting moment, I swore I heard a crack in it, so faint it was almost inaudible.

Before I could stop myself, my hand rose to his face, my fingers brushing his skin as I leaned closer. My voice fell to a trembling **whisper**.

“Please... take me.”

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