

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King #Revival 141 – 150

Read Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King Revival 141

Chapter 141

Kieran pov

Tick tock. Tick tock. Tick tock.)

The sound of the clock ticking was the only thing I could hear as I lay on the wooden bed, eyes fixed on the ceiling in at daze, lost and drowning in my thoughts.

Tick tock. Tick tock. Tick tock.

The clock kept ticking, moving as though it was counting down to something inevitable, something that could happen at any moment. But to me, lying limp on the bed, it meant something else.

To me, the ticking meant that time **waited** for no one.

That it moved on, indifferent to who you were or what you'd lost. Time marched forward, uncaring, relentless..

And as I listened to that maddening tick, it filled me with rage, reminding me **of** what time had stolen, all the things I could be doing instead of lying here, wasting precious seconds. Most of all, it fueled my fury at the fact that I couldn't get to that girl right now, to make her pay for what she'd done to me.

Have you ever realized you could hate and love someone at the same time? So much so that they consumed your every thought, and when you thought of them, it was a storm of emotions—hatred, heartache, fury... and a deep, aching longing.

Well, that was me—Kieran as I stared at the ceiling, seething in rage like I had been for **the** past few days I'd been here.

At one of the rogues' hidden camps..

A place I knew all too well, because I had grown up in this filthy dump. And yet, here I was again—right back where I started, like I'd been dragged straight back to square one.

After what happened that night, when that bitch, Nyssa, broke into my home and poisoned Aria, my mate, before drugging me into unconsciousness, the next thing I knew, I woke up here.

And to my surprise, he was the one who had helped... and brought us here.

That man who didn't care about anyone's life, who killed without blinking, had actually helped me?

I'd been shocked but I wasn't delusional enough to think he did it out of the goodness of his heart.

He was the feared leader of the rogues. That man didn't have a heart to begin with.

So when I said I wanted to go back to the Emberfang Pack and take my revenge on Nyssa, he actually convinced me not to.

He told me that if I went back, everyone would believe what happened to Aria was my fault.

That no one would see me as the victim because Nyssa had staged the scene so convincingly, it looked like everything had been done by me.

And according to him, he said:

"Tell me, who would believe an unknown man with no real background over the beloved daughter of a **respected** Alpha)

Even though his tone had sounded almost concerned, the mockery and amusement in his voice were clear as **day**.

He'd also said something else that sent a chill straight down my spine:

"And that girl... if she sees you again, you're dead, Kael. I don't know what kind of bad blood exists between **you** two, but the hatred I saw in her eyes as she walked away from your home—that was deep."

And for some reason, I believed him.

If I went back to the Emberfang pack, Nyssa would kill me because I still remembered the look in her eyes as she watched the poison spread through her best friend's body with a smile.

I remembered the way she looked at me when she told me to drink the poison and die... if I wanted Aria to live.

She hadn't even hesitated when she said it, like she was an entirely different person.

She wasn't the shy girl I had gotten used to anymore.

I There was no trace of love left in her. Only a pure, unrelenting hatred and as much as I hated to admit it, that got to me.

That look... that raw hatred in her eyes... it was all I could see whenever I thought of her.

And that was when I knew, Nyssa would never love me the way she used to. She would never accept me again.

Something told me it wasn't just about me cheating with Aria. No, it was deeper than that... and before I realized it, all I could think about **was** her.

Those eyes that used to twinkle whenever she saw me.

That smile that always seemed to light up the room when she was around me.

That laugh.

I wanted all of it back. I wanted her back.

And just imagining her smiling like that for someone else, especially that cursed king, only made my anger boil hotter with each passing second.

So when the leader of the rogues offered his suggestion, I listened.

"But I can help you, Kael. I'll give you everything you've always wanted, and I'll support you. After **all**

, I need that **Alpha** of Emberfang dead. He's been digging into things he shouldn't. If he's not stopped, I'll be exposed. So I'll help you kill him, avenge your father's death, and once he's gone... the Alpha's position, the power, everything you've ever wanted will **be** yours."

I had agreed without a second thought.

Yes, he had his own selfish reasons and planned to use me, but he was powerful, he had most of the rogues under his

command.

If I wanted everything back... if I wanted Nyssa back, I needed his help.

Because with his support, everything would fall into place.

And when I finally achieved my goal, I would make sure she belonged to me again.

She would regret everything-

Forlooking down on me.

For breaking off our marriage.

And for that night.

My gaze narrowed at the ceiling, my hand curling into a tight fist as I reminded myself that I had to be patient.

Yes, time waited for no one but if I tried to rush it, I'd lose everything.

Right then, cutting through my thoughts, a sharp knock landed on the door.

I snapped my gaze toward it and sat up as it swung open. A man, one of the nurses from the camp's clinic, whom I recognized stepped in, beaming as he called out,

*Kieran! Kieran, your mate, Aria, she's regained consciousness! She's awake!"

My eyes widened at his words, and before I knew it, I had jumped off the bed.

The corners of my lips tugged into a smile on their own.

Aria had woken **up**?

She'd really survived the poison?

Chapter 142

Nyssa pov

"My lady, are you sure you don't want to eat? You haven't had much since yesterday. I'm sure you're hungry by now, and you even **took Sir** Zayn's herb last night, he said it's a strong one. Please, let's go for breakfast so you can get something in your stomach"

Serena asked for what felt like the millionth time, her voice ringing in my ears even though I had already turned to the other side of the **bed**, trying my best to ignore her. Unfortunately, she didn't take the hint and kept going.

"Why don't you want to eat, my lady? Is it your appetite? Would you like me to make you a hamburger? They always used to cheer **you up**."

She asked again, but I didn't respond. Instead, I pulled the duvet over my head and shook my head.

After what happened with Darius yesterday, I had locked myself in *m*

room the entire day and hadn't stepped out for even a second.

Sandra, Serena, and Isabella, the packhouse maids had brought me porridge. And though I hadn't been in the mood to eat, I forced **myself to** take a few bites. I didn't want their effort to go to waste, especially since I also needed to take the herb Zayn made for me.

After eating and taking the herb, they finally left me alone. They could all tell I wasn't in the best mood. Even Serena had sensed that something was off and didn't push me yesterday.

But now, this morning, after I'd taken my bath and crawled right back into bed, Serena was back at it, trying to convince me to get up and have breakfast.

"I don't want to eat. Just take it as me fasting, Serena. Really, I'm a werewolf—I won't die from skipping one meal," I said nonchalantly, **my** voice muffled under the duvet.

I heard Serena sigh softly before she spoke again.

"What's wrong, my lady? Why won't you eat? Did something happen..." she trailed off, then lowered her voice and asked,

"Did something happen between you and the Lycan King?"

As soon as those words left her mouth, I threw the duvet off my body and sat up straight in bed, my eyes locking onto hers. She jolted slightly at my sudden movement, but I only reached out and grabbed her hand, my brow raised.

"Why do you say that? Did you hear anything? Did the Lycan King say something?" I asked in a single breath, desperate to know if Darius had called me crazy in front of others. Because if he did, that would be truly humiliating.

After pouring my whole heart out to him, if he turned around and called me crazy to everyone, I'd feel even worse than I already did.

"Hmm, no, he didn't. Why, my lady? I only asked because... well, after the King left your room, you started acting this way," she explained.

I paused, then sighed in relief, nodding before slumping back onto the bed.

So he didn't say anything. Not that I expected him to.

Sure, he didn't want me as his mate, but he wasn't the type to go around calling people crazy behind their backs.

No—he preferred to say it straight to their faces.

I scoffed in disbelief, remembering his words from yesterday.

Unwell in **the** head? That evil bastard had said it so casually, **like** it meant nothing. And damn, **it stung my ego**.

Tue, Aug

“Are you sure it’s only your ego that was hurt, Nyssa and not your feelings?” Sheila’s voice echoed in my head, and I **knew** she was about **to go**

on again, so I didn’t waste time.

“What do you want to say, Sheila? Just spill it. I’m already in a bad mood,” I snapped, not bothering to hide my irritation.

She scoffed, but of course, she still spoke.

“What I’m saying is, it’s not just your ego that’s hurt, s your feelings, Nyssa. You’re upset that our mate doesn’t believe you. You’re hurt that he thinks you’re crazy.”

She said it like she’d just uncovered the world’s biggest secret.

I snarled.

“Of course I’m hurt! What do you expect? My heart isn’t made of stone. I’m allowed to feel something when the one person who can hear me

for once calls me crazy after I finally open up!”

Sheila didn’t even hesitate, like she already knew exactly what I’d say.

“Oh please, we both know that’s not the only reason you’re hurt. This man literally told you he’d reject you despite knowing it could kill you and you didn’t even flinch. Hell, he asked you to drink poison if you didn’t want to endure the pain of rejection, and you didn’t blink. And let’s not forget, just minutes before you found out he could hear you, he was asking that doctor if you could just be kept breathing, like he didn’t care if you woke up. And still, you didn’t react.

“And now you’re telling me your heart isn’t made of stone? Please, it’s made of iron,”

She stated bluntly, and I froze as her words finally sank in.

Was she... right? Why was I suddenly so mad about what he said?

It wasn’t like this was the first time he’d acted like a cold, heartless bastard—so why now?

"I'll tell you the reason, Nyssa," Sheila cut in, her voice way too excited for my liking. I could already tell whatever she was about to say, I wasn't going to like it one bit. Still, I stayed quiet as she continued.

"The reason you feel hurt is because the moment Darius said he could hear you, while staring at you with that mesmerizing look, those gorgeous eyes, you were absolutely smitten. And it was at that exact moment, Nyssa, you realized that you fell for him!"

My eyes widened in shock.

And before I could stop myself, I screamed.

"What??! Are you crazy?! Me? Falling for him?!"

My scream was so loud I hadn't realized I'd startled Serena, who had apparently been calling for me.

"Miss! Are you okay?" she asked, wide-eyed, a hand pressed to her chest.

Shit. I scared her.

"Serena,

sorry for screaming. I'm fine—"

But I couldn't even finish the sentence before there was a sharp knock at the door.

We both turned toward it, thinking it was Sandra.

Aug

"Come in," I called out.

The door opened, and sure enough, Sandra stepped in. But right behind her were Cassian and Drake, both wearing serious, unreadable expressions.

I raised a brow as their gazes flicked to me for only a brief second before shifting to Serena, who looked just as confused as I **was**. Something about their presence, about the way they looked at her felt off.

Sandra stepped forward and bowed her head respectfully.

"Good morning, my lady. I apologize for coming here with the Beta and Gamma unannounced," she said.

I frowned. Something definitely wasn't right. And the way both Cassian and Drake were staring at Serena was making me **increasingly**

uneasy.

Sandra continued,

"But the Beta and Gamma have requested to see Serena."

She turned to Serena with a small smile.

"Come, dear. They both need to speak with you."

Serena swallowed hard, clearly sensing something was wrong. She nodded and started to take a step forward but I grabbed her hand, pulling her back gently as I turned to face Cassian and Drake.

"I apologize, but may I ask the reason you want to see my servant? Am I allowed to know?" I asked with a frown.

Drake glanced at Cassian, as if unsure whether to speak, but Cassian's expression only deepened into a frown. For the first time, I saw **him** look truly serious and it only confirmed that something was wrong.

"I apologize, Miss," Drake began, "but we can't tell you-"

"We need to see Serena because she's suspected of being involved in the Ashvein incident that killed the rogue," Cassian cut in sharply, turning his gaze back to Serena with a look of disappointment.

"We found the guard who gave the Ashvein to the rogue, and according to him, it was Serena, your servant, who told him to."

As soon as those words left his mouth, the entire world *seemed* to freeze.

I turned to Serena, eyes wide in disbelief.

D—did I just hear that right?

Chapter 143

Nyssa pov

No, I couldn't have heard that right. There was no way I just heard that Serena had given the rogue the Ashvein that killed him in the cell at our packhouse.

I hadn't been fully informed about what happened that day, my father clearly hadn't wanted to tell me everything but I knew a rogue had been captured for interrogation.

Apparently, the rogue had overdosed on it while in custody, and they still hadn't discovered who had given him the Ashvein because it was impossible for him to have taken it without help. That's why my father believed there was a traitor in the pack.

And the first person that came to mind was Kieran—of course it was him. The same two rogues Darius had killed during the attack, the ones who had gone after me, were the very ones who had ambushed Serena and me when we fled Emberfang in my past life. So I naturally assumed Kieran was the traitor and didn't think much more of it since I was planning to kill him.

But now Cassian was telling me that Serena, the one person who had stood by me back then, who had given up everything to protect me, who had sacrificed her life for me was the traitor all along?

I'd rather believe there were two moons in the sky than accept that.

There was no way my Serena could've done something like that. No, she wouldn't.

The room was steeped in heavy silence, and for a brief moment, no one said a word. Only the ticking of the clock filled the air as every gaze turned toward Serena, her eyes wide, her body trembling.

She stared at Cassian in shock, lips parted as if she wanted to speak, but no words came out. Instead, I watched her take an unsteady step back, her gaze shifting to me and the moment our eyes met, it felt like a knife had pierced straight through my chest.

Guilt.

That was the glint in her eyes as she looked at me, her lashes shimmering with unshed tears. She opened her mouth again, trying to speak, but only a choked sob escaped as she whispered,

"M—my lady..."

That was all she managed to say, and I let out a hollow, disbelieving laugh, shaking my head as my hands began to tremble.

"Why are you calling me, Serena?" I asked, my voice cracking. "Why are you even looking at me? You should be turning to Cassian and telling him he's wrong. Tell him how ridiculous this is! How could he say something like that? He's claiming you were the one who gave the prison guard Ashvein—the same Ashvein that killed the rogue who attacked our pack. Tell him he's mistaken!"

I urged her, forcing a nervous smile as I reached out and lightly tugged her arm, silently begging her to speak—to deny it.

It had to be a misunderstanding. Maybe Cassian/meant someone else and just said Serena by mistake. She only had to say it wasn't **true**, and when she did, I'd back her up and everything would go back to normal.

It was simple. So then...

Why wasn't she saying anything?

Why was she still looking at me like that?

Why... why did she look guilty?

No. That couldn't be possible.

"My lady, I—" she stammered, voice quivering as tears spilled down her cheeks.

And before I realized it, I snapped, yanking my hand away.

"Why do you keep calling me, Serena?! Why can't you just say it's not true? Why?!" My voice rose with every word. "Stop calling me and say it wasn't you! That's all you have to do, just say it!"

Serena flinched, quickly lowering her head as broken sobs slipped from her lips.

But still... she didn't say the words I so desperately needed to hear.

And that's when the crushing realization hit me.

Serena had betrayed me. She had been the traitor.

My lips trembled as the tears threatened to spill all at once. My heart ached, and my vision blurred as I stared at Serena, trying to comprehend it.

"Why..." I whispered, my voice trembling. "Why would you do this? Did you really betray me? After everything you did in my past life? You stood by my side, didn't hesitate to follow me out of Emberfang when that bastard cast me out and... you didn't even flinch before throwing yourself at that rogue. You died for me, Serena... so why—"

Just as I expected, my voice faded into air, and the next second, I groaned as that familiar force slammed into me. I couldn't hold it back this time, the blood surged up my throat and spilled out before I even realized it, splattering onto the ground as I doubled over, coughing hard,

my chest aching.

“My lady!!”

“Miss!”

I heard everyone cry out in shock. The next thing I knew, Serena was beside me, her hands trembling as she reached for me, her cries growing louder.

“M—my lady. Oh, my lady, are you okay? You’re coughing blood. The doctor-” Her voice cracked as she turned to Sandra, who stood frozen, expression unchanged. “Please get the doctor, Miss Sandra!”

As I lifted my head and looked at her, I saw it.

The love. The care in her eyes.

The same worry she had always shown me, even in the past.

Even when I was pregnant, though I thought I was just sick and didn’t want to go to the hospital because of Kieran’s Alpha coronation.

She always said it.

“Luna, you should really see a doctor.”

She never hesitated to fight for me. She didn’t hesitate to leave with me when I was cast out of my pack.

“Let’s go together, Luna. I will serve only you in this life and the next. So please, take me with you. Don’t leave me alone here,”

She had smiled that night, even as she walked away from the only home she had ever known.

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“Let’s go, Luna. It’ll be a long walk, but we can rest in the cave outside the boundary.”

And even in the end, she didn’t hesitate to say those last words before she died.

“Please run away, Luna. If there is an afterlife, I hope the Moon Goddess allows us to meet again.”

So was I really supposed to believe that the girl who had said those words... who had done all of that... was the one who betrayed me?

Yes, maybe she did.

But there had to be a reason.

I had known Serena all my life. She grew up with me. There was no way she would do something like that without a reason. And even if...

My hands curled into fists as I stared at the crying girl in front of me.

Even if she didn't have a reason.

I would still stand by her side, just as she had stood by mine in my past *life*.

"My lady-"

"I'm fine." I cut her off before she *could* finish, leaning back slightly as I wiped the blood from the corner of my mouth and drew in a deep, steady breath.

It didn't matter what she did. I would always be by her side.

Chapter 144

Nyssa pov

"Miss, are you sure you don't need me to call Sir Zayn?" Sandra was the first to break the silence, and Cassian immediately followed, his voice tinged with worry.

"Yes, you just spat out blood and you fainted yesterday! I doubt you're anywhere close to okay," he said. When I lifted my head to look at him, A could see the concern etched across his face. "Maybe I shouldn't have said anything," he muttered under his breath, and I noticed Drake

nodding in agreement beside him, wearing the same expression.

I didn't answer right away. I focused on steadying my breathing, taking slow, controlled inhales. I really was fine. I had long since gotten used to the force slamming into me whenever I spoke about the past. And while it wasn't as agonizing as the pain from the dream, where it felt like my soul was being ripped out—it still hurt.

This time, however, I hadn't tried to swallow the blood back down, which made it look far more serious than it was.

"M—My lady, I'm sorry. I truly am sorry for what I did, and I swear I'll take whatever punishment you give me. But please... please see a doctor. I don't know what I'll do if something happens to you," Serena's voice broke into my thoughts, and everyone turned to her almost immediately.

As I stared at her, I couldn't help the frown that formed on my face. My hands trembled slightly, but in the next second, I curled them into fists and forced a smile. I shook my head and reached out to wipe her tears.

"What are you saying, Serena? Why wouldn't you just tell the truth, that you weren't the one who gave Ashvein to the guard to pass on to the rogue?" I said softly.

I felt her stiffen under my touch. Her eyes widened instantly at my words, and she stammered out, "W-What?"

I smiled at her, then turned to Cassian and Drake, who were now watching me with confusion in their eyes.

"Now that I think about it," I began, "what you're accusing my servant of can't be true, Beta Cassian, Gamma Drake. Serena was with me the entire day after I was attacked by those two rogues. She hadn't left my side even for a second. Is it possible the guard mistook her for someone else?"

I lied smoothly, remembering that Serena had, in fact, been with me for most of that day except for the brief moment she excused herself to take care of something. Now that I thought about it, she had seemed nervous and on edge. I hadn't paid much attention to her expression at the time, but looking back, something about it had definitely felt... off.

But none of that mattered now. What I needed to do right now was get Serena out of this mess.

"Maybe the guard meant another Serena? You know there are a lot of servants with that name in the packhouse, so he might've mistaken her for someone else," I said with a calm smile, watching as Cassian raised a brow before exchanging a look with Drake.

When neither of them responded, I let out a light laugh and sat up straighter.

"I mean, think about it. This is Serena we're talking about. You two may not know her well, but I do. I know her well enough to say with certainty that she would never do something like that."

I tried to explain, keeping my voice steady, but again they didn't say a word. I noticed Cassian's frown deepened slightly.

"Oh, my lady... I'm so sorry. Please forgive me... please," Serena cried out, but I cut her off and continued.

"She was with me that day. And when did the rogue die again? Wasn't it sometime in the afternoon? Then it couldn't have been Serena. It really couldn't."

I laughed nervously, though my heart pounded so hard against my chest it felt like it might explode.

I knew Serena had done it. But i wouldn't say that.

If we were still back in the Emberfang pack, I wouldn't be too worried, not even about my father. But now that the Lycan King was involved...

and he'd been the one to capture the rogue... I knew it wouldn't end well for Serena.

And then, Cassian spoke. His voice was low and steady, the weight behind it undeniable.

"The guard said it was really your servant. He described her clearly, how she handed him the Ashvein and told him to give it to the rogue. He also claimed he didn't know it was a banned drug and didn't think too much of it when she gave him money... My lady, it was Serena who

gave it to him."

The moment the words left his mouth, my heart dropped to the pit of my stomach, and my hands began to tremble.

Since the guard had testified that it was Serena who gave him the drug and everyone in the packhouse knew exactly who she was because she was my servant, it would be nearly impossible to shift the blame elsewhere.

It already seemed like they had confirmed it, like there was no doubt in their minds that Serena was the one responsible. I was sure that no

matter what I said now, it wouldn't change anything.

Still, I couldn't let them take Serena away. I'd heard how cruel Darius was to traitors.

People said that because the elders of this pack had betrayed him and killed his mate, Darius had become ruthless. Whenever he dealt with traitors, he showed no mercy. He killed without hesitation—without a second thought.

And if Serena were taken for interrogation, I wasn't sure they would go easy on her.

My breathing quickened as my gaze dropped to the bed, and my hands trembled slightly as I struggled to think of a way to get Serena out of

this situation.

Think of something, Nyssa. Anything.

I told myself, fear shooting down my spine.

Then, in that moment, I remembered, Sheila. She had been smart enough to come up with a plan to kill Kieran and Aria that day. Surely, she could help me with this too.

But before I could even get a word out, the very second I opened my mouth, Serena spoke, her voice soft and trembling.

“M—My lady, Beta Cassian is right... I was the one who gave the guard the Ashvein.”

I froze the moment Serena said those words, my head snapping toward her. She was staring down at me, her eyes brimming with tears, and

as I looked at her, I could see it—guilt and pain. That was all she felt, Guilt for what she had done. Pain for betraying me.

She was scared, yes but it wasn't fear for her own safety that consumed her.

No.

What seemed to hurt her more was the fact that I had found out.

“Serena...” I breathed, my voice barely a whisper, eyes brimming with tears as I stared at her.

I wanted to ask her—why? Why would she admit it so easily? Wasn't she afraid of what they might do to her? She could have lied... I had already started covering for her, but she had still confessed without hesitation.

All I could hear was the loud pounding of my heartbeat as tears streamed down Serena's cheeks and she spoke again, voice trembling.

“I gave the guard the Ashvein... and paid him not to tell anyone. I told him to give it to the rogue who later died during the interrogation.” She reached out and touched her chest. “I did all of that. Everything was my fault. But I'm not afraid of the consequences of my actions. I knew this would be revealed sooner or later. That's why I didn't say anything, I was just hoping to spend a little more time with my miss before I was caught. Because I knew that when I was... the miss would hate me for what I did. But instead, she...”

Her voice cracked as more tears spilled down her cheeks and she fell to the ground.

“Instead, miss still believed in me. I'm really sorry, miss. I'm so sorry for what I did,” she said, apologizing through broken sobs.

The entire room fell into silence, the only sound echoing was Serena's loud, sharp cries. My eyes widened in a daze as I watched her reach out and clutch my legs. She looked up at me, trembling, her voice cracking as she stammered:

"I—I didn't mean to betray you, my lady. I swear I didn't. I just wanted to protect you—to keep you happy but everything got out of control and I couldn't, I couldn't..."

Her words trailed off, the rest caught in her throat as she broke down completely, lowering her head in shame.

My heart pounded, aching almost painfully, and before I realized what I was doing, a tear slipped down my cheek, then another. I found myself crying as her words echoed in my head.

She had given the guard Ashvein... to protect me? To make me happy?

What did she mean by that?

I didn't know. But I was sure of one thing, Serena had to have a reason. She would never deliberately take someone's life. That girl couldn't even hurt a fly.

I had to understand why she did it. Maybe, just maybe if I found the truth, I could still protect her.

So I took a deep breath, reached out, and held her trembling hands in mine. I parted my lips, ready to ask the question but before a single word could leave my mouth, a cold voice cut through the air.

A voice I knew too well. One that sent a sharp chill down my spine.

"I doubt you got your hands on the Ashvein alone. So, who gave it to you?"

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12:44 **Thu**, 7 Aug 0

I stiffened, my eyes flickering to him, Darius standing right behind Cassian and Drake. I could see the surprise on their faces as they turned around, Cassian gasping and slapping a hand over his mouth, clearly not realizing that Darius had been behind them all this time.

Darius didn't spare them a glance. His chilling gaze remained fixed on the crying Serena on the floor, hands casually tucked into his pockets.

And just then, to my surprise, three more figures stepped into view behind Darius."

I blinked, staring at them and felt my breath hitch.

It was my father... and standing right beside him were his Beta and Gemma.

"Father..." The word slipped out of my mouth breathlessly. His eyes flickered to me for just the briefest moment, his lips tugging into a slight frown when he saw me, before shifting his gaze to Serena.

The moment their eyes met, she visibly shuddered. Her cries grew louder as she dropped her head in shame, unable to meet my father's

eyes.

My father's frown deepened, and I could see the disappointment in Benjamin and Calen's eyes but none of them said a word.

No one dared to speak with Darius present.

"I asked you a question, she—wolf," Darius said again, his voice cold and emotionless.

"Who gave you the Ashvein? Someone must have ordered you to do it, isn't that right?" he asked, and Serena trembled at the sound of his

voice.

He hadn't even released a hint of his aura, yet the weight in the room was suffocating. Even my father swallowed nervously, his eyes glued to

Darius's back.

Serena must have realized Darius wasn't the type of man to repeat himself. Something in her must have told her to answer because in the next second, she stopped crying, her eyes wide with fear as she opened her mouth, ready to speak the name of the person responsible.

But I knew, even if she said the name, Darius still might not pardon her.

And before she could speak, before I could even stop myself, the words blurted out of my mouth.

"I'm the one who asked her to do it! I am the one who asked her to give Ashvein to the guard" I pointed to myself, my eyes fixed on Darius with a determined expression and as he held my gaze, I repeated.

"I was the one who ordered her to do it"

Nyssa pov

D

“I was the one who ordered her to do it.”

The atmosphere turned tense and unbearably silent—so silent you could hear a pin drop.

I felt every gaze shift to me the moment those words left my lips, but my eyes stayed fixed on him, my breathing heavy and uneven.

As I spoke, I watched Darius arch a brow, his head slowly tilting as he studied me.

My body trembled under his gaze, and a shiver ran down my spine when I caught the cold, unimpressed glint in his eyes as though everything I had just said was nothing but air.

And for the briefest moment and I was certain I wasn't imagining it, I saw the corner of his lips curl into a faint smirk. I couldn't tell if it was amusement or something else, but he didn't say a word.

No one did. They all just stared, stunned into silence by my confession.

So I spoke again, this time louder as I lifted my head, hit my chest, and squared my shoulders with a determined expression.

“I said I was the one who told her to give the Ashvein to the guard. I was the one who gave the order, so it's not Serena's fault, Your Majesty. If anyone deserves punishment, it's me. She was only following the command of her master, so leave her out of this.”

I said it clearly without stammering, without even a trace of fear or hesitation.

Yes, this was the only thing I could do now—to protect Serena.

I wasn't saying this expecting Darius to spare me. If anything, he'd probably throw me into a cell and interrogate me for my supposed crime. But he wouldn't kill me. Not yet. I was still useful to him.

Serena, though... I couldn't be sure what he'd do to her.

This was my best shot.

At worst, I'd be punished. And if that's what it took, then so be it.

I stiffened my posture and met Darius's gaze with a slight smirk.

If he wanted to get to Serena, he'd have to go through me first.

I wouldn't let anyone lay a hand on her.

As if Darius could sense exactly what was going through my head, his smirk seemed to widen slightly, and I could've sworn to the goddess I heard a faint chuckle escape him. But before I could even process that, a loud voice suddenly boomed, making my body instinctively jolt.

"Are you insane, you child?!" my father screamed or rather, shrilled.

When I turned my gaze to him, I found him glaring at me, finger pointed, his face bright red as he hissed,

"Y-You... why would you lie like that?"

I blinked, trying to process what he had just said, but before I could respond, the man turned to Darius and lowered his head slightly.

"P.Please forgive the child. She's just saying anything to protect her servant. Please, do not listen to her."

He said it to Darius, and I frowned, blunting out,

"What are you saying, Dad?! You don't have to lie for me! I really am the one who gave Serena the Ashvein. I did it because I was upset that those stupid rogues had attacked me, and I gave her the drug knowing the rogue would overdose and die. I didn't tell you because i knew you'd stop me!"

I screamed, my voice just as loud as his and for a moment, he actually froze, taken aback.

I could even see Benjamin and Calen staring at me in surprise along with everyone else.

I wasn't completely sure, but I think I heard Cassian mutter, "Oh shit," under his breath.

"Y-You..." my father stammered, as if he couldn't believe what I was doing.

But I continued without hesitating.

"So you don't have to lie for me, okay? It was all my fault, and I'm ready to take responsibility, so..."

I turned to Darius and narrowed my eyes at him.

“You can punish me, and I’ll tell you everything you want to know. But this girl-”

I pointed at Serena and turned to look at her, finding her staring at me in a daze.

As I held her gaze, I placed a small smile on my face and whispered, quiet, but still loud enough for everyone to hear,

“Let her go. She was only following my orders.”

Serena’s tears fell harder at my words, and for a moment, time seemed to slow as I looked at her with an expression that could only mean I will protect you, no matter what happens.

She shook her head and sobbed, closing her eyes as though too ashamed to meet my gaze. Just as I reached out to hold her hand, that

familiar cold voice finally spoke.

“So, you admit to the crime, she-wolf?” Darius asked.

Everyone turned to look at him almost instantly, but he didn’t spare any of them a glance, his eyes were locked on me. My breath hitched at

his next words.

“You admit that you were the reason behind the rogue’s overdose and…” He paused, and I saw the wicked glint in his eyes, “You don’t mind being punished for the crime?”

I swallowed hard, a shiver running down my spine. But I had known this would happen. The moment I took the blame, I accepted the

consequences.

With everyone watching, inhaled a deep breath and nodded.

“Yes, I agree, my king,” I said and I wasn’t even able to lower my head before my father screamed,

“Nyssa!”

But before he could say another word, Serena’s soft voice echoed through the room.

“My lady is telling lies, my king.”

She spoke, and my eyes widened as I turned to her.

“She’s lying. She didn’t order me to give the Ashvein to the prison guard. She knew nothing about it, I hid it from her.”

I gasped as she spoke and quickly reached out to stop her from saying more.

“What are you saying? I was the one-”

But she yanked her arm away before I could touch her, shaking her head. With tears streaming down her cheeks, she whispered,

“No! Stop lying, my lady! Stop trying to save me. I don’t deserve it. I—I don’t... because from the very beginning, I betrayed *you* and lied to you.”

She inhaled sharply before continuing, her voice trembling.

“From the very beginning, I knew that Sir Kieran and Lady Aria were mates. I knew it but I chose to hide it from you... because of how much you loved him.”

I could hear everyone inhaling sharply at her words, and as I stared at Serena in shock and disbelief, everything suddenly felt suffocating.

Chapter 147

Nyssa pov

My brain hadn’t even processed her words yet before my father spoke, his voice laced with disbelief as he stared at Serena.

“W—what did you say?” he asked, and I could practically feel the wave of shock wash over the room. “Serena, did you just say that Kieran, **that**

bastard is Aria’s mate?”

I realized then that everyone was more stunned by the fact that Kieran was Aria’s mate than the fact that Serena had known.

But I could understand, they had just thought that Kieran and Aria had just cheated and didn’t *know* that they were fated mates.

And I didn’t feel much because I had already gone through that shock in my past life.

Only this time, I couldn’t even feel satisfied that they had finally found out. Because as I stared at Serena, her words began to truly register in

my mind.

And it felt as though a bucket of ice water had been poured over me.

She had said she known they were mates.

So she knew? She knew and didn't tell me?

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When did she find out? How did she know? And why hadn't she told me?

Had she... had she known even in my past life too?

Serena slowly nodded at my father's question, her eyes glistening as she sniffed.

"Y—yes, Alpha. Sir Kieran and Lady Aria are mates... and they've been hiding it. I found out by chance, but when I threatened to tell the miss, Sir Kieran told me that if I truly loved her, I wouldn't say a word because she would be heartbroken, and wouldn't be able to handle the

truth..."

My breathing grew shallow as I listened to her words. I could tell it was hard for her to say, her whole body trembled as she tightened her hands tightly, refusing to meet anyone's eyes.

"H—he said... he said the miss wouldn't be able to handle that kind of betrayal from her fiancé and her best friend and s—she would kill herself, and it would all be my fault. That's why... that's why I didn't say anything. I saw how much she loved them."

Serena turned to me, and as I stared at her in shock, she shook her head, her lips trembling as she choked out,

"I'm so sorry, miss. I never meant to keep it from you. But then you found out they were together, and I saw how hurt you **were**. **Still**, I **was** relieved—relieved that you finally knew the truth and took it well. You didn't... didn't do anything to hurt yourself."

Silence fitted the room, and the air was so thick you could hear the sound of everyone breathing.

A disbelieving scoff escaped me at her words, and just as everyone seemed frozen in a daze, I managed **to force out the question that had** been sitting at the tip of my tongue ever since she said she knew.

"W—when did you **find** out about this, Serena?" I **asked**, a **brow** raised. "**When** did you **know** they **were** mates?"

Everyone's eyes were on me **as** I spoke, watching **my** reaction **carefully** but **it was his that I could feel the most**.

Darius hadn't said anything **yet**.
Like **the** others, **he watched**, but **his gaze** felt **different**.

1/3

15:36 Fri, 8 Aug

He didn't seem shocked. No, I could feel the weight of his indifference pressing down on me.

Serena's nails dug into her palms, but this time, she didn't hesitate. Her voice no longer broke. Instead, she wiped **her**

tears and answered truthfully.

"I found out a day before your wedding, my lady."

My jaw practically dropped.

What?

"That day you were looking for Sir Kieran and Lady Aria, you asked me to find them and I did... but they were in one of the guest rooms **and 1** – heard moaning inside."

She paused at the next part, but everyone knew what she meant.

They were having sex.

"And while I was trying to process the betrayal, I heard Lady Aria call Sir Kieran mate.

When I confronted them, they told me the truth... but said you wouldn't be able to handle it. That you'd hurt yourself if you found out that the people you loved and trusted were betraying you."

Everyone listened in silence.

And at that moment, I didn't even feel hurt or betrayed anymore.

All I felt was disbelief.

Another scoff left me as I stared at Serena.

So she had known... the day before my wedding?

Which meant she had known in the past life, too. But she still hadn't told me.

Wow.

Talk about a plot twist.

..I wasn't even sure whether to cry or laugh right now because what the actual fuck.

"Holy shit, the drama's bigger than I thought," Cassian muttered. "Then what about the Ashvein? Since you're revealing **everything now**, it must mean Kieran had something to do with it too, right?"

Serena nodded, then responded.

"Yes, Beta Cassian. Sir Kieran was the one who gave me the Ashvein to pass to the guard. He didn't tell me what it was or what **it would do**. I didn't know it was Ashvein. He just said that if I didn't do **it**, he'd tell the miss everything, that he and Aria were mates and that I had **known** all along and kept it from her. He said the miss would hate me... and I-I..."

She broke into sobs.

"I gave the drug and the money to the guard. I didn't know **it** was Ashvein. I didn't know the rogue would **overdose**. I **swear**, I **would**

never hurt anyone on purpose. I just panicked. I didn't want the miss to hate me and-"

"**You** gave **the** Ashvein **to the** rogue."

2/3

15:36 Fri, 8 Aug

My father finished her sentence, sounding just as shocked as Cassian.

Serena weakly nodded, her head bowed as she refused to meet my gaze.

And as I stared at her, my eye twitched in disbelief. My mind scrambled to form words, but the only thing that came **out** was **a shaky whisper**.

"Serena, you..."

My voice trailed off.

Then, before I could stop myself, a laugh spilled from my lips, dry and humorless.

I reached up, dragging a hand through my hair as I shook my head, scoffing.

“Oh my Goddess, Serena!”

I screamed, and she jolted slightly, her tear-filled eyes meeting mine.

She cried harder when she saw me, thinking I was furious with her.

And yes, I was angry. But *not* at her.

At her actions.

“Nyssa, calm down. Don’t get angry-”

My father’s voice tried to cut in, but I snapped before he could finish.

“Why didn’t you tell me you knew they were mates?!” I screamed. “If you had, then maybe what happened in the past wouldn’t have happened. I can’t believe you knew and still didn’t say anything!”

My voice cracked as I slammed my hand against the bed.

“But I can’t even fully blame you. It’s that bastard and that fucking slut who should be blamed! Ah, I can’t believe they were actually **doing it**.

a day before the wedding and let you see it. I can’t even fathom how those two managed to hide that they were mates *for* so long.”

I murmured the last part under my breath, the words laced with disbelief.

“And even when I knew... I couldn’t say it.”

I had said that barely above a whisper, but somehow, despite the low volume, everyone heard it.

And in the next second, my *father’s* voice rang out, filled with disbelief.

“W–wait... did you know about this, Nyssa?” he asked.

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saw **it**,

Chapter 148

Nyssa pov

From the looks on their faces, I could tell everyone was shocked when they heard me say I knew Kieran and Aria were mates.

Ah, of course they were because now they could actually hear me. My words no longer turned to air.

From what I could guess, they could hear me now because this wasn't about the past anymore. Since Serena had revealed the truth, it had become something that happened in the present and somehow, that made all the difference.

That meant the force could no longer slam into me for talking about it.

Normally, I guess I would have been happy about that, maybe even used it to get Kieran in trouble but right now, I wasn't.

I wasn't happy.

Because I was upset. Upset that Serena had known and hadn't told me. That she had kept it to herself in the past life.

If she had told me...

If she had told me that Kieran and Aria were cheating on me, that she had seen them together, I would've believed her. I trusted her. I would've at least seen things differently, stayed on my toes, and maybe I wouldn't have married him.

But instead... she believed that bastard's words. He managed to manipulate her into thinking I would hurt myself.

Pfft. Even back then, as smitten as I was with Kieran, I still knew myself, I would never have hurt myself just because I found out those two idiots were mates.

Sure, I would've cried. Maybe thrown a fit, caused a scene, whatever. But I would've moved on.

But Serena was easily deceived. She let me marry Kieran... and in the end, I lost everything because of him.

Still, I couldn't even fully blame her.

If I remembered correctly, she used to drop hints, small ones whenever we were alone.

"My lady, do *you* really trust Lady Aria? I don't know, but the way she acts with you these days... it isn't respectful. Now that the Alpha is dead, she's becoming a lot bolder."—

“Miss, Sir Kieran didn’t come home again last night. Aren’t you even curious why? S—shouldn’t you investigate?”

She used to say things like that back then.

And me? As dumb and love-blind as I was, I ignored her. I didn’t think too much of it.

But now I knew, she really had been trying to warn me.

Still... all she really needed to say was:

“Miss, your husband and best friend are cheating assholes and you need to get away from them.”

I sighed, fighting the urge to shake my head and rub my brows in frustration.

“Nyssa,” my father called out again but this time, I could hear the frustration and sternness in his voice.

Without looking at him, I gave a small nod and finally spoke.

“Yes. I knew they were mates. That’s why I ended it with Kieran that day.”

My voice was low—too low and anyone listening might’ve thought I sounded hurt.

But I wasn’t.

I was pissed.

Almost immediately, Serena’s eyes widened in shock, staring at me like she couldn’t believe what she’d just heard.

“M—Miss... y—you knew?” she stammered. “You knew they were mates?”

I nodded.

“Mhm. I did. I knew the reason Kieran was even with me in the first place was because they were planning to take over the Emberfang Pack,” I said, before I could stop myself.

And almost instantly, that familiar force slammed into me again, knocking the breath out of my lungs.

But this time, instead of coughing up blood, I swallowed it down and winced silently.

Ah, fuck.

I'd forgotten they didn't know that part yet.

"What did you say?" my father asked, confusion creasing his brow as he stared at me.

"I didn't hear you."

For a second, I didn't say anything.

My eyes flicked to Darius, who still wore that unreadable expression but the way he raised a brow told me he'd definitely heard.

And then...

"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...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."

Those words echoed in my mind again, making my face flush pink.

Tquickly cleared my throat and shook my head.

"I said nothing, Father," I murmured, shifting my gaze back to him, only to find that he was seething with rage.

His hands were clenched into tight fists, his jaw tight as he stared at me, and in that moment, I was certain:

If my father ever found Kieran before I did, he would kill him. Without hesitation.

He looked like he wanted to speak, but before he could, Darius's voice rang out, low and emotionless.

"Arrest the servant."

Those three words were enough to make everyone whip their heads toward him in shock.

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His gaze was locked on me, sharp and cold.

"Arrest the girl and interrogate her properly. Afterwards, she'll receive her punishment for her crimes."

He paused briefly,

“Well... that is, if she survives.”

The air instantly thickened with tension, so heavy it felt suffocating. I could practically feel the fear radiating from Serena.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Cassian and Drake exchange a glance, both swallowing hard but in the next second, they didn't hesitate.

“Yes, My King,” they echoed in unison.

Drake lowered his head and began walking toward Serena, who had already started crying.

Still, she didn't resist.

He muttered a soft apology as he reached out to grab her, but before he could even touch her, my hand moved on its own, instinctively rising to stop him.

But my father appeared in front of me in the blink of an eye.

As if he knew exactly what I would do, he caught my hand mid-air and stopped me.

I looked up at him sharply, and he shook his head, tightening his grip on my wrist as he muttered under his breath,

“Don't.”

I frowned, wanting to yank my hand free especially as I watched Drake glance at me sadly before helping Serena to her feet.

As they started walking toward the door, I struggled against my father's grip, but I couldn't break free.

“What are you doing, Dad? Let me go!” I screamed, then turned toward Darius, rage bubbling inside me. I didn't care that he was the Lycan King.

“Why do you want to investigate her again? She already admitted it! She did it because of me! She didn't know it was Ashvein, she was deceived!” I yelled.

But Darius simply stared at me, unmoved. Then, without hesitation, he tilted his head slightly and said,

“And? Does that change the fact that she poisoned a rogue I was planning to interrogate? Does it change the fact that she interfered with my plans?”

I froze. A chill ran down my spine.

He was right.

He didn't care about the why. As long as she committed the crime, nothing else mattered to him.

"Take her to the dungeon. I'll interrogate her myself later," Darius ordered. And without sparing anyone another glance, he turned and walked out of the room.

Hearing that he would be the one to interrogate Serena sent me into a panic. I couldn't stop myself, I screamed.

"Wait! Wait, please—my... my king! Please, spare her! Forgive her! She didn't mean it, she didn't really know. I—I'll take the punishment

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instead. Just please, spare her!"

But he didn't stop.

He didn't even look back, didn't acknowledge my voice.

He just kept walking... until he disappeared from view.

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"Nyssa!" my father snapped, trying to restrain me as I thrashed against him. His grip tightened even more as Cassian and Drake glanced at me once, just once then continued walking, taking Serena with them.

"Wait! Please don't take her—I'm begging you, please!" I screamed again.

But no one stopped. No one listened.

And as Serena's figure disappeared down the hallway, Sandra who had been silent the whole time lowered her head... and followed after them.

At that moment, I wasn't sure what happened but I felt an intense surge of rage, and my whole body burned with heat, the air changed.

Thicker.

And before I could even comprehend what I was doing, my vision blurred and an unknown strength coursed through me. I yanked my hand free from my father's grip, taking him by surprise.

Just as I was about to get up and rush after Serena, he grabbed me again, pulling me toward him. His voice dropped into a growl as he hissed,

"Stop it, Nyssa! Doing this will only get Serena killed!"

Chapter 149

Nyssa pov

"Stop it, Nyssal Doing this will only get Serena killed!"

My father yelled as he pulled me back, and I stiffened almost instantly at his words and the expression on his face.

He didn't look at me with anger or frustration instead, his eyes were filled with sadness.

And in the very next second, whatever rage and emotion had been building inside me vanished. The air seemed to shift, the tension in the room dissipating completely.

My father must have noticed it too, because he raised a brow, his eyes narrowing in confusion but I didn't wait another second before speaking.

"Father, what's going to happen to Serena? Why are you stopping me? You know what that cruel man would do to her! She won't survive," I hissed, staring at him in disbelief, shocked that he had stopped me instead of fighting for Serena.

Was it because he was also upset about what she did? But still...

"Father, I know Serena did something wrong but it was all a misunderstanding! She didn't know, she was deceived by that bastard! And the rogue who died was probably evil anyway, right? Rogues kill, loot packs, and assault women. So that rogue definitely deserved to die! And if

he's angry that she killed his captive, then he can just capture another rogue. There are tons of them! So why does he still want to interrogate her? That man is just heartless!"

I said everything in one breath, my voice shaky and my breathing heavy.

For a brief moment, my father's eye twitched, like he was trying to process every word I had just thrown at him. Then suddenly, he gasped and turned sharply to Benjamin and Calen, who stood at the door.

“Quick, close the door.”

Without wasting a second, Benjamin and Calen did as they were told, quickly shutting the door. My father turned back to me and whisper-

yelled,

“Are you crazy, child? How could you talk about the Lycan King like that? What if he hears you?”

I almost rolled my eyes at his words and nearly shot back that the king could hear me for all I cared but I held myself back and tried to focus

on the real issue here: Serena.

“Dad... you know Serena has lived with us her whole life. She’s the daughter of Nanny Madison, and before she died, she made one final request, that we take care of her daughter. And you promised her, Dad. I promised her too.”

I stared straight into his eyes as I spoke. He frowned, listening to every word intently, saying nothing.

“And you know what that man will do to her,” added, my gaze hard on him.

Even though he still didn’t speak, I could tell he knew I was right.

“Nyssa, the Alpha is-” Calen started to say, but before he could finish, my father cut him off, gently wrapping his hands around my arms and making me sit back on the bed.

“I know what you mean, little Nyssa. And I haven’t forgotten my promise to Madison,” he said, sitting beside me. I stared at him as he continued,

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here tong Danus bezain even mere hartres toward traktors causes of what happened to as mats in that part if want Senes, suu have to be patient and maint. You can’t just get at the king Bow’t forget that Behrs hewan pe fate, he was the vari The garings for his cruelly

ther’s hands tightened around my arms as he leaned closer, whispering ender his breath,

“Don’t worry, I’m not planning to abandon Serena, I will try my best to save her so don’t do anything reckless. Whatever you do might endanger her life. Do you understand?”

When I didn’t answer, Benjamin, who stood behind my father, spoke.

“Trust the Alpha, Nyssa. Your father knows what he’s doing,” he said, and Calen nodded.

“Yes, little Nyssa. The Alpha won’t abandon Serena like that.”

For a brief moment, I didn’t say anything as they spoke. I simply watched them, my father, his Beta, and his Gamma and in that moment, 1

realized one thing

I wasn’t the only one Serena grew up with. I wasn’t the only one who loved her. They all loved and cared for her just as much as 3 did. They wouldn’t abandon her or let anything bad happen so I made the decision to be patient and trust my father.

“Okay... I won’t do anything rash,” I promised with a sigh, running a hand through my hair before taking a deep breath to calm my nerves and keep myself from acting too hastily. I had to be patient. I had to stay calm.

“Good girl,” my father praised, leaning back, and I forced a small smile, only then realizing that my father was actually here, in the Lycan King’s pack. Thinking something might have happened, I asked,

“Is everything okay? Why are you here, Dad?”

He lifted a brow at my question, and for a brief moment, I caught a flicker of something in his eyes before he spoke.

“We’ve been investigating the culprit behind the Ashvein that the rogue overdosed on, and when the King found out, he called us here.” His tone was brief, almost clipped, and as I studied him, I couldn’t shake the feeling that there was something he wasn’t telling me, something he

was hiding.

Before I could ask, he cut in.

“But that doesn’t seem important right now.” His eyes narrowed on me, sharp and suspicious. “Nyssa... tell me the truth. Are you hiding something from me?”

I stared at him in confusion, unsure what he meant until he went on.

“Just now... when you were struggling against me to get to Serena, the strength you used to yank your wrist away wasn’t normal. And maybe

I was imagining it, but your aura—it flared, stronger than I’ve ever felt. What was that?”

I lifted a brow, still not understanding.

My aura... flared?

"Dumbass, he's saying the aura he felt from you was way stronger than it should be for a wolfless omega," Shella cut in, her voice sounding

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tired at this point. That was when it finally clicked.

"Hmm... how should I put this? You know you don't have a wolf and the aura that radiated from you was

"But I do have a wolf," I interrupted, tilting my head in confusion.

My father froze mid-sentence, staring at me as if he hadn't heard me right. Even Benjamin and Calen looked equally dumbfounded.

"W-what did you just say?" my father asked.

"I'm not wolfless anymore. I have a white wolf named Sheila," I said, only then realizing I'd never told them. I had completely forgotten... until it slipped out just now.

Judging by my father's stunned expression and the way Benjamin and Calen's jaws practically hit the floor, I muttered a quiet "ah" under my breath.

The very next second, all three of them screamed in unison.

"What!?"

Chapter 150

Nyssa pov

My father had gone through a whirlwind of emotions—shock, disbelief, happiness, and then anger that I hadn't told him. He couldn't believe I had a wolf... and not just any wolf, but the rarest and second strongest of them all.

The man actually cried. And when Benjamin and Calen tried to comfort him, they ended up crying too. I just sat there, watching three grown men in high positions bawl their eyes out.

When I finally decided to comfort them, Sandra knocked and called them away, apparently, Darius wanted to speak with them. They had no choice but to answer the king. Now, as I watched my father tell me to stay in my room and promise he'd come see me later before leaving, I couldn't help the slight curve of my lips into a faint smile.

"Are you certain you're okay, miss?" Sandra's voice pulled me from my daze. My gaze lingered on my father's retreating back before I blinked and turned to see her smiling down at me, her white eyes fixed on me in a way that sent an involuntary shiver down my spine.

When I didn't respond, her gaze dropped to the floor. I followed it, only to see she was staring at the blood that had splattered from the force that had slammed into me earlier.

"I'll send someone to clean this up, but you should see the doctor at least. Or... do you want to have your meal now?" she asked, and I narrowed my eyes at her in confusion.

This woman... why did I always get the feeling she wasn't really blind and could actually see? I wasn't sure, but each time I was around her, it felt as though she could. The way her gaze seemed to focus, the way she walked with perfect precision, the way she carried herself, it wasn't like that of a blind person.

Perhaps I was overthinking, but there was definitely something... off about her.

Was it her aura?

Or was it something else?

"Miss?" she called again, and I stiffened, finding her meeting my gaze with a professional smile.

"Miss, are you okay? You don't seem to be listening to me," she said, and this time, I blinked, snapping out of my thoughts before shaking my head.

"N-no, I'm fine. You don't have to call Zayn, but I'd appreciate it if you could ask someone to clean this up for me," I said, clearing my throat.

Why was I overthinking it? It wasn't as though I could outright ask if she was truly blind, and it would be disrespectful if I did.

"Okay, Miss. What about breakfast? You haven't eaten much since yesterday, and I'll also have to assign you another servant since Serena won't be available."

I frowned slightly at her words, Serena wouldn't be available anytime soon.

I knew she meant no harm, but hearing it out loud made me realize just how grave the situation must be for Serena. I wasn't sure what was happening to her right now, but

based on what my father had said, I trusted him. I didn't want to overreact and make things worse.

I forced a smile and nodded.

"Okay, thank you. I'd appreciate both the food and the servant. But for the servant... could you get me Isabella? She's the only maid I know here, and I think she'll be fine."

16:59 Sat, 9 Aug

Even though I knew Isabella would be frightened by the idea of becoming my personal servant after all, she was still afraid of me, and I had scared her with my aura that day, that was exactly why I wanted her. If she was truly terrified of me, then I wouldn't have to worry too much about her overstepping. She was the right candidate.

Sandra's lips curved into a slight smile at my request, and she lowered her head slightly before responding.

"Yes, Miss. I'll send her to you with your meal and get someone else to clean your room."

I nodded and thanked her. Soon after, she walked out of the room, and as the door closed behind her, I exhaled a long, shaky breath before collapsing onto the bed. My hand ran through my hair as my eyes fluttered shut, trying to process everything that had happened in the span of just an hour.

Apparently, Serena had discovered those idiots' affair and had been tricked into giving the guard, Ashvein.

But now that I thought about it, this was actually my fault. Despite knowing that Kieran had connections with the rogues, I hadn't paid enough attention to the attack. Instead, I'd focused on eliminating him since he was the most dangerous threat. And though the rogues' attack hadn't happened in my past life, if I had at least warned my father to keep a closer watch on the captive, none of this would have happened.

This is definitely my fault.

If I didn't-

"If, if, if," Sheila cut in, her voice sharp with frustration. "That's all you've been saying, blaming yourself."

I blinked, surprised that she was snapping at me.

"Can't you go a day without blaming yourself for once? You're not the goddess, you can't do everything alone, so not everything is your fault. I know you're sad about what

happened, but you can't keep blaming yourself. Especially..." She paused for a brief moment, then whispered just under her breath, "Even now... even now you carry that self-blame in your soul for what happened to him."

I narrowed my eyes in confusion at her words, not understanding what she meant, but before I could say anything, there was a knock on the door. A maid. I didn't recognize stepped inside, lowered her head, and despite visibly trembling as my gaze landed on her, spoke.

"Good morning, miss. I have been asked to take care of your room."

I glanced at her briefly before flopping back onto the bed, nodding nonchalantly as I finally recognized her as one of the maids who had been gossiping behind my back with Isabella, the one I had directed my aura at.

"Go ahead, thank you. I appreciate it," I said. She responded with something, but I had already shut my eyes, trying to think clearly about what I should do to save Serena from the cruel Lycan King.