

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King #Revival 131 -140

Read Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King Revival 131

Chapter **131**

Nyssa **pov**

It was hard to breathe. Everything felt suffocating, everything blurred, and my body trembled uncontrollably as I stared into the darkness surrounding me.

Yes, darkness.

Because that was all I could see. The moment I passed out, I woke up here, engulfed in this endless, suffocating darkness

I couldn't **see** anything, not even a trace of sunlight where I sat on the ground, and as I tried to wrap my head around what I was seeing, I noticed that the pain I'd felt earlier had completely vanished. I couldn't feel anything anymore.

I tilted my head slightly, my eyes narrowing in confusion, but in the next second, they darkened, and I frowned before letting out a low scoff of disbelief as a single conclusion formed in my mind.

A conclusion about why I was here... and what had happened to me.

And that was that I had died.

I had gone to the afterlife before I could even realize it.

My face froze with a storm of emotions all at once—

Shock. Anger. Disbelief. Sadness. Horror.

I couldn't believe it! How I had died. It was so sudden, I had just felt dizzy, like my head was about to explode, and the next moment my legs gave out, unable to hold me any longer, and I fell unconscious.

I must have died then. That was the only explanation for why I was here.

"Fuck, I can't believe I died!" I cried out, collapsing backward onto the ground, sending black mist swirling around me, but I didn't care. I just started cursing my luck.

"After everything I've been through, after dying in my past life like that, I can't believe I died again and like this!? Are you fucking kidding me?"

I screamed into the void, rage radiating off me.

I wasn't even sure if I was angrier about the fact that I had died... or that I had died so suddenly, so stupidly, despite everything.

I mean, who cared? What mattered was that I was dead and I didn't even know the cause of my death.

"Sheila, how did I die? Are you there? Could it be because of that memory I saw or wait, could it be released?"

ra Darius

I muttered, my thoughts racing. There was no way a simple vision could have killed me. The only thing that made any sense was **the** suffocating killing intent Darius had unleashed at breakfast. But whatever it was, Sheila didn't answer, she didn't say a word and I couldn't help but frown when I realized I couldn't feel any connection to her at all.

\$21:26 Sat 2

Chapter **131**

Great I was **dead** and alone.

I drew in a sharp breath, frustration clawing at me, and tried to calm my nerves, forcing myself to think straight inten

panicking.

I had to find a solution... but first, I needed to figure out where the hell I was.

As I steadied my breathing, I slowly sat up and tried to take in my surroundings but there was nothing to take in. It was all pitch black, an endless void, and I couldn't see a damn thing

I sighed and pushed myself up from the ground. The black mist swirled lazily around me, and I couldn't help but think I might actually be in hell,

Well... aside from the fact there were no flames around.

My legs felt like jelly as I stood, but I forced myself steady, running a hand through my hair and pushing my locs back. I **wanted** to look around, to get a better sense of where I was, **but**

before I could even take a **step**, the ground trembled

beneath **me**.

In the very next second, as I blinked, my entire surroundings shifted, the suffocating blackness dissolving, morphing into something else entirely.

My breath caught in my throat as I stared in shock, and before I could even comprehend what was happening. I suddenly found myself standing inside a room.

I froze, my breath hitching as I took it all in, my gaze sweeping over the cream-colored walls adorned with paintings and strange artifacts. The place looked ancient, like something pulled straight out of another time.

But what unsettled me the most was the strange wave of déjà vu that **washed** over me, as though I had been here before as though this wasn't my first time seeing this place.

Before I even realized what I was doing, my feet began to move on their own, like I was in a trance, carrying me toward the drawers in the far corner of the room. When I reached them, I hesitated, then slowly reached out for one of the drawers, knowing without any doubt, that there would be jewelry inside. Most of all, I knew there would be a jade-colored hairpin.

And when I pulled the drawer open, I froze. My eyes widened, blinking in confusion as I stared at the very hairpin / had imagined.

How... how did I know it would be there? What was happening to me?

Just as I was about to reach out and take hold of it, a startled scream tore through the air. I stiffened, inhaling sharply before turning around, my eyes widening as I slapped a hand over my mouth in shock at the scene before me.

In that instant, my body trembled and my breath hitched as I took in what I was seeing.

Everything had changed again, it was still the same room, but now it had become horrifyingly vivid

The furniture was overturned, blood was everywhere on the walls, pooling on the ground, soaking everything. And before me were two people.

A man stood in front of a woman, his back **turned** to me, a dagger clutched in his hand as blood dripped from its blade

Get the feel the woman's white dress as stained red

She had been stabbed,

Slam

A sudden force slammed into me, making me clutch my chest in pain. Once again, I felt myself being pulled back as something was trying to drag me away from this place but for some reason, I couldn't tear my eyes from the woman

Her face was blurred, but she was bleeding, one hand pressed to her stomach, the other gripping the man's hand. And though I couldn't see her expression, I could feel the betrayal and sorrow radiating from her

Before I could stop myself, I shook my head, my breath coming out ragged and uneven as I pushed against the force and ran toward the woman. Dropping to my knees beside her, my hands reached for her stomach, pressing down on it as tears

spilled down my cheeks without me even realizing it, without caring about the danger of the man wielding a dagger in

front of me.

"Are you okay? You've been stabbed. Why—oh my goodness, are you okay?"

I whispered breathlessly, not even knowing what I was saying or why I was crying. No matter how much I spoke to the woman, she didn't respond or react... and neither did the man in front of me.

It was as though I was invisible.

"Can you hear me? Let me call for help, can you get up?" I asked again, but once more I was met with silence. And then filled with rage, I lifted my head to glare at the man whose face was blurred, and before I knew it, I found myself

screaming,

"You bastard! How could you do this?! How could you stab someone?" I roared, pushing myself up, ready to shove him and

demand answers,

But I froze.

My hand was suddenly grabbed.

My breath hitched, and as I turned, I found the woman staring directly at me. In that moment, everything around me blurred, fading away as I heard her voice.

It was quiet, but I heard it clearly.

"Remember him... Remember who he is to you, remember, please."

My eyes widened as I stared at her in confusion, and then it happened.

The blur on her face vanished, and I saw her—just for the briefest moment.

Blonde hair. Brown, tear filled **eyes**. **Eyes** that looked at me with such unbearable sadness.

But I couldn't react to what I was seeing.

21.20 301, 2 MUY

Because the next moment, that force slammed into me again, and everything went black

Chapter 132

Darius pov

"Oh, my lady, my lady. Please wake up, oh goddess, she isn't waking up, she isn't waking up!"

The voice of Nyssa's servant echoed through the room as I sat at the edge of the window, my gaze fixed on the unconscious girl lying on the bed. The pack's doctor whose name I had forgotten yet again stood beside her, his expression grim as he checked her pulse.

"Why isn't the miss waking up? **Goodess**, what am I supposed to tell the Alpha? What should I do?!"

Her servant cried out again, her voice shaking with worry.

"Hey, stop screaming, Can't you see the king is here?" I heard someone whisper sharply. My gaze flickered toward the sound and landed on another girl, holding the servant back. Her eyes were filled with fear and irritation.

I didn't know her or recognize her, but judging from the maid's outfit she wore, she was likely one of the packhouse maids.

As soon as I looked at them, both servants froze, their eyes widening before they quickly lowered their heads in fear. I shifted my attention to Sandra, the head attendant of the packhouse. Almost immediately, as though sensing my gaze, she offered me a soft smile and dipped her head respectfully before turning to the girls. Her face remained calm as she placed a finger to her lips, silently telling them to stay quiet.

As they obeyed, I turned my attention back to Nyssa and instinctively reached for my coin, toying with it between my fingers as I heard Silas snarl in my head.

-You did this!" he growled, his voice laced with venom. "Why did you have to unleash your aura like that when she's around? I don't even care if you slaughter every one of those old men, but can't you at least be careful with our mate?"

He hissed the words, even though we were far older than the ones he called "**old**."

"Now she's f

fainted, and she isn't waking up and it's all because of you. Why can't you just be thoughtful for once in your life and think about our mate?"

The corner of my lips tilted up slightly at his words. I always found it irritating when he called her our mate. It felt like a reminder of how the goddess had paired me with someone else after Liana. And the more I thought about it, the more I hated hearing that word.

"What if she doesn't wake up, Darius? I can't believe you might kill our **mate** by mistake like thi-

Before he could finish, I cut him off, my voice icy cold as I growled,

"Keep quiet, Silas. Do you think the killing intent I unleashed would be enough to make her like this even though none of it was directed at her?"

I knew the aura I had released earlier wasn't the reason she was unconscious. It had been aimed entirely at that bastard.

And she wasn't wolfless, she had a second most powerful wolf. She would have been able to withstand it, even if she felt some of it directed at her. So the reason for this was something else.

Chapter **132**

"Oh... Silas muttered, as if he finally understood, but I ignored him and continued with my thoughts

What was even more baffling was the fact that I was here right now.

I did not care about this she wolf in the slightest, so why was I even sitting here?

Sure, I could have left after I carried her here, after that doctor began treating her, but I was still here.

Waiting, like I had nothing better to do.

This was ridiculous.

I couldn't care less if she died right now....

"My king," the doctor said, and instinctively, my head snapped to him and to my own annoyance, I actually looked interested in what he was about to say.

I watched as he lifted a brow, and though it was subtle, the corner of his lips curved into a slow smile when he noticed my

pression. But the moment I narrowed my gaze at him, that smile vanished in an instant. He cleared his throat before speaking.

"So, it seems as though the lady fainted and is unconscious," he said. I waited for him to continue explaining, but he simply stopped there as if that was all he had to say, making me frown.

Before I could **get** a word out, the girl's servant spoke up.

"My lady... Oh, my lady. Sir Zayn, is there anything you can do about it? Is there a way to get her to wake up?" she asked desperately.

The man—Zayn, as I just remembered his name stared at her for a brief moment, then scratched the back of his head and

shook it.

"I'm not sure about that, to be honest. This is unlike anything I've seen before." He then turned his gaze to me.

"There is nothing wrong with her... I mean, not physically at least. But she fainted, and she isn't waking up." He held up a small pouch in his hand, dangling it slightly. "This is my most effective medicine, one that can wake almost anyone, it can even pull someone out of a coma. Yet, she isn't waking up. From my perspective, I don't think she's going to wake up anytime soon."

bluntly **event**

He said it bluntly, even though his voice carried a hint of worry. His tone, however, **was** flat—almost nonchalant.

The girl's servant gasped at his words, and from the corner of my eye, I saw her collapse to her knees. The packhouse maid beside her hesitated, then began patting her back as she cried out.

"Oh, my lady! My lady!"

My gaze stayed fixed on Zayn as I processed his words.

So... apparently, he couldn't wake her up. And he wasn't sure if she ever would.

"Is there something you can do to get her to wake up?" I asked, leaning forward just as he turned to me.

21:26 Sat, 2 Aug

He lowered his head briefly before meeting my gaze and replying.

"My king, if you want my honest answer, then no, I don't think so. This is something that isn't physical, and I don't believe there's anything I can do."

"Nooo, my

y mate," Silas cried out in my head, his voice tinged with worry.

I lifted a **brow** at Zayn's words, then nodded in understanding.

If Zayn couldn't wake her up, then-

"Is there a way to at least keep her breathing for a while?" I asked.

As soon as I spoke, everyone turned to me in shock, and I heard Silas growl furiously in my mind, but I ignored him,

She didn't need to be awake to break the curse. All I needed was for her to keep breathing until I figured out what to do.

"Oh goddess, you are so heartless," Silas hissed.

Just before Zayn could answer, my eyes shifted behind him, narrowing.

"My king, I don't understand what you mean-

"Didn't you say she couldn't wake up?" I cut him off, making him blink in confusion before he quickly nodded.

"Yes, my king, I did say that," he replied.

I tilted my head slightly to the side, humming

"I see." I nodded and began toying with the coin in my hand. "Then tell me... why is she awake and currently sitting up?"

His eyes widened, as did everyone else's, and all at once, they turned toward her.

And there she was, sitting up on the bed, staring at me with wide, confused eyes.

As our gazes locked, she muttered under her breath,

“Holy shit! I’m alive”

Chapter 133

Nyssa pov

A dream? A vision? An illusion?

I couldn’t care less what it was anymore, I didn’t want to know why I was seeing things that had nothing to **do** with me, and I certainly didn’t want to find out. Something deep in the back of my mind whispered that if I dug too far, **I’d** uncover something I wasn’t ready for—something that could change everything. So I decided not to care.

But what I couldn’t ignore, what infuriated me to my very core was the force that kept slamming into me as if it had **at** personal vendetta..

I hated it.

Whenever it hit me, it wasn’t physical pain I felt. No, it was as though my very soul was being ripped apart, **shoved** backward, and it hurt so badly that I felt it in the deepest, **rawest** parts of me.

And now, as Zayn carefully inspected me, his face inches away as he studied one eye for a brief moment before moving to the other, my body still felt weak, stiff, and ached as though I had been running around all day.

I could feel everyone’s gazes on me, but most of all his gaze, the man sitting at the edge of the window, eyes fixed on me in complete silence.

But I ignored him. I tried not to look his way because I knew if I did, I’d end up staring, and I didn’t want to. I was pissed.

I had heard his words clearly right before my eyes had snapped open.

“Is there a way to at least keep her breathing for a while?”

That was what he had said, heartlessly. And I wasn’t dumb, I knew he only wanted me alive for now so he could find a way

to break the curse.

The corner of my lips curved into a sneer, and my gaze hardened.

What a heartless monster! Was that really the first thing he thought of when he heard I couldn't wake up?

But why was I even surprised? This man could watch me die in front of him and not even blink. I was only alive right now because I was useful.

Even after spending the night with him, I couldn't forget that this was the Lycan King we were talking about.

Cruel, ruthless, cold, and cursed.

I shouldn't forget that, No matter what

Before I could stop myself, my gaze instinctively flickered to Darius, and my heart pounded heavily against my chest as I met his almost empty gaze, still staring at me the same way he had since the moment I woke up.

I couldn't look away. And as we both stared at each other, those words flashed in my mind once again, making my breath hitch.

“R—remember him... Remember who he is to you, remember, please.”

Then, the image of the bleeding woman, so close to death's door flashed in my mind, and an unexplainable ache Pattered in my chest as the memory came back vividly.

The way the blond soaked her white dress, staining it red.

The look of betrayal and hurt in her eyes **as** she stared at the man before her.

And the clear, devastating heartbreak as she looked at me and whispered those words.

Remember him.

I had seen her. She had seen me. And she had spoken to me.

For some reason, something told me that she was the body I was **usually**

in whenever I had those dreams, but I had never seen her before. Not in my past life, and not in this **one**, so why...

I watched Darius narrow his eyes at me, tilting his head slightly, but before I could think more on it, Zayn's voice cut through the air. I shifted my attention to him as he placed my hand back on the bed, removing his glasses as he spoke.

"Well, Miss, thankfully, you seem to be fine. There's nothing wrong with you. I'd say you simply fainted for no reason after all or maybe it **was** just stress and the new environment. Who knows?" he said with a small smile.

-out.

I stared at him, but before I could say anything, Serena's voice rang out.

"Oh goddess, thank you, Sir Zayn! The miss is fine, right? There's nothing wrong with her?" she asked, her voice trembling.

Zayn and I turned our attention to her, seeing her on the ground, tears streaming down her cheeks as she cried, with the packhouse **maid**, Isabella, standing behind her.

I **raised** a brow, a little surprised that she was crying, but then again, she must have been scared.

"Ah... yes, she is," Zayn replied with an awkward smile at Serena's tears.

I cleared my throat and forced a weak smile.

"I'm fine, Serena. I was just tired, that's all," I lied, knowing full well I hadn't lost consciousness from exhaustion. But I wasn't about to let anyone know that I was hallucinating and having strange dreams.

"Miss..." Serena whispered softly, but Sandra's voice cut through, silencing her.

"It must have been because of the trip from the Moonfang pack to our pack. That's probably why the miss is tired. You should stop crying, Serena."

My gaze flickered to Sandra. Despite the fact that she was speaking to Serena, her eyes **were** fixed etched on her face. For a brief moment, it felt as though she was looking straight through me, as if thought in my head.

a small smile

Could read every

Serena sniffed, and though her tears still streamed down her cheeks, she finally stopped crying, staring at me with worried

eyes.

"Yes, you're right, Sandra. It's just stress. I'm really fine, I reassured her.

“Mhm, that seems to be the case. She just needs to rest,” Zayn cut in, and i watched as he began sorthling vreeting

as habe down in his notes.

“But just in case, I’ll prepare some medicine for her. She’ll need to eat first, he added, and I caught the sight at th lips as he said the last **words**. “From the way her stomach kept growing even in her sleep, don’t think that

yet.”

As soon as he said this, my face turned bright pink, and I quickly looked away, refusing to say anything

But Sandra spoke up.

“I see, Sir Zayn, We’ll prepare something light for the miss,” she said, and Zayn hummed in response

“Serena, Isabella. You two should follow me,” Sandra instructed firmly

Serena looked at me for a brief moment, and I could tell she wanted to argue, to stay by my side. But instead, she wises her tears, stood up from the floor, and echoed softly,

“Yes, Miss Sandra.”

I watched as the three women lowered their heads respectfully to Darius, who hadn’t uttered a single word before turning

to leave the room.

Almost immediately, Zayn rose to his feet with a pleasant smile.

“I’ll go and prepare the medicine now. Please don’t get up until then,” he said, then turned toward Darius, lowering his

lco

head.

“I will be leaving, my king.”

But **Darius** didn’t acknowledge him, not even with a glance. Zayn left the room, the door closing softly behind him, leaving only the two of **us**.

As soon as the silence settled, I swallowed hard, my gaze drifting to the emotionless man sitting across from me.

Θ

Chapter 134

Nyssa pov

Darius watched me silently, his gaze fixed on me, and I couldn't help but feel heat spread through my body, every inch of me reacting under the weight of his stare.

You know, if it **were** anyone else, it would have been both uncomfortable and awkward to be stared at like that without a

word but with Darius, it wasn't the case.

Something I'd noticed about him was that he was a quiet man. A man who didn't like to speak, and whenever he did, it was only a sentence or two before he fell silent again, his eyes simply lingering on you.

But **instead** of it feeling creepy, it stirred something else entirely in me.

Shamefully and I mean shamefully, it made my body feel hot and bothered.

And I knew the reason had everything to do with his ridiculously handsome appearance. Damn it, I knew I was being biased, but I had to admit it, that was definitely part of the reason.

Darius was surely an old man... Well, calling him old would be an understatement. Ancient was more like it, since I was sure he'd lived for hundreds of years already. But still, imagine if he didn't look so unfairly attractive. I highly doubted I'd feel this way, So yes...

I was shamefully feeling hot because of him.

The silence between us grew heavy, and I swallowed nervously. When I couldn't take it anymore, I shifted my gaze away from him, looking down at my dress as I weakly stammered, just under my breath,

"Hmm... I wanted to apologize for passing out and interrupting the breakfast with the elders," I said, clearing my throat as I tried to offer an apology for what had happened that morning.

I mean, it was because of me that the breakfast had been interrupted midway but then again, the breakfast had nearly ended with someone being killed.

I wasn't even sure if the person was dead or not.

Darius didn't say anything, not that I expected him to, so I continued.

"I had suddenly felt tired and before I could realize it, everything went **dark** and then I had-

My words trailed off. I froze the next instant, breath catching in my throat, because in the blink of an eye, Darius was already on the bed in front of me, just inches from my face.

My eyes widened as I sucked in a sharp breath, staring into his breathtaking eyes

Before I could stop myself, my gaze dropped to his lips, and I licked mine almost hungrily, remembering how soft his had always felt against mine.

But the next second...

1/3

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

His lips moved slowly, and I blinked in confusion, my gaze flickering to his as I registered his words,

He tilted his head slightly to the side and asked, just under his breath,

"How did you know those words and why did you say them?"

"Huh?" I muttered, dazed, not fully processing his question.

His gaze darkened slightly in what seemed like mild irritation, and then he repeated,

"Don't cause harm to anyone **because** of me... please, Darius. How did you know those words-

"I-I heard you," I blurted out, cutting him off, a little flustered. I leaned back, trying to put some space between us, my face heating up.

Didn't he know he shouldn't invade people's personal space?

Why would he suddenly be inches from me like he was about to kiss me?

I could still feel his intense gaze on me, waiting for an answer. I looked **away**, anywhere but him, and cleared my throat before speaking again.

“What do you mean by how did I know those words? Aren’t they just... normal words?” I said, trailing off slightly before glancing back up at him.

“And I just said them without realizing it. Why? Is something wrong?”

I asked with a raised brow, and for the briefest moment, I saw something flicker in his eyes.

A sad glint.

But it was **gone** before I could even blink, and he sighed before sitting straighter on the bed.

I watched as he slid a hand into his pocket, and I instinctively knew he was toying with the coin I always saw him with.

And then...

He spoke.

“Take care of yourself and don’t die.”

My eyes widened in pure shock at his words.

What??

Did he just tell me to take care of myself? Like... he actually cared?

My cheeks flushed at his words, but just as quickly, he tilted his head slightly and added in a drawl,

“If you die, your use will be over. So make sure you do what you need to stay alive.”

21:27 Sat, 2 Aug

Oh.

Another silence settled over the room as the conversation ended, just like that.

He didn’t speak again. He asked what he **wanted**, and then went quiet.

My eye couldn’t help but twitch as I stared at him, but then I remembered, there was something I’d been meaning to talk to him about. Something I had thought of the moment I woke up.

I wasn't sure if I should bring it up now. From the moment I stepped into this pack, I had planned to look into it, but I kept pushing it aside, unsure of how to go about it. I thought I had enough time to fulfill whatever request Darius had brought me here for.

But now that I knew it was about the curse and that the goddess refused to tell him how to break it, I realized I didn't have as much time as I thought.

And most of all, after passing out and thinking I had died, I understood that anything was possible.

With the way things were going, I might actually drop dead the next minute, and everything I'd wanted from the beginning of my rebirth, my revenge, protecting my family, my pack would vanish.

At some point, it felt like I had forgotten all of that... but I couldn't.

was still out there, and the fact that Aria's body had been taken still didn't sit right with me.

Kirean was

So, as I watched Darius rise from the bed and glance at me briefly before turning away and walking toward the door, I swallowed hard and found my voice.

Just as he reached *for* the handle, I spoke.

"My king... if I asked you to find someone for me, would you be able to?"

At that moment, he paused, then slowly turned back to face me, a brow raised.

Yes, I was going to ask Darius to find Kirean for me. It was the easiest and fastest way to track him down... and finally get rid of him.

Θ

Nyssa pov

"My king... if I asked you to find someone for me, would you be able to?"

Darius turned to me, lifting a brow at my words. His hand, still resting on the doorknob, stilled as he stared at me. I looked up at the lycan king, heart pounding hard in my chest.

But despite how nervous I was, I didn't look away. Instead, I met his gaze head-on, determination burning in my eyes. My chin lifted slightly, and I even puffed out my chest a little as we locked eyes.

Confusion flickered briefly in his expression before he asked, his voice low **and** emotionless,

“What did you say?”

I wasn't sure if he truly hadn't heard me or if he simply wanted me to repeat myself but either way, I didn't hesitate.

“I want to find someone,” I said. “I don't know where they are, or if they're even still alive... but I need to find them. Could you help me?”

Even as I spoke, I knew, my relationship with Darius wasn't in a place where I could just ask something of him freely.

Even back then, when he wanted to bring me to his pack, I'd resisted. It wasn't until I'd made a deal with him, an alliance with my pack in exchange for my cooperation, that I agreed to go wholeheartedly. Nothing came without a cost.

So I quickly added, “I'll do anything you want in return. Or... I can owe you a favor. What do you say?”

Darius watched me in silence, not a flicker of emotion on his face. But then....

In the blink of an eye, he pulled his hand away from the door, and the next second, he was already in front of me, seated on the couch, just inches away from the bed.

I watched as he casually crossed his legs and pulled out his coin, effortlessly toying with it. He tossed it into the air, caught it with ease, and then, without even looking at me, uttered a single cold command.

“Speak.”

I swallowed nervously, my eyes fixed on the way he seemed so nonchalant, Honestly, I was surprised he was even willing to hear me out. I thought **he'd** just **ignore** me like I hadn't said anything. So before he could change his mind, I quickly

stammered the words out.

glint in

“I want you to **find** someone for me. His name is Kieran, **and** he's from the Moonfang pack, but recently, he's gone missing and I don't know where he is. Could you help me find his location?” I asked, sitting straighter on the bed, an e

my eyes.

Oh goddess, this was it. If Darius agreed to help me, I'd really be able to find Kieran and the moment I did, I'd kill that motherfucker without hesitation.

The reason I hadn't killed him yet was because I didn't want any trace of his death to lead back to me, I'd wanted him to

1/3

take the fall for his beloved mate's death and suffer before he died. It would have been the perfect plan, if he hadn't run away like the coward he was

But now, I was done playing by the rules.

I would take his life the moment I laid eyes on him. Who cared if I had blood on my hands? I was the Alpha of Moonfang's daughter. I highly doubted anyone would dare behead me for the crime. At most, I'd probably get a light punishment.

It wasn't bragging. It was just the truth.

Back then, I hadn't fully used the power that came with being my father's daughter. I'd let people walk all over me, let them bully me as much as they wanted.

Not anymore.

I knew my power now. I knew my worth. And I'd be a damn fool not to use it.

Darius didn't respond, so I spoke again, trying to convince him.

"Y—you don't have to help me for free. If you help me, then I'll do anything you want—"

"Kieran," he hummed, cutting me off, his eyes fixed on me as he lazily flipped his coin through his fingers.

"Isn't that the man who cheated on you with your best friend?" he asked, and I gasped, eyes widening in shock.

Oh my goddess. He knew. He actually knew who Kieran was and that he'd cheated on me with Aria?

Of course he did. He'd been at our pack for a while when everything was happening. But still... I was stunned. He'd always seemed so out of it back then. Like he was physically present, but mentally detached.

"Is he?" Darius asked again, voice calm but probing

I instinctively nodded, still caught in a daze, and he tilted his head slightly, watching me with that unreadable expression.

“Then tell me,” he said slowly, “why do you want to find him? **Are** you worried about his safety?”

I blinked in confusion at his words, and I almost blurted out that it was the opposite, that I wanted him dead.

But I held my tongue and forced a fake smile, wearing an

Expression that screamed teenager in love.

“Yes, my king. I’m worried about his safety. Even though Kieran cheated on me, I still want him to be safe... after all, we’ve spent a **lot** of time together,” I whispered under my breath.

The words tasted like poison on my tongue, and I could barely hide the disgust on my face.

But after a few moments, I heard a low chuckle, and instinctively, my eyes snapped to Darius

He was laughing. Actually laughing...

For the first time, I was seeing him laugh, though it was a laugh completely devoid of emotion or joy. It was plain, unamused, and laced with sarcasm.

21:27 Sat, 2 Aug

My mouth nearly hit the floor as I stared at him in shock, and as Darius continued to chuckle, he casually flipped his coin into the air. He glanced at the side it landed on, then shook his head in mild amusement.

“I see,” he echoed, and I wet my lips, wanting to say something, anything but I didn’t even know what.

But then, his gaze flickered to mine, and a slow smirk curved his lips as he murmured,

“All right, she wolf. I’ll help you find him... but you’ll have to do something for the.”

Chapter 136

Darius pov

What was this sickening emotion that I felt?

What was this rage? This anger over what she had just said?

“Yes, my king. I’m worried about his safety. **Even** though Kieran cheated on me, I still want him to be safe... after all, we’ve spent a lot of time together.”

For the briefest moment, my grip tightened around the coin the second her words reached me, and all I felt was an emotion I hadn’t experienced in centuries, an emotion I couldn’t quite place, maybe because I’d long forgotten how to truly feel.

But either way, I couldn’t tell exactly what I was feeling.

The next second, however, I heard that infuriating, smug voice in my head, none other than Silas and I could practically picture him smirking as he echoed,

“What you’re feeling is an emotion called jealousy, Darius!” he said in an annoyingly excited tone.

My gaze narrowed instantly at his words, a frown tugging at my lips as he went on,

“And you’re feeling jealous because the thought of your mate thinking about another man is upsetting you. You don’t want the woman who belongs to you thinking about someone else, it irritates you. And even though you deny caring about her or having any feelings toward her, you can’t deny that you’re angry at the thought that she might still like her bastard ex, right?”

I didn’t answer. I simply kept flipping the coin in my hand, silent.

“I **see**,” I hummed back.

Silas chuckled.

“Well, it’s not like you could deny my words anyway. Whatever you feel, I feel it too. Don’t forget that.”

“Now tell her you can’t find that bastard and you won’t do it. I hate to say no to our mate, but if we find him, she might still be smitten by him and fall for his lies again. You know how sweet and kind she is, we **have** to protect her.”

He said, and the corner of my lips slowly curved into a smirk as I registered his words.

Jealousy.

That was what I felt? That was laughable.

Perhaps it truly was jealousy, or maybe it was simply possessiveness. After all, I had spent the night with her and I had

been her first

No matter how much I tried to deny that I cared about her or what happened between us, I couldn't ignore the fact that last night wasn't what I expected.

I'd taken it as a one-time thing, slept with the girl to stop whatever bond was drawing me to her, then pretend like happened. I thought it would fix everything. That the pull would stop.

But it didn't.

It only got worse.

This morning, when I stared at her sleeping, naked and peaceful, I had to fight the overwhelming urge to take her again until she begged me to stop. I'd forced myself to walk away before I did something reckless.

And then at breakfast, seeing her in that dress, the only thought that crossed my mind was how she'd look with it slipping off her body.

Even now, as she sat in front of me, it was getting harder to control myself.

And that's when it hit me.

Instead of making things better like I thought I would...

I'd only made it worse.

And now the idiot was saying I was jealous?

A low chuckle escaped me as his words echoed through my mind again. I flipped the coin in my palm, higher this time, then caught it with ease. My gaze flicked to the side it had landed on, **and** another chuckle slipped past my lips. Tails.

That meant the decision had been made..

There were two faces to a coin. Two choices

After so many years of breathing, most decisions had stopped mattering to me. I didn't care enough to think them through anymore. It was exhausting. So, I developed a habit—the habit of letting a coin choose for me.

And in this **case**, it had everything to **do** with the bond that made it nearly impossible to resist her.

Heads meant I'd ignore the bond, stay away from her, and focus on breaking the curse.

Tails meant something else.

Tails meant I'd give in to the cravings-

Take her as much as I

wanted.

And that was exactly what it landed on.

"I see," I murmured under my breath, the corner of my lips curving into a faint smirk of amusement. A second later, my gaze shifted to her, and I tilted my head slightly as I echoed,

"All right, she-wolf. I'll help you find him... but you'll have to do something for me."

Her breath hitched the moment the words left my mouth, but then, just as quickly, surprise faded from her eyes, replaced

by a look of quiet determination. As if she had expected this.

"That's only fair, my king," she said softly. "Please tell me what I have to do. I'll do anything if you're able to **find** him

A frown pulled at my lips before I could stop it, but I nodded, leaning back in my seat and casually resting my head against my fist as I studied her **closely**.

"Anything?" I asked, voice low.

"Anything, my king," she replied without hesitation. "As long as you promise to find Kieran and bring him to me... I'll do anything.

She stated adamantly, and I nodded. As a few strands of hair fell over my face, I spoke.

"Okay, what you need to do is pretty simple. If you want me to find him, then in return... you'll have to offer me your body

completely. Are you ready for that, she-wolf?"

As soon as the words left *my* mouth, she froze. Her eyes widened in shock, and almost instinctively, her face flushed a deep pink as she stammered out,

"W-what did you say?" she asked, as though she hadn't heard me right.

In the next second, I rose from the seat, slid the coin into my pocket, and appeared in front of her in a blink, our faces now mere inches apart. She gasped, leaning back reflexively, but I reached out, grabbed her chin, and pulled her back toward

1. me.

With a whisper that brushed against her lips, I murmured,

“Give your body to me... for as long as I want and I’ll hunt down your little ex, she—wolf.”

Θ

Nyssa pov

My body?

That was what he was asking for in exchange for searching for Kieran? He was basically saying that if I wanted him to look for Kieran’s whereabouts, I had to offer myself to him.

My breath hitched almost immediately, and I swallowed hard as my heart thundered violently in my chest. As I stared at him. I couldn’t help but notice how impossibly close we were-

So close I could feel his hot breath tickle my lips.

His fingers on my chin tightened, and his gaze locked onto mine. Everything seemed to blur in that exact moment as his eyes dropped to my lips and he murmured under his breath,

“What do you say, she—wolf?”

His voice was thick, darker—sending a shiver down my spine.

“What I’m asking for wouldn’t be like last night. What I want is more... not a one—night thing.”

I inhaled sharply as Darius placed his thumb against my bottom lip, stroking it softly, making my body tremble, everything blurring further.

“That means whenever I want you, you’d have to come to me. I could do whatever I want to you. I could fuck you as hard as I want...” he hummed, and my eyes fluttered shut for a moment as his hand slid from my chin to the curve of my neck.

“I could choke you if I wish...”

A gasp escaped me just as he leaned in closer, his lips brushing against my ear as he whispered,

“Your body will belong entirely to me... **to** use as I please.”

As soon as he said those words, I could’ve sworn my heart dropped straight to the pit of my stomach because holy mother of the goddess.

My heart was about to explode.

Was this really Darius? The Lycan King?

Was he really standing before me right now?

And if it was him... how had he changed so easily, so suddenly, like the flip of a switch?

There was no doubt he could feel the frantic rhythm of my heartbeat beneath his palm as he held me by the neck. And

when he leaned back slightly, eyes locked on mine, he tilted his head and let out a low hum

“So think wisely,” he said, his gaze cold and unreadable.

For a moment, I found myself looking into his eyes as though I was trying to search for a playful glint, something to show he was joking. But I must have forgotten something important about Darius, he was a man who didn’t joke around,

I mean, I had just seen him laugh for the very first time now, so I highly doubted it.

He was dead serious, and my answer would decide what happened next.

Would I say yes and give myself to him physically, and in return he’d find Kieran for me?

Or would I **say** no... **and** he wouldn’t?

Those were the two options I had, but...

Were those really options?

I didn’t think so, not when the answer was already clear.

I didn’t even need to think about it. I had made my decision the very second I snapped out of my daze and shock.

So let me put it in much simpler terms:

If I chose the first one, I was choosing both dick and the chance to finally get revenge on Kieran. I'd get to relive that steamy night, again and again with an insanely gorgeous man.

But if I didn't choose it... then I got absolutely nothing.

As I stared at Darius standing before me, the corner of my lips slowly tilted into a smirk, and a glint of excitement sparked in my eyes.

And for a split second, I caught a flicker of surprise flash across his.

Of course, I was going to choose option A! I wasn't stupid.

"So you're saying that if we **have** more sex, you'll help me find Kieran? Is that what you're saying?" I asked with a bright

smile.

I never thought I'd see the day the lycan king actually looked surprised but there it was, clear on his face. His gaze narrowed slightly in confusion, but I took that as confirmation.

Was this seriously the deal?

Honestly, I would've **slept** with him for free!

t want to

"Okay! I don't mind giving you my body if it means you'll help me find him. Alive or dead, it doesn't matter to see him. Or his corpse. With my own eyes. You can use force to drag him here if he's alive, or dig up his grave if he's not. I really don't care."

As I spoke, Darius's grip on my neck loosened, and his gaze narrowed in on me. He actually looked taken aback but I kept going anyway.

"You know Aria? My ex-best friend? If you could also find her body, I'd be thrilled. In fact, I'd be really **glad**

if you brought

Kieran to me alive and found Aria's body too. But if you can't manage both, then just Kieran will do,"

I said with a small laugh, covering my mouth with an excited **grin**.

Goddess, this was really good! If Darius got involved, if he truly used bastard for me.

I couldn't wait for this.

Hehe.

power, it would be a piece of cake to find that

An evil grin slipped across my lips as I imagined the day Kieran would be dragged before me—me, standing tall with my head held high, dagger in hand, torturing him slowly... and then finishing him off with a smile, my laughter echoing against his cries.

Oh, I couldn't wait!

I heard Darius scoff beside me, and out of the corner of my eye, I saw him lean back, hands slipping into his pockets as he

stared at me with an unamused expression while I **laughed** maniacally.

Without even realizing it, I started speaking aloud.

"If I find that bastard, I'm going to make him pay for everything he put me through. I'll make him suffer just as much as 1 did," I muttered, and though I was laughing, a bitter smile tugged at the corners of my lips as I whispered,

"In the past life, he had the upper hand... he betrayed me and killed me. But in this life, I'll have his head."

I spat the words out, hatred clouding my eyes but just a second later, my eyes widened and I gasped, realizing I had actually said those words out loud.

I had broken the goddess's rule. I wasn't supposed to talk about the past to anyone.

I braced myself, waiting for the force to hit me... but it didn't

Instead-

Darius spoke.

His voice was low, confused, as he asked,

"What do you mean by past life?"

My eyes nearly popped out of their sockets. I inhaled sharply, staring at him in shock and disbelief.

No way. H—had he heard me?

Nyssa pov

There was no way he had heard me, right? But how could he, when the goddess herself had made a rule that I was never meant to speak about the **past**? And even if I did, my words wouldn't spill out, no one would hear me, and a force would slam into me, stopping me from revealing anything

So how had Darius heard me?

And most of all, why wasn't that brutal force slamming against me now?

My eyes were wide as I waited for Darius to speak, just something, anything so I could convince myself I had misheard him. But instead, his eyes narrowed **when** I didn't respond, and he repeated himself.

"I asked you a question. What do you mean by past life?"

I gasped at his words, and as he continued, I almost felt my heart explode from **shock**.

"Who betrayed and killed you? What are you talking about?"

His voice was low, and even though he was simply asking a curious question, his expression didn't change in the slightest as he stared at me.

But once again, I didn't respond. The silence stretched on, and that seemed to annoy Darius, because his lips tugged into

a frown.

The next second, just as he opened his mouth to speak again, I cut him off by suddenly jumping on the bed. I reached out and grabbed his shoulders, taking him completely by surprise, and pulled him toward me, my eyes lighting up with profound hope and happiness as I basically screamed,

"You can hear me? Can you really hear what I just said about the past?!"

A wide grin stretched across my lips as I stared at the man before me, who looked stunned, his gaze flickering to my hands on **his** shoulders.

Darius had that look of disbelief, that I'd actually had the guts to touch him like that and was holding onto him.

But I didn't care.

Not when someone could finally hear about my past!

Oh goddess, what was happening?

Had the rule the Moon Goddess placed on me vanished?

Could I finally speak freely about what happened in my past life?

“Did you truly hear what I said?” I asked excitedly. And when Darius didn’t answer, his eyes still fixed on my hand on his shoulder, I didn’t mind. Instead, I tried to say something else, needing to confirm it, even though I had clearly heard him repeat my sentence just now.

Still, I swallowed hard, partially bracing for the pain of the force that might slam into me in case I was truly being

delusional.

“If you could hear me the last time, then can you please tell me if you can hear what I’m about to say? That the reason want to find Kieran is because I want to take my revenge on him for what he did to me in my past life?”

“He lied, took advantage of me, and destroyed everyone who mattered to me, everything I loved, My father, Uncle Benjamin, Calen, Serena... he slaughtered most of my pack in the attack he orchestrated. And in the end... he stole my pack and killed me but I was reborn, given a second chance to change my fate”

I said everything in one breath, and as Darius lifted a brow at me, I tightened my grip on his shoulders, leaning closer until our faces were just inches apart. A smile of excitement tugged at my lips.

“Did you

hear all of that? Please tell me you did... that you heard everything, everything please...” I whispered under my breath, instinctively tightening my grip on his shoulders without realizing it.

Please tell me you heard every word. It didn’t matter if it was him, the cold Lycan king who could hear me but I just wanted to be heard. I needed someone to listen, to know the pain and heartache I had endured. I wanted them to understand how sorry I felt for my loved ones, how I failed them and that I promised in this life, I wouldn’t be the one needing protection. I would be the one taking care of everyone, ensuring they lived longer than they did before.

My **eyes**

almost glazed over as I stared at Darius, waiting for him to speak. To tell me if he had heard me. But the man just watched, his face unreadable, no emotion showing. He didn't say **a** word.

In that moment, as I stared into his eyes, all the excitement drained from me. My smile faltered, and reality sank in. What was wrong with me? Why was I acting like this? There was no way he could hear me. My father couldn't hear me. Serena couldn't. Even that bastard Kieran couldn't. And did I seriously expect this stranger, **someone** who clearly disliked me, to actually hear me?

A frown tugged at my lips, and I sniffed back the unshed tears. Slowly, I released my grip on Darius's shoulders and leaned back, muttering a quiet apology.

"F—forgive me, Alpha. I apologize for touching you, I was..."

My words trailed off, and I stiffened, eyes widening in shock as I stared at Darius, who had suddenly grabbed my hand, stopping me from moving away.

I inhaled a sharp breath, my gaze locked on him, taking in his usual cold expression. But this time, there was something **else** there, something I couldn't quite place.

And in that moment, as I stared into his eyes, my heart fluttered in my chest, and a warm, fuzzy feeling **spread** through me, making my breath hitch and the world around me shift just a little.

Then he spoke, his voice low and emotionless but the words he said made the world freeze.

"I heard you. I heard you clearly, she—wolf."

As soon as he said that, my heart rate spiked, and I felt it again, that warm, fuzzy sensation. Only this time, it was more obvious, more intense. I drew in a sharp breath as my heart pounded.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

It was loud, and I knew exactly what this feeling was, the one shooting through me as I stared at Darius.

It **was** simple.

It was something I had sworn never to feel again.

I had felt it so many times with Kieran... but now, I was feeling it for another man.

My heart was fluttering for the cold and ruthless Lycan King

Chapter 139

Nyssa pov

My heart was fluttering—for the cold and ruthless lycan king

Thump. Thump. Thump.

That was the sound of my racing heartbeat as I stared at Darius in surprise, my eyes wide, struggling to comprehend what I was feeling and why I was feeling this way.

I wasn't dumb, and I certainly wasn't naive. I knew exactly why my heart was reacting like this, it was because of the man standing before me. For the first time since my rebirth, I was feeling something I had sworn to bury the moment the goddess gave me a second chance at life.

So why him? Why now? Why was I feeling this way toward this man, toward the Lycan king, no less?

It wasn't possible. No, it couldn't be.

And yet... no matter how much I tried to deny it, the rapid thudding of my heart was undeniable proof.

Or wait-

"Sheila, are you mine, right?"

e one making me feel this way?" I asked through the mind-link. "It's your heart beating fast, isn't it? Not

I clung to that hope, it was the only explanation that made **sense**. But the very next moment, she scoffed.

"Don't be delusional, Nyssa. You can barely feel my emotions. I'm the one who feels yours and right now, I can tell you're already smitten with the Lycan king," she chuckled. "I had a feeling this day would come, but I didn't think it would be this

Soon.

The corner of my mouth twitched at her words, and I would've snarled, if it weren't for the fact that Darius still had his eyes fixed on me.

Smitten? Give me a break. My heart **was** probably racing because of how close he was. And besides, he was an attractive man, anyone would feel hot and bothered with him standing this close, so-

"I heard you," Darius suddenly said, cutting off my train of thought.

A shiver ran down my spine the moment I heard his words and felt the way his grip on my hand tightened.

I snapped out of whatever daze I had been in, my eyes instantly stinging with fresh tears as I stared at him in disbelief.

He had heard me.

Someone had finally heard about my past life.

This was... this was amazing. I didn't know why he was the one who could hear me, but in that moment, it didn't matter. Knowing I could speak to someone about it finally, I felt both relieved and unexpectedly happy. A wide grin began to spread across my face.

But before I could utter a single word, he beat me to it

He let go of my hand and slipped his into his pockets, his emotionless eyes still locked on mine.

And when he spoke next, his words hit so hard, my smile dropped faster than lightning.

"And it seems I'll need to have that doctor check up on you again, since you clearly don't seem well in the head. But then..." he tilted his head slightly, eyes narrowing slightly as he looked down at me, and every word that followed made me freeze in place, my eyes widening.

"I don't believe your lack of sanity will interfere with breaking the curse in any way, so I suppose there's no need to worry about that.

He said it nonchalantly, like it was nothing. But to me, it felt like a punch straight to the gut.

My jaw practically hit the floor, and a scoff of disbelief escaped me as I stared up at Darius.

He looked right back at **me**, utterly unbothered.

And maybe I was just being delusional, but I could've sworn I saw the faintest trace of... pity in his eyes.

alling me crazy?

Was this man seriously calling me crazy?

Me?

Just because I told him about what happened in my past life, something that hadn't even happened yet, he thought I was insane?

Ah.

A scoff tore from my lips, and I glared at Darius, a mix of anger and frustration burning in my chest but most of all, it was embarrassment that stung the most

There was nothing more humiliating than someone outright suggesting you weren't right in the head.

"What did you expect?" Sheila, ever blunt and annoyingly honest, echoed in my mind. "You told him you were reborn and that Kieran did all those things to you in a past life, no less, when it hasn't even happened yet. Did you really think he'd just believe you? If someone told you that, wouldn't you think they were crazy too?"

I hated how right she was.

Even I would've found it hard to believe if the roles were reversed.

And Darius was a cold, calculative and reactional man. Of course **he** wouldn't believe something that car

he clearly didn't want.

Pfft.

I rolled my eyes and flopped back on the bed, staring at the ceiling with a pout.

I could feel his piercing gaze still on me as he said coldly

2/3

om **a** mate

I'll have the doctor come check on you"

"You don't need to," I cut him off sharply, turning to face the other side with a huff.

"I'm perfectly fine. I'm not crazy, so you don't have to worry"

I yanked the blanket over my face, trying to block him and everything else out.

I knew I was throwing a fit.

But how could I not?

The one person who could actually hear me had just called me crazy after listening to me.

And that hurt more than I expected.

It made me wonder, if others could hear me, would they even believe my story?

Would they understand... or would they just label me as delusional too?

Maybe they would,

Maybe even my father wouldn't believe me.

I bit down on my bottom lip, the thought stinging harder than it should have.

I could still feel Darius's gaze lingering for a brief moment before he finally spoke.

"Alright. Just make sure you don't die, she-wolf. Don't forget our deal."

His voice **was** flat, emotionless.

The next second, I heard his retreating footsteps.

And just as the door creaked open, I murmured softly under my breath,

"I agreed to the deal. You should find Kieran. I'll give you my body in return."

Darius didn't say anything for a brief moment, and then the next sound I heard was the door closing shut. Even then, I didn't **look** back.

I simply **closed** my eyes and hugged myself tighter beneath the duvet, trying to wrap my head around the fact that Darius

cou'

E

Chapter 140

Darius pov

I walked out of the room with a frown, my expression colder than usual and the reason had everything to do with that she wolf

I wasn't sure why I **always** felt angry, irritated, and irrational when it came to that girl, but the more I thought about the look on her face when I said I'd call the doctor in case she wasn't well in the head... it unsettled me.

She hadn't looked angry or defensive like she usually did. No, she had looked **sad**.

And I wasn't sure why that expression affected me more than I cared to admit.

I

Was it because this was one of the few times she genuinely looked sad?

Usually, whenever I was around her, she'd either glare at me with disdain or snarled before covering it all up with a smile.

Even when I was cold or harsh, she rarely seemed to care. It was clear she disliked me and she didn't bother hiding it.

That was what I had grown used to. But this time, it was different.

After what I said, she didn't just look annoyed, she looked genuinely hurt.

"Was what I said too harsh?" I muttered before I even realized it. The moment the words left me, I froze in my tracks, my frown deepening at the absurdity of my own question.

And just as I expected, that infuriating voice echoed in my head.

"Of course you were too harsh, you jerk—ass. You literally called our mate crazy. Unwell in the head? Seriously? This is exactly why no one likes you, and why you're destined to be alone forever. Goddess, why did you have to prolong my suffering by binding me to this idiot?"

Silas groaned, his **voice** full of disbelief and frustration.

My gaze darkened at his words, but instead of ignoring him like I usually did, **I asked**,

"Do you believe the girl?"

My voice was low as I stared into the empty space, her words replaying in my head.

I

"He lied, took advantage of me, and destroyed everyone who mattered to me, everything I loved. My father, Uncle Benjamin, Calen, Serena... he slaughtered most of my pack in the attack he orchestrated. And in the end... he stole my

pack and killed me. But I was reborn, given a second chance to change my fate.”

That’s what she **said**, reborn after everything was taken from her.

Killed by her ex and now sent back in time to change her fate.

And I was supposed to believe that?

It sounded like something out of a fairytale. Maybe she was unwell in the head.

“I don’t know if I believe her,” Silas said, and for a second, I thought he was being sensible. But then he **added**.

“But I want to listen to her. To hear her out. And you don’t know, Darius… maybe she is telling the truth. You never know! mean, isn’t it technically impossible that we can live for centuries without aging or dying? So why is her story so **far-** fetched?”

My gaze darkened at his words, and I tilted my head slightly, thinking about what he’d said.

It was true.

We had lived for countless centuries because of a curse. We couldn’t age. We couldn’t die.

That was the divine power of the goddess.

The goddess w

was a deity, the mother of werewolves. She created us with her own hands. No werewolf could ever rival her in strength or power.

Even I, the Lycan King, was nothing compared to her.

The only thing that could rival or limit the goddess’s power, the only thing she couldn’t truly fight against was fate.

And fate wasn’t a deity or a living being.

No, it was a force. A force that always had to follow **its** course.

From the moment someone is born, their fate is already decided. It’s carved in stone, and fate would ensure their life followed that path, no matter **what**.

Even the goddess was powerless against it.

But if what that girl said was true...

winto

Then it would mean the goddess was the one who sent her back into the past and-

My thoughts trailed off as I realized what I was even thinking about. I tilted my head slightly, the corner of my lips curving into a slow, humorless smirk.

I even doing? Why did I care about what she said?

What was I even doing?

I shouldn't care about anything other than finding a way to break the curse.

Whether she was telling the truth at doing back to the past or not had nothing to do with me.

"I need a drink," I muttered to myself before heading to the study, ignoring Silas's voice in my head. And before I even reached the door, I could already hear Cassian and Drake talking on the other side.

My expression **was** cold as I pushed the door open and stepped inside.

Cassian was perched casually on a chair, legs crossed, snacking from a jar of whatever sweets he'd found.

21:28 Sat, 2 Aug

Drake, as usual, sat straight-backed, speaking to him with a smile.

The moment I entered the study, both their gazes snapped to me. Cassian muttered a curse under his breath, and the next second, he stood up, placing the jar on the glass table. He and Drake immediately lowered their heads in a respectful bow.

I barely spared them a glance as I made my way to my seat, sitting down and reaching for the ancient book I had been studying for the past few days.

It was a book that foretold the legends of white wolves before they went extinct centuries ago.

I had been looking through it to understand what made white wolves special, what set them apart from other wolves aside from the fact that they were directly blessed by the goddess and were the second strongest after a silver wolf.

At first, I'd thought the goddess simply used a white wolf **as** a way to break the curse because they were scarce and rare. Even before I became the Lycan King, there had only ever been one or two that my father claimed to have seen. Sol assumed she chose one just to make breaking the curse nearly impossible.

But now... I couldn't help but feel there **was** more to it.

Cassian and Drake watched me as I flipped through the pages. Knowing they hadn't come here for nothing, I asked,

"What is it?"

I didn't bother looking up.

Just as I was about to turn to the next **page**, Cassian spoke.

"My king, I apologize for disturbing you, but we've found something, information you asked us to look into," he said.

I lifted a brow and finally looked up, my frown deepening as he continued.

"It's about the rogues. We were able to find out who poisoned the one we captured at the Emberfang pack with wolfsbane."