

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King

#Revival 121` - 130

Read Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King Revival 121`

Nyssa pov

Nyssa, stop. Don't do this. Stop before it's too late.

That was what the tiny, reasonable voice in my head kept whispering but I wasn't even sure what too late meant anymore.

Was it already too late, with my legs spread wide and Darius's **face** buried between my thighs, his tongue thrusting in and out of me at a pace that left me dizzy, made my mind go fuzzy?

Was it too late when I was gasping for breath, staring up at the ceiling, my hands fisting the sheets as he devoured me, his thick fingers plunging deep inside me, pulling screams of pure, unrelenting pleasure from my throat?

Was that what it meant to be too late? Because the moment I kissed him in the car earlier, it had already been too late to

turn back and now, I knew I couldn't stop whatever was happening.

No... I didn't want to stop.

"Nnngh, yes...please, just there, please," I moaned in pleasure, my eyes fluttering shut as my hips began to roll on their own, trying to take more of his thick fingers. As Darius moved faster inside me, my mouth parted helplessly, the pleasure overwhelming, leaving me breathless.

My body trembled, my grip on the sheets tightening as his fingers plunged deeper, faster. When he finally pulled his tongue from my pussy, he didn't give me a moment to breathe—he leaned closer, moving toward me, his fingers never slowing

Hard, Relentless.

"You're tight, she-wolf," he growled, his voice thick with barely restrained hunger.

My eyes fluttered open, my face flushed and lips parted, only to find him inches away, his presence stealing the air from my lungs.

"You're clenching my fingers so tight... are **you** a virgin?" he asked and even though he sounded curious, his expression was as cold as ice.

My eyes went wide at his words.

Fuck. He was right. I was a virgin.

In this lifetime, I hadn't slept with Kieran. In my past life, I'd lost my virginity to him on our wedding night, but in this one... I never married Kieran.

Which meant I was still a virgin. Which meant I was going to lose my virginity in this lifetime to the Lycan King

Shit.

"Nnngh!" I gasped as Darius thrust his fingers deeper inside me, my walls clenching tightly around him as he curled them just right, making me arch my back, desperate for more.

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Goddess, it felt so good—so unbearably good that I couldn't help but think, fuck it

Who cared if Darius was going to be the first to have me in this lifetime? It wasn't as if Kieran had ever cherished after I gave myself to him in the past life. And this... this was purely physical, Just lust. Just need.

I shouldn't care about something as trivial as virginity.

I bit my bottom lip, feeling myself teetering closer to the edge as my breathing came out ragged but in the next second, Darius slowed the pace of his fingers. My eyes widened, and when I met those pale, unreadable eyes, he spoke.

"I asked you a question, she—woll. Are you a virgin?"

I swallowed, stilling a whimper as I fought the urge to move against his fingers, desperate to chase that release. My lips parted, and the words tumbled out, breathless.

"Yes—yes, my king. I am a virgin."

I forced the words out, staring at him through half-lidded eyes, and for the briefest moment, I caught a flicker of surprise on his face before his usual stoic mask returned. His fingers moved slow, deliberate, but still hit the deepest parts of me.

He didn't speak right away. The only sounds in the room were the ticking of the clock, the wet slide of his fingers inside me, and my ragged breathing.

And then...

"I see," he hummed, almost nonchalant, though I swore I could hear the lust in his voice. "Then tell me," he continued, low and steady, "do you still want this... want me to be the one who takes you, completely?"

My heart skipped a beat at his words, and as I stared up at him, trembling beneath his touch, I couldn't stop the words that slipped from my lips.

"Yes... my king." I breathed, my voice breaking with need. "Take me, take all of me, and don't stop."

I didn't know how or why I said it, but in that moment, it felt right. It felt as though I had said it before, too many times.

The instant the words left me, Darius's gaze flashed with surprise, but it hardened just as quickly. Before I could react, he picked up the pace, his fingers driving into me hard and rough, stretching me as he hit every spot that made my body

convulse.

"Fuck... fuck... fuck," I cried out, the pleasure overwhelming.

"Oh, my goddess"

to the **curve** of

Before I could even scream the words, Darius closed the distance between us and crushed his lips against mine, swallowing my moans. My eyes fluttered shut as his fingers plunged in and out of me, his other hand s my neck. When his grip tightened, just slightly, my eyes flew open, my body trembling violently as the pleasure peaked.

I gasped, my back arching as my eyes rolled back, and I came hard all over Darius's fingers.

But Darius didn't stop. His fingers kept moving in and out of me, slowing just enough to let me ride out my climax, and as t trembled beneath him, he kissed me harder, a low grunt rumbling from his chest.

By now, all the earlier restraint, all the denial in me, had burned away. All I could feel was the intense pleasure coursing through my body.

I felt Darius pull back, and when I lifted my **head**, I found him standing before me, his gaze locked on my parted thighs. There was no doubt he could see my dripping pussy from where he stood. When his eyes flashed brighter, I knew I was

right.

I swallowed nervously as my gaze instinctively dropped lower, to the massive bulge straining against his pants. The urge to yank them down, to wrap my lips around his dick, became almost unbearable,

When I looked back up, he was staring straight into my eyes and something told me he knew exactly what I was thinking

“Come here, little she–wolf,” he ordered, his voice low and commanding. “Kneel... and take me deep.”

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Chapter 122

Nyssa pov

I was on my knees, my eyes looking up at the man towering over me. My breathing was harsh, lips parted, my face flushed a deep pink as I stared at the hard length straining against Darius’s pants,

Darius’s gaze, though still as emotionless as ever, was darkened, hooded with raw, unrestrained lust as he looked down at me, his face so unnaturally perfect it felt unreal.

When he told me to kneel before him, I hadn’t hesitated for even a second. And now, as I knelt right in front of him, I could feel it, the eagerness to please, the urge to take him deep into my mouth.

Before I realized it, my gaze dropped lower, to the bulge straining against his trousers and I bit my bottom lip, my fingers twitching with the desperate need to pull down his pants, to touch him, to feel him deep inside my mouth.

However, I didn’t move. I was too nervous.

“What are you waiting for?” Darius’s cold voice snapped me out of my daze. My breath hitched, and before I could look up at him, his hand suddenly grabbed the back of my head and pushed me closer to his hard length, forcing me to inhale a sharp breath as my eyes widened in disbelief.

Holy fuck.

“Suck,” he commanded, releasing my head. As I looked up at him, his piercing gaze told me he was waiting, expecting me

to obey.

This time, I tried to steady my nerves and do just that.

“You can do this, Nyssa,” Sheila’s voice echoed in my head, almost giddy with excitement, and I almost rolled my eyes at her as I slowly reached out for Darius’s pants.

“Yes, just pull it down and please him! Oh my goddess, this **is** so hot!!”

My hands trembled as I unzipped his trousers, trying to ignore Sheila’s shrill voice in my mind. When I freed his pants, i was met with the sight of his briefs, the outline of his bulge straining against the fabric.

Goddess, I hadn’t even seen him yet, but I knew this man was going to be big—far bigger than Kieran.

And I wasn’t wrong. The moment I pulled down his briefs, before I could even blink, his cock sprang free and brushed against my lips. I gasped, staring at the thick, throbbing length right in front of me.

My jaw nearly dropped as I gawked at it, because... that was the biggest dick I had ever **seen**. And I **wasn’t** just saying that because Kieran’s **was** the only one I’d ever seen—I wasn’t exaggerating when I said this thing was huge

I swallowed hard, breathless, my **eyes** glued to Darius’s length. In the back of my mind, I could hear Sheila curse, saying exactly what I was thinking.

“It seems strength isn’t the only thing the goddess blessed him with,” Sheila whistled, and for once, I couldn’t help but

mouth? **agree**

. Because how the hell was all of that supposed to fit inside my

Before I could even think, Darius shifted, and I gasped as the tip of his cock brushed against my lips. A shiver shot down my spine, making my head spin as i stared at the veiny length.

“You seem distracted.” Darius’s cold voice cut through the haze. “Want me to help you with thist

My gaze flickered up to him just as his white eyes glowed briefly. Before I could process his words, I heard him multer under his breath.

“Suck, she woll. Don’t make me lose my patience, I’ll shove it down your throat myself if I have to.”

Fuck.

My whole body trembled at his words. Before I could stop myself, I slowly parted my lips. Without breaking eye contact, my breathing quick and shallow, I leaned forward and began to take him in.

The moment my lips wrapped around him, a soft moan slipped from my throat as I tried to take more of him into my

mouth.

Goddess, he felt so good—so hard and big against my tongue, that my pussy throbbed almost painfully, as if begging to be filled instead. My eyes fluttered shut as I felt him pressing to the back of my throat. I hadn't even taken him fully yet, and he was already stretching my mouth,

I could hear Darius's breathing grow heavier, and when I dared to glance up, his jaw was tight, his hand at the back of my head tightening but he didn't push me.

Instead, as I slowly began to move my head, he let me. His thick length slid in and out of my mouth, and I reached **up** with my hand, stroking the part I couldn't take, matching the rhythm of my lips. Even though I was nervous and shy, humiliated, even, I couldn't tear my gaze **away** from him.

Look at me... taking the cock of the man who wanted me dead. The man I wanted to break the bond with. Yet here I was, still moving my head, feeling every vein against my tongue as the wet, sounds of my sucking echoed through the air.

As I took him faster, I tried to **see** if I was doing a good job. But aside from his clenched jaw and those narrowed, burning eyes, I couldn't tell.

In my past life, I'd only gone down on Kieran maybe twice or **thrice**, so I had no idea if I was doing this right. And yet... it felt right. Perfect, even. Having him like this felt like I'd done it a thousand times before, like I knew exactly how to please

him.

Then I heard Darius grunt, and before I realized it, my hand had reached for his balls, stroking them softly, instinctively because somehow, I knew this was what turned him on the most when I sucked him.

I froze. My breath hitched as my eyes widened in shock.

What the hell did I just think?

How would I know that's his favorite spot?

How-

In a blink, I heard Darius curse under his breath as my fingers brushed over him, a deep groan rumbling from his chest.

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Before I could react, his grip on the back of my head tightened and then he shoved himself deep into my throat, forcing me to gag as his entire length filled my mouth.

Fuck.

I whimpered, feeling Darius's dick twitch between my lips, and as I looked up at him, I trembled. The usual empty glint in his eyes, the cold emotionless he always wore was gone.

Now, all I could see was lust.

Raw, unrestrained lust.

He pulled me back, his length sliding from my mouth with a wet pop. Before I could process what was happening, his strong arms wrapped around my waist, lifting me with ease. My legs instinctively wrapped around him, and in the next moment, I was on the bed, my breath ragged as he spread my legs wide.

He positioned himself at my soaked entrance, his voice dropping to a low whisper that sent a shiver down my spine.

"I'm going to feel every inch of you, she-wolf... and you're going to take all of me."

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Holy mother of werewolves.

I thought I was going to die at that moment, that my heart might stop the instant I heard his words. A shaky breath escaped me as I stared at Darius, unable to look away.

That look in his eyes, it wasn't disgust. No, it was pure lust, like he wanted all of me just as desperately as I wanted him right now, just the way I wanted him inside me.

As Darius's gaze flickered to my lips, I realized I had forgotten how to breathe. I felt his hard dick press against me, and before I even knew what I was doing, my back arched slightly. The urge to move closer, to press harder against him, was overwhelming. But I didn't have time to think before I felt his lips on mine.

A soft gasp slipped from me, and Darius seized the opportunity to slid his tongue into my mouth. I shuddered as his hand cupped the curve of my cheek, touching me so lightly it made me ache, while his other hand gripped my thigh, pinning me to the bed and stopping me from moving against him.

A moan tore from my lips as pleasure sparked through me, and I kissed him back. Our lips moved together in perfect sync, as though we had done this countless times before.

A guttural growl rumbled from Darius as his hand slid down to my waist, lifting my hips slightly. In the next second, he pulled away from the kiss, and as our eyes locked, we were both breathing hard, our chests heaving. I inhaled a sharp breath when I felt Darius press his hard length against me, sliding between my slick folds. Without breaking his gaze, he murmured under his breath,

“It’s going to hurt at first, but I’ll try my best to be as gentle as I can.”

Despite **the** coldness in his voice, his words made my chest tighten. Even though I knew the only reason we were doing this was because we couldn’t resist the mate bond between us, the fact that he wanted to be gentle... it made my heart flutter.

And in that moment, I couldn’t stop myself from comparing him to Kieran.

The first time we had sex, the night I lost my virginity, I had cried.

And they weren’t tears of pleasure, but of pain.

On our wedding night, Kieran hadn’t even kissed me. He had simply pinned me to the bed and taken me. He hadn’t given me the chance to adjust to his size, hadn’t cared for my discomfort. He was rough, taking his pleasure while I wept silently beneath him. He mistook my tears for pleasure and, when he was finished, simply kissed my forehead and whispered **goodnight**

, as if nothing had happened.

Yet here was this man—this cruel, feared man, telling me he would be gentle because it was my first!

When I didn’t respond, my eyes locked on **his and** my lips slightly parted, his gaze narrowed.

“Are you scared?” he asked, his brow lifting

with him.

When I still didn’t answer, he frowned and started to pull away, as though to get off me. But before I could think, my hand

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shot **out**, gripping his and stopping him. His confusion deepened as I shook my head with a soft smile, my around his shoulders as I pulled him closer, our lips inches apart.

“No...” I whispered, breathless. “No, my king. I’m not scared. I want you. I’m not scared, so please... fuck me

Darius stared at me in surprise for the briefest moment, but that surprise quickly shifted into something I couldn’t quite **place**. In the next second, he spread my thighs wider, and I bit my bottom lip as he slowly began to push Inside me.

I braced myself for the pain, knowing how harsh the first thrust could be, but as he eased into me, true to his **word**, he was gentle.

But that didn’t mean it wasn’t still so painful.

The next moment, I gasped as he stretched me inch by inch. My eyes squeezed shut, hands instinctively gripping the sheets as a sharp wave of pain shot through me.

Oh Goddess. It hurt—so much.

Just like in the past life. No, more since he was a lot bigger than Kieran.

“Mmm,” I heard Darius growl, my body trembling beneath him but sensing my discomfort, he paused for a moment, deep inside me as he allowed me to adjust to his size.

I whimpered but forced my eyes open and met his gaze before whispering under my breath

“Keep going, please... I’m fine. Just... keep going.”

Darius’ jaw clenched, and without **a** word, he continued to push into me slowly—inch by inch until he was buried completely inside me. Until I felt him so deep, it made me slap a hand over my mouth to stifle the scream threatening to

escape.

Fuck.

This was insane but despite the pain, I took in a deep breath, breathing through my nose as I tried to get past the pain and

relax.

“Breathe,” Darius murmured, voice husky as he stilled inside me, waiting for me to adjust and when I focused my gaze on him, I knew that it was hard for him to restrain himself this way so after a brief moment of pushing through it, the pain began to dull, replaced by a warm, fuzzy sensation building inside me and the urge to feel Darius move became overwhelming.

So my lips parted and even though I didn’t say a word, Darius knew what I wanted to say because before I could take my next breath, he pulled out of me, then slammed back in with a force that made the bed rattle beneath us. I gasped, the tip of his dick brushing my womb, and a pleasure I never thought possible shot through me like wildfire.

“Oh Goddess!” I moaned, lips parting as my head tilted back, lost in the overwhelming sensation as each thrust harder, faster, deeper than the last.

I panted hard, my eyes fixed on him as he moved in and out of me effortlessly

an to move-

He groaned again, and before I could react, his hand shot to my neck. A shiver ran through me as his grip tightened, just

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enough to cut off my breath. He drove into me harder, making my head tilt back, my breasts bouncing with each relended

thrust.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

It felt so good. Why did it feel this good?

Everything felt overwhelming. I could barely think, barely breathe as he used his grip on my neck to pull me closer against

him.

And as he began to move faster, his name spilled out of me.

“Oh goddess. Yes, Darius. Please... right there!” I screamed as the sound of skin slapping against skin echoed through the room. I was practically calling him by his name, but I was too consumed by pleasure to care. As my walls tightened around his dick, I knew I **was** close.

Darius seemed to know this too because he began to move even faster inside me, his thrusts hard and relentless, causing my eyes to roll back from the overwhelming pleasure.

“I—I’m about to—” I whispered, breathless, unable to finish my sentence. But then Darius leaned closer to me, holding my gaze without faltering in his thrusts. Then, in a voice so deep it sent a shiver down my spine, he whispered,

-Cum for me, she wolf.”

The moment the words left his lips, a **wave** of pleasure crashed through me. I gasped, eyes rolling back as my body jerked forward and I **came**, trembling uncontrollably.

I screamed out, my body shaking, but Darius didn’t slow his pace. Instead, he crushed his lips against mine, thrusting ruthlessly, uncaring that I couldn’t kiss him back. I moaned, eyes squeezed shut, just as his groan filled the air, then I felt him twitch deep inside me, followed by a sudden warmth spilling into me, drawing another moan from my lips. My eyes fluttered open as the realization of what was happening came crashing down all at once.

Fuck.

I had just been fucked by the Lycan King... and he came inside me.

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Chapter 124

Nyssa pov

Last night, I wasn’t sure how it was possible, but Darius had continued to fuck me until dawn. We had done it in different positions, and i had screamed, begged, and moaned his name so much that, at some point, I lost my voice. But no matter how exhausted I became, I didn’t want him to stop.

No—I had craved him so much that I wanted him to keep going, and only when my body couldn’t handle the exhaustion anymore did I finally pass out, and that was when he stopped.

Now, as I stared at the ceiling, my body naked, bruised, aching, and trembling slightly, I couldn’t help but process what had just happened.

I had woken up only a minute ago to find the bed empty. Darius wasn’t here, which honestly wasn’t a surprise.

What we had was just a **one**—time thing—away to silence whatever pull kept drawing us together. We'd agreed that maybe if we spent the night, we wouldn't crave each other so much afterward. So yes, you could call it a one—night stand,

something that would never happen again.

But despite that, I knew it would be a night I would never forget. Because for the first time, I finally understood what sex could feel like. I finally knew how intense, how consuming, pleasure could be.

Never in my life had I thought I'd enjoy sex. Before now, I'd always seen it as something mechanical, something done only to get pregnant. A necessity, not enjoyment. I'd never understood why some people were obsessed with it, why they seemed to crave it constantly.

But after last night with Darius, I understood completely, I understood because it felt so damn good.

I lifted my hand to eye level and stared at the faint imprint of Darius's hand on my skin from where he'd gripped me so tightly last night. As the memories of everything we'd done came flooding back, a slow grin spread across my lips. Then, before I could stop it, a soft chuckle escaped me, which quickly turned into loud laughter that echoed through the room.

I kept laughing, running a hand through my tangled hair as I shook my head, mocking myself.

Damn you, Kael

I was pissed. Furious, even. The realization that I had missed out on **so** much in my past life burned like fire inside me.

That bastard.

Not only **had** Kael stolen the girl I once was, but he'd also deprived me of enjoying something as raw and intimate as this. I was sure that after being with me, he'd run off to his mate and give her the kind of pleasure he'd never once given me.

While I stayed home, the proper wife and Luna, he was out there enjoying himself

Damnit!

The thought made my blood boil. It was infuriating.

A humorless chuckle slipped from me as I glared at the ceiling with killing intent.

At that **moment**, I came to a decision. Wherever Karl was, I would find him. And when I did, I would make sure he suffered

before I killed him!

“Fuck you, Kael!” I hissed, holding up my middle finger at nothing in particular,

And of course, **that was** exactly when there **was** a knock on my door.

I snapped my head toward the **sound**, just as the door opened and Serena stepped inside.

“Good morning, my lady—” Her voice trailed off.

She froze mid-step, her eyes wide and fixed on me... or rather, on my raised middle finger.

I blinked at her, but she didn't move. She just stood there, dazed, her gaze slowly dropping—trailing down the length of my naked body.

In a blink, her entire face went bright red. Her jaw practically hit the floor.

However—

“What do you think you're doing just standing there in front of Miss Sandra?” an annoyed voice snapped from behind

Serena.

I lifted a brow, looking past Serena to see one of the maids from last time, the outspoken one I had taught a lesson yesterday. She was glaring at Serena, while Sandra, the head blind attendant, stood blankly behind them, her expression faintly confused.

Serena's eyes widened as she quickly snapped out of her daze. She spun around, blocking the doorway to keep them from stepping further into the room.

“What are you doing?” the maid asked in surprise as Serena blocked their view. Serena shook her head, flustered.

“Y—you can't come in. My lady... my lady...” she stammered, unable to finish her words. I stared at her in confusion before my gaze dropped to my body and then I understood why she seemed so flustered.

I was covered in bruises and bite marks, my body completely exposed. One glance would be enough for anyone to know exactly what had happened last night if they didn't already guess from the moans and screams.

"What are you saying? Can you speak properly? The king asked us to get her ready for breakfast. If we're late and we anger the king, will you take the blame?"

"Stop.

and almost

Sandra's voice cut through the maid's words, I watched as she turned to the maid with a stern expression. Immediately, the maid fell silent, swallowing her words. Then Sandra turned toward Serena, her white, sightless eyes seeming to pierce through her regardless.

"Serena, dear, is something wrong? The king asked us to get the lady ready for breakfast. What happened?" she asked, her voice

low and soothing.

TI

Serena awkwardly rubbed the back of her head, not knowing what to say, and the corner of my lips curved into a false smile, I found her adorable. Despite the ache all over my body, I forced myself to sit up and pulled the blanket around me before speaking, my voice hoarse from screaming all night.

"It's okay, Serena, Let them in," I said, and Serena turned to me.

When her gaze met mine, I grinned widely and shot her a wink, causing her face to redden even more as she quickly looked away and stepped aside to let Sandra and the maid in. I couldn't help but chuckle.

She was so cute. I remembered how flustered she always got whenever she came to wake me after Kael and I had been together.

"Good morning, miss," I heard Sandra's calm voice. When I turned to her, I found her lowering her head respectfully, the other maid trembling slightly under my gaze.

"Morning, Sandra," I greeted with a small yawn, stretching lazily, uncaring when the blanket slipped down a little from my body.

Serena frowned at this and hurried forward to cover me again, while Sandra lifted her head and smiled warmly, her white gaze softening-

“How did you sleep, miss? I’m sorry to bother you this morning, but the king asked me to get you ready for breakfast,” she explained, and I lifted a brow in confusion.

Huh? Why would Darius ask his head attendant to get me ready? I doubted he was being nicer just because we spent the night together... so why?

My question was answered the next moment as Sandra spoke again, as if she could read my thoughts.

“The elders of the pack would like to meet the king’s mate, and you have been asked to join them for breakfast.”

As soon as she said that, I tilted my head slightly, staring at her.

Elders of the pack?

Chapter 125

Nyssa pov

As the maid, whose name I had learned was Isabella styled my hair, her hands skillful yet trembled slightly, I stared at the mirror, lost in thought, barely paying attention to her. I noticed her gaze flicker toward me for a brief moment before she quickly lowered her eyes in lear

I was too preoccupied thinking about the breakfast I was going to have with the elders of the lycan king’s pack. I couldn’t help but frown, absently stroking my chin as I tried to imagine how it was going to be.

It wasn’t that I was scared or nervous about meeting the elders, but I wasn’t sure how I was supposed to act around them.

They wanted to meet the king’s mate, right? But even though I was Darius mate, I wasn’t exactly his mate.

He hadn’t accepted or rejected me. I was simply there, waiting to be used and discarded afterward. So how was I supposed to act with them?

Was I supposed to tell them that I wasn’t really his mate? Or should I just pretend I was and we were all lovey–dovey?

Just as these thoughts filled my mind, my hair was suddenly tugged sharply, and I hissed, snapping out of my daze. My eyes flickered to Isabella, who froze in terror. My eyes widened as she quickly lowered her head, trembling slightly.

"Oh no, be careful," Serena, who stood beside me, said worriedly as she looked at Isabella, who quickly apologized.

*F—forgive me, my lady. It—it was a mistake," she stammered, clearly frightened, and I blinked at her in confusion.

Huh? I knew it was a mistake, but why was she trembling like this? Why was she so scared of me? It wasn't as if I was

terrifying.

I had only released a bit of aura yesterday, so she didn't need to look like I **was** about to kill her.

"It is fine, don't worry—"

"Let me finish styling the lady's hair," Serena cut me off as she reached for the brush in Isabella's hand. I watched as Isabella nodded without hesitation, agreeing with Serena. But before she could hand over the comb, a calm voice interrupted.

We all turned to Sandra, who stood at the doorway with a small smile.

"Please allow Isabella to continue with the Miss hair. She's the most skilled at styling, which is why I brought her with me," Sandra said, her white eyes turning directly toward Serena. I couldn't help but notice, once again, how she seemed to know exactly where everyone stood, even though she was blind.

ranted to argue.

Isabella looked like she was about to cry at Sandra's words, and Serena bit her bottom lip as though Knowing how stubborn she was, I expected her to protest but to my surprise, she simply nodded and uueyed timidly.

"Yes, Miss Sandra," she said, and my eyes widened in surprise. Wow, she agreed so easily? Even I couldn't get her to agree to anything concerning me without a fight, yet she **gave** in to Sandra so quickly.

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My gaze flickered to Sandra, and narrowed my eyes, studying her for a moment.

She looked ordinary, her white eyes giving away nothing, and there wasn't even the faintest hint of aura radiating from her. She looked like a completely normal elderly lady, yet there was no denying the calm, composed air about h beneath that, a subtle but undeniable authority.

As I continued watching her, her eyes flicked to me, making me freeze for a moment. Her smile widened as she lowered her head in a graceful bow, and in the next second, Isabella spoke.

“F—forgive me, Miss, but could you turn around so I can continue?”

“Ah,” I muttered, before nodding my head **and**

turning back to the mirror. Almost immediately, Isabella continued, though this time her touch was much gentler, I took a deep breath as she worked, preparing myself for whatever was coming next.

And soon enough, after only a few minutes, Isabella was done with my hair. When I looked at the reflection in the mirror, couldn’t help but nod in **approval**.

Though my hair wasn’t pinned up because of the bruises and hickeys on my neck, she had styled it beautifully, in a way that made me look effortlessly classy, especially paired with the dark blue dress I was wearing.

I looked good. Sandra was right when she said Isabella was talented.

“Ooo, this is good,” I muttered with a grin, turning to Isabella, who instinctively trembled back a little as I raised my hand to give her a thumbs up.

“Good job,” I praised, and she swallowed nervously before bowing her head again.

“Thank you, Miss,” she murmured, avoiding my gaze.

“You really look beautiful, Miss!” Serena said with a bright smile beside me.

I chuckled at her excitement and lightly touched my face, a slightly smug smile spreading across my lips.

“Right? I look really beautiful. I mean, I’m always beautiful, but today I’m looking absolutely stunning.” I said, smugness dripping from my voice, and Serena nodded eagerly, agreeing with me.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Isabella’s eyelid twitch and Sandra’s smile widen for the briefest moment. Turning back to the mirror for one last glance, I steeled myself for what was to come.

I reminded myself that I didn’t need to worry about anything.

Why was I even overthinking how I should act? It wasn’t like I was here to play the perfect mate in the first place.

I didn't care. I would get through this breakfast without thinking too much.

Yes.

"Miss, it is time. Please follow me," Sandra said from behind me.

My lips slowly curled into a confident smile **as** I nodded and rose from the seat, placing my hands on my hips

"Right, let's go."

Darius pov

"After hundreds of years, I still can't believe we finally had sex! Oh, goddess, it felt so good. Darius, I want her again. I want to be inside her. Do you think she's rested enough? She passed out last night, but she has a wolf so she should be able to take us again, right? Right? Hey, why aren't you answering me?"

As Silas's voice echoed in my head, I ignored him, absentmindedly toying with the coin between my fingers. My thoughts drifted back to last night, the memories replaying vividly, and my frown deepened.

"I'm truly excited to meet the king's mate. The goddess works in mysterious ways, I can't believe she actually granted **the** king a second chance mate when no one has ever had one before," one of the elders, whose name I couldn't recall, exclaimed from across the table.

"I agree with you, Elder Jackson, This is truly remarkable; it shows that the goddess greatly favors the king," another elder chimed in, but I ignored them.

As they all spoke, I tuned them out, my gaze vacant as I thought about that she-wolf.

That girl—I had slept with her. I had spent the night with someone other than my Liana.

For so many years, I hadn't so much as touched a woman. Sure, my betas had, for generations, tried to set me up with someone, because to all of them, my heartache, my sadness over my mate could be cured by another woman.

But it was never the **case**.

To be honest, I knew I'd had many centuries to grieve my mate and to let go of that pain or so everyone said. Even though I pretended not to hear the whispers around me, I still caught every word.

"You'd think that after so many years, he would finally forget his mate, but it seems he can't."

“How could someone love another this way? He’s still hell–bent on his mate who died so many centuries ago.”

“Right? He’s really lucky. The goddess basically gave him eternal life, he could be enjoying his riches and as many women

as he wants.”

That was what they all said behind their carefully crafted smiles. Cruel words laced with honey, evil eyes hiding behind masks of awe and respect.

But what they didn’t know was that, even after so much time had passed, I couldn’t forget. No matter how **hard I tried**, I simply couldn’t.

The memories of that day **were** still fresh in my mind.

Because the moon goddess had made sure I would never forget what happened that day.

She had made sure I remembered every single detail-

From the color of the walls splattered with her **blood**, to how that same blood soaked into her white dress, staining it

1/3

crimson. I remembered **how** pale she looked as she stared at me with trembling lips, whispering **those** words under

breath:

“F–forgive me, my king... forgive me for leaving so soon and taking our unborn child with me. Please do not grieve for ton long. Be happy. That is my dying wish, for you to be happy...”

That was all she managed to say before she drew her last **breath**

, before her eyes closed and never opened again.

Even as she was dying, her last words had been for me. She truly wanted me to be happy.

But how could I be, when I had watched my mate, the only person who kept me sane, die?

I couldn’t.

So I went rogue. Silas went rogue. And we killed.

We took the lives of everyone involved in her death because we couldn't let her go to the afterlife alone. Those people had to follow after her.

And before I could even come to my senses, so much blood had stained my hands.

I found myself standing among the bodies of those I had slain.

The moon goddess made sure I would remember everything from that day.

Even in my dreams, the terror still followed me.

That was my punishment.

But I have lived it long enough.

I wanted the mercy of death, and I would have it.

"Beta Cassian has told everyone that the king When will you mark her as your **Luna**, my king?"

mate is very pretty and kind. He says the king is already smitten with her.

I lifted my gaze at his words, tilting my head slightly as I stared at him. The moment my eyes met his and narrowed, he immediately stiffened, swallowing nervously. But in the next second, Cassian's awkward laughter cut through the tension.

"Haha, when did I say that, Elder Bruce? My king, I never said that, When did I say that?"

I

My gaze shifted to **Cassian**, who sat beside me with his lips tugged into a smile, a guilty glint flickering in his eyes. I merely narrowed my own for a brief moment, then looked away, ignoring him completely.

I already regretted being here. I had only agreed to let these people meet the girl because Cassian had pleaded with me, saying they would keep pestering me if I didn't.

To be honest, I couldn't care less about their curiosity, I could easily ignore them and their questions. I was far older than any of the men before me, and their opinions were nothing to me.

The only reason I still allowed the existence of elders in this pack was because it was an ancient custom, **one** that existed

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long before I became the Lycan King. I had no intention of shattering every tradition. Even though I had killed most of the original elders, those who had played a part in my mate's death, I had appointed others to fill their place.

"Darius..." Silas called out in my head, and even when I didn't respond, he continued

"Do... do you think it's possible to make her our Luna?"

I raised a brow at his words, the coin I had been toying with suddenly stilled between my fingers. My gaze darkened, and almost immediately, the conversations around the table fell silent.

I could feel everyone's eyes on me as I leaned back in my seat, tilting my head slightly

"What did you say?" I asked through the mindlink, my voice cold and sharp.

For a brief moment, there **was** silence. Silas knew I was angry, but like the fool he was, he kept going

"I meannnn, we don't have to mark her or anything, and I'm not saying we won't find a way to break the curse, but at least while she's here, let's give her the title of our Luna. What do you say?"

I didn't respond, so he pushed on.

"I mean, think about it—if she's here without the title of our mate, she'll be bullied. Others will think we don't accept her

"That's because I don't accept her," I cut him off, my tone sharp. He paused for a second before awkwardly clearing his

throat.

"I mean, I know that but..."

Before he could finish, his words trailed off as a familiar scent drifted in from just outside the door.

And then-

"Greetings to the Lycan King, the Beta, and the Elders. Lady Nyssa, the King's mate, has arrived."

As soon as the voice echoed from the other side, the two doors swung open, and the moment the she-wolf stepped inside, I froze. My breath hitched.

A

Comment

Send gift

Nyssa pov

I walked to the dining room with Sandra leading the way, moving with such ease it was as though she had memorized every corner of the packhouse. **She** didn't so much as brush against a wall, her steps straight, her back perfectly upright as

she walked.

Apparently, we were heading to the second dining room. Sandra had said it was more spacious than the one I'd been to before, and the elders were already there, waiting for me.

I knew that the moment I walked in, all eyes would be on me. But I wasn't scared nor
ir was I nervous since I was used to

dealing with the elders of my own pack and standing before large crowds.

What did bother me, though, was how I should act if they treated me as Darius's mate.

It was obvious Darius hadn't told anyone that there was a way to break the curse and that this was the real reason he brought me here, all because I had a white wolf.

Besides, I would **leave** right after fulfilling his request. That was all there was to it.

As I walked, I reached up and rubbed my chin in thought, but at that moment, my stomach growled loudly. I lowered my gaze, pressing a hand to my belly.

I

Ah, I don't **care**

how I act, I just want to eat. Everything that happened last night had completely drained me.

"Miss, we are here," Sandra said, suddenly stopping in front of a large door. I almost walked into her but managed to stop just in time.

I watched as she turned around and stepped aside, extending her hand toward the door with a warm smile.

“The king is waiting for you, miss. Please enter,” she said.

Two guards stood rigidly on either side of the entrance, their gazes fixed forward, their posture sharp and unyielding. I gave Sandra a small nod before turning to face the massive golden doors.

“Alright, let’s do this, I muttered under my breath, lifting my chin and puffing out my chest as I stood tall in front of the

entrance.

Sandra’s smile deepened, and her voice rang out clearly,

“Greetings to the Lycan King, the Beta, and the Elders. Lady Nyssa, the King’s mate, has arrived.”

A moment later, the doors swung open, and almost instantly, every pair of eyes in the room turned to me. But I didn’t look at any of them. There was only one pair of eyes, belonging to one person that I couldn’t tear my gaze from.

Before I could stop myself, my eyes locked on him, and it felt as though the breath had been stolen from my lungs as our

gazes met.

Seated there, dressed in a loose white shirt and trousers, his hair fell messily across his face, and yet he still looked

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effortlessly gorgeous. As I stared at him, the world seemed to fade around us, and everything that had happened yesterday came crashing back like relentless waves. My body heated instinctively, and I swallowed hard as his **eyes**

narrowed in on me.

For a brief moment, we simply stood there, frozen, neither of us moving nor speaking. Just when it felt like the silence would stretch forever, **Cassian’s** cheerful voice broke through, his tone bright and welcoming.

“You’ve finally **arrived**, miss. Come and take a seat, everyone has been waiting for you,” he said with a warm smile, waving

at me.

I blinked out of my daze, nodding my head, and as I turned to take in the room, I noticed the elders' gazes fixed on me→ some filled with awe, others with surprise as they stared.

As my eyes moved across their faces, I saw that there were about twelve or thirteen middle-aged men seated around the table. Taking a deep breath, I straightened my posture, plastered a polite smile on my face, and began walking toward them, the sharp click of my heels echoing with each step.

None of the men spoke as I stopped in front of the table. I lowered my head slightly in greeting, turning my gaze

to Darius.

"Good morning, my king. I humbly offer you my respects," I said with the most polite smile I could muster. I caught the subtle lift of Darius's brow at my words, but before he could say anything or ignore me entirely I turned to the elders, offering them a warm greeting as well.

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Good morning, elders of the Lunaris Dominion Pack. It is an honor to meet you," I said, flashing a bright smile that made my eyes curve into slits.

The elders stared at me, stunned for a brief moment, and I caught a flicker of awe in their eyes until one of them smiled and chuckled.

"Wow, Beta Cassian wasn't lying when he said the king's mate is truly beautiful. Good morning, Miss," one of them said.

"I agree, the king's mate is truly stunning. Hello, Miss, I'm Elder Wang," another elder chimed in, and just like that, compliments began flying my way, causing my cheeks to flush pink.

Oh my, was I really that pretty? I mean, I knew I was, but with all of them suddenly showering me with compliments, I couldn't tell if they genuinely meant it or if it was only because I was the king's mate.

Either **way**, it felt good listening to them appreciate my beauty.

Unlike someone that I knew.

My gaze instinctively flickered to Darius, and the moment our eyes met, my heart stopped for the briefest of moments. There was the usual cold glint in his gaze, yes but this time, it felt sharper, icier, making me swallow hard.

“The king’s mate is truly beautiful—” one of the elders began, but his words abruptly died in his throat as he met my chilling glare.

Then Darius shot

For a split second, I caught the flash of white in Darius’s eyes as he let a sliver of his aura leak out, the air around him tightening with tension.

Just as it felt like the silence was about to explode, Cassian stood up with a nervous laugh and walked over, pulling out the

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seat beside Darius for me.

“Haha, alright, that’s enough. We already know she’s beautiful, elders. Let’s start breakfast, the king is waiting”

“**Ah**, yes, you’re right. Our apologies, my king,” the elders murmured, their tone respectful.

I gave Cassian a soft thank you as I sat down, tucking my dress beneath me. He dipped his head with a quick smile, but as he turned to return to his **seat**, I caught him licking a sly, amused glance at Darius, a smirk tugging at his lips

Darius, however, didn’t spare him or anyone another look. I could’ve sworn I heard him scoff under his breath before he simply straightened in his chair and reached for his utensils as breakfast officially began

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Nyssa pov

Just one bite—that was all Darius ate before setting the spoon back onto the table, with no intention of taking another

His expression remained cool, calm, and collected as he listened to the elders speak, his eyes vacant, fingers idly toying with the coin in his hand. I couldn’t help but think that while his body was here, his mind was somewhere far away.

He didn’t even bother to hide it, his face like stone, yet every time I found myself sneaking a glance at him, I felt both flushed and in awe of how effortlessly attractive he

could be without even trying. When I caught myself staring, I **cursed** under my breath and quickly tore my gaze away, focusing on my food as I tried to eat and answer the elders' questions.

"How do the packs outside look? Do they resemble ours?" one of the elders, the one who looked far older than the rest asked, his tone curious as his eager eyes fixed on me. I smiled, dabbing the corners of my mouth with a handkerchief before answering honestly.

"I wouldn't say the packs outside look like the Lunaris Dominion. The Lunaris Dominion surpasses most packs in terms of appearance and development, but the others are not too far behind, we have our own share of growth as well."

The elder's smile widened, and he nodded, muttering under his breath, "I see, I see, that is good."

I knew their questions came from pure curiosity; there was no malice in their tone. These people had never stepped outside this pack before, **and** no outsider was ever allowed in—well, Zayn was the only exception.

He was the sole outsider permitted into the king's pack, and that was only because of how exceptional his skills were.

And I highly doubted he would sit and chat about the outside with others. That reminded me, I couldn't see him here eating with us, nor Drake either.

I shrugged and picked up my spoon to take another bite of the porridge, but before I could even open my mouth, another elder spoke.

"I heard that your pack is the second strongest after Lunaris Dominion, is it true?" he asked.

At this point, it didn't feel like we were eating breakfast anymore and I hadn't even taken more than two spoons!

Yet, despite my stomach grumbling, I forced a polite smile and nodded my head, but before I could answer, Cassian Interrupted—no, saved me.

"You guys shouldn't disturb the lady. Let her eat," he said, my gaze flickering to him as he chewed on a piece of bacon, holding his fork out toward the elders.

"I know you're excited to meet the king's mate, but it's bad manners to keep making her talk when she wants to eat"

He spoke with such nonchalance, as if he wasn't the least bit worried about offending the elders. But if you thought about it, Cassian's position was far above that of the twelve men seated here. Even though he was younger, he was far more powerful.

The elders who had been speaking to me instantly widened their eyes, as if suddenly realizing that they'd been talking

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without letting me eat. In the blink of an eye, they offered hurried apologies, their smiles apologetically veiled with a polite shake of my head, telling them it was fine but secretly, I shot Cassian a bright smile, which he quickly winked, his chest puffing out ever so slightly.

I turned my attention back to my food, blowing gently on the porridge before lifting the spoon to my lips. But I froze mid-motion, a shiver crawling down my spine as I felt an intense gaze on me. Knowing exactly who it was, my head snapped to the side and sure enough, Darius's eyes were on me, his head tilted slightly as he watched with an almost vacant, unreadable expression.

But after what had happened between us last night, everything felt different. Because as I looked at him now, all I could see was the unrestrained lust that had glinted in his eyes then, and suddenly...

"Come here, little she-wolf. Kneel... and take me deep."

Those sinful words flashed through my mind, and my face heated instantly as I stared at him, nearly choking on my own spit. I could practically hear Sheila's amused snickering at the back of my mind, but before I could react, a cold voice cut sharply through the **space**.

"If I may ask, I heard that you are wolfless. Is it true, Miss?"

I turned toward the owner of the voice and saw that it was an elderly man who had spoken.

He was one of the few who hadn't said a single word since I walked in. With brown hair and a stern gaze, his expression was cold and chilling. Not like Darius's cold gaze—no, Darius's was detached, almost empty, as if he felt nothing at all. But this man... I could feel the malice radiating from him, and with **just**

one glance, I knew he didn't like me.

But that wasn't even what made my breath catch,

No, it was the way Darius's head snapped toward him, his expression turning even colder in an instant.

Huh?

Why did the air suddenly feel so tense?

I glanced around, noticing how everyone's eyes widened in surprise as they all turned toward the elder, though he didn't look at anyone else. His gaze stayed fixed on me, waiting for an answer.

Elder Jackson, the one who had spoken to me more than the others, suddenly jabbed him in the arm and laughed nervously, sneaking a quick glance at Darius.

"Haha, why would you ask that, elder Gregory?" he said, trying to ease the tension.

I shook my hands slightly, signaling that I didn't mind the question.

Honestly, it was just a question. Even though the way he asked it felt a bit... sharp, I didn't mind answering. Besides, I wasn't truly wolfless but I had no intention of revealing that just yet. So I lied.

"No, it's fine, Elder Jackson," I said with a small smile. "Yes, I am wolfless. I've been that **way** since birth."

Gregory raised a brow at my words, and for a split second, I caught the flash of disgust in his eyes as a mocking smirk tugged at his lips. But it vanished as quickly as it came, replaced by a neutral expression as he lowered his head slightly

and muttered under his breath.

And just like that, the matter seemed to drop. He didn't ask any further questions. I thought I could finally take a proper bite of my food when another cold voice cut sharply through the air and this time, it was Darius,

"You," he called out, his tone like ice.

Everyone turned as one to see Darius pointing directly at Gregory. His **eyes** had narrowed, and almost instantly, a wave of his aura surged through the room, but it was clear that it was aimed solely at Gregory because in the next breath, the elder groaned, coughing up blood as his hand clutched at his chest.

The entire room froze, the air thick and heavy with tension as Darius's gaze bore into him. His voice, cold and unyielding, broke through the air.

"Tell me why you want to know if she's wolfless."

Am

That question—I hated it.

It reminded me of the past: the same questions, the same whispers, the same cruel jabs at Liana.

It was just like back then.

Those people had also worn fake smiles, some tinged with hostility, as they **asked** that one question:

“My king, is it true that your mate is wolfless?”

“Can you really **have** a wolfless mate, my king? Having one would mean every one **of** your descendants will be wolfless **and** weak. How about you marry my daughter instead? She has **a** beautiful brown wolf and can bear strong heirs for you.”

“My king, I understand that the mate bond is strong, but your mate is wolfless... please consider the whole kingdom. We

cannot **have** heirs without wolves.”

Back then, I’ll admit, their complaints about my mate annoyed me.

It infuriated me to **see** how eager they were for me to reject her, but I had tried to understand them, tried to see where they were coming from. After all, I was king, and they believed they were thinking of the kingdom.

But even then... I hadn’t realized things were **worse** than I thought.

My mate, Liana, was being bullied.

By the maids, by the people she called friends, and by almost every one of my subjects.

The day I found out was the day I wanted to spend what little free time I had with her. I had walked to her chamber, not realizing she had friends over. But when I got there, I found the maids just outside the room, leaning close to the door, Laughing and whispering among themselves.

“Haha, that’s what I’m saying. How can she be happy about being pregnant when the child is going to be a disgrace?”

One of the maids had snickered.

“Right? Did she really believe that if the child is male, the king will make him the heir?”

That day was nothing short of shocking

Mere maids were speaking like that about my mate—their Luna. But **when** I heard what was being said inside the room, I realized I hadn't protected her enough,

"Liana, dear. You know we're your friends, and we won't lie to you. Do you really have to give birth to this child? You know it's going to be wolfless, and no one will accept it."

"That's right, Liana. Think about how the Lycan King would feel. I think you should... abort the baby. I have a medicine that is painless and very effective."

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That day, when I heard those words, all I felt was rage, intense, burning rage. It was then I made up my **mind to put** an end to every whisper about my mate being wolfless

I punished the maids, her so-called friends, and made a decree that no one was allowed to speak about my mate being wolfless. If they did, they would face punishment from me, whether they were men, women, or children.

I would not allow my mate to be disrespected. But even after all I had done... despite everything, my mate was still killed

for that reason.

Because she was wolfless.

He was wolfless.

So now, hearing that question again dragged that memory to the surface, raw and vivid. I glared at the man whose name I neither knew nor cared to know.

My hands clenched into fists as I released my aura and spoke.

Tell me why you want to **know** if she's wolfless?"

Perhaps I had released too much power, because the man began coughing up blood, his hand clutching his chest as his eyes widened in fear and shock.

The tension in the room thickened. Everyone else remained frozen, holding their breath as if making the slightest sound would draw my gaze to them.

And the girl, she stared at me with a stunned expression.

I tilted my head slightly and spoke again, my voice cool and collected, my eyes fixed on the trembling man who still hadn't

answered.

"I asked you a question, didn't I?" I said, leaning toward the table, my chin resting on my hands as I watched him gasp air, trembling, sweat sliding down his **face** in heavy drops.

for

"Why do you want to know if she is wolfless?" The corner of my lips curled into a slow, humorless smirk as my gaze hardened. "Why? Do you hate that my mate is wolfless? Do you think she's unworthy to bear my heirs because you believe they would turn out wolfless too? Is that it?"

The bastard before me drew in a sharp, pained breath before shaking his head, trying to speak, but the words seemed lodged in his throat, only ragged air escaping him.

"My king..." I heard the girl whisper in surprise beside me, and from the corner of my eye, I caught Cassian sitting on the edge of his **seat**, a deep frown etched on his face. But he knew better than to try to stop me, he only watched.

"M—my king..." the man stammered, his voice strained as he clutched his chest in pain. I simply let my aura flare even stronger, the weight of it pressing down on him, as my voice came out in a venomous hiss, Silas's voice overlapping mine and all I could see was red.

"Is that the reason? Because you believe I should reject my mate? Because you believe she should abort my child? Because you believe the child would be wolfless?"

My voice rose, cold and thunderous, shaking the table hard enough that everything on it rattled, some pieces nearly toppling to the ground.

The man's eyes widened in terror, and in the next second, he fell from his chair, desperately trying to speak, but only coughed as blood spilled from his mouth again, a loud groan tearing out of him as my aura intensified.

I could feel everyone's fear as they watched, but I felt nothing—nothing except the killing intent radiating from me, because at that moment, I had already decided to end the life of the m

before me.

I wasn't going to spare him, nor repeat the mistake I made in the past, because if I had killed those pathetic elders earlier, my mate would still be alive.

In the next instant, I was ready to unleash all my aura and crush him, but before I could, a hand shot out and grabbed mine and for a brief moment, the world stopped. When my gaze flickered to her, I froze as she shook her head and just below her breath, she whispered.

“Don’t”

In an instant, all the killing intent vanished.

E

Nyssa pov

I had no idea what was going on, but something at the back of my mind told me that Darius was going to kill this mans if didn’t stop him and all because he had asked if I was wolfless.

No, it was more than just a question. I wasn’t sure what it was, but I knew it went deeper than that, something more, and that was what seemed to trigger Darius.

My heart pounded fast and heavy as I watched him. Despite the emotionless expression etched on his face, it was clear he was angry, and this was the second time I had seen him like this, the first being yesterday with the moon goddess. And though it wasn’t as bad as with the goddess, I could still feel the killing intent radiating from him, making me swallow

hard.

When Darius roared, I instinctively turned to Cassian, hoping he would step in, but Cassian merely sat there and watched, with no intention of interfering.

His expression was cold, lips curved into a slight frown, and as he turned his gaze to the elder, his head tilted just slightly, his eyes blank and emotionless.

I blinked at him in surprise, then turned to look at the other elders who were staring at Darius with fear, their eyes darting between him and Gregory, who was writhing on the ground, From their expressions, I knew none of them had any intention of interfering.

So when Darius’s aura intensified, a shiver ran down my spine as a single thought flashed through my mind.

“Darius is going to end his life if I don’t stop him.”

Before my mind could fully process what I was doing before Darius could unleash the full force of his aura, I moved. In the blink of an eye, I reached out and grabbed his hand, stopping him in place.

Almost instantly, the crushing aura he was about to release vanished, dissipating like smoke, and he froze. His gaze snapped to me, and a single word slipped from my lips—soft, almost like a spell as I shook my head at him and murmured.

My eyes locked on his, and just like that, I couldn't look away. It felt as though the whole world had stilled around us.

As Darius stared at me with that chilling coldness, my lips moved again, and words I didn't even fully understand slipped

out in a breathless whisper.

"Don't cause harm to anyone because of me... please, Darius," I murmured, my hand tightening around his

Almost instantly, I saw his narrowed eyes widen in surprise, as if my words were so unexpected, so impossible, that he couldn't **believe I had** spoken them.

And then—he called me a name I never thought I would hear from him.

Barely above a whisper, almost as if he were in a trance, I heard it, clear as day.

***Liana?"**

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Chapter **130**

The moment that name left his lips, my entire body went rigid, all the air rushing from my lungs as my eyes widened

him.

That name... wasn't it the name of the king's late mate?

It was of course it was. But why was he calling me by her name? And most of all, why did my heart pound so violently st

the sound of it?

Why did it feel so familiar? Why did my chest ache so painfully?

I couldn't dwell on it, because in the next instant, a scene slammed into my mind, like a memory that wasn't mine.

A woman holding a man's hand. Their faces were blurred, but I knew she was smiling up at him as she whispered the very same words Thad just spoken.

"Don't cause harm to anyone because of me... please, Darius."

A sharp breath escaped me as my vision blurred, the scene vanishing in an instant, almost as soon as it appeared. But this time, it felt as though my head was about to explode, throbbing with such painful force that my vision swam, and a soft whine slipped from my lips. I yanked my hand away **from** Darius and clutched my head, trembling, while Cassian's worried voice reached me from nearby, asking if I was alright. I couldn't even open my eyes or form a single word, only a groan escaped me.

Fuck, what's happening to me again!?

Ever since I arrived in this pack, I'd been plagued by strange dreams and now I **was** seeing things?

Goddess, my head felt like it would split apart.

"What is wrong, she-wolf?"

This time, it was Darius's deep voice, and I froze. Still clutching my head, I forced my eyes open and met his frown.

I wasn't sure if I **was** imagining it, but for a fleeting moment, I saw something, concern flicker in his eyes. My throat tightened, and I swallowed hard, quickly tearing my gaze away as I gave a weak nod.

"Y—yes, my king. I'm fine," I lied through clenched teeth, even though I was on the verge of collapsing.

My whole body felt hot, burning as though fire was coursing through my veins.

I had to get out of here.

With the last of my strength, I pressed my hands against the table and pushed myself upright. Bowing my head toward Darius, I whispered with a trembling voice,

"Apologies, my king. If you'll excuse me, I have something to attend **to**."

I felt their **eyes** on me, every single one of them but I turned and walked toward the door, my legs threatening to give out at any moment.

"Sheila... what is wrong with me?"

Tasked, breathless, But before she could answer, before I could even reach the door, my steps faltered and my vision blurred again. My balance slipped, and a strangled breath escaped me as I began to fall

But I never hit the ground.

In a blink, a strong arm wrapped around my waist from behind, holding me steady.

I inhaled sharply, and I didn't need to look to know who it was. That intoxicating, familiar scent could belong to no one but

Darius.

His arms tightened around me, firm and unyielding, and for a fleeting moment, the peace, just for a second, just enough to make me breathe.

in dulled. His presence brought me

And just as I felt myself slipping into darkness, I heard a voice. A broken, fading whisper.

"F—forgive me, my king... forgive me for leaving so **soon** and taking our unborn child with me. Please... do not grieve for too long. Be happy. That is my dying wish, for you to be happy..."

E