

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King #Revival 161 – 170

Read Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King Revival 161

Chapter 161

Nyssa pov

I was doomed. Literally.

I was fucking doomed.

You know that sinking feeling when you do something wrong, get caught, and instantly know you're in serious trouble, your chest tightening with **panic** and dread at the punishment to come? That was exactly what I felt as I stood there, trapped between the wall and the Lycan King.

In the very room where we had spent that night together, he stared at me, inches away, eyes so cold they could freeze me on the spot.

So... you're probably wondering how I ended up here, since I had been in the dungeon a while ago, right? Well, it was pretty simple, to be honest. While **I** was busy trying to wrap my head around the fact that I was staring at Darius with Cassain and Drake by his sides, looking at me with both disbelief and surprise, as though they hadn't expected me to be there at all, Darius watched me with a different kind of emotion.

Yes, the same familiar empty gaze, but there was something different. A hint of amusement? I wasn't sure if I had imagined it, but I could have sworn I saw **a** flicker of amusement on Darius's face as he stared at me.

Just as twas thinking of an excuse or simply laughing it off, pretending + had been sleepwalking and wandered here without realizing it, anything to end that suffocating pause the world had fallen into, Darius moved.

And to everyone's shock, he walked up to me, lifted me onto his shoulder like I was a sack of flour, and began walking out of the dungeon. No one said **a** word, probably too stunned to even speak as they watched him carry me along silently.

I couldn't blame them. I hadn't said anything either, just watched the dungeon slowly disappear from sight as he carried me toward the packhouse.

And now, as we stood here with him pinning me against the wall without a single word, that was why I had said I was doomed because whenever this man acted out of character, it never ended well.

My breathing was harsh and heavy as I waited for him to speak, to say anything, but he merely watched me, eyes narrowed as though trying to study me. Something told me that if this went on, he wouldn't speak at all.

I swallowed hard, forcing myself to take a deep breath before finally speaking. My throat was dry, my voice shaky, and I had to look away from his piercing gaze as I stammered fearfully.

"M—my king, about what happened earlier..." I began, unsure of what to say. It was obvious I had been there to sneak Serena out, but I forced myself to speak despite my fear.

"I—I wanted to say that I am sorry for trying to sneak my servant out of the dungeon. I know what she did wasn't good, but I still believe it was a mistake, and she shouldn't be killed because of what—"

"So," he interrupted, his tone sharp, "is that why you decided to sneak out of my packhouse, go to the dungeon, knock one of my guards unconscious, and steal the keys to the cells?"

He arched a brow at me, and the apology I had been about to offer died on my lips. I couldn't respond, couldn't say anything back."

Ah, yes. It didn't sound good. Though his expression was blank and cold, if you looked closely, you could tell he was angry.

To be honest, if it weren't for the fact that I was useful to him, I might not even have my head on my shoulders right now.

A nervous laugh escaped my lips as I shook my head and raised my hands, trying to muster the most sincere smile I could.

"I—I mean, I swear it's not as bad as it sounds, my king. Yes, I snuck into the dungeon, and yes, I knocked your guard unconscious, but I really **didn't have** a choice, I wanted to save Serena—"

My breath hitched, and my words faltered as Darius leaned closer, so close I could feel his hot breath brush my lips. A soft scoff slipped from him, **white**

• **Strands of hali** falling over his face as he **spoke**,

You promised not to cause **trouble** in **my** pack while you're here, **didn't**

you, she **wolf?** **For** signing an alliance **with your** pack, you promises fet here **quietly** until you fulfilled **my goal** of bringing you here. So tell me, why would you do this?"

My eyes widened at his words, though I wasn't sure why I was more surprised. Was it that I couldn't tell **if** he was truly upset or amused? Emerneja knew better than to provoke him or argue, he was right. I had made a deal not to cause a scène and to do whatever he wanted

And I had broken it, so all I could do was beg for forgiveness and mercy for Serena.

I lowered my head slightly and apologized, my face flushed as I bit my bottom lip, hating how my body betrayed me in our close **proximity**.

"I apologize for causing such a scene. I shouldn't have done it. I hope you can forgive me, your majesty," I murmured, my voice soft. Even **though** I couldn't see Darius's expression, I knew he was watching me with a raised brow.

Before he could answer, I slowly dropped to my knees and looked up at him, my body trembling slightly as I spoke.

"But please, my king... have mercy upon my servant. I know what she did was wrong, but I beg you *to* pardon her. It is my fault for not looking after her, could I receive her punishment in her stead?"

The moment the words left my mouth, the air seemed to thicken. I didn't lift my head or meet his gaze; instead, my hands fisted around my dress, shaking slightly.

I had no power to oppose the Lycan king. With my plan ruined, this plea was all I had left—the only thing I could do. Swallowing my pride, I begged.

"Please, I will do anything, just..." I lifted my head, staring up at Darius with teary eyes, continuing my words.

"Pardon her crimes—"

I wasn't able to finish my sentence. The world seemed to freeze, a shiver racing down my spine at what happened next.

.Before I could even blink or react, my eyes went wide as Darius suddenly leaned in, tilted my chin, closing the space between us, and pressed his lips to

mine.

Reviva

Chapter 162

Nyssa pov

Huh.

Was I hallucinating, or was the Lycan King really kissing me right now?

I blinked, my eyes wide, staring at nothing in particular as I felt Darius's lips on mine—moving, claiming, with his hand gripping my chin, kissing me with a hunger that left me dazed. Shocked. Confused. And worst of all, it made my body heat up in ways I couldn't even control.

Holy fuck.

One second he was scolding me for sneaking out, and the next... he was kissing me?

I wanted to pull back, to ask why he was doing this. I knew I should. But as his lips pressed harder against mine, I couldn't move an inch. My body stayed frozen in place, betraying me. I could swear I heard the deafening thump of my own heartbeat, Sheila's soft purr echoing in my head, even the clock ticking in the background until everything blurred away.

Before I knew it, my eyes fluttered shut as Darius's hand slid to cup my cheek, deepening the kiss as though he couldn't get enough of me. A moan slipped from my lips as if some invisible force was pulling me under, and instinctively, my arms wound around his shoulders, dragging him closer as I kissed him back.

A low growl rumbled from Darius, vibrating against my mouth, and his hand moved to the back of my neck as he kissed me harder, his lips almost bruising, making my head spin, making everything blur and turn hazy.

Goddess, I wanted more. I needed more of him.

Before I could even react, his hands drifted lower, and a startled gasp escaped me as he wrapped them firmly around my waist. In the next heartbeat, he lifted me off the ground with effortless strength, holding me close.

Instinct took over, I wrapped my legs around his waist, and the moment I did, he carried me to the wall, pressing me against it without breaking the kiss for even a second.

My grip tightened on his shoulders as our lips clashed harder, my hand sliding into his hair, running through it as a moan slipped from me the instant Darius pressed himself against me. And then I felt it—hard, straining, begging to be freed against me.

His boner.

"Nnngh," I gasped, my eyes nearly rolling back as I pressed my clit against his hardness, desperate for more. As if he already knew exactly what I craved, he rolled his hips slowly into me, and with my maid outfit riding up, the short dress had hitched high

enough that I could feel him directly against my panties, every grind sending shudders through my body.

His hand tightened at the small of my waist, dragging me closer, and as he pulled from the kiss, his other hand rose to my neck, tilting it to the side. He leaned in, lips brushing down my skin, breathing me in as his mouth parted and **his** fangs extended—grazing my flesh just enough to make me tremble, my breath hitching. My grip on his hair tightened **as** he continued, kissing and dragging his fangs across my neck deliberately, as though he knew exactly how crazy it **made me**.

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“M—my king—” I stammered, my voice trembling as my lips parted, the words catching in my throat. Darius **kept** grinding into me, hips moving at a torturously slow pace, as if he were teasing me on purpose.

“You want me to punish you, don’t you?” he murmured, his voice a deep hum against my ear. I shivered at the warmth of his breath ghosting over my skin.

“You want me to punish you in your servant’s place—is that what you’re asking?”

His words brushed over me and I whimpered, shuddering as his lips grazed my ear. My body was trembling, on the verge of unraveling from how sensitive I felt, but at his question, I sucked in a sharp breath and answered.

“Y—yes... Yes, please punish me instead of my servant. I’ll accept anything you give me.”

Darius pulled back just slightly, his gaze locking with mine. His eyes gave nothing away, but I could feel his surprise at how quickly I’d answered, without a flicker of hesitation.

Goddess knew what thoughts were turning in that man’s mind. My panties were soaked, my body aching, desperate for release, desperate for him, yet this was what he asked me.

It didn’t matter. I didn’t need to understand. I would do anything to save Serena.

He arched a brow, tilting his head as he studied me, his voice so low I almost missed it.

“Why go to such lengths for a se

I didn’t falter, not for a moment.

“Because that servant gave up her life for mine without hesitation... and I won’t hesitate to give mine too.”

I wanted it to sound strong but I heard the crack in my own voice. Not because I didn't mean it. No. It was because,

Goddess help me, I was dying inside.

My pussy throbbed, aching for him, needing him.

"I see," Darius finally spoke, his voice cold and emotionless as always. Before I could react, he suddenly pulled me away from the wall. I gasped as he carried me to the bed and set me down gently.

To my surprise, I barely had time to comprehend what was happening before he spread my legs apart. In a swift motion, he shoved my dress higher, lifted me slightly, and hooked a finger into the waistband of my panties. Without hesitation, he tugged them off. My eyes widened in disbelief as I watched him toss the thin fabric carelessly to the side before his hands returned to my thighs, forcing them wider, exposing me completely.

Holy mother of the goddess.

My heart felt like it was about to leap from my chest, and even though this wasn't the first time he had seen me naked, I was still beyond embarrassed.

"Y—you... what are you doing?" I stammered, trying to squeeze my legs shut, but his grip only tightened. He leaned **in** closer between them, and in that same cold voice, he spoke.

"Punishing you... You want to take the punishment for your servant, **don't** you?"

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He paused, lowering himself until his hot breath ghosted over my dripping pussy, making a groan slip from me.

"Then take it... every inch of it."

I barely had a second to process what he'd just done before Darius slipped two fingers between my folds, spreading me open slowly, then plunged his warm tongue inside me. Without waiting even a second, the man below me began moving in and out, setting a rhythm that made me literally see stars as wave after wave of pleasure shot through me.

"Goddess!" I screamed, instinctively trying to slam my legs shut, but Darius grabbed one of my thighs tighter, keeping it firmly in place.

And then he thrust those two fingers deep inside me.

As soon as he did, just like with his tongue, he didn't start slow. Instead, he slid his fingers in and out at the same relentless pace, thrusting hard, making my insides feel so full and stretched. He hit so deep inside me that my eyes rolled back, and! quickly slapped a hand over my mouth to muffle the loud moans spilling out.

Oh Goddess, what was this man doing?! W—why did it feel so good?

I wasn't sure, but I couldn't dwell on it because as his fingers kept skillfully pumping inside me, my body reacted on its own. I began rocking my hips against his tongue, against his fingers, and as I pulled my hand away from my mouth, shameless moans spilled out.

"M—my king..." I whispered breathlessly, lifting my head slowly to look down at him.

But Darius didn't respond. He didn't answer me. He just kept going until I saw stars, until I couldn't breathe, until I unraveled beneath him. And as he did, I finally understood what he meant by punishment, because that night wasn't like the one we had shared before.

No, it was different. Rougher.

Darius didn't just fuck me, he ruined me in a way I had never experienced before. And all through that night, his name echoed through every corner of the packhouse.

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Chapter 163

Darius pov

I couldn't resist her.

Again.

Just like last time, I was drawn to her in ways I couldn't control. Her scent, her body, her face, everything pulled me in, everything.

In that room, I had found myself teetering on the edge of control, but somehow, I held it in.

I wasn't exactly angry that she had sneaked out last night, I knew she would but a part of

me wanted to fight against it.

The bond that drew me to her, the intense urge that shot through my entire body, beckoning me to pull her close, to claim her, it only grew worse with Silas wanting to take her again, just like that night. But I pushed it all back.

I had been doing well, holding back the urge... until she dropped to her knees and looked

up at me with those eyes.

In that moment, I completely lost it. I lost the control I had, and before I knew it, I was already closing the distance between us and kissing her.

Before I realized it, I had spent the night with the she-wolf again. And now, as I stared at nothing in particular, my gaze vacant, my fingers drummed absently against the desk, tightening around the file in my hand without thought.

I couldn't help but think how easily I seemed to lose control with her.

I could barely keep myself together, which was infuriating, but there was nothing I could do. That was why I had agreed to her request to help find her ex and her best friend, much to my displeasure and why I had let her servant go without punishment.

"Which is why you told the guards not to watch the dungeon... because you knew she'd sneak out last night, and you were worried she'd get hurt if they caught her, isn't that right?"

Silas, the idiot, said in my head. I could hear the clear amusement **in his tone**, **and a scoff**

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escaped me, my grip tightening around the file as my eyes grew colder, the **air** itself **turning** heavier at his words.

"Because I was worried she'd get hurt?" I echoed with a low chuckle, placing the **file on the** desk, the corner of my lips curving into an amused smirk.

Sure, I had known she was going to sneak out.

The girl was trouble. Everything about her screamed it. And knowing this, I had given Cassian a casual order.

"Send the guards home tonight. Leave only two or three to guard the dungeon."

Cassian had clearly been shocked by my words, but he obeyed all the same.

The reason wasn't because I was worried she'd get hurt, I couldn't care less about her safety. She could lose an arm, a leg, and I wouldn't even blink. What mattered, the only thing that mattered, was her life.

That was what I cared about. That was what I needed.

She had to live so I could discover how a white wolf like her could break the curse. And knowing how deadly my guards were, I wasn't willing to risk them killing her. That was why I gave the order.

Besides, she was a white wolf. She could handle two or three guards.

"The only thing I cared about was whether she lived or died. Her safety means nothing to me," I said, my voice cold as I leaned back in the seat, running a hand through my hair and pushing the strands away from my face.

I could hear Silas sneer at me in disdain before cutting off the connection with a scoff, and the very next second, Cassian's voice reached me.

"My king... can you hear me? Did I say something wrong?"

My gaze flickered to him, cold and unfeeling, and I watched him shiver slightly beneath it as he stood before me with Drake, both of them holding files in their hands, their confused gazes fixed on me.

I frowned faintly at him before shifting my attention back to the desk. **Picking up the file**, I

refocused on what I had been examining as I spoke.

"So... you still haven't been able to find the whereabouts of this man?" I asked, **narrowing** my gaze on the photo inside, a man with a neutral expression, vacant eyes **staring straight** ahead.

Kieran.

The she-wolf's ex. The one she was searching for. I had agreed to look for him and for the girl he had apparently cheated with, his so-called mate.

Alive or dead, it didn't matter. She had said as much herself, she only wanted to see their bodies.

I tilted my head slightly and flipped to the next page, revealing the girl's picture. Her name was Ari, and she was smiling brightly in the photo.

And as I stared at her, just for the briefest moment before I could stop myself, one thought crossed my mind, he was blind.

The girl was not as pretty as her-

The world seemed to stop. My eyes widened slightly in disbelief, my thoughts flustering surprise.

What did I just-

"Yes, my king," Cassian's voice cut in. "We haven't managed to track Kieran and his mate.

Alpha Ethan provided us with the report from the day of their disappearance, and something about it stood out. Apart from the scents the police recovered at the scene,

Kieran, Ari, and Nyssa, who arrived there in the morning, there was a fourth, unidentified

scent the police couldn't trace."

He informed me, and I lifted a brow before tossing the file in my hand onto the desk and leaning back in my seat, my eyes fixed on Cassian.

"Another person? There were more than three scents at the scene?" I asked, mildly intrigued.

I hadn't paid much attention to the matter before, nor did I care. But apparently, **Nyssa had**

gone to her ex's house and found blood everywhere with the two **missing**.

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Cassian had told me it was believed the man killed his mate and went into **hiding with** her body. But if there was a fourth scent, then there was clearly more to the story.

"Yes, my king, but it was faint. The police weren't able to delve deeper into **it**," **he explained**. "But according to them, someone else was in that room that night, and..." He paused, **his** eyes darkening before he continued, "The police also found a small dose of Ashvein **in** Kieran's room."

My gaze narrowed the moment he said that, a slight frown tugging at my lips.

According to that servant, it was Kieran who had given her the Ashvein to pass to the rogue.

It truly seemed like there was more to this than I had thought.

Chapter 164

Nyssa pov

Thad passed out. Gone cold. Lost consciousness.

Any word could be used to describe it, I simply wasn't awake. I lay sprawled across the bed, arms and legs spread out, the duvet that should have covered me barely clinging to my body.

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Half my breasts and thighs were on display for anyone who dared walk into the room, and I was certain his marks were scattered everywhere *on* my skin, judging from how rough he had been last night.

Ah, my whole body ached. Ached so badly. Yet this sleep... it was so good that I was almost shocked my snores hadn't woken me up already.

I was exhausted, yes, but it was the kind of exhaustion that made rest feel divine. This was the second time we had had sex and, just like the first, it felt so good that I couldn't help but smile in my sleep.

Was it the bond between the Lycan King and me that made it feel this good? I wasn't sure, but I didn't want to wake up...

"Miss," a soft voice called, accompanied by a gentle shake at my arm.

"Miss... get up, it's almost noon and you haven't woken yet. You should eat something."

The voice echoed again, and I whined, swatting the hand away before turning to the other side of the bed, dragging the duvet over my head.

There she was again. Serena. Disturbing my sleep just when it was getting good.

"Miss," she sighed, hesitation in her tone. "You really have to eat at least something."

Her words reached me, and the corner of my lips curled into a low snarl. I had to fight the urge to snap at Serena-

Wait. Hold on a damn minute!

My breath hitched. My eyes flew open faster than lightning. For a split second, all I saw was the duvet covering my head, then a gasp tore from me as I shoved it aside, bolting upright.

I whipped around sharply, finding Serena standing there, her expression flickering with surprise at my sudden reaction.

Oh. My. Goddess.

My mouth nearly dropped to the ground as I stared at her, a shaky breath escaping as I blinked, trying to check if I was really seeing Serena standing in front of me, if she was truly here.

"Miss..." she muttered, staring at me in confusion. For a brief moment, I didn't say anything. I brought my hands to my eyes and rubbed hard, wondering if Darius had fucked me to the point I was hallucinating.

Because it felt like any other day where Serena would wake me in the morning, except Serena was supposed to be in the cell.

"Punishing you....You want to take the punishment for your servant, don't you? Then take it... every inch of it."

My eyes widened, heat rising to my cheeks as Darius's words echoed in my head from yesterday. Before I could stop myself, a grin spread across my lips, all the tension and exhaustion of yesterday vanishing in a blink.

Oh my goddess... had Darius spared Serena?

"Serena! It's really you!!" I screamed, almost at the top of my lungs, before throwing myself forward, wrapping my arms tightly around her shoulders and pulling her back onto the bed, hugging her fiercely as she gasped in shock.

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per's by Oh goddess you're back! Ye're here!" I screamed in joy, my laughter bubbling out, my voice no doubt loud

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My lady, what are

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teaned away slightly, my rare flickering over her, seating for any injuries or bruises, a wild smile still plastered on my face.

*Kenna ja re back Are you okay? The Lycan King didn't do anything to you, right?" I asked quickly. Though surprised, she shook her head, tears welling in her eyes, her bottom lip trembling as she spoke.

"No, my lady. He didn't do anything. I was released this morning and told to come back to your side and serve you," she whispered hoarsely, her voice breaking. A laugh slipped from me as I pulled her closer, reaching out to rub her back as we hugged, uncaring that my bare breasts were practically pressed against her.

Normally, Serena would immediately lean back and scold me to put on clothes, but this time she broke down into tears and wrapped her arms around

me instead.

"Miss, I am so sorry for what i did. I know it was really bad, and I'm shameless for asking forgiveness, but please... please forgive me, my lady. Please accept me back. I can't live without you. I'll pay for my crimes. I don't mind if you demote me from being your servant, just please let me stay by your

side

Her words cracked with sobs, and a soft scoff escaped me as I held her tighter, rubbing her gently, trying not to burst into tears myself.

"What are you saying, silly? Who said I wasn't going to accept you? Of course you're going to be back at my side. I know it wasn't your fault, so don't cry, okay? Everything will be fine. That rogue's death wasn't your fault. It was that bastard's doing, and we'll find him soon. So don't cry," I murmured, hugging her tighter as she wept in my arms.

Serena... she was finally back with me. She was safe.

Nothing had happened to her.

Her body trembled, and as she cried harder, a knock came at the door. When it opened, Sandra and Isabella walked in. They both lowered their heads slightly in respect before lifting them again.

Sandra's vacant gaze narrowed on Serena and me, and I caught it, a faint smile tugging at her lips. Isabella's eyes flickered to me, and as soon as they did, the corners of her lips curved into a genuine smile. She stared at me, and I parted my lips, mouthing the words:

"Thank you."

She lowered her head once more in response, and I closed my eyes as Serena wept in my arms. With each sob, a weight inside me eased, the part of me that had once watched my trusted, beloved servant die before my eyes.

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Nyssa pov

“And then I made my father, the esteemed Alpha of the Moonfang pack, along with his beta and gamma, sit down while I started applying makeup on each of them. It’s been so many years, I must have been about seven at the time but I remember it as clearly as if it were yesterday. It was hilarious. You were there too, Serena, though I doubt you remember anything,” I said with a chuckle, stabbing my fork into a piece of bacon as I glanced at Serena, who sat beside me with an awkward expression, her face flushed pink, her head slightly lowered as though she wanted to hide behind her hair.

I could feel the maids’ eyes fixed on me as I brought the bacon to my mouth and took a bite, speaking mid chew.

“I also remember when i asked you to put makeup on Father, you practically fainted on the spot from fear and didn’t wake up for an hour. Haha, I can still see Father, Benjamin, and Calen’s shocked expressions as they watched you faint. And with all that makeup on their faces, they looked absolutely adorable,” I said with a grin.

Almost immediately, Serena’s face and everyone else shifted into disbelief, and I knew why. Serena understood just how terrifying my father, Benjamin, and Calen could be when they wanted to. And the maids, who had only met my father for the first time yesterday, seemed even more shaken.

Before that, they had probably assumed outsiders were weak, even Alphas, since no one was ever allowed inside the pack, not even other Alphas. Yesterday had been their first time encountering one. Though my father could never rival Darius, the Lycan King, he was still likely the strongest man they had ever seen apart from him, and his aura alone made that impossible to ignore.

Maybe that explained why, when I came out of my room to eat lunch, their usual disdain for me as an outsider had vanished.

“Miss...” Serena called out, her tone edged with frustration as she shook her head, silently pleading with me to stop speaking about Father that way. I couldn’t help but chuckle at the sight of her.

So, after we—well, after Serena cried her eyes out, I took a bath, and Isabella styled my hair. Since I had missed breakfast, I was now having lunch with Serena seated beside me, eating as well. I was fairly certain she hadn't eaten anything since yesterday.

Three maids stood behind me, silently waiting and serving food: Isabella and two others I didn't recognize. Darius, Cassian, and Drake weren't here, and when I asked Isabella, she said they were busy. She wasn't sure if they would even come for lunch since they had skipped breakfast as well.

And when I asked about Zayn, she said she didn't know, he hadn't left his room since morning. Which meant, in the end, I was practically eating alone.

My gaze shifted to Serena, who was staring at me, her face flushed pink.

Well, not entirely alone. I had forced Serena to eat with me.

"Okay, okay. I'll stop talking," I said with a small scoff, and just as I was about to continue eating, the sound of footsteps and voices made me pause mid-bite. When I turned to see who it was, my earlier good mood vanished instantly, my smile dropping the moment my eyes landed on her.

Walking toward the dining table were Zayn and Ella, Cassian's mate, the same girl who reminded me so much of Aria.

She walked beside Zayn with a bright smile, dressed in a short pink dress and heels that clicked loudly with every step. Her laughter rang out across the hall, echoing through the entire packhouse.

"Oh my, that's hilarious, Zayn. I can't believe people from outside behave like that. I suppose we're far more cultured here. But then again, what do you expect from outsiders?" she said in a mocking tone.

Zayn, on the other hand... looked uncomfortable. Almost like he'd rather do anything else than keep up a conversation with Ella.

"Hm... the world outside this pack is actually broader and far richer than you think, Miss Ella. Because the Lunar Dominion has been in isolation for so many years, it doesn't have many of the things the outside world **does**. And don't forget" he pointed at himself with a faint smile, "I'm an outsider."

The moment he said that, I could feel the awkwardness settle between them. Ella's smile twitched at his words, while Zayn's only widened, his eyes curving with amusement.

A second later, Ella let out an awkward laugh, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear.

“Haha, I didn’t mean it in a bad way. You’re so talented, Zayn, that I sometimes forget you’re not from this pack,” she said quickly.

As they finally drew closer to us, her gaze shifted to me and her smile widened.

“Ah, look who it is... the king’s mate. Hi, Nyssa, how are you doing?” she greeted cheerfully, her hand lifted in the air with that bright smile plastered across her face.

I could feel every pair of eyes turn to me, watching closely to see what I would do. Even Zayn’s gaze shifted my way, and though I didn’t look directly at him, I could practically sense the slight curve of his lips, amusement flickering across his face as he watched me.

And I understood why.

The last time Ella was here, we’d had a slight altercation, and Darius had banned her from stepping foot in the packhouse again. So yes, seeing her back now was a surprise.

But as I stared at her, it was all the same as before-

That fake smile.

That hidden disdain behind her eyes.

That subtle agenda behind every single word and gesture.

She reminded me too much of Aria, and it made me uncomfortable. I wanted nothing to do with her. I wasn’t even going to pretend. My time was far too valuable to waste on someone like her.

“You don’t want to answer me, Nyssa? Are you still upset with me? This is the second time we’re meeting, and the first might not have been-”

My expression stayed blank. Before she could finish her sentence, I shifted my gaze away from her and turned to Zayn instead.

“Good morning, Zayn. How was your night? I wanted to thank you for helping me, I really appreciate it,” I said with the brightest smile I could muster, ignoring Ella completely.

I could feel the shock ripple through the room, every pair of eyes widening at how blatantly I had dismissed her.

Zayn arched a brow, clearly amused, but his lips curved into a smile as he let out a low chuckle.

“Oh, about that? You’re welcome. You *don’t* need to thank me,” he replied, and for the briefest moment, his gaze flicked toward Ella.

She stared at me in surprise, but that shock quickly sharpened into anger as her lips parted to speak.

Once again, I cut her off. Setting my fork down on the plate, I calmly picked up a handkerchief and dabbed at the corners of my mouth before rising to my feet. Turning to Serena, who looked at me in confusion, I spoke evenly.

“Let’s go back to my room. I’m done eating.”

She blinked, then hurriedly nodded and stood up as well. As I walked away, she followed close behind and, to my surprise, Isabella chose to trail after me

too.

Behi

Ella pov

That infuriating bitch!

Ah! I wanted to scream, to march up to her, yank her back by the hair, to slap her until she remembered her place.

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I wanted to drag her out of the packhouse and make her understand who I was, how dare she think she had a right to be here? Just because she was the king’s mate? She was nothing but an outsider—an omega, no less! Unworthy of being mated to the king. She should be rejected. She should die.

I wanted to kill her.

But... all I could do was watch, my nails digging deep into my skin as she walked away without a second glance, without even acknowledging me.

Despite everything I wanted to do to her, I was powerless to act.

I was the daughter of Elder Gregory—respected, powerful. My father was a great man in the pack, honored even among the

other elders.

Even if she was the daughter of some Alpha, it didn't change the fact that she was still an outsider. The Lunaris Dominion was the strongest of all packs, a pack personally blessed by the Moon Goddess. Anyone who didn't belong here, any outsider was unworthy.

They were nothing!

So why hadn't he rejected her yet? Why was she still here, dirtying the sacred grounds of this pack? Why had he banned me from visiting and worst of all, why had he almost killed my father because of her?

Dad wouldn't tell me exactly what happened, but apparently, during breakfast one day with the other elders and that bitch, the king had unleashed his aura on him, nearly killing him for simply asking if she was wolfless. And he would have, too, if she hadn't stopped him.

And that infuriated me even more, the fact that she seemed to hold such importance.

I hated it. I hated it. I hated it.

I hated that the king wasn't mine. That instead, it was his Beta.

Why Cassian? He could never measure up to the king.

I bit my bottom lip so hard it hurt as thoughts spiraled through my head, my body trembling slightly while I watched her figure disappear, until I was left staring at nothing.

"Haha." The sound of amused laughter broke through my thoughts, making me inhale sharply, my face heating bright pink before he quickly cleared it into a cough.

"Ah, it seems Miss Nyssa doesn't want to speak with you. That is sad and you said you came because of her, didn't you?" Zayn drawled casually.

I turned to see him lounging at the dining table as the maids moved around him, serving food. He leaned back with ease, one leg crossed over the other, posture relaxed, and looked at me with that same amused smirk.

"I don't think she wants to speak to you, though," he hummed.

For a moment, anger surged through me. It felt as though he was mocking me, and I hated being the center of anyone's

⌂, 64%

joke. But I swallowed it down.

38)

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Even though he was just an outsider, Father had told me to show him respect. Apparently, everyone admired him for being a skilled doctor but I hardly cared. Skilled or not, he was still an outsider, just like that omega.

Still, I always obeyed my father. So instead, I forced a sad smile and nodded.

“Yes, I came to see her to apologize, but she doesn’t seem willing to forgive me. I’m not sure what else I can do, I only wish to try and be her friend,” I said softly, tucking a strand of hair behind my ear as I sat down, forcing the saddest expression I could manage.

If I looked truly hurt, then maybe she would earn a bad reputation, and people would believe she was nothing more than a rude bully.

Zayn didn’t reply immediately. Instead, he raised a brow at my words, and for the briefest moment, I felt it, the unsettling sense that this man could see straight through me, that he could read my thoughts and understand exactly what ran through my mind.

A shiver crept down my spine at the thought.

Before I could dwell on it, his smile simply widened as he echoed, “I see,” then shifted his attention back to the food a maid had just placed before him. With a casual thank—you, he picked up the utensils and began cutting into the steak with a lazy

yawn.

“Have you seen Beta Cassian?” he asked. I blinked at his question, and he continued, “I assumed you’d also want to see him.”

A soft scoff almost slipped past my lips at his words. Why would I want to see that idiot? When I was banned from entering the packhouse, he hadn’t even stood up for me.

He was truly useless. But I was still banned, and picking a fight with Cassian wasn’t the best choice right now. I needed him to speak to the Lycan King for me, so when I came, I had asked a maid to tell him I was here so he could come see me and maybe help me ask for forgiveness from the king.

I bet he was happy right now, hearing that I wanted to see him. There was no doubt that Cassian was an attractive man, the second most attractive in the whole pack, one that many women desired and pursued. I admitted I was drawn to him, especially with the mate bond between us, but something about me was that I always wanted the best.

The best in everything and that included men. Since the King was currently the best, it was him I had my eyes on. Cassian knew this, and he hadn't said anything about it, probably because he liked me. If he had said anything, I was sure the truth would have hurt him.

I was about to explain this to Zayn when, at that moment, the maid I had sent earlier walked toward us. With a nervous expression, she lowered her head and bowed.

"M-Miss Ella, I delivered your message to the Beta, but he told me that..." She paused, looking flustered, her cheeks red. When I frowned, she hurriedly continued, "But he said he's busy. And have you forgotten what the King said about you never stepping foot here again? H-he said you're always causing trouble and that you should leave before the King finds out and gets in trouble for you."

As soon as she finished, the whole room seemed to pause. I heard a snort from Zayn, quickly masked by another fit of coughs as he cleared his throat before speaking.

"Ah, I don't think Beta Cassian wants to see you either, Miss Ella. I think you should go home before the King sees you," he said. My hands immediately clenched into fists, and anger surged through me like wildfire.

How dare he think he could treat me like this? Busy for his mate?! Before, even when I annoyed him, he always had time for me. But things had changed and it all started when that bitch came into the picture.

Yes, it was because of her. She was the reason for this. And I needed to get rid of her as soon as possible.

Chapter 167

Nyssa pov

I was bored.

Utterly bored, with nothing to do around here. I lay on the bed, staring up at the white ceiling, my arms and legs sprawled out, the only sound in the room the slow ticking of the clock echoing around me.

Yesterday, after meeting with Ella, I had stayed in my room all day, doing my best to keep as far away from that girl as possible. Serena, Isabella, and I had spent the day together, playing cards, chatting about trivial things. Mostly, Serena spoke about the outside world to Isabella, while Isabella shared stories about the Lunar Dominion.

After the Serena incident, Isabella had taken to staying by my side. It almost felt as though she had become my second personal attendant, and since Serena had no complaints, I didn't see anything wrong with it. She was a nice girl, after all.

But when it was dinner time and I had gone downstairs to eat, Darius wasn't there once again.

Cassian and Drake were both there, and when I had asked them nonchalantly why Darius wasn't eating with us, they said he was busy and didn't want to eat.

I hadn't thought much of it, why would I? It wasn't like I cared about that man, right?

But then today, again, I went to the dining table for breakfast, and he still wasn't there.

Perhaps it was because, while I ate, I kept glancing back at Darius's chair without meaning to. Cassian had told me he was busy again and wouldn't be coming.

I had laughed at the time, asking why he was telling me, insisting I didn't want to know. But now...

As I stared at the ceiling, lost in thought, three things occupied my mind.

Firstly, how boring everything was. Secondly, why wasn't he eating? Was he really so busy he couldn't eat?

And thirdly... why on earth did I care about him? About whether he ate, about whether I saw him or not?

I reached out, placing a hand over my chest, narrowing my eyes at the ceiling.

Why does this place feel empty? Like a part of me is missing.

I frowned, trying to figure out what was going on with me, but the next second, I heard that familiar, annoying voice in my head.

"Why?" Sheila asked, her voice dripping with amusement, and I instantly pulled my hand away from my chest, rolling my eyes at what was sure to come.

"Well, I'll tell you, Nyssa. That's because you've already fallen for Darius, our mate. His absence makes everything boring, you want to see him."

She said, and I didn't waste a second cutting off the connection, rolling my eyes with a scoff at her words.

Yeah, right.

What was the goddess even thinking when she paired me with this idiot?

I could hear her growl at my thoughts, snapping,

“Hey! Who are you calling an idiot? I am a white wolf-”

I cut her off before she could continue and ran a hand through my hair, shutting my eyes **and** trying **to** ignore the **hard** pounding **of my heartbeat**. I needed to focus on anything else, because I wasn't exactly in the best mood.

1/3

Serena and Isabella weren't even here.

Serena had been called in by Cassian for questioning, so they could gather more information about Kieran's whereabouts, and Isabella had been summoned by Sandra to help with something, which explained why I was left alone.

I shook my head and inhaled deeply, telling myself not to think about it, at least try to nap if I had nothing else to do. But just as I was about to, a knock

sounded on the door.

I arched a brow, shifting my gaze toward it before muttering a quick, “Come in,” thinking it was Isabella since Serena didn't really knock.

But when the door opened, it wasn't Isabella.

It was a woman I didn't recognize, dressed in a maid's outfit.

“Good afternoon, miss.”

She stepped inside, her voice dripping with respect, her head bowed low.

I blinked in confusion but sat up straighter on the bed, pushing strands of hair back before offering a polite smile.

“Good afternoon,” I greeted back, and she immediately lowered her head again.

“I apologize for disturbing you, but the Lycan King requests your presence. He wishes to meet you, my lady,” she said, never once lifting her gaze to meet

mine.

I didn't think much about her behavior, especially after hearing that Darius wanted to see me.

My eyes widened, and before I knew it, a smile spread across my face. I shot up from the bed, hand covering my mouth as if to hide the grin.

“Really? He wants to see me?” I asked.

Still with her head bowed, she replied, “Yes, my lady. He asked me to bring you to the chamber he uses.”

My smile widened, though I quickly forced it down,
clearing my throat and straightening my voice.

“Alright. Thank you. Wait outside the door for a moment, I want to do something quickly.”

She nodded and quietly slipped out of the room.

The moment she was gone, I broke into an even wider grin before hurrying to the cabinet. Pulling it open, I grabbed my hairbrush and ran it through my hair while staring into the mirror. Then, tossing it aside, I reached for my makeup bag and did what I could with my face.

I couldn't help but be grateful that I'd cut off my connection with Sheila, because knowing her, she would definitely have something irritating to say right
now.

Exactly a minute later, I was ready and walking behind the maid. Since she had said it was a room that Darius usually spent his time in and not the one where we had sex, she led the way, guiding me through different corridors until we finally stopped in front of a large silver door.

As she moved aside, I stared at the door in awe.

It was bigger than any I had seen so far. Unlike the first door, which was gold, this one was entirely silver and somehow it looked even more expensive than gold itself.

While I stood there, lost in thought, the maid's voice broke through beside me.

“Please step in, the king is waiting for you inside,” she said.

Snapping out of my daze, I turned to her and noticed her head still lowered. Assuming she was just being shy, I smiled **lightly and nodded**. **She stepped** forward, opened the door, and I walked inside.

The moment I did, I froze, my eyes widening in shock as I took in the sight before me.

This **was** Darius's room?

But... there was no bed, no closet, nothing at all. The only things in the room were paintings, each one draped beneath a white cloth. Dozens of them. couldn't count them all, but there had to be at least twenty.

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Just as I was about to turn back and ask the maid if she'd brought me to the wrong place, the door slammed shut behind me, followed by the sharp click of a lock.

A shaky breath escaped me. Spinning around, I rushed to the door and grabbed the doorknob, twisting it desperately.

"Hey! What are you doing? Why did you lock me in here? Open the door!" I shouted, yanking harder.

But to my disbelief, the door really had been locked from the outside

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Chapter 168

Nyssa pov

"What are you doing?! Open the door, open it! You locked me in, damnit!" I screamed, yanking at the doorknob, trying desperately to open it, but no matter how hard I pulled, it wouldn't budge.

It was locked tight and maybe it was because the door strength against it, the more my hands began to sti

actually silver, one of the few things that affected werewolves but the more fused my turning red as if the door itself were retaliating against me for forcing it.

"Are you there? Can you hear me? Why would you—fuck, it

view, I grimaced at how raw and red they looked, almost cried out, cutting myself off as I tore my hands away from the door. Lifting them into

twincin

at the sight before stumbling back a step, staring at the door with a flicker of fear.

Something told me the silver wasn't there for decoration. It was a weapon, a defense meant to keep intruders out... or maybe to trap someone in.

My lips pressed into a frown as I narrowed my gaze on my reddened hands, watching as they slowly healed and returned to normal. Letting out a shaky breath, I dragged a hand through my hair, pressing the other against my forehead as I bit my bottom lip, *my* cheeks flushed pink with fluster.

What was going on? Why did she bring me here only to lock me inside?

She had said Darius wanted to see me, but I wasn't foolish enough not to realize she'd been lying. And *now* I was trapped here with practically no way of

escape...

Wait—the window.

I spun around, searching for one, but to my surprise there wasn't a single window in sight. Not even one.

The room was nothing but walls, a bare floor, and those covered paintings.

That maid... why had she really brought me here? What was her plan? Now that I thought about it, she had never once lifted her head. And even though I'd caught a glimpse of her face, the way she kept it bowed the entire time we walked suddenly felt far too suspicious, almost as if she hadn't wanted me to see who she really was.

"Shit, it feels like I've been set up," I muttered under my breath, recognizing the pattern a little too well.

In my past life, it had been like this too, tricks Aria would play to get me in trouble with Kieran. I had grown used to it, but now that Aria wasn't here, I had let my guard down.

But *no* matter how much I wanted to curse myself for being careless, I didn't have the time.

If the maid brought me here, then it meant something was about to happen and I needed to get out, fast.

"Sheila. Sheila,

can you hear me?" I called out, reopening the connection between us. But she stayed silent.

My brows knit together as I tried again.

"Sheila, can you hear me? I need your help, we've been trapped here and I don't feel good about this. Something feels wrong. Can you hear me?"

Still *no* answer. My hands clenched into fists, my frown deepening.

“Sheila, why aren’t you responding? Don’t tell me it’s because you’re mad I cut the connection earlier. Is that **it?**”

Nothing.

“If that’s the reason, then I apologize, okay? But now’s not the time to be upset. We need to find a way out of **here** before it’s too late.

Silence. I almost screamed in frustration until I heard it.

1/4

14:55 Wed, 27 Aug DO

Her voice—faint, shaky, and breathless.

“Go forward, Nyssa,” she whispered.

I froze, my entire body stiffening at the sound. At how low and broken it was.

“W—what?” I whispered under my breath in confusion, but she spoke again, this time, a little louder.

“Go forward, Nyssa. The painting-” her voice dropped again, softer, “Check it.”

My eyes widened at her words, and my gaze flicked to the countless paintings around the room. Before I even realized what I was doing, before I could wrap my head around it, my feet moved.

Slowly.

As though I were being controlled by something unseen. A shaky breath slipped from me as I took one step, then another, and another... until I was standing in the very center of the room, surrounded by the veiled paintings.

My heart pounded so hard I could hear its echo in my ears.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

My body trembled, a shiver racing down my spine. The air grew thin, heavy, suffocating, until my breaths came quick and shallow.

And in that moment, the world seemed to stop... then I heard a voice.

One that didn't belong to Sheila.

It was another voice, distant as if carried from another time, static, broken, almost inaudible.

"Remember him..."

A sharp gasp escaped me as I spun toward the sound, but there was no one there.

No *one* except me.

"Remember who he is to you."

The voice echoed again, louder this time, sharper.

I turned again, desperate to find the source, but the room was empty.

And then, it happened.

A sudden wind erupted, sweeping through the room—strong, heavy, overwhelming.

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I inhaled a sharp breath, baffled at how it was possible since the windows were shut and there was nowhere the wind could come from. But I couldn't even process it because I heard the voice again, only this time, it echoed without stopping.

"Remember who he is to you."

"Remember who he is to you."

"Remember who he is to you."

At that moment, the familiar force I had always known slammed into me, but this time it was harder, as **though it was trying to tear me apart, as though** it was retaliating against something.

"Remember who he is to you!!!"

14:55 **Wed**, 27 Aug t

"Ahhh!" I screamed in pain, and at that exact moment, the white veils covering the paintings began to pull away. When my **gaze landed** on **the** pictures every hair on my body stood on end.

They were paintings of a beautifu

A woman in different positions.

Standing and smiling at the sunset.

Laying on the grass with her eyes closed.

Running through the fields.

On the bed with a white blanket wrapped over her body.

Every single painting around me was of that woman.

A woman I had seen before.

In my dreams.

The one who had been pierced by a dagger.

The one who whispered those words...

"Remember who he is to you."

I froze in disbelief, a single tear slipping down my cheek as my eyes stayed glued to the picture, unable to look away.

How... why...

Why was she here?

Despite the fact that my brain felt as though it was on the verge of exploding, and my body as though it was about to collapse, I took a step toward one of the paintings. As I did, I reached out my trembling hand, about to touch it but before I could, I heard it.

This time, it was a different voice. Different words.

"Even though your body might forget, your soul still wants
you to remember."

A shiver ran straight down my spine the instant I heard it, and the world seemed to freeze again.

That voice... that presence.

I turned sharply toward it, and there she *stood* at the farthest *corner* of the

Sandra?

**

room with a smile, her white eyes gleaming bright as they bored into me.

No. It wasn't Sandra.

That overwhelming presence could belong to only one *person*.

Chapter 169

I knew that presence. The overwhelming aura surging from Sandra could only mean one thing

The person standing before me was the Moon Goddess.

It wasn't exactly the same as the aura I had felt when I died and met her for the first time, Back then, it had been denser, heavier, almost crushing. This one was different—lighter, yet still far stronger than the time she had possessed the pack's shamani, Dorothy.

But there was one thing that never changed, one thing that always revealed her identity without question.

The colors.

The goddess's aura was never just one, it swirled in many, shifting and blending together.

Blue. Red, White. Black. Purple. Green.

Everything.

That was how I was able to recognise that the person standing before me was the goddess. Had the goddess possessed Sandra's body, how had she gotten here?

The doors had been locked, and there wasn't a window. It was as though she had appeared out of thin air.

I had so many questions, and I knew I should feel terrified seeing the goddess here. I should bow in respect, say something, anything but I couldn't. couldn't move, couldn't speak. My heart pounded so hard I could hear it echoing in my ears.

And then, just like last time, I heard it.

The voice in my head. Repeating the same words. Sharper. Louder.

“Remember who he is to you!!”

“Remember who he is to you!!!!”

My face twisted in pain as I screamed, falling to my knees, pressing my hands against my ears in a desperate attempt to block it out. But it wasn't physical, it was inside me, ringing over and over in my mind.

“Remember who he is to you!!”

“Ahhh! Stop it, stop it!” I yelled, pressing harder, my vision blurring, breath coming in ragged gasps as the air seemed to thin around me. My body trembled uncontrollably.

That voice... I just wanted it to stop. The more I heard it, the more unbearable it became. My heart ached, sharp and crushing, as though a dagger had been driven into my chest. The pain was overwhelming.

So overwhelming.

“Please stop...” I whispered breathlessly, tears streaming down my cheeks. “Please stop. Please stop...” I repeated, staring at the ground as flashes **of the** painted woman filled my vision.

And then, through my tears, I saw Sandra's feet, the Moon Goddess's feet, appearing in my line of sight. A moment later, her voice followed, soft and gentle.

“It must be really painful,” Sandra's voice said, and I froze as I felt her hand brush gently over my head.

My breath hitched instantly, my eyes widening **as a** single tear slipped down my cheek. She continued **softly**, her words **cutting**

straight into me,

4:00

“To want to remember something so desperately... to long for someone so deeply that even after forgetting, your soul refuses to let go. Your soul still yearns for that person.”

The world seemed to freeze. Before I even realized it, my hands had fallen from my ears, dropping limply at my sides. I lifted my head, drawn to her, and found Sandra looking down at me with a sad smile. Her white eyes gleamed brighter than ever, no longer carrying the blind, vacant stare she usually

had.

No... she could see me clearly.

A shiver tore through me, my body trembling beneath her gaze. My mouth opened, then closed again, trying to form words, but nothing came out.

What was she saying? What was happening? Was she really the Moon Goddess?

"Just as that person still yearns for you, even after so many years..." she murmured, lowering herself slowly until she was at my eye level. She leaned closer, leaving only the smallest space between us, her head tilting slightly as her smile widened.

"But do you truly want to remember, Nyssa? Do you want to relive that pain? Do you want to remember that life? Is it truly worth it... to remember him?"

A shaky breath escaped me as she leaned in until she was mere inches away, her whisper brushing against me like a spell.

"Do you want to remember the owner of the dagger? The reason you were reborn?"

The moment those words left her lips, I murmured breathlessly,

"G—goddess..."

The amusement in her eyes deepened, her lips curving just slightly, before she rose from the ground. Stretching lazily, she began to move about the room, her gaze drifting over the paintings, fingers trailing against them with casual ease.

My eyes followed her every step as she spoke.

"Yes, my dear. How are you doing? We met not long ago, didn't we?" she hummed, pausing at a particular painting of the woman running through the fields. "I remember, I had to enter little Dorothy's body to speak with you and Darius."

My eyes widened at her words. I already knew it was the goddess before me, but hearing her say it out loud sent a cold sweat down my spine.

Was she...possessing Sandra's body?

"No, I am not possessing this body," she continued smoothly, as if plucking the thought straight from my mind. "This is simply a form I chose to take. cannot possess a body for long, no one can sustain me. They would meet their end if I lingered too long. So..."

She turned sharply toward me then, her movements deliberate, and pointed to herself.

“Our whole entire interaction has been with me.”

A soft, disbelieving scoff slipped past my lips at her words, yet my gaze refused to leave her.

I didn't know if I should be surprised or not. A part of me had always suspected there was something different about Sandra, the way she carried herself, the way she moved as though she always knew where she was going, the way she looked at me with that knowing gaze. She had never seemed like an ordinary blind woman... but I hadn't expected her to be the moon goddess.

“You still haven't answered my question,” she said again, her tone sharper this time, her gaze narrowing as the amusement in her eyes deepened.

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“Do you want to remember your past? Do you want to remember everything? You see, I'm feeling a little generous today. I came here to watch Darius since I was bored, but now that I must return, want to do at least one thing for you two before I go”

Before I could even blink, she was already in front of me. She crouched to my level, her smile widening as *her* hand reached up to gently wipe **the** tears from my cheek. Her voice dropped into **a** soft murmur.

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“Because if

I don't help

you remember, I fear you

two will never

find your peace... Liana.”

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Chapter 170

Nyssa pov

Liana...

She had called me that but why? That was the name of the king's mate, wasn't it?

I had heard him say it back at the Emberfang pack, the night we kissed for the very first time. He had whispered that name, and now, as the goddess spoke it again, my body jolted at the sound. It reacted instinctively, as though it remembered something I couldn't. Before I realized it, I was leaning into her hand on my face, seeking comfort from her touch.

When I did, the amusement in her eyes faded, replaced by a flicker of sorrow as she gently wiped away my tears.

"My dear, Liana... you've suffered so much, haven't you? You've been through so much." Her voice was barely above a whisper. I looked up at her, and more tears slipped freely down my cheeks at her words.

I have suffered? Been through so much?

Yes—I had. Betrayed. Killed. Reborn.

I had endured more than I ever thought possible. And yet... something told me that wasn't what she meant: It felt like she was speaking to someone

else, someone who wasn't me.

"When you died back then, leaving him all alone, I pitied him. But I thought... maybe it was for the best. Maybe in your next life, you'd finally find happiness. Maybe you would be free. But..." She paused, her faint smile slipping away. "But no matter how many lives you've lived, you still crave him. You still want him back. You can't forget the man you loved with your whole heart. And you long to reunite with him. I knew you'd do anything to find your way back to him."

Her voice dropped even lower.

"And now... even after finally being with him again, you still want to remember. You still ache to know who he truly is to you... don't you?"

She asked, and I wasn't sure how it was possible, but I parted my lips and spoke before I could even comprehend what I had just uttered.

"Yes... yes, I want to remember him," I shakily let out.

The next second, I stiffened. The goddess smiled with sadness, nodded her head, and let go of my face, laughing softly. As she closed her eyes, I could sense the shift in the air, sharper, thicker, heavier.

When she opened her eyes again, they glowed brighter, not with the look of a blind person, but with the completely luminous white eyes of the Moon

Goddess.

My breath hitched as she shifted her gaze to me, eyes locked on mine, and suddenly the wind from earlier blew again.

The world seemed to slow as my hair whipped around, scattering strands across my face, and my clothes fluttered in the wind... just like the Moon Goddess's.

My eyes widened as I stared at her, but strangely, the wind didn't affect everything since the paintings should have blown away or been destroyed, yet they remained untouched, not moving an inch.

As I continued staring, the goddess moved her hand, and in a daze, I watched her reach for my forehead. Slowly, deliberately, she placed her finger on my head.

And the moment she did, it felt as though a force slammed into me but not the kind I was familiar with.

No, this was different. Calmer. Gentle, almost, as if it were trying to pull me under, into sleep.

10:39 Thu, 28 Aug 6 DA

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Before I realized what was happening, my entire body felt drowsy and the world around me blurred. The air grew thinner, and just as my eyes began to close, just as I was about to lose consciousness, I heard her speak, her voice soft, distant, barely audible.

"I hope this ill fate between you children ends soon."

That was all she said before everything went dark, silence enveloping me as if my soul had finally been pulled from my body. Only this time, when I slowly opened my eyes, I found myself staring straight into a mirror. Everything was no longer blurry.

The body I was in, the face I now wore...was clear. It was the face of the woman I had seen in my dream, the one from the painting.

A shaky breath escaped me, and my eyes widened as I stared at the reflection of that beautiful face. Before I could stop myself, a single tear slid down my cheek, a long exhale escaping me. Seeing her face so clearly made everything feel even more overwhelming.

“Queen...why are you crying? Does your stomach hurt? Should I have the doctor check on the pup?”

A concerned voice pulled me from my daze, and I blinked through my tears. I realized I was holding a glass of water in one hand, and in the other, a drug.

“Queen, do you feel unwell? Please tell me so I can call for the pack doctor,” she repeated. When my gaze finally shifted to her, I saw a middle-aged woman standing before me, her expression full of worry. But her eyes were fixed on my stomach and when I followed her gaze, I gasped. The glass and drug slipped from my hands, crashing to the floor.

Crash!

My eyes widened, my breath hitching, as I stared at my protruding stomach in shock.

“Ahhh! My Queen! Are you okay??” the woman screamed, panicking as she checked on me. But I couldn’t even focus on her. I—I was pregnant.

Oh my goddess... I was pregnant.

I couldn’t believe it and slapped a hand over my mouth in disbelief, staring at my stomach with wide eyes, half-convinced I was imagining it, that it would somehow shrink back to its normal size. But it didn’t.

The woman dropped to her knees and bowed, her body trembling in fear.

“I—I apologize, my Queen. This is all my fault. Please don’t tell the king. If he knows, I might be punished for not looking after you properly. Please forgive me,” she pleaded, fear lacing every word.

I didn’t have the time to focus on her words. I quickly grabbed her hands, my breathing harsh, and asked,

“W—who am I? Can you tell me my name? A—and most of all... this king you speak of... what is his name?”

My voice was shaky, my heart already dreading the answer I knew would come.

She looked at me in surprise, her eyes widening slightly, perhaps sensing the seriousness in my expression. She shivered, parted her lips, and spoke the words that made my heart almost leap out of my chest.

“Answering, my Queen... you are the wife of the supreme leader of all werewolves. You are the magnificent Queen—Queen Liana, consort to King Darius.”

As soon as I heard her words, everything stopped.

Liana.

I had suspected I was inside Liana's body—Darjus's late mate—but hearing it confirmed still sent a shock through me.

The world blurred, my eyes wide and unblinking as I stared at the woman before me, struggling to process her words. Then, all at once, the ground seemed to tilt, dizziness crashing over me as the air grew suffocating.

Before I knew it, my eyes fluttered shut, and just as I slipped into darkness once more, a piercing scream tore through the air.

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"Queen!" the woman cried, her hands reaching out to catch me—before everything faded away.