

# **Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King #Return 201 -210**

## **Read Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King Return 201**

### **Chapter 201**

Nysas pov

“Nyssa, Nyssa... wake up.”

I heard the deep voice as I slept, soothing, gentle, familiar and I immediately knew it was Darius calling my

name.

I didn't want to wake, but then again, when had I ever woken early before? This time, though, it felt different, I

swore.

My body ached, exhausted from the intensity of Darius marking me last night. I had nearly lost consciousness, like in my past life, but I hadn't, thanks to Sheila's strength.

In that life, I hadn't truly been wolfless. I had her then too, but she had been locked away, just like before.

Even though I had fainted, it didn't mean I didn't feel like I'd been run over by a truck. So when Darius called again in that gentle voice, I didn't stir, burying my face further into the bed and swatting at him with a frustrated grunt.

Yet he didn't take the hint.

“Nyssa, you need to wake up and eat. It's already lunch,” he said, the teasing edge in his voice making me groan, though I was desperate for more sleep.

“Not now, Darius. I need to sleep,” I mumbled, pressing my face deeper into the bed to block out his voice.

But the next second, as he spoke again, my body stiffened, the drowsiness evaporating instantly.

“Are you sure you don't want to eat, little mate? I made your favorite meal—bacon, sausages, eggs, fried mushrooms, grilled tomatoes, baked beans... and, most of all, your favorite dessert, frozen strawberries dipped in honey,” I heard him murmur, closer now.

I inhaled sharply at the sound and, almost instinctively, leapt onto the bed, jerking my body toward him. Leaning in, a wild smile spread across my face as I asked in excitement.

“Really? Where is it? It’s been so long since I had frozen strawberries. I love the way you make it, did you do it all by yourself? Hm?”

I spoke so hurriedly that my words barely made sense, but the curve of his lips told me he heard me.

“I thought you wanted to sleep, little mate?” He tilted his head slightly in amusement. “Are you hungry now?”

My lips curled into a snarl at his words, and I brought my hands to the sides of his face, leaning closer, parting my lips to say something but before I could, a cough from the side drew my attention.

Turning, I saw Serena and Isabella standing there, wide-eyed and utterly shocked at the scene in front of

them.

**9:41 Fri, Sep**

**26**

But soon, my eyes flickered to the tray Serena and Isabella were holding that had food on them **that was**

covered.

And almost immediately, I stared at the meal, I swallowed hard, licking my lips, my mouth watering as at the aroma that drifted from the food.

Fuck, it was really Darius who cooked this. I even remembered the smell of his food and I missed it.

I really did.

“You are drooling, you know”

I heard Darius teasing voice as he watched me and I quickly cleaned my mouth, only to realize that I wasn’t actually drooling

This man.

I rolled my eyes and leaned away from him before signalling Serena and Isabella with my hand to step closer and drop the meal on the bed.

Despite their obvious discomfort and surprise, they listened and walked forward, though they trembled slightly as they felt Darius' gaze flicker to them for a brief moment but Darius didn't pay attention to them and as they dropped the meal, I smiled and thanked them before turning to Darius.

"Thank you for the meal, my king. I love you"

I smiled, saying it offhandedly

The moment the words left my lips, Serena and Isabella gasped in shock, as if they couldn't believe it. Even Darius looked slightly taken aback, clearly not used to hearing it but then he smiled, reaching out to ruffle my hair before replying.

"I love you too, mate," he said.

But then, my eyes flickered to the tray on the bed, food covered neatly. Almost immediately, my gaze locked onto the meal, and I swallowed hard, licking my lips as the aroma wafted toward me, making my mouth

water.

If my words had made Serena and Isabella gasp, Darius's reply left their jaws practically on the floor. I laughed softly before turning to the meal. The moment I lifted the plate cover, the sight alone nearly made me drool. Without wasting a second, I licked my lips, picked up the fork and knife, and began digging in. Each bite made my eyes flutter shut, my chest tightening as I savored it, almost crying because it reminded me so much of how Darius used to bring me breakfast in the past, just like this.

"It's really good, my king," I murmured, sniffing back a tear as I kept eating. "I love this so much."

Darius must have noticed the shift in my mood, because he quietly sent Serena and Isabella out of the room. Once they were gone, his hand reached over to rub my head gently, his smile soft.

"Is it that good that you want to cry?" he asked.

**9:41 Fri, Sep 26**

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I froze, glancing at him just as a single tear slipped down my cheek. Smiling through it, I wiped it **away** and whispered, “No, it’s just... I missed this. I missed these little things we used to do. I missed us.

For a moment, Darius’s expression stiffened, but then he chuckled, low and warm, his voice carrying a quiet happiness.

“Me too, my love. But we’re together now. We can do everything we couldn’t before. You and I.”

I nodded, my smile widening as I agreed, “You’re right. We can do everything we couldn’t do then.”

His hand rubbed over my head again, and my eyes lit up as an idea burst out of me.

“I know what we can do first! Let’s go on a date!”

## **Chapter 202**

Nysas pov

159 vouchern

“I can’t wait to go on a date with the king! It’s been so long since we did, and I haven’t been out much **since I** came to the pack. I think the only time I’ve stepped out was to meet the pack’s diviner. I can’t wait to see how much things have changed since the last time,” I said with a grin, speaking to Serena and Isabella, who were **in** the room with me.

Serena stood beside me, and Isabella stood behind me, carefully styling my hair as they listened to me **talk**.

Isabella’s expression was filled with confusion at my words, yet a smile lingered on her lips, while Serena stared at me with teary eyes, like she wanted to cry, smiling warmly as she gazed at the mark on my neck.

I knew why they were looking at me like that.

Because they were both surprised, yet happy, that I had been officially marked as the king’s mate and that our relationship had suddenly improved.

It was obvious they wanted to ask questions about what had happened, but they were too afraid. To be honest, I’d rather they just asked than continue staring like that in silence, so I paused and tapped Isabella to stop styling my hair.

When she did, I turned toward them and narrowed my eyes, making them stiffen under my gaze.

“Alright, alright. You two have to stop staring. I can literally feel your questions burning into me. What do you want to ask?” I asked, raising a brow at both Serena and Isabella.

Almost immediately, their faces flushed a deep shade of pink, and they glanced away, lowering their heads to stare at the floor as though it were the most fascinating thing in the room. But when they felt my gaze sharpen, Serena was the first to break and speak.

She looked at me with an awkward smile and lied,

“M—my lady, you’re overthinking things. W—we don’t want to ask you any questions. We servants don’t have the right to inquire about our mistress’s life,” she stammered.

I scoffed and raised a hand to lightly smack her on the head as I lectured her.

“Stop being silly, Serena. You two are more than just servants to me. You can ask whatever you want. It’s really okay”

Serena and Isabella glanced at each other hesitantly, but Isabella, clearly curious, spoke first.

“Then forgive me, my lady, but I wanted to ask if the king really marked you and if you are now officially his

mate?”

Her eyes flickered to the mark on my neck with a bright smile, and I chuckled before turning to Serena with a

raised brow.

“Is that what you want to know too? Is that your question?” I asked.

65 Vouchers

She swallowed hard for a moment before nodding almost eagerly, then murmured under her breath,

“Also... I—I wanted to ask if the miss really loves the king. You said you loved him this morning. Is **that true?**” I lifted a brow at her question and smiled, nodding my head.

“To answer your questions: I am officially the king’s mate, and he marked me last night,” I said, pointing to my neck with a smile. “And I do love him. I love the king so much, and I will always love him.”

As soon as I said that, Serena and Isabella gasped as if they had just heard the juiciest secret. The next second, they both smiled and moved closer to me.

“Really? My goddess, that’s amazing! My lady, I am so happy for you! I knew it! I’ve never seen the king even enter the kitchen before, but he walked there by himself to cook for you this morning. All the other maids were surprised, and the chef almost fainted himself!”

Isabella said, her grin wild with excitement.

Serena practically burst into tears as she stared at my neck.

“My lady... finally, finally you have been marked by your mate. You have someone who could love and care **for** you. I am so happy for you, my lady,” she said, and I couldn’t help but chuckle at their excitement, shaking my head *at* them.

They were happy for me. Really happy.

These were the kind of people who were truly by my side, they were my people.

The ones I could trust.

In my past life, I had people like that too, Serena, my father, his beta and gamma, the whole packhouse who had sacrificed themselves for me. But just because of two people with ill intentions, my life had spiraled downhill.

In the end, it was better to surround yourself with those who love you, who care for you, and who harbor no ill intent toward you.

“Thank you, you two. I appreciate it, you are both lovely,” I said, smiling at them before turning to the mirror and staring at my reflection.

At the back of my mind, I heard Sheila’s voice, soft and purring, echoing.

“Finally, after so many twists and turns, we finally meet them again. I just hope this time nothing happens. I hope we’ll be together for a long time,” she said.

My smile widened as I responded,

“I know we’ll be together for a long time. Nothing will happen, don’t worry, Sheila.”

Soon, Isabella was done with my hair, and after checking myself one last time in the mirror, I walked out of the room to find Darius standing at the door, waiting for me.

**Sat, Sep 27**

**As** soon as I **saw** him, I couldn't help but smile, my eyes twinkling

**He was** dressed in simple white clothes—a plain shirt and trousers. He looked handsome and mesmerizing

His lips curved into a slow grin as he fixed his gaze on *me*, then stepped forward and reached out his hand.

“You look **really** beautiful, little mate,” he said.

I laughed softly, placing my hand in his.

“You look really handsome, my king,” I teased.

He chuckled, leaning toward my hand to place a soft kiss on it before lifting his head before speaking.

“Now, should we go on a date?”

**AD**

Comment

Chapter **203**

**Nysas** pov

It was bright and warm outside.

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Not too hot, not too breezy, the perfect weather for a date.

As I walked with Darius by my side, I couldn't help but think how perfect today was.

I had the man I had longed for all these years. I could literally do nothing but stare at him all day, and it would still be one of the best days of my life.

Darius laughed as I pointed toward a tree I couldn't believe was still here after hundreds of years.

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It was the same tree that Darius and I would go to whenever we went on a date. Its towering height provided great shade, and we would sit there for a while, talking until evening before heading back to the packhouse. I knew it was the same tree because of the heart carving I had made with our initials.

I couldn't believe the carving still remained, as if it had been done yesterday, everything neat and tidy.

"I met the pack's diviner back then and asked for a spell to keep the tree from dying, to let it remain just as it was the day you made it," he said.

I turned toward him, stunned by his words. He continued with a sad smile, "I wanted to keep any memory we had left. I was desperate... probably pathetic."

He said it about himself, and I frowned at his words before shaking my head and pulling him toward me. As we walked, people, stopped to stare at Darius, their faces a mix of shock and terror, no doubt trying to figure out if he was the king due to his white hair. He was probably the only person with white hair in the world right now.

"Don't say that about yourself, Darius. You were not pathetic. You never were," I said, turning to face him before reaching out and cupping his face with my hands, my eyes locked on his.

"You loved me, you cherished my memories, you were hurt, cursed to live all eternity alone. Just thinking about how lonely you were makes my heart ache. If only I could change the past, I would have told you to live your life happily but I am here. I am right here with you," I said, stroking his cheek with my thumb and whispering to him with a reassuring smile.

Darius's eyes lit up at my words, and to my surprise, he leaned closer and placed a soft kiss on my lips, making my breath hitch as I stared at him in shock. As he pulled back, my face flushed red, not just from the kiss, but because a small crowd had gathered around us, their whispers echoing through the air.

"Am I seeing things, or is that the king? He has white hair, and he looks like the pictures online. So he must be the king, right?" someone from the crowd asked.

Another person answered,

"Right! He looks like the king, but it can't be. The king hasn't shown his face in public for centuries. Could he really be here on the street, kissing a woman?"

"Ha, as if the worthless king would show his face after so many years of shutting himself out. Even if he's the king, so what? He doesn't deserve that title"



“Yes, yes. You are right. The king doesn’t even care about us, his people, he should just die already and let us appoint a new leader”

My face turned red from hearing the murmurs around me and seeing others point and whisper, speaking ill

about Darius.

How disrespectful!

I understood that he wasn’t exactly a good leader but I have seen him attend meetings with the elders for matters concerning the pack and Cassian had also said, that despite the king’s pain of the loss of his mate, he still listens to **issues** concerning his people

I turned to Dariusz wanting to say something but his smile slowly dropped, and his aura thickened in the **air**. sharp and overwhelming, making my eyes widen in surprise.

The people around us seemed to notice the shift too, because their expressions quickly mirrored fear as they looked at Darius. But he didn’t spare them a single glance. Just as the air began to feel suffocating, Cassian, who had been following behind us in **secret** stepped out from the shadows, walking to Darius and lowering his head respectfully before speaking.

“Forgive them, your majesty. They do not recognize you,” he pleaded on their behalf.

Gasps erupted around us when they heard Cassian call Darius king. He turned to the crowd, glancing around, but before he could say anything, Darius stepped forward. Cassian’s eyes widened, and he quickly moved aside as Darius began.

“Good afternoon, everyone,” he said, his voice carrying powerfully as every gaze flickered to him. I couldn’t help but wonder what he would say.

“My name is Darius... and I am the Lycan King.”

As soon as he introduced himself, the entire crowd stiffened, their eyes wide with disbelief and fear. People stopped walking, gathering in place, too stunned to react but still, Darius continued.

“It has been centuries since I last revealed myself to my people. After the death of my mate, I locked myself away, shutting myself from the public. In those years, I neglected my duty to you, my people, and I want to take this moment to apologize.”

Cassian, I

, and everyone around us widened our eyes in shock as Darius lowered his head and bowed humbly to the crowd.

No one spoke. No one could even find the words. And when Darius lifted his head again, he addressed the stunned silence.

“I promise this time will be different. I will be the king the goddess appointed me to be. I will fulfill my role, my vows, and rule with dignity. I only hope I am accepted by my people.”

At those words, I couldn’t help but smile as a tear slid down my cheek.

**6:11 Sat, Sep 27**

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256 vouchers

This was the man I had fallen in love with, the one who always put his people before **himself**.

I hadn’t lost him. He **was** still there, beneath the cold, indifferent mask.

“M—my king...” **Cassian** stammered, unable to say more. But then someone from the crowd seemed **to** snap from their daze, falling to their knees the next second as their voice rang out.

“L—long live the king! Long live the Lycan King!”

Almost instantly, others followed. One by one, the people dropped to the ground, voices uniting, echoing through the air.

“Long live the king!”

AD

Kieran pov

35 Souche

“So we will launch the attack against the king’s pack in one week, and we’ll use the secret **passage** our leader found. The first batch of rogues will strike and open the gate for the rest.”

Zayn’s second-in-command, Jace, explained, his voice echoing through the meeting room as he tapped the carefully constructed graph he’d made with a cold gaze.

Seated at the head of the desk was Zayn, legs propped on the wood, arms behind his head as he stared **at** nothing in particular as though he weren't listening to Jace. I wasn't surprised; this wasn't his first time.

At the sides of the desk, five men sat on either side, making ten in all. These were the higher-ups in the rogue camp, Zayn's strongest warriors, each commanding hundreds of rogues. I, the least important person in the room, sat at the far end of the desk, my eyes trained on Jace's presentation. The more I heard, the harder my heart pounded.

We were really going to attack the king's pack next week. I couldn't believe it, after so many years of Zayn's planning, he was finally moving and I was going to be part of it. I was going to fight in this war. I was going to be made a commander like these men, given a troop of rogues under my command to strike the pack.

It felt surreal. I was surprised to be given this power, but I knew I couldn't let it get to my head. Why?

Because I knew Zayn. He was greedy, sneaky, and dangerous. He wouldn't do anything without reason. I knew he wanted me there for a purpose, but I didn't care right now, he'd promised that after we conquered the king's pack he would make me the new alpha of the Emberfang pack, and he'd also promised not to touch Nyssa. That girl was mine.

I was going to deal with her myself once I got the power I had always wanted.

First, I would make her watch as her stupid mate died right in front of her. Then I would kill her father before her eyes. I would take the life of everyone she trusted, one by one, until she was utterly broken and that was the punishment for what she had dared to do.

I wouldn't take her life.

No, I was going to have her with me, force her to be my slave. I would take her to my bed every day, make her bear my pups without granting her any title.

I knew that **just** sharing a bed with a man who had killed everyone she loved would be worse than death.

The corner of my lips curved into a slight smirk as I thought about it, the more I couldn't wait for the war to happen, the more I couldn't wait to see her.

A thrill shot down my spine at that exact moment, and I felt a pair of eyes narrow on me. Almost immediately, I inhaled sharply, flicking my eyes to Zayn to see that he was staring at me with a smile, his **gaze** boring into me as though he knew exactly the sickening thoughts running through my mind. As **my smirk** dropped, his widened and he chuckled in amusement before staring back at the ceiling like it was the most interesting thing in the world.

**6:11 Sat, Sep 27**

65 vouchers

My hands clenched into fists as I watched him, and I couldn't help but feel both rage and anger toward the bastard.

Zayn, who did he think he was? Just because he was the leader of the rogues, did he think he could do whatever he pleased?

Sure, he was a powerful figure with thousands of armies under his command; he was a man many feared and avoided, but I didn't like him.

The way he looked at me felt like mockery, like he could read my mind. Plus, after what he did to Aria, I hadn't settled my score with him.

I scoffed slightly and then turned my attention to Jace as he continued talking.

"During this stage, we will be careful not to make any mistakes. We are not to cause more casualties than necessary or take unnecessary lives, so as not to waste time. Our main target is the lycan king," he said, pointing to the name 'King' at the top of the chart, and then to the name 'Nyssa' just below it.

"The king's mate is also our main target."

As soon as he said this, I frowned and sat straighter.

Nyssa?

Why was she a main target? Didn't Zayn say she was mine?

My gaze flickered to Zayn and I narrowed my eyes at him. He ignored me, acting as if he didn't notice, but then Jace continued.

"The lycan king and his mate are not to be harmed during the chaos. They are only to be taken captive."

I lifted a brow at his words, then leaned back against the seat without saying anything.

Taken captive? Why would he want Nyssa taken with Darius?

I knew Zayn wasn't doing it because of me, so the only explanation was that he wanted to use her against Darius.

My frown deepened as I continued to study Zayn. I would have to ask him later, after our meeting. I couldn't say anything now and risk disrupting the meeting, everyone here was stronger than me.

So I kept quiet while Jace finished, and when he wrapped up his explanation of what needed to be done that day he asked if there were any questions. One of the commanders seated not far from me spoke up in a gruff voice, turning to Zayn.

"Leader, I apologize for asking, but you know the king has issued an order that anyone who knows your whereabouts and reveals it will receive a large reward. What should we do about that? What if-" He paused, then continued, "What if one of our men betrays us and reveals you?"

As soon as he said this, everyone turned towards Zayn, curious of what he would say but that bastard? He only chuckled in mere amusement at his words.

## Chapter 205

Zayn pov

55 vouchers

I chuckled at the question, brow raised in amusement. As I slowly turned my gaze to the man who'd spoken, he stiffened visibly and lowered his head in respect before speaking.

"Forgive me for saying this, especially now when we're about to launch an attack on the king's pack, but I've noticed a change in many of the rogues. They whisper among themselves about the reward, plotting what they'd do with that kind of money. Yesterday I caught one muttering that if he had the gold he wouldn't be a rogue or slave here for the lazy leader. As soon as I heard him, I cut off his head in front of everyone and told them the outcome of betrayal was death, if they revealed anything, they wouldn't leave alive."

He paused slightly, then continued.

"However, this was enough to control some of them for a while but with the way things are going, someone will eventually snitch about your location, leader."

My smile widened and I chuckled, tilting my head to the side.

"Ah. Is that what's happening?" I asked nonchalantly, though I already knew.

Before the first man could answer, another spoke up.

“Yes, leader. It is happening. The camp is in disarray. Everyone is talking about ratting you out, and I believe it’s only a matter of time before someone does. What should we do? By then the king will find us before the attack.”

“Yes, I agree. We must act or we’ll be caught. Give us orders and we will follow. Should we root out the ungrateful ones and kill them to set an example? If we do not act now, our plan will fail.”

Almost immediately the other commanders began calling out in unison, “Please give us orders, leader. Please give us orders.”

I sat back, watching them with amusement, one brow lifted as my grin widened. Ah, Darius. He was indeed smart. I hadn’t expected this move from him, he’d sown distrust among my rogues so that, even if no one wanted to betray us, cracks would form and everyone would start suspecting each other.

Maybe I shouldn’t have written him the note after all, but it would’ve been disrespectful not to say goodbye, right? I shouldn’t forget how well they’d accommodated me.

They continued to speak, one after the other; before I cut them off.

“Why is everyone so scared?” I asked in a slow drawl, my gaze flicking around the room to watch their stunned faces. “I trust my rogues. I know they won’t betray me.”

The room fell deadly silent. No one could meet my eyes. I heard a faint scoff from Kieran, but I kept speaking, a smile never leaving my face.

“My men are loyal. They put their leader first, they’d give their lives for the one they serve.” I traced slow circles with my foot as I spoke.

“So why are you so sure they’d run to the king? Who are they to trade me for gold?”

Their gazes narrowed. The first man to speak from the start hesitated, then forced the words **out**.

“L—leader... I understand. I’m honoured you think that of us. But some people can’t be trusted, they wouldn’t hesitate to stab you in the back.”

His eyes flicked to Kieran, who frowned, the implication hanging in the air. Another voice quickly chimed in. urgent and low: “Yes, leader. Please be careful.”

But before the others could repeat it, I snorted and a loud laugh burst from me. I threw my head back, shook it in amusement, my eyes wet with unshed tears.

“Oh my goddess, this is amusing, really amusing. I’m just playing you lot. You should relax and not be so easily scared.”

Everyone looked confused. I pulled my legs from the desk and leaned on it, placing my hands on the surface as I narrowed my eyes.

“You don’t have to be scared about this affecting our plans. It won’t, because no one will be able to reveal our location.”

“B—but-” one of the commanders protested, but I put a finger to my lips and shut him up, he clamped his mouth closed at once. I continued, my smile slowly fading as I rested my head on my hand and yawned with bored expression.

“As I was saying, no one will be able to reveal our location. Why? You may want to ask...” I said, pointing at my wrist. “Because of the Crescent Bond tattoo that every one of you has.”

They all looked down at the mark on their wrists, the brand I had given everyone who became part of my rogue family. To them it was just a tattoo that only other rogues could see, a way to recognize one another. What they hadn’t realized was that it was more than a mark.

It wasn’t just a simple tattoo, it was a curse.

“Anyone who has the Crescent Bond is bound by a curse that disallows anyone from revealing my identity or the location of my camp.”

Their eyes widened and they all drew a sharp breath. Kieran, who had been quiet, gasped in shock.

“What?!” he yelled, not holding back as he stared at the mark on his wrist. He was a rogue after all, he’d lived here with his mother when they were chased away from Emberfang.

“W—what did you **say**

just now?” he stammered, while the others sat too stunned to answer.

I couldn’t help but look at them like they’d missed the point, but since I was kind, I explained again, pointing to my wrist, my words slow and deliberate.

“Listen. This tattoo on your wrists is a curse. Anyone who dares utter a single word revealing my identity **or** any information about me will die almost immediately. Everyone here carries the curse, so you don’t have **to** worry about anyone betraying us.”

6:11 Sat, Sep 27

2200

"That- that is impossible" Kieran shot up from his seat and stared at his hand in terror as though he could believe a word of what I had said.

"You- you marked everyone here with a curse? How is that possible, why would you do that?"

The others stayed silent, but their expressions said enough, like Kieran, they didn't want to believe it. Finding their hesitation boring. I scoffed and cut straight to the point.

"Impossible?" I echoed, tilting my head slightly to the side.

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"Then tell me, how else do you think I've managed to keep my identity hidden for so many years outsiders finding out? Why are there always mysterious deaths **in the camp?** Why do you think I go *through* the trouble of marking every single one of you before you're accepted? Tell me, **hm?**"

As my words sank in, realization finally dawned on their faces. Kieran let out a shaky breath, staring at me as though he were staring at the devil himself.

## Chapter 206

Kieran pov

Two days later.

He was scary.

(79)

265 Douchers

That man, Zayn, he was both terrifying and sneaky. I had always thought he was just lucky *to* be the leader of the rogues, a lazy bastard who wasn't nearly as dangerous as people claimed. He never seemed to pay attention to the camp, never seemed to care about anything except his sick obsession with becoming king and the twisted entertainment he seemed to get from the Lycan King. I thought he wasn't a threat, that I could simply follow him, get my revenge, and take what I wanted.

But I could never have imagined he'd actually do something like this.



Branding every one of us with a tattoo, a curse that would kill us if we ever revealed his identity or anything he didn't want known. He left us with two options: remain faithful... or die a painful death.

That was what he'd said two days ago. And despite everyone being clearly furious about having a curse branded into their skin, no one could speak up, no one could protest. We couldn't.

Zayn was a terrifying bastard. Before we left, he'd warned us not to let this information get out, that even this was a secret he didn't want anyone to know. If we spoke of it, we would die. He gave us no choice but to stay silent. Find the newest release on [ovelFind.net](https://www.ovelFind.net)

But perhaps one of the commanders didn't believe him. He called his troupe and tried to reveal what Zayn had told us. Foolish, if you ask me. Even if it had been false information, he was stupid enough to test it. And just as you'd imagine, the moment he tried to speak, he spat blood and died a slow, agonizing death in front of everyone.

I wasn't there to see it myself, but those who were said it was horrific, blood pouring from his eyes and ears before he collapsed, lifeless, on the ground.

Now, after that gruesome confirmation, no one dares say anything about that day. Not after more people began meeting the same fate in camp, one by one, falling to their deaths.

And now as I stared at Aria sleeping figure, all I could do was thank the goddess that I hadn't told her or anyone else about the rogues when we were still at the Emberfang, because if I did then I wasn't sure I would know the reason for my death.

The corners of my lips tugged into a frown as I kept staring at Aria, thinking how much worse she'd gotten. For some reason I couldn't shake the blame, I was the reason she was in this state, the reason that bitch Nyssa had poisoned her.

She looked far worse than she had yesterday. She was barely breathing; her chest hardly rose and fell. Her skin had a dark, sickly green like a decaying corpse, and she smelled of rot. Sooner or later she would take her last breath. I knew it.

"Forgive me, Aria. I can't even get your revenge for you... for what that bastard did to you. If I hadn't told him to bring you back, you wouldn't have ended up like this." I muttered, brushing a strand of hair from her face

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in guilt.

She grunted, parted her lips as if to speak. Despite the choking stench, I leaned in, worried. "Are you okay. Aria? What do you need, water?" I asked, bringing my face close. She weakly shook her head and mumbled something I couldn't catch. I frowned and leaned closer, pressing my *car* to her mouth.

This time I heard her, barely audible: "K—kill her." Her gaze fluttered; my own narrowed in confusion as the rest of her words came. "Make her... suffer for what she did to me first. Then... torture her. Make her beg for death, then kill her in the most brutal way possible."

I stiffened; the corners of my lips turned into a frown at her request. She drew a deep, ragged breath, her voice dry and choked as she continued, her chest rising even slower.

"T—that is my dying wish. That is what I want you to do to her." She whimpered.

I was about to lean back and tell her not to talk nonsense, that Zayn would fix her, that she'd get better, even though I knew it was a lie. But she forced out one more thing with a barely audible rasp.

"And as for you, Kieran..."

My heart hammered; I braced for whatever her last words for him would be. I never expected those words.

"I hate you. I wish you the same pain you caused me. I wish no one ever loves you. I wish you would Go. To. Hell."

She took one last shaky breath, and then there was silence. The world seemed to freeze. My head jerked up as I turned to look at her, she was no longer breathing. She was gone.

I sucked in a sharp breath as her eyes dimmed and the light drained from her face. I couldn't look away; my heart hammered in my chest. I let out a long, ragged exhale and closed my eyes, trying to force my mind around the fact that she was already dead. Aria was gone, and she had left me with nothing but that string of hatred.

It was true, I deserved much of it for what had happened to her but I hadn't meant for this. I had loved her. She was my mate. And now she was gone, her last words etched in my head.

I stayed like that for a moment, eyes shut as memories of us flashed through my mind. Finally I exhaled, opened my eyes, and stood over Aria's lifeless form. Without hesitation I leaned in, closed her eyes with my hand, and pressed a kiss to her forehead. I whispered,

“Rest well.”

Without looking back, I turned and walked out of the clinic, heading straight for the training field. I couldn't mourn right now; I couldn't be sad. I had to grow stronger for the coming war—I had to win at all costs.

Get my revenge against Nyssa's father, then fulfill Aria's last wish. I wouldn't kill Nyssa. I would make sure she suffered until she begged for death.

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## **Chapter 207**

Nyssa pov

One week later.

My breathing was soft, slow as I slept in Darius's arms. I could hear every sound around me, feel the hard body of Darius beneath me as I drifted into a deep slumber.

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The air slowly grew heavier, and the space brightened, making the darkness vanish until I was standing alone in a plain white space with nothing around me

I knew I was sleeping, that this was nothing but a dream – even though it felt so real, so real I could even feel the cold air sending a shiver down my spine.

Why was I here again? This was the same space I'd been in when I got my memories back, and now I was here again without knowing why.

All I did know was that I had been brought here for a reason.

So as I stood in the white void, I wasn't scared and didn't react, instead, I waited patiently, waiting to see what would happen.

And after a minute passed, something did. The space began to glow brighter, and I hissed sharply as the brightness blinded my eyes. I had to cover them with my hand, cursing under my breath as they stung.

“Fuck... alright, this isn't a dream,”

I muttered under my breath just as the light filled the whole void, and after a second, the glow finally faded.

And at that moment, I sensed a presence in front of me, and just as I was about to open my eyes again, a voice echoed through the space. Almost immediately, a startled gasp escaped me, every hair on my body standing on end when I recognized the voice.

Of course I did—it was that soothing voice that had spoken to me when I died, the one who gave me a second chance at life. And when I opened my eyes and slowly lowered my hand to see, I was right.

The Moon Goddess.

Standing before me was the mother of werewolves in her true form. She was smiling, dressed in white, the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. She looked ethereal, so much so that even as a woman, I couldn't help but stare at her in a daze.

Oh my... I was really standing in front of the Goddess!

My eyes and mouth fell open in disbelief and shock, and as I kept staring at her without moving, her smile widened and she spoke.

Soft, like the calm sound of waves.

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“How have you been, my child?”

She asked, and in that instant I snapped out of my daze, quickly falling to the ground and lowering my head before her. My body trembled as I spoke.

“M—Moon Goddess, please forgive me for my disrespect.”

I stammered, not daring to look her in the face, and almost immediately, an amused laugh spilled from her lips. Before I could react, she leaned toward me, her hands reaching for mine, making me look up at her in a daze.

“Silly child, it's okay. You don't have to be so scared. This isn't the first time we're meeting, you know.”

She said, helping me up, and as she did, she reached out and cupped my face.

“How are you doing, child? Is everything okay now? Are you happy? Is your soul finally at rest?”

She asked all at once, and I swallowed hard, noticing the twinkle in her eyes.

She looked happy, like she genuinely wanted to know. Like I was speaking to an old friend.

At that moment, I couldn't help but smile, my body relaxing slightly as I nodded and replied,

"I am happy, Moon Goddess. I am finally at rest. I am happy. Thank you for all your help. Thank you so much for looking after Darius... and for making me remember."

She smiled at this and moved her hand higher to stroke my head, like a mother to her child.

It made my heart warm, made it flutter.

"That is good, my child," she said. Then she stopped stroking my head and leaned back, her expression shifting, serious now. My heart began to beat faster as I stared at her, my smile slowly fading.

For some reason, I felt that something was wrong, and I wasn't mistaken when she began to speak.

"Nyssa, I need you to listen to me carefully, okay?" she said, and I swallowed nervously but nodded.

"Yes, Goddess."

She smiled sadly before continuing.

"I am happy that you have finally met him, but it seems that happiness won't last long, Nyssa. Something is going to happen, something I cannot reveal or interfere with. Something that must happen, because fate has to run its course. And the end of that path... rests with you. Your choice will determine how it ends."

I stared at her in confusion, my eyes narrowing at her words. I couldn't understand what she meant, but it was clear something was terribly wrong.

My frown deepened as my body began to tremble, a bad feeling settling deep inside me.

Before I realized what I was doing, I reached out and grabbed the goddess's hands, leaning closer as I

stammered in fear.

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“G—Goddess, I don’t understand what you mean. Please, could you tell me? What is going to happen? What choice do I have to make? Please, tell me!”

My gaze shook with fear, but the goddess only looked at me with pity and shook her head.

“I am sorry, child. I cannot reveal it. I cannot interfere with your fate. What happens depends on how it unfolds, and how it ends depends on the choice you make. But know this, child, no matter what happens, you will lose something important in the end no matter what your choice is.”

She stepped closer, her sad smile softening as she muttered her final words.

“Howevee, you are not weak, and you were never weak. Find your strength through it all, and fight. Don’t give up, no matter what comes.”

The moment her words sank in, tears spilled down my face. I shook my head, the fear clawing deeper inside me. Something was wrong, terribly wrong and I knew I couldn’t face it alone. The thought of losing Darius, of us being torn apart, made my chest tighten painfully.

I couldn’t let that happen.

No.

I opened my mouth, ready to plead for her help, but my words dissolved into nothing. Before I could even react, a powerful force slammed into me, knocking the air from my lungs. I gasped as my body jerked violently, and in the next instant, everything went dark.

Yet through the darkness, her final words echoed softly.

“Believe in yourself, Nyssa.”

**AD**

Nyssa pov

“Nyssa... Nyssa.”

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I felt my body being tapped repeatedly as I struggled to reach out to the goddess—to speak, to ask her what she meant, to tell her how scared I was, to beg her to help me. But no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't speak.

I couldn't utter a single word.

Darkness clouded my vision as my body was shaken harder, and the sound of my name being called grew louder, clearer.

And then, the next second, just as a force slammed into me, my eyes snapped open and I sat upright, my hands clutching at my chest as I gasped for air. Everything suddenly felt suffocating, so much that I couldn't breathe.

I closed my eyes as I felt Darius's presence, his warm hands on me, his worried voice ringing in my ears.

"Nyssa, are you okay? What's wrong? Should I get the doctor?"

I wasn't sure why, but tears began to spill down my cheeks as I tried to steady my breathing. Different thoughts flooded my head, the meeting with the goddess, the words she'd told me, the situation she warned me about that would force me to make a choice.

She had said she was sorry... that our happiness might not last... that fate would have to run its course and I would lose two things that were important to me

What did she mean by that?

I couldn't even ask, she wouldn't tell me.

What was I supposed to do now? Was I going to lose Darius again? Were we going to be separated like before?

No. I couldn't lose him. Not when I had just gotten him back. Not when he was happy and changing.

Oh goddess, what should I do?

"You're crying, Nyssa. Are you hurt? Wait, let me send someone to get the doctor. Wait, Nyssa—"

I felt his hands start to leave me, but before he could stand, my eyes flew open. I quickly grabbed his hand, pulling him closer, shaking my head as I muttered under my breath,

"No... no, don't go, Darius. Don't leave me. I—I'm fine, just... stay right here, okay?"

I didn't release his hand. As he stared at me in surprise, I leaned in closer, holding onto him as I whispered,

"Please don't go."

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I felt Darius's confused stare on me, but then he sighed and wrapped his arms around me.

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"Okay, I won't leave. I'm here. It's okay, I'm here for you," he said softly, his hand stroking the back of my

head.

As his scent wrapped around me, I slowly closed my eyes again, my chest rising and falling rapidly while the goddess's words rang in my head:

"Something that must happen, because fate has to run its course. And the end of that path... rests with you. Your choice will determine how it ends."

I didn't understand exactly what she meant, but one thing was certain:

I was going to protect this man, no matter what.

Darius pov

I wasn't sure what was wrong with her or why she was so scared. She had been crying in her sleep, panting, and no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't wake her. When I finally did, she looked beyond frightened and refused to let me go.

And I didn't mean that figuratively.

When I told her everything was fine, that she should take a bath and get something to eat, that she'd feel better afterwards, she only clung to me tighter, shaking her head, saying she didn't want to leave my side, that she was scared.

I asked her why, but she gave no answer. In the end, the only choice was to shower with her. Only then did she get out of bed, undress, and follow me to the bathroom.



Afterwards, I suggested she eat, but when I mentioned I had a meeting with the elders of the pack, she refused, insisting she wasn't hungry, even as her stomach growled otherwise. It was only when I agreed to eat with her that she finally gave in to breakfast.

When we finished, she followed me straight to the meeting. Seeing how truly frightened she was, I was tempted to cancel and stay with her for the day. But I knew I couldn't. Time wasn't on our side anymore.

I still hadn't found any trace of Zayn's whereabouts. To my surprise, in the past week no one had stepped forward with real information about him. Sure, there were plenty of claims, but none of them proved true. And with every passing day, the restlessness in me grew, a gnawing sense that something was about to happen.

So I had to agree to let her come along to the meeting, even though I didn't want to, especially with these men. The elders.

Even knowing they were the same ones who had once plotted to kill her, I couldn't stop the protective urge that burned in me. It made the meeting colder than usual, the air heavy, as everyone kept their heads down and spoke in fear.

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"A—as I was saying, my king... I—I have enforced more guards at the entrance of the packhouse, just as you ordered," one of the elders stammered, my cold gaze pinned on him.

He didn't dare meet my eyes, too afraid I might turn my mood on him.

The rest were the same, their voices subdued as they reported on their duties and the state of the pack.

Beside me, I felt Nyssa's expression tighten, her gaze sinking to the floor as if her mind was far away. The sight made my frown deepen, the room's temperature dropping further, frightening the elders even more, though I couldn't care less about them.

My attention was fixed entirely on her.

But just as the next elder began to speak, Nyssa finally lifted her gaze, her eyes flickering toward him as though his words had pulled her back.

“My king,” the man began cautiously, “pardon me for asking, but... is it true that Zayn, the leader of the rogues, is planning to attack us soon? Rumors are spreading, my king. They say we’re going to be attacked.”

**AD**

## **Chapter 209**

Nyssa pov THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY

Attack.

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My eyes widened at the word, and I sat straighter on the seat beside Darius’s throne. In that moment, I instantly realized that what the goddess had mentioned might have something to do with the rogues.

Darius had told me a week ago that Zayn, the renowned, talented doctor everyone respected was actually the leader of the rogues, a man who had long disguised himself to infiltrate the king’s pack. At first, I had been shocked, unable to believe it. Even though I wasn’t exactly close to him, he had helped me twice before: once when he aided my escape from the Emberfang guards, and another time when he helped me avoid being seen and guided me to the dungeon. Naturally, I had held a good impression of him, planning to repay his kindness whenever I could.

But I could never have imagined that he was the terrifying man everyone feared, the one who led the notorious rogues who looted, killed, and committed unspeakable acts. The same man who had helped Kieran attack my pack in my past life, leading to my father’s death and countless others. The one responsible for my own death, when the rogues had claimed someone had ordered me to be brought to them.

The fact that I had spoken to him, laughed with him, left me disgusted. But since Darius had promised to track him down and end his reign of terror, I hadn’t dwelled on it... until now. After the goddess’s words, I was certain something bad was about to happen, and it had to do with Zayn.

As I stared at the elder who had spoken, fear written plainly on his face, I could feel Darius’s gaze harden on him, making the man instinctively flinch. I turned to Darius, raising a brow, and almost immediately he blinked and avoided my eyes, clearly aware of what he had done.

Yes, I knew Zayn was the leader, but Darius hadn't told me he had a feeling Zayn might attack the pack soon. And now, with rumors circulating that I hadn't yet heard... it was clear he had purposely kept it from me.

Darius still avoided my gaze, looking everywhere but at me. When I narrowed my eyes, he cleared his throat and turned to the elder who had spoken before responding.

"Ahem. Don't feed into rumors. I do not know if he will attack or not, but it is only necessary that we put the proper precautions in place. He has been in this pack for a reason, and he would have left for a reason. It is only smart to strengthen our pack's defenses while we have the chance, before he is caught."

As he spoke, almost immediately the other elders' expressions relaxed, clearly relieved at the reassurance, though still on edge at the possibility of a rogue attack. I couldn't blame them. There probably hadn't been a war since Darius shut off the borders from the outside world, and the pack had likely been peaceful since the time of their ancestors. Now, with the threat looming... this was war, and they were only beginning to understand it.

It was understandable.

"But even if there is war," Darius continued, his voice calm and steady as all eyes remained fixed on him, "we will fight with every ounce of our strength to protect our pack, our people. That is our duty. That is why we are here. We must be ready to lay down our lives for the weak, men, women, and children alike. We fight to keep them safe, even if it costs us our own lives, because in the end, it is our responsibility."

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As he spoke, I inhaled sharply. Though the thought of an actual war frightened me, hearing him say those words made my heart flutter, and a soft smile tugged at my lips. This was truly the man I had fallen in love with, the one who would do anything for his people, the one who understood the weight of the crown he

bore.

I could feel the tension in the air as Darius pinned his gaze on the elders. I watched the shock on their faces slowly melt into determination. Then he asked,

"Do you all understand?"

Almost immediately, every elder fell to their knees and shouted, their voices echoing through the throne

room,

“Yes, Your Majesty! We understand! We will fight for the people, die for the people, and live for the people!”

They all repeated the pack’s army slogan, and a soft laugh escaped me as I watched the corner of Darius’s lips curl into a small, proud smile.

But at that exact moment, as the atmosphere in the room seemed to settle, the doors to the throne room burst open. Every head jerked toward the entrance as Cassian strode in, his expression grave, his steps hurried. The instant I saw him, a cold, heavy feeling settled deep in my chest, and I went rigid, I’d never seen Cassian look this serious before.

He passed the elders and stopped in front of Darius, the air in the room shifting immediately. Even Darius’s smile faltered, replaced by an icy, tense expression. Cassian dropped to his knees before him, lowering his head as he spoke.

“My king... I have urgent, serious news to report.”

My heart pounded as I watched Darius frown, his voice sharp as he commanded,

“Speak.”

Cassian didn’t hesitate.

“My king, I have just received word, the pack has been breached. The rogues have entered.”

The moment he spoke, the room froze. Eyes widened in shock, and soon voices rose in overlapping fear.

“Oh goddess... the pack is really under attack! How did they bypass our defenses?”

“What’s happening? How is this even possible?”

A shaky breath escaped me as I listened, and I turned to Darius, my eyes stinging with unshed tears. No... no. Was this what the goddess had warned me about? Was this what was coming? Would this attack tear us apart?

I stared at Darius, watching his expression remain cold and unreadable for a moment before he asked,

“Have they begun attacking the people?”

Cassian paused, his voice heavy with sorrow, then nodded.

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“Yes, my king... they they are already attacking the civilians.”

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Darius pov

They were already attacking my people.

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Those words kept repeating in my head as I stared at Cassian, and before I knew it, I had unconsciously unleashed my aura through the throne room. Almost immediately, every gaze turned to me, clearly affected but I didn't pay attention. My thoughts raced uncontrollably.

How dare they attack my pack, my people! How dare they!

My hands tightened around the armrests of the throne, and I released more of my aura, unintentionally suffocating the room. Nyssa, beside me, whimpered, reaching out to clamp my hand in hers as she murmured my name.

“Darius.”

I snapped out of my daze and turned to her, realizing what I had done. I quickly withdrew my aura, wanting to ask if she was alright but before I could, she spoke, barely audible, yet I heard her clearly.

“The people... they need you, Darius. Time is running.”

Her words made me narrow my eyes. She was right. Time was running, and I had to act. Without wasting another second, I turned to the elders, awaiting orders. Despite still appearing stunned, their eyes burned with the fire to fight, the determination to face whatever might come. For the briefest moment, I knew most might not return from this war alive, most might not return whole but it was our responsibility to protect the pack, our people. And they knew it too.

I took a deep breath. As soon as I stood, all of them instantly fell to their knees. Cassian at the front led them as they echoed together,

“We would humbly accept the king’s order. We would humbly give our lives for the pack and the people.”

I nodded and spoke.

“Good. Commanders have already been placed in different sections of the pack, each with troops under them to fight the rogues and protect as many as they can. But you, my elders, will also go into the battlefield. You are to assist and fight as well. If you have families, ensure they are safe first, then go protect the other families. Never hesitate to lay down your life for the people. That is your role here. That is your responsibility.”

I spoke, and as soon as I finished, the elders inhaled sharply before bowing and responding.

“We will do as you say, Your Majesty!”

I nodded, taking in all the faces I wouldn’t normally give a second glance but this time, I did. I remembered each of them, those who would protect my people. I will never forget them.

After receiving their orders, the elders rose and walked out of the throne room to prepare for war. The moment they left, Nyssa rushed to my side, and before I could react, she wrapped her arms around my waist. and cried.

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“Darius...”

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She whispered breathlessly as she clung to me, holding on as though she was afraid to let me go. I couldn’t help but smile sadly at that before hugging her back.

She must be scared. I was scared too but not for my own life. I couldn’t die. But if something happened to her during this time, I might as well be dead, because I would follow after her even in death.

“Darius, I- I... I know it’s selfish but please don’t go, don’t leave me,” she stammered, her voice shaky.

I wrapped my arms tighter around her, pulling her close as I whispered under my breath,

“Shhh... it’s okay. Everything will be okay, alright? Don’t be scared. I’ll make sure you’re protected.”

I stroked her head gently, feeling Cassian’s eyes on us. But then she lifted her head and shook it, tears streaming down her face as she spoke,

“N—no, you don’t understand, Darius. It’s not about me. I don’t want to lose you. Please don’t go, okay? Just... stay with me.”

Her teary eyes met mine and I frowned, narrowing my gaze at her words.

Lose me?

Was she afraid I would die in battle? But I couldn’t. The only way I could die was from a white wolf’s blood and she was the only white wolf left in the world.

She must just be scared about the war. After all, she had lost her family to an attack by rogues in her past life.

I sighed and wrapped my arms around her tighter, whispering softly,

“It will be okay, I promise. Everything will be fine. Nothing will happen to me. I will return to you, my love. But I have to fight, I have to protect my people. I wouldn’t forgive myself if I didn’t act. I have to be there to lead them.”

She stiffened at my words. I watched as she opened her mouth to say something, but then she took a deep breath and muttered softly, “Okay,” before stepping back from my embrace. Her eyes stayed fixed on me, as if she knew I wouldn’t listen.

She forced a sad smile, nodded her head, and said, Get full chapters from find——novel.net

“I understand, my king. You should go fight. I will wait for you... be careful, okay?”

For some reason, as I watched her, I couldn’t shake the feeling that she was hiding something from me. But there wasn’t time to dwell on it. I smiled and reached out to stroke her head, whispering softly,

“Good girl.”

Then I turned to Cassian, who was still on his knees, his head lowered. As I fixed my gaze on him and called his name, he lifted his head, awaiting my orders.

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“Cassian, you have the most important role, not given to you as the Lycan King, but as a close friend, one I trust greatly. Would you accept it?” I asked, my expression serious.

The fire in his eyes burned brighter, and he didn’t hesitate before responding loudly,

“I will do anything His Majesty says, even if it means laying down my life.”

The corners of my lips curved into a small smile as I nodded and spoke,

“Protect the queen. Make sure she is safe in the packhouse. Make sure nothing happens to her, not even a single scratch. She is all I have keeping me alive.”

My voice dropped as I continued,

“She is the reincarnation of my beloved, Liana. I cannot lose her twice. Do you understand?”

My eyes widened as I revealed the truth, flickering briefly to Nyssa in disbelief. But then a sad smile appeared on Cassian’s face, and he spoke before turning back to me,

“My King... my King, I will do everything in my power to protect the queen. I won’t let anything happen to her!”

As he spoke, I smiled and turned to Nyssa, leaning in to place a soft kiss on her head. She closed her eyes, a single tear sliding down her cheek. I leaned back and whispered just below my breath,

“I will be back soon, my beloved.”

Then I hardened my expression, turned, and walked out of the throne room without looking back, feeling her gaze follow me as she tried to hide it.

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