

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King

Chapter 191

Zayn pov

“Ahhh, that was boring. So utterly boring. I had expected more to happen yesterday with the maid situation, at least some blood but to my disappointment, nothing happened. Can you believe it?” I asked, disbelief written across my face as I glanced at my right-hand man, Jace, while we walked.

“I mean, it’s that room he’s crazy about, so why wouldn’t he kill his mate, Nyssa? I can understand leaving her alive since she’s useful to him, the one who could kill him but what about the maid, or even that girl, Ella? He should have killed them, right?”

I stared at Jace in bewilderment, but he simply met my gaze with a blank expression, silent as he listened.

“Do you think he’s changing? I mean, before that girl Nyssa came into the picture, he wouldn’t have hesitated to kill anyone who stepped into that room. After all, it belonged to the mate he loved so much. But now? He actually spared all of them. He’s becoming weak, don’t you think?”

I asked with a grin, and this time Jace seemed to understand I wanted an answer. He lowered his head slightly before speaking.

“You are right, my lord. I believe the king has also begun to change ever since the arrival of his new mate.”

The corners of my lips curved into a wider smile at his words.

“Right? I wasn’t just imagining it. You think so too. Darius has changed, even if it’s barely noticeable.”

Jace lowered his head further in response, and I chuckled, continuing on with amusement.

Darius... oh, I never would have imagined you’d change so easily when a new mate appeared. After all the fuss you made over your old mate’s death... yet here you are, changed so quickly.

Hehe, I guess the love you thought you had for Liana wasn’t real after all.

Thinking about that, my mood actually lifted. Even though I hadn't seen any blood spill today, this discovery alone was worth it, it was the leverage I needed to finally push the plan forward.

"Where is Kael?" I asked, slipping a hand into my pocket to fish out a piece of candy. I unwrapped it and popped it into my mouth before continuing. "I'm sure he'll be happy to hear we'll be moving ahead with the plan soon... and that he'll finally get his revenge."

At my words, Jace's expression visibly darkened. I knew why, he didn't care much for Kael. In his eyes, Kael was useless, a freeloader who complained far too much without lifting a finger. He had told me that himself, and he wasn't entirely wrong.

But Kael wasn't completely useless either. There was a reason I had saved him and his mate, after all. He had a part to play in my plan.

"He is at the clinic with his mate, my lord," Jace finally answered, his voice gruff.

I snorted.

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"Don't be like that, Jace," I said, playfully hitting his shoulder as I swirled the sweet around in my mouth. "Don't worry, he's more useful than you think. You know I don't do favors for free."

I echoed with a grin before heading toward the clinic where Kieran would be.

"Are you blind, Aria? You're not sick, you're dead! Can't you see it? You're decaying. Even though you're breathing, you're already dead!"

"Dead?! How could you say that to me? I'm not dead, you bastard! This is your fault, all your fault! You told me to pretend we weren't mates, even when I didn't want to. You didn't save me. You didn't drink the poison when that bitch told me to. You were selfish, Kieran! You chose yourself. That's why I'm in this situation!" The corner of my lips twitched into a slow smirk as I watched the scene unfold in amusement.

"Haha... this is rich. A moment ago you were thrilled your mate was alive, and now you you?"

want her gone.

Don't

I leaned casually against the wall, eyes fixed on Kieran. He stiffened instantly, snapping his head toward me with his hand still frozen in the air. As his expression shifted, his gaze narrowed, brimming with disdain and hatred. I tilted my head slightly, my smirk widening.

Ah... he hated me. As expected. After all, I was the one who made his mate this way.

Half dead, half alive.

She looked like a zombie. Haha.

But looking on the bright side, I had been the one who helped his mate and brought her back. She was already dead when I went to Kieran's house to speak to him. At that time, I had seen Nyssa walking out, and when I entered, Kieran was unconscious and his mate was gone.

So really, I'd been nice enough to revive her. And even though she was bound to rot and die soon, since I doubted there was anything more I could do, he should thank me. I had given him the chance to spend more time with her.

"And how could you say that about a woman's looks? Can't you see she's just sick, and she'll get better soon?" I said, my voice dripping with tease. His eyes darkened immediately, but I didn't care. I pushed off the wall and walked closer, resting my hand on his shoulder as I leaned in.

"Look, she's already better than before. Her face isn't as green, right? And the smell..." I lifted my hand to cover my nose slightly with a chuckle.

"It's getting better, don't you think?"

Kieran's glare hardened and he spat, "You-how can you say that? She's rotting, she's a corpse-

He cut off when I pressed a finger to my lips, silencing him. His eyes went wide with something close to fear, but I only smiled

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“Don’t be so harsh, Kieran. Be nice. We can finish this rant later. For now, I have some good news for you!”

I grinned and slapped his shoulder as his body trembled, staring at me.

“I am happy to inform you that you can soon leave this place and go back to the Emberfang pack to get your revenge. The plan is coming together sooner than I expected and soon, we will all get what we have been hoping for.”

He swallowed hard at my words, not saying anything but from the glint in his eyes, it was obvious...obvious that he liked what he had heard.

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Chapter 192

Darius pov

“Are you telling me you can’t remember who the blind woman is? The one who worked as the head **maid in** the packhouse?” I asked, my voice low as I scanned through the papers listing all the maids who worked there. No matter how much I flipped, I couldn’t find her picture.

I wasn’t sure whether to find this interesting or absurd. From what I remembered, she had been the head maid, the one in charge of all the others and with such a role, she should have at least been featured on the front page. Yet, even after going through to the very last page of the book, there was nothing.

What was even more absurd was that Cassian didn’t seem to remember her or that there had ever been a blind maid in the packhouse at all.

“Yes, my king. I... I apologize, but I really don’t know what you’re talking about. We’ve never had a blind maid before, let alone a head maid. The last head maid passed away ten years ago, and we haven’t had anyone else since,” he explained.

I lifted a brow at his words, lips curving into a frown as I leaned back in my seat, tilting my head slightly to try to make sense of it.

If there hadn’t been a head maid all this time, then who had that woman been? I had heard Cassian and everyone else refer to her as head maid, yet when I asked

him to check, he claimed no one knew of any head maid. It left me completely confused.

But it was the words she had spoken when she appeared in my study that had made me search for her in the first place.

“But would you truly want to die, now that she remembers who she is?”

Those were the words she had uttered before disappearing.

I tilted my head slightly to the side. Who was she talking about? Nyssa?

“No... no, you don’t understand, Darius. I am your mate. I am Liana! Yes, I am Liana. I remember who I am now, I’ve been born again-”

Before I could stop myself, those words rang in my ears again. My hands tightened on the papers, my gaze darkened, and my aura thickened.

The more I thought about her claim, the angrier I became. How dare she say that name. How dare she claim she was Liana.

In that moment I almost killed her for it but I held myself back. She couldn’t die now, not when I hadn’t finished what I’d set out to do. I won’t lie: a small, guilty part of me admitted that if she hadn’t pushed me, I might very well have ended her with my own hands. Still, I restrained myself, because she was the death I’d been hunting for all these years.

Her blood mattered.

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I couldn’t be certain the book was true, but I was convinced enough to try. Drip her blood on a silver **dagger**. plunge it deep into my heart, perhaps then I could finally end this life of suffering.

“My king...” Cassian’s voice cut through my thoughts. I flicked my gaze to him; he looked nervous.

“Are you okay? Do you want me to find this maid?” he asked.

I frowned, set the file down on the desk, and rubbed my temples. “No. Don’t worry. Leave it.” My voice **was** rough, there was no point in looking for her.

Two possibilities remained: either I was imagining her and losing my mind, *or* that woman truly could erase everyone's memory except mine and whoever had masterminded last night. The only thing that came to mind with that power was the moon goddess, but I didn't have time for speculation.

Whatever the truth was, it didn't matter. I was closer to what I wanted most.

"My king..." Cassian's voice came again. I looked up to find him nervously clearing his throat, hesitating, but when my expression stayed blank, he finally spoke.

"M-my king, I just wanted to say... I'm grateful that you decided to spare Ella. Though I feel nothing for her, she was still my mate, and I can't express my gratitude enough."

For a moment, I only stared at him before giving a slow, mindless nod.

"You rejected her so I could pardon her, didn't you? You and your ancestors have served me for longer than I can remember. Sparing her was the least I could do."

The instant the words left my lips, his eyes widened, shock flickering across his face, no doubt stunned to hear me say such a thing.

But I wasn't wrong.

Cassian came from the beta line, where he and his ancestors had served me for as long as I could remember.

Generation after generation, they died and were replaced by the eldest son, who would then take up the position and continue serving me.

Just because I didn't show that I cared didn't mean I didn't. But after so many years of watching each of them die, I had steeled my heart and forced myself not to interact too much with any of them. That way, when they died, I wouldn't be hurt.

Yet, it didn't mean I didn't see them... or that I didn't appreciate their work.

"My king, you-" Cassian choked out, eyes watering. My gaze darkened at the sight, and I almost called him foolish, but before I could say anything, the door to the study slammed open.

My head snapped up just in time to see that girl, Nyssa, burst in with a wild smile and a tray in her hands.

I stared in surprise, and the instant her eyes met mine, her grin widened as she strode into the room. Behind her came Drake, who should have been guarding the door, and her personal servant, looking flustered as she rushed to speak.

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“My king!”

She screamed, rushing toward me with an excited glint in her eyes, and Cassian practically jumped out of the way as she stopped in front of me, setting the tray on the desk with a grin, panting.

“Good morning, my king! You didn’t eat this morning again, so I thought you had no appetite and went ahead to cook your favorite, you know, the one you always ate whenever you didn’t feel like eating?”

She grinned as she lifted the cover from the dish in front of me, and the moment I saw it, my eyes widened *in* shock.

Creamy potato salad with bacon.

How-how did she know?

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Nyssa pov

Darius didn’t come for breakfast today.

Again.

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At this point, I wondered how he was still surviving without food. Sure, werewolves could go a day or two without eating and still have strength, but for a while now, I hadn't seen this man touch a single meal or even have anything brought to his study. So how was he still going without eating?

Was it because he was the Lycan King? Did he have some special ability that let him last longer without food than normal werewolves?

That was probably the case.

But still, I didn't like it. The thought of him neglecting himself made my chest ache, so I came up with a brilliant idea, I would cook his favorite meal: creamy potato salad with bacon. And this time, I would make him eat it.

Darius had loved that dish a lot in my past life. He especially enjoyed it when I cooked it for him. According to him, mine was always the best, and he claimed he could recognize it anywhere because it had a unique taste only I gave it.

I wanted to see if that was true, if he would really recognize it again, if he would notice it was just like how I used to make it as Liana.

So, to cut the story short, I barged into the kitchen this morning, surprising not only the kitchen staff but also Serena, who stared at me in disbelief. I couldn't blame her. As Nyssa, I had never stepped into a kitchen, let alone cooked. But as Liana, I had been a very good chef. I had learned to cook just so I could make something for Darius when he came back exhausted after long hours with the pack elders.

Seeing his eyes light up in joy as he ate my meals had pushed me to learn even more.

So after cooking this morning, it wasn't surprising that the rich aroma drifted through the space, making everyone want a taste of what I'd made.

But this dish, this one belonged only to Darius.

When I was done, I barged into Darius's study, holding the food with a wild grin.

"Good morning, my king! You didn't eat this morning again, so I thought you had no appetite and went ahead to cook your favorite, you know, the one you always ate whenever you didn't feel like eating?"

I said with an excited expression, and the moment I lifted the lid from the plate, his stunned eyes flickered to the meal. Almost immediately, I saw it, surprise flashed in his gaze, his mouth slightly parted in shock as he stared at the food that had once brought him happiness.

Whenever he ate this, all his fatigue and stress seemed to vanish.

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Darius didn't speak. He just stared, frozen, his eyes locked on the dish as though in a daze.

The silence stretched, heavy, until I felt the weight of every gaze on me from behind, Cassain, Drake, and Serena watching.

"You love this, don't you? Why don't you have a taste? I cooked it just for you, my king."

I smiled brightly, and Darius finally lifted his head, his expression still stunned as if he was trying to wrap his mind around what was happening.

But then, the very next second, his eyes narrowed at me. His mouth parted, ready to speak and I knew exactly what was coming. Something harsh, like "How dare you barge in" or "What is the meaning of this?"

So before he could get a single word out, I leaned in, closing the distance, catching him off guard. His eyes widened in surprise, and in that moment, I quickly scooped up a spoonful, blew sharply on it, and shoved it straight into his mouth.

His eyes went even wider at my boldness, and behind us, a chorus of gasps filled the room, Serena even screamed like I'd just done something insane. But I didn't care. I only watched as Darius's expression began to

shift.

The shock on his face slowly melted into disbelief. His gaze darkened, his eyes narrowing at me as though he couldn't believe what he was tasting. And that was when the corners of my lips curled into a small, knowing smile. He had realized it, it tasted exactly like the one I used to make, as Liana.

“What, my king?” I teased, raising a brow, my voice dripping with mischief. “Is it that good that you can’t even say anything?”

The instant the words left my lips, Darius’s eyes flashed a shade brighter. Before I could react, his hand shot out, snatching the spoon from mine. Under everyone’s stunned gazes, he took another bite. Then another. And another.

Each time he ate, his expression only grew darker, heavier, more intense, until he looked less like a king savoring a meal and more like a beast barely keeping control.

My grin stretched wider, wilder, as I watched him. Cassian, Drake, and Serena stood frozen in disbelief, stunned at the sight of Darius eating like a starved man. But I knew the truth, he wasn’t just eating because he enjoyed it. No. He was eating because he needed to be sure. He wanted to confirm the taste, to see if his mind was deceiving him... or if it was truly the same as Liana’s.

And the more he ate, the clearer the realization became, yes, it was exactly like Liana’s. But what made me happier was the fact that he was already halfway through the food.

“It’s good that you’re eating, my king. Just as you like it, isn’t it?” I said softly.

The spoon in Darius’s hand froze mid-air at my words. His eyes snapped to mine, blazing with anger and fury. Before I could react, he let the spoon clatter back into the plate and, with a violent sweep of his arm, sent the entire tray crashing to the floor. The sound of shattering echoed through the space, making me gasp.

Then, before I could even draw another breath, he was on his feet. His hand shot out, seizing my dress, yanking me toward him with such force I stumbled straight into his chest as he roared.

“What do you think you are doing!”

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Nyssa pov

The entire room shrouded in tension instantly, silence falling as everyone drew in a shaky breath.

He was furious.

His eyes burned with rage, no doubt because he had confirmed it—this was exactly how Liana used to make the food. I knew he was beyond confused and enraged, unable to understand how I'd gotten it so perfectly.

Fine, I understood that. But that didn't mean he had to drag me like this.

My glare snapped to his, even as his grip on my dress tightened, his murderous eyes screaming that he wanted nothing more than to rip my head off. Too bad for him, I wasn't backing down. And before I could stop myself, the words flew out.

"What does it look like I'm doing? I cooked you food, and after eating half of it, you throw it away and try to strangle me? Are you insane?"

Gasps of disbelief rippled through the room as everyone's gaze pinned on me, but I refused to flinch. Not even when Darius's aura flared, heavy and suffocating.

"If you didn't like what I cooked, you should've said it like a normal human being instead of yanking me around like this, my king. This is cruel."

My voice cut through the silence, firm and unshaken, and his gaze narrowed even more. His lips parted, his hiss low and sharp.

"Everyone. Out."

Cassian and Drake immediately bowed, their murmurs echoing.

"Yes, my king."

But Serena hesitated, her voice trembling as she spoke.

"B—but, my lady—"

"Don't." Cassian's voice cut her off, pulling her away before she could push Darius further. "Let's leave."

Still, Serena resisted, her eyes wide on me, until I finally spoke without breaking my stare from Darius.

"It's okay, Serena. You can leave. I'm fine."

I grinned as I said it, never once looking away from him. Serena wanted to protest, but Cassian pulled her out, and the door clicked shut behind them.

The moment the door shut, silence deepened.

I smiled at him, even as his fury thickened the air until it was almost suffocating.

But instead of calming, it only seemed to make him angrier. His jaw tightened, his voice strained, yet cutting straight to the point.

“This...” He bit the word out, pausing as if holding himself back. “How did you know this was my favorite meal? And how did you learn to make it like-”

He stopped, unable to finish, but I did it for him.

“Like Liana?”

His jaw clenched hard at the sound of her name, but I didn’t falter. I wasn’t going to back away this time. I would tell him the truth. That I was Liana.

“Did it taste exactly like how she used to make it? That slightly too-salty bite?” I asked softly, a low chuckle slipping out as the memory washed over me.

“The one you eventually grew to love, even though you hated it the first time?”

I could still see it clearly, the very first time I cooked for him. The way his face had twisted at the saltiness, but how he’d lied through his teeth, insisting he loved it as he finished every last bite. I had known even then that he wasn’t telling the truth. But when I saw his face light up, that rare, genuine smile after a long day of carrying the weight of being king... I couldn’t bring myself to change it.

I’d learned more, practiced harder, and I’d gotten better at cooking. But for that dish, creamy potato salad with bacon, he had told me not to change a thing.

“I can remember that day like it was yesterday. You told me you liked it just the way it was, slightly salty, special only when I made it. I still can’t believe you remembered the taste after all these years.”

I smiled at the thought, my chest fluttering.

“What-” Darius gasped, shock flashing across his face. “How did you know? How-”

His grip on my shirt slackened, but I didn’t move away. I stood my ground, swallowing hard before I spoke.

“That isn’t the only thing I know, Darius. I know everything about you, everything from when Liana was alive.” My voice softened, steady. “I know you weren’t like this. You were kinder, gentler. You smiled more. You loved reading. Sometimes you’d sneak away to the garden with Liana when you didn’t want anyone to find

you. You'd rest your head on her lap, reading aloud as you talked about the books you loved."

I drew in a shaky breath, my eyes never leaving his.

"I remember a man who was simple at heart, who laughed at the smallest things, who tried to make everyone else happy. A king who ruled with care for his people... and never once cared for himself."

With each word I spoke, his eyes widened, but I didn't stop.

"You would always say you felt guilty the goddess hadn't chosen your brother as king, that you had to do everything to make him proud, even though he treated you so cruelly for becoming what he wanted to be.

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But the truth is... you never wanted that position, Darius."

My lips trembled, my voice breaking as the memories weighed on me.

"The stress, the guilt... everything you had carried inside."

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Before I even realized it, my hand reached out, brushing his cheek softly as I leaned closer, close enough to feel his breath.

"I remember how you used to touch Liana's belly with a warm smile, telling her how much you would love your unborn child, how you would give it everything... even the whole world. But it wasn't possible, was it? Everything fell apart because of him. You lost your mate, your child, everything you cherished, in one single night..."

Tears spilled down my cheeks as Darius stared at me like he was in a trance.

"And I... I remember the last words she said to you that night. She apologized, I apologized for leaving too soon, for the pain I knew it would cause you."

My voice shook, the words catching in my throat.

This time, Darius couldn't stop himself. His voice broke as he choked out,

“What do you mean by you... Don’t tell me you are-”

His words faltered, and I nodded, a fragile smile blooming through the tears.

“Yes, Darius... yes. I am Liana.”

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Darius pov

I didn’t believe her.

I didn’t want to. My heart pounded violently against my chest as I stared at her in a daze. I wanted to scream, to demand if she **was** crazy, to ask how dare she speak those words again but I couldn’t.

I couldn’t even make a sound. The world seemed to freeze around us.

There was no way... no way she was telling the truth. My Liana had died years ago. She couldn’t be the one standing before me.

But then again... how could she have known all of that? Those were things only Liana and I shared back then, words between us alone. How could it be possible? Had she overheard it somehow and was now lying?

Either way, whatever the reason... why was my heart racing? Why did I feel this strange, overwhelming urge to believe her? And most of all... why was I staring at her as if she was Liana?

“Darius... could it be?” Silas’s voice echoed deep in my mind. “Could she be Liana? Our late mate... the one we loved?”

His tone was filled with hope, eagerness, and desperation. Before I could stop myself, the mask I had worn for all these years cracked. I took a step back, shaking my head, muttering under my breath.

“No... no, it can’t be,” I scoffed, my gaze hardening as I glared at her.

She let out a soft breath, her eyes softening as a tear slid down her cheek.

“You can’t be Liana. S-she is gone... she is dead. How dare you say you are her!” I roared, my lycan voice shaking the room.

But she didn't flinch. She held her ground, meeting my gaze as her voice trembled with each word.

"That is because I have been reborn, Darius. Reborn as your mate again, in this life, to be with you... to reclaim the time we lost together." A tear slid down her cheek as she swallowed hard. "I know it's hard to believe. I didn't know my identity either, not until that day in that room. But now... I remember. And I want you to know... I am Liana."

A scoff escaped me, a surge of rage rising at her insistence. She dared still claim to be Liana.

But she didn't falter. Even as the room seemed to thicken with my killing intent, heavy and intense, she continued, trying to convince me.

"Do you remember the first time we met? It was in the garden. My father, a rich merchant back then, had come to pay respect to the king and left me alone, telling me to sit still until he returned. But I couldn't," she chuckled, as though recalling it brought amusement.

"I remember being so bored that, while my personal maid was distracted, I sneaked away and ended up in the garden and there you were too, sneaking away to avoid training that day. You were asleep, and the moment

were mates. Haha."

I blinked at her words, stunned. She was right. That was how we had met, how we had discovered we were

mates.

"And then, after spending time together, we fell in love. It felt so natural, we just knew we were meant to be. You used to call me your soulmate, remember? You would say I was your other half. Then you were chosen as king, and it kept you busy for a while, but even then, you'd sneak away with me to the garden whenever you could. I loved those moments, Darius. I really did. Oh, and when you disguised yourself just so we could walk around the pack, and you'd buy me all sorts of treats... I loved all of them, but my favorite was the frozen strawberries dipped in honey. Remember how much I loved them? You would buy so many, and I'd always end up with a stomach ache from eating too much."

She chuckled softly, shaking her head at how silly it sounded, but the more she spoke, the more my world seemed to blur, my eyes widening. How... how did she know all of this?

“Everything seemed perfect then. We only saw each other, loved each other so much... but then, in a blink, everything fell apart.”

Her voice softened into almost a whisper as tears streamed down her face.

“Being wolfless became a problem. Everyone despised me, talked behind my back, said I wasn’t fit to be queen, that I didn’t deserve to be your mate because I couldn’t bear pups to inherit the throne. Our children would inherit my condition, and everyone blamed me for the suffering it might cause you. You fought so hard to protect me from their whispers, Darius. And I... I tried my best not to let you see the pain, because I knew how much you were already carrying. Elders complaining every day that I should be stripped of my position, yet you were always against it. You fought for me.”

Her lips curled into a sad, trembling smile, her hands clenching into fists as her voice broke into a whisper.

“But at the end of the day... we were torn apart by your brother. I died by his hands while you went rogue, taking the lives of so many, and were cursed to live all these years alone, searching for a way to end your own life.”

She held my gaze, chest heaving as sobs wracked her body. Slowly, she walked around the desk toward me, and before I could react, her trembling hands shoved me hard. Her voice quivered as she whispered,

“And as cruel as fate is, I seem to be the reason you might die... the reason you might break the curse and finally find the peace you’ve been seeking. But I won’t allow that to happen.”

She hissed through her tears, pushing me again, harder.

“I won’t allow you to leave me again. I won’t! I know I’m selfish. I know this is greedy, Darius, but please..... don’t leave me. Don’t do anything to yourself. I am here, I am Liana.”

Her voice grew louder, tears streaming down her cheeks as desperation laced every

word.

“I am really Liana... so please, believe me. Please...”

In that moment, I couldn't move, couldn't speak. And then, suddenly, something hit me, something that made my entire body go rigid.

As though a veil had been lifted, I caught it—the scent I had loved and cherished, the one I had longed to smell again, the one that had always comforted me.

Liana's scent.

“What...”

She opened her mouth to speak, “Darius, I-” but I cut her off.

“It's really you,” I whispered, breathless. Before she could react, I reached out, pulling her into my arms, holding her tight as if I'd never let go. “It's really you, Liana.”

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Nyssa pov

He was crying.

Darius was crying in my arms, his hands wrapped tightly around me, pulling me so close it felt like I might shatter if he ever let go. And maybe I was breaking too, standing there with my heart hammering against my chest, my breath sharp and heavy as his words echoed over and over in my head:

“It's you, Liana.”

D—did that mean he finally believed me? That he truly knew I was Liana?

What was happening? Even though I tried not to show it, fear twisted in my stomach. I had expected him to explode in rage, to throw me away like a rag doll. But instead... here he was, holding me. Hugging me.

“It really is you, right? Liana... it's you...” he choked out, his voice heavy, carrying a sadness so deep it tore at

1. me.

Hearing Darius cry, feeling his tears dampen my shoulder, made my heart ache. Before I knew *it*, I tightened my hold on him and whispered, my voice barely audible, yet he still heard me.

“Yes, Darius... yes, it’s me. Liana. It’s me,” I said with a trembling smile, clinging to him, not wanting to let go.

Why should I?

After so many centuries apart, we had finally found each other again, not as Nyssa and Darius, but as Liana and Darius. As the lovers torn apart by fate, whose love had been cut short.

I missed him. The man who once smiled so easily, who never used a mask to hide his emotions.

“How-” Darius began, his voice breaking as he leaned back just enough to see me. The moment his face came into view, I couldn’t stop my own tears from spilling.

They streamed down his cheeks, his wild eyes fixed on me with disbelief... and hope.

“How is this possible? Are—are you really Liana? You smell like her, but... are you truly her?” he asked, voice trembling as his hands gripped my shoulders. He searched my face desperately, and a soft laugh slipped from me as I nodded.

“Yes. I didn’t know I was Liana either, not until that day in the room. Then... everything came rushing back.” I leaned into him, pressing my forehead against his, our breaths mingling as I cupped his face gently.

“I remembered you. The goddess was there, Sandra, the blind woman. She made me remember everything

before she left.”

His eyes widened at my words, and something seemed to snap inside him. He gasped, his gaze trembling, and I leaned in closer until there was barely any space left between us.

“Ever since I came to this pack, everything felt familiar, like I’d been here before. It was like a distant memory... and then I began having vivid dreams about our past. Even though our faces were blurred in them, it still felt real, still felt like you. Darius... even though I died back then, even though it seemed like I was gone,

I wasn't. My soul never left you. My heart still longed for you, still yearned to find you again. And now... now we finally have."

Darius's eyes quivered at my words, a weak scoff slipping past his lips as fresh tears spilled down his cheeks. He shook his head, broken.

"You were here all along? The one I've been longing for, for so many years... you were right in front of me all

this time."

His voice cracked, more to himself than to me, and I watched as he stumbled back a step, the words spilling out in harsh, ragged breaths as he cried even harder..

"And I didn't know... I almost rejected you, I almost killed you. I treated you so cruelly, all while missing you, while still wanting to be with you."

He took another step back, and I shook my head, already knowing he believed me now, already seeing the guilt eating away at him. But he cut me off, his voice breaking so deeply it hurt.

"Liana... I'm **so** sorry. I didn't know. Forgive me, for everything I've done. Please... please forgive me. It's all my fault. You died back then because of me, and even now I almost killed you again. Everything... everything

my fault."

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And then Darius collapsed to the ground, burying his face in his hands as sobs wracked his body. Without hesitation, I rushed to him, wrapping my arms tightly around his frame, holding him as close as I could while whispering against his ear.

"No, my king... it isn't your fault. It's fine. I'm fine. What happened in the past is done, let us let it go and live in the present, okay? I'm here now... and everything will be fine."

I said with a smile, forcing back the tears as Darius slowly lifted his head, his teary eyes locking onto mine. For a moment, he just stared, saying nothing. Silence stretched between us, the air thick and suffocating, and just when I thought he wouldn't speak, he finally uttered my name, not Liana, but the one I carried in this life.

"Nyssa..."

Before I could even react, before I could process the weight of it, he closed the distance. His hand slid to the back of my head, pulling me to him as his lips crashed against mine in a kiss so sudden and fierce it stole the very breath from my lungs.

My eyes widened as he dragged me closer, his mouth moving against mine in a rough, desperate rhythm, and the next second, I melted into him, my arms wrapping tightly around his shoulders as I kissed him back.

My eyes fluttered shut, my heart pounding wildly in my chest, as everything else faded. The world blurred, leaving only us.

A soft moan slipped from me as Darius's hand gripped the back of my head, his other sliding lower to the curve of my butt, pulling me flush against him. The kiss deepened, rough and hungry, and my whole body grew hot, arching for him as heat pooled between my legs. He seemed to sense it because a low, guttural grunt escaped him against my lips.

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King

Nyssa pov

Hot. Rough. Demanding.

That was how we kissed.

His lips crushed against mine, leaving me breathless, arching, senseless.

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55 vouchers

I could barely breathe as Darius lifted me with ease, as though I weighed nothing, setting me down on the desk. He spread my legs apart, stepping between them, one hand fisted at the back of my head, the other gripping my waist to keep me pressed against him.

Our mouths moved in sync, wet, sloppy sounds echoing through the room as my hands clawed at his shirt. With a desperate pull, I tore it open, buttons scattering, and my palms slid over his chest, over the hard, sculpted muscles beneath. Oh goddess... he felt so damn good.

Maybe it was the feeling of knowing that all of this was mine, that he belonged to me, truly mine, that made everything feel ten times more intense than before.

And it felt even better knowing this man wanted me, completely.

Darius grunted, low and deep, the sound dripping with pleasure as he leaned back slightly, breaking from the kiss. Instantly, I gasped for air, chest heaving, breaths harsh as I panted, staring at the maddeningly attractive man before me. But it didn't last long because the next second, his lips found my neck, trailing hot, hungry kisses across my skin, sending me spiraling.

"Oh goddess," I moaned, arms wrapping tight around his shoulders, tugging him closer. His teeth grazed my neck, and the urge to beg him to sink his fangs into me and mark me surged so badly it nearly spilled out. But then he pressed against me harder, his erection straining between my legs.

By now, my dress had ridden up, my panties sheer and clinging, leaving nothing to the imagination. He could see everything, how wet, how desperate I was. And as he ground against me, I felt him.

Hard. Throbbing. Hungry.

"Oh fuck, Darius.... I want you. Please..." I whispered, breathless, lips parted, my face flushed pink as his tongue flicked over the hickey he'd just given me.

And as though he had heard my plea, he leaned back slightly and met my gaze. His eyes pierced into mine, so intense it made my whole body jolt.

We stared at each other, both breathing heavily, until he finally spoke, his voice barely a hum as his hands slid down to my thighs, parting them wider.

"You're beautiful, Nyssa," he breathed, his words sending shivers through me, my core clenching tight, aching

for him.

"You are so beautiful... I'd always wanted to tell you this. From the very first time I saw you, you stole my breath away, especially when I sensed the mate bond between us. But I... I couldn't bring myself to say it."

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To my shock, his hand moved to my hip, and in one swift motion, he lifted me slightly off the desk, tugging my panties down and tossing them aside. Before I

could even process it, he was already on his knees, face so close to my heat that I gasped, my breath catching as his words ghosted against my throbbing clit, making it twitch almost painfully.

“I thought I didn’t deserve happiness... not after what happened to you. Even though you were my mate, even though I **was** so desperately drawn to you...”

A low, humorless chuckle rumbled from his chest, echoing in the space, making my heart race even faster as I stared down at him.

“But then... it was you all along, wasn’t it? You were my Liana. And now, you’re also my Nyssa.”

As soon as he said this, my heart fluttered in my chest, a warm rush spreading through me.

I was happy, Darius didn’t just see me as Liana, but also as Nyssa. Two versions of myself, both real, both his.

I opened my mouth, ready to tell him how sweet that was, but before I could speak, a sharp gasp tore from my lips as Darius closed the distance. His hands gripped my thighs, spreading me apart, and then his head dipped between them, his tongue instantly lapping at me.

My eyes rolled back as a loud, unrestrained moan escaped, echoing through the study.

“Oh fuck!” I screamed, my hand flying to the back of his head, holding him close, grinding against his mouth as he feasted on me.

He devoured me, tongue plunging in and out of my dripping heat, licking up every drop of me like he couldn’t get enough. I cursed, arching my back as waves of pleasure shot up my spine, leaving me trembling.

But before I could even process the sensation, Darius slipped two fingers between my folds, spreading me open slowly, then shoved his hot tongue deeper, thrusting in and out of 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 gripped my thigh tighter, forcing it apart and keeping me wide open for him.

Then he thrust those two fingers deep inside me, fucking me hard with them.

I couldn’t think anymore, I was a complete mess, my head swirling, my body overwhelmed with pleasure. But he didn’t stop. My moans grew louder, echoing out of the study, as he devoured me mercilessly.

It didn’t take long before I was teetering on the edge of release, shoving Darius’s face closer to my pussy and then I shattered, cumming all over him. Even then, he didn’t stop.

No... he kept going, licking me clean as though my juices were the most delicious thing he’d ever tasted.

By the time my body slumped back, spent and trembling, I collapsed onto the desk but he was faster. His arm wrapped tight around my waist, hauling me against him. His face hovered just inches from mine as he hummed, dragging his tongue over his bottom lip... right as the sound of his belt being undone filled the air.

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King

Chapter 198

Nyssa pov

Fuck, I was panting, breathless, arching.

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Darius had just eaten me out like a starved beast, and I was still trying to breathe through the overwhelming pleasure when the sound of his zipper being undone cut through the air. His eyes stayed dark, locked onto me with a look that screamed he was nowhere near done with me.

And oh goddess, how much I loved it.

The heat in my body only burned hotter, and I could even hear Sheila purr inside me, her tone low and intoxicating. I couldn't tear my eyes away from him until the sound of slow, deliberate strokes snapped me out of my daze.

My gaze dropped to his cock, watching as Darius fisted his hard, bulging length, his hand gliding up and down. The sight made me bite my bottom lip, heat flooding between my thighs all over again. I couldn't control myself, my hand reached out on its own, wrapping around him.

Darius sucked in a sharp breath, his eyes filled with lust as I began pumping him, stroking his thick shaft slowly, feeling it twitch hungrily in my palm. The weight of him, the heat of him, it almost made me moan. The urge to have him buried deep inside me was so overwhelming that my already dripping pussy throbbed greedily, begging for what it craved.

Darius's cock.

So I gave in. Biting my lip, I shifted closer to the edge of the desk, spreading my legs wider. His gaze flickered down, darkening even further, and I couldn't help but smile at the look on his face before I aimed his dick at my soaked entrance. The crown pressed against me, hot and teasing, and my breath hitched.

Darius grunted, a curse slipping past his lips.

"Fuck."

It was barely audible, but I heard it loud and clear. He was holding himself back, fighting the urge to just slam into me right then but he didn't. He let me take control, let me savor it, as I pressed the head of his dick inside

1. me.

Inch by inch.

Slowly.

Until the thick tip finally pushed past my entrance, a sharp gasp tore from me as pleasure shot straight down my spine. My walls clenched around him almost painfully, but I didn't stop. No, I kept pushing, inching down his length, while he stayed still, letting me have my fun.

And soon, Darius's dick was buried deep inside me.

My eyes rolled back instantly, my mouth parting on a moan as pleasure ripped through me, and I nearly lost my balance, almost crashing back onto the desk. But before I could, Darius's strong arm locked around my

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waist, dragging me closer, pulling me flush to the edge. And without a second's pause, without giving me even a heartbeat to adjust, he yanked out only to slam back into me in a brutal thrust that made my whole body jolt.

"Nmnggh! Oh goddess!"

I gasped, throwing my head back as my walls clenched around Darius's cock, like they were trying to suck him in. Every inch of him stretched me to the brink, and then he did it again.

Pulling out, then slamming back in.

Again.

And again.

Until the sharp, filthy sound of skin slapping against skin echoed through the air.

"Oh goddess, Darius... it feels so good. Oh yes, please, more!"

I moaned, my arms instinctively wrapping around his shoulders, pulling him closer as he fucked me, his cock stretching me, sending heat and pleasure coursing through my body, my head spinning as the world blurred around us, leaving only him.

"Fuck... good girl. You're wrapping around my cock so perfectly, Nyssa. So good."

He grunted, increasing his pace, his hands gripping both of my hips as he drove into me.

Fast. Hard. Rough.

Relentless.

It was different from the way he usually fucked me.

More intense. Every thrust drove so deep inside me that I trembled, seeing stars. Literally.

“I’ve missed you so badly, Nyssa,” he grunted, his voice deep and raw, sending me spiraling toward the edge.

He pulled back slightly, then slammed back in, continuing.

“I love you so much.”

He stared at me, eyes dark and raw with intensity, making me whimper.

Slam!

“I wanted you.”

Slam!

“To feel you.”

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Slam!

“To hold you.”

Slam!

“To call you mine.”

Slam!

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“Mnngh! D-Darius...” I whispered, breathless, hopeless, body trembling as I neared the brink.

He didn’t respond to my call.

10 vouchers

Instead, he leaned closer to my face, leaving barely inches between us, his voice dropping to a low, intimate whisper.

“Nyssa... will you be mine? Will you let me mark you... and be my mate again?”

The world seemed to freeze around me, Darius still thrusting inside me. My eyes widened as his words sank in.

Mark me? He wanted to mark me as his official mate?!

When I saw the seriousness burning in his gaze, I didn't hesitate. I would never hesitate.

A small, trembling smile bloomed on my lips as I nodded, my voice barely a breath but he heard me loud and clear.

“Yes, please... mark me. Make me yours again, Darius... please.”

The moment the words left my lips, his eyes lit up, and he resumed his thrusts.

Faster, harder, leaving me clinging to him for support, lewd moans spilling from my lips, desperate and hot.

Before I could even catch my breath, I came hard over him, a strangled moan ripping from my throat.

It wasn't long before Darius followed, spilling his hot seed inside me, making me whimper, my eyes fluttering shut at the overwhelming sensation.

I barely had time to adjust before he pulled out, his strong hand wrapping around my waist and pulling me closer. His other hand reached for my neck, tilting it slightly, and I felt his sharp fangs brush against my skin, sending shivers through me.

Before I could react, he grunted, his voice thick and possessive.

“You are mine, Nyssa. All mine.”

And then, he sank his fangs into my skin, making me let out a strangled, desperate scream as he marked me.

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Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King

Chapter 199

Darius pov

She was sleeping peacefully.

Her head rested on my chest, her arms wrapped around my waist as she cuddled against me, a blissful smile gracing her face. I watched her, my own lips curving into a soft smile, my hand gently stroking her hair. The room was quiet, not the hollow emptiness I had felt after her death. No, this was different.

It was peaceful. Nyssa's slow, steady breathing filled the space, easing a void in my heart I hadn't known could be soothed.

My gaze flicked to the brand on her neck, my mark. Etched into her skin, it glowed softly under the moonlight spilling through the curtains, highlighting her small, delicate figure. After what had happened in the study, she had been drenched from the marking, yet she hadn't lost consciousness like she had as Liana. Perhaps it was because she was stronger now, bonded to a wolf, able to maintain control even in such an intense moment. It was a mark of a lycan king.

After I had made her officially my mate, I had carried her to my room. We had mated again, then taken the time to talk. We shared our experiences apart, though there wasn't much to tell about my life, it had been the same after her death: I pushed everyone away, becoming heartless, indifferent, cruel. I had been utterly alone... until she returned to me as Nyssa.

Slowly, things began to change. Even though I had hated her as my mate at first, she brought warmth into my life. I was no longer so lonely. When I confessed this to her, she smiled and hugged me, promising she was here to stay and that I would never feel alone again. I could only smile back, knowing she was right. I would never let her leave.

Then she told me about her life. About being reborn twice as Nyssa. The first time, she had loved her ex- fiancé, married him, and given him all her trust. But in return, she received betrayal. He had been mated with the girl she had called her best friend, complicit in the rogue attack on her pack that killed her family. He had only been with her because of the Alpha's position in the Emberfang pack.

Once he attained it, she was framed for infidelity, cast out of the pack while pregnant, and ultimately killed by my silver dagger. The goddess had granted her a second chance at life, returning her on the very day she married Kael.

She had told me all of this with a straight face, asking if I believed her, insisting I was the only one who could truly hear her. Despite how shocking her words were, I believed her. She was my mate; I would believe everything she said. If she could return as Liana, she could be reborn again as Nyssa.

When I told her this, a small smile bloomed on her face, her eyes glazing as she recounted everything that had happened to her. When she cried, I comforted her, holding her until she calmed, until she felt better. Only then did she finally drift off to sleep.

My smile widened as I watched her press her lips together, hugging herself tighter, murmuring softly under her breath,

“Please... don’t leave me... believe me, okay?”

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I chuckled softly, stroking her hair even more. Silas’s voice broke through my thoughts.

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“She looks really beautiful, Darius. I can’t believe she’s our mate. I’m glad you marked her, the bond between us is stronger now.”

I almost laughed at his words, but before I could, Cassian’s voice cut through the mindlink.

“M-my king, I apologize for disturbing your rest, but we have a problem here...”

He said, his voice gruff and serious, and my gaze immediately darkened. It must be urgent for Cassian to **call** me despite knowing I wouldn’t want to be disturbed.

“Okay. I’m coming,” I replied, cutting off the mindlink. My eyes flickered to Nyssa, still sleeping. Not wanting to wake her, I carefully rose from the bed. She stirred slightly, murmuring something incoherent as I gently placed her head back on the pillow.

Just as I turned to leave, her hand shot up, clutching mine.

I froze, then turned back to find her blinking at me through her haze, her eyes barely open. Her voice was so low I almost didn't catch it.

"Where are you going, Darius?" she asked.

I couldn't help but smile, clasping her hand gently before leaning in to press a soft kiss to her head.

"I'll be right back, little mate. Go back to sleep," I whispered.

Almost immediately, perhaps from exhaustion, she nodded and drifted back to sleep. My smile lingered for a moment as I turned and walked out, but the moment I left her room, it faded, and my gaze darkened. The maids and everyone who crossed my path bowed deeply.

I ignored them, my steps slow and steady as I entered my study. Cassian and Drake immediately rose as they

saw me.

"Greetings to the Lycan King," they said.

I gave a casual nod before moving to my seat. Once seated, I fixed them with narrowed eyes.

"What happened? What was so urgent that you called me?" I asked.

They exchanged a brief glance before Cassian stepped forward, placing an envelope on my desk. My brow raised in confusion, but he spoke.

"I apologize deeply, my king, but Zayn—the pack doctor—has been missing for two days. We went to his quarters to check, and instead, we found this envelope on his table. When we read it... we—"

He faltered, unable to finish his words. I raised a brow, silently urging him on. He swallowed hard, avoiding my **gaze**. Without a word, I reached out, picked up the envelope, and withdrew the letter inside. As I read, my frown deepened, my expression growing colder, the air thick with tension.

Zayn: Hey everyone! If you're reading this, it means I have left the pack and will not be returning. Such a

shame, really—I enjoyed this place, enjoyed deceiving and toying with everyone. But alas, I cannot stay. Don't worry, though, we will meet again! Since I won't be

coming back, I'll gladly reveal my secret and my identity. I am the man you've been looking for, Darius—the leader of the rogues and your... well, maybe that secret will be revealed later. For now, enjoy yourselves until we meet again.

My hands instinctively tightened around the paper as I read. Zayn, the leader of the rogues all along. But it wasn't just that which made my blood boil. It was the handwriting. I had seen it before.

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King

Darius pov

55 vouchers

"This is all my fault, my king." Cassain dropped to the ground as my aura thickened in the room, suffocating and heavy.

I watched him, head bowed, voice shaky, body trembling as he spoke.

"I was the one who brought Zayn to the pack, not knowing he was the king of the rogues... I—if I had known, I swear to the goddess on my life that I wouldn't have done it. I should have investigated his background more thoroughly, but when, when I heard about how skilled and respected he was, even from here, I couldn't help but look for him and ask him to join our pack, since he is that good."

His voice sounded frantic, panicked, but I didn't respond. I said nothing.

"But that doesn't excuse the fact that this is all my fault, and I have disappointed you. Please punish me, my king. I will gladly receive any punishment from you."

He finished without lifting his head, his tone heavy with guilt.

At the corner of my eye, I saw Drake tense, his gaze worried for Cassain, knowing the gravity of the situation, knowing he had let someone dangerous into the pack, the leader of the rogues no less.

For what he did, it was simple: Cassain should die. Whether intentional or not, he had endangered the pack.

I didn't speak. My gaze flickered back to the paper in my hand. The handwriting, it reminded me of someone.

Him. The bastard I despised most. But it couldn't be. It wasn't possible.

After a long moment staring at it, I sighed, rubbed my brows, and dropped the paper on the desk before speaking.

“Get up. You are not solely at fault.” I looked down at Cassain, who lifted his head in surprise, eyes widening at my words. I pushed back strands of my hair and continued,

“I am the one at fault. I neglected my duty as the lycan king all these years, consumed by grief, uncaring about anything else, and it has affected my people more than I realized. If I had paid attention, if I had tried to resolve the rogue problem sooner, my people wouldn’t live in fear, tormented by the threat of attacks. And **if** I had investigated the man you brought when I sensed something was wrong, perhaps his true identity would have been revealed sooner.”

I leaned back into my seat, voice heavy,

“But I didn’t. I neglected everything and failed everyone. I have failed in my duties, my beliefs, and my dignity as the lycan king. I am the one who should apologize and be thankful to you, Cassain.”

Cassain’s eyes widened further, tears spilling down his face as he listened to me.

“You served me well, just like your ancestors. You are doing a good job. You are **a** good friend.”

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55 vouchers

Cassain broke down, crying openly, and I allowed a small smile to touch my lips before turning to Drake, who stiffened under my gaze.

“You too, you are hardworking and loyal. You are doing well, my gamma.”

Drake’s eyes went wide, stunned, and a few tears welled up before he dropped to his knees, bowing deeply. His voice echoed through the room.

“It is an honour to serve the great and esteemed king. My life holds no worth, no value, except to protect your majesty. Your words will forever be cherished by this subject. Thank you, your majesty!”

Cassain snapped out of his daze immediately, straightening his posture and hardening his gaze. He followed Drake's lead.

"Thank you, your majesty! It is also an honour to serve under you. My ancestors, I, and all future generations will continue to serve you until our dying breaths. Your words will remain in this subject's heart as well, thank you, my king."

A slow smile curved at the corner of my lips at a single word. Generations.

I wouldn't be here for that long. Nyssa had made me pause my plan to end my life, but that didn't mean it wouldn't happen eventually. If my beloved grew old with me, I would leave this world soon after she drew her last breath. We would be together, even in death.

I watched as both Cassain and Drake stared at me, awe written across their faces, and it looked like tears were about to fall at any moment.

"That is enough." I cleared my throat, averting my gaze, unwilling to witness grown men crying before me.

They immediately stiffened, blinking away their tears, and the seriousness in my expression made it clear that I wasn't joking.

"With that aside, we have to deal with him," I said, leaning back in my seat, head tilted slightly to the side, a slow, predatory smile spreading across my lips as I murmured,

"I think it's about time we go hunting. Don't you think?"

The rest of the night, I stayed up with Cassian and Drake, discussing our plan to catch Zayn, the rogue bastard who had dared infiltrate my pack with an agenda. We also mapped out ways to threaten the pack's defenses in case anything went wrong.

My pack was indeed the strongest, but that didn't make it impenetrable. We stationed extra guards along the frontlines and instructed them to inform everyone in the pack that Zayn was a traitor, the mysterious rogue leader, and that anyone who saw him must report it immediately.

Once that was set, a reward was announced to outsiders: anyone who spotted Zayn and reported his whereabouts would receive a substantial sum of gold, even if the informer was a rogue,

This had a purpose, to disrupt the peace and trust among the rogues. Rogues were lone werewolves, preying

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55 vouchers

on the weak for wealth and drugs. They were disloyal, willing to betray their leader, and if this news spread, sooner or later, something about Zayn would reach us.

And that was the plan: to catch him before he posed any more danger than he already had. There was a gnawing feeling in my gut that something bad was coming, and I had to find him, fast. Especially now that I had my mate back.