

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King

#Revival 21 – 30

Read Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King Revival 21

V

Chapter 21

Nyssa pov

"This is so good!" I **gasped**, holding the drumstick in one hand with a wide smile before taking a bite of the pizza slice in my other hand. I **closed** my **eyes** at the heavenly taste, nodding in appreciation.

"**This is** amazing too," I added, turning to the head **chef** with a grin that showed all my teeth. "**I've** really missed your **pizzas**, they're my favorite. It **feels** like ages **since I** last had them. I missed your cooking so much. No one compares to **you**."

I raised a thumbs-up in delight.

The chef stiffened, staring at me with a puzzled expression, his head slightly tilted **as** if trying to figure out what I meant. And I understood why.

To him, I might have only missed a few meal while I **was** in coma. But for me, it had been over a year since I'd **tasted** his cooking. Why? Because he'd died during the rogue attack that would happen two years from now, an attack that took everyone's life.

My gaze narrowed and a slight frown formed on my lips as that memory resurfaced. Despite the slaughter, every single one of them had tried to protect me- to keep me alive.

My father. His beta and gamma. Serene. This cook. Even the guards and the maids... they all fought for me simply because of the Alpha's last dying wish.

"Save my princess," he had whispered as silver arrows pierced his body. "No matter what happens, you have to **save** her."

That was his final command. And even though they could've run, even though they didn't owe me anything- they stayed. They fought.

First, it was Calen and Benjamin, my father's beta and gamma. They had shielded me from the incoming arrows, battling the rogues until the end. Then the cook, wielding only a kitchen knife, took down as many as he could before falling. Serene had stepped in too, blocking a fatal blow meant for me, though she'd miraculously survived. But the others hadn't.

And just when I thought it was all over, when I was certain death was seconds away, Kieran had appeared like the hero I believed he was, taking a hit for me.

But now that I think back, I never saw him or Aria during the main part of the attack. They were absent until the perfect

moment.

He'd timed it.

It **was clear** now, he had done it for two reasons: to increase my trust in him, and to ensure that if anything happened to me, he would still **secure** the position. Otherwise, someone else close to our lineage would have been next in line as Alpha if I died.

The corner of my lips curved into a slow smirk as the thought sank in.

"**He's** more cunning than I thought."

"Sorry, I didn't catch that, my lady," the cook said, snapping my attention back to him. I instantly smiled, my **eyes** curving as I held the drumstick up and grinned.

"I said it tastes really, really good!"

As soon as I said that, the cook sighed and rubbed the back of his head nervously.

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"Thank **you**, my **lady**," he said, lowering his **head** in a small **bow**. But

at the **corner of** my **eye**, I caught him mouthing,

"**What is wrong with the lady?**" to Serene, who stood behind me.

I **wasn't sure** what **expression** she gave in return, but he sighed **again**, only for his **eyes to** suddenly widen the **next second**.

He immediately dropped to the ground in **respect**, and one by one, everyone around followed, dropping to their **knees in deep bows**.

My **eyes**

widened and then I grinned. I already knew who it **was**.

"Father! Good morning! Serene and I want to go shopping and-" I turned around excitedly, the chicken and **pizza still** clutched in my hands... only to **freeze** the moment my eyes landed on the man standing behind me.

Oh my goddess. Kill me now.

It was my father standing there. And yes, Calen and Benjamin were there too but so was Darius, the king. Cassian, his **beta**. And the infamous doctor, Zayn.

However, among everyone present, my eyes were immediately drawn to him, and a soft gasp escaped me as his gaze locked onto mine. His eyes narrowed, lips tugging into a deep frown that sent a shiver crawling down my spine.

My current **state**- how do I even explain it? I was holding a chicken drumstick in one hand, a slice of pizza in the other, and without a doubt, oil was smeared across my mouth and fingers. There was no saving this moment.

“Fuck,” I muttered under my breath.

From the corner of my eye, I caught my father shaking his head in disappointment before slapping a hand over his face. Calen and Benjamin tried their best to stifle their laughter, their shoulders trembling. Even the king’s beta, Cassian, and Zayn looked amused.

Only Darius... only he wore an emotionless mask, unreadable as ever.

“I thought you said she wasn’t eating or sleeping because she was worried and scared,” Cassian whispered under his breath, shifting his gaze to my father.

My father’s face turned red instantly, and for a brief moment, he said nothing.

“Ahem...” He cleared his throat and puffed out his chest slightly, trying to regain composure before speaking. “Yes, as you can see, my daughter is sad, and whenever she is, she has always used eating as a distraction—”

His words were cut short as my face flushed bright red. I began coughing violently, eyes turning teary in an instant while my hand frantically hit my chest as the food got stuck in my throat.

I closed my eyes and turned around, reaching for the glass of water.

“Miss, are you okay?!” Serene yelled as she quickly handed it to me. Without thinking twice, I grabbed it and frantically gulped it down, my hand hitting my chest harder as I tried to swallow. Eventually, the coughing fit died down, and I slowly opened my eyes but I didn’t dare to look back, afraid I’d start coughing again from pure embarrassment.

The room fell into a tense silence. No one spoke for a long moment, but I could feel all their eyes on me, making me curse under my breath as I dropped the food I was holding back onto the plate.

Fuck. Just great.

“Miss, are you okay?” Serene asked again, softer this time. I gave her a small nod and whispered,

“I’m fine,” just barely loud enough to hear.

But I lied. I was nowhere near fine.

What was the king doing here? Don’t tell me he came just to have breakfast?

My question was quickly answered when I heard my father clear his throat and speak.

“I apologize for the... delay. Please, Your Majesty, have a seat and enjoy breakfast.”

Chapter 22

V

Chapter 22

Nyssa pov

Awkwardness.

How would you describe it? There are countless ways because **it** varies from one person to another.

Someone might describe it as going on a blind date, only to realize the person **is** absolutely not their type but **to** avoid being rude, they force a smile and pretend to enjoy themselves, at **least** for that day.

Another might say it’s having **a** one-night stand, then walking into work the next morning only to find out that person is your new **boss**.

There are endless moments that could be called awkward.

But mine?

Mine was sitting **across** from the Lycan King as he stared directly at me... while I tried to eat. Mine was feeling the weight of his intense gaze on me, as I lowered my head, attempting to focus on my food- attempting to ignore the way he casually flipped a coin in his hand. He made no effort to respond to anyone else, not even acknowledging their words. He just... watched me. And he kept watching, making no move to touch his own meal.

“Fuck, what is wrong with this man? Why won’t he stop staring?” I muttered to Sheila through the mindlink as I chewed on the **slice** of pizza in my hand, trying my best to act

unbothered. But it was hard- nearly impossible. Even those around us had started to notice, their gazes flickering between Darius and me as they picked at their food in awkward silence.

“Don’t tell me you’re upset that the most handsome man on earth is staring at you?” Sheila said, bewildered. “Do you know how many girls would kill to be in your shoes right now?”

“Yeah, kill to be in my position because they’d literally die,” I shot back dryly, reminding her that this was the same man who wanted to reject me, even though it would kill me.

“Fair enough,” Sheila muttered.

Before she could say more, someone’s voice finally cut through the tense atmosphere.

“Ahem, Miss Nyssa, I’ve been meaning to ask you something for a while now.”

It was

Cassian, Darius’s beta. My head snapped up and I turned to him, smiling a little too eagerly, relief washing over me now that the suffocating silence was broken.

Cassian’s smirk deepened, his chin resting on his hand as he studied me with interest.

Cassian was attractive. Handsome, definitely more so than most men from our pack. But if you asked me, no one could compete with Darius when it came to looks. Still, for some reason, I found myself mentally comparing all three- Darius, Zayn, and Cassian. From what I had seen so far, Darius was the most attractive then followed by Zayn and Cassian.

I turned to look at Zayn to find him silently eating without a word but as though, feeling someone’s **gaze** on him, he raised his head up, his gaze meeting mine and almost instantly, I froze and as though some unknown force was pulling me to his **gaze**, I could not take my eyes from his.

Green, mesmerizing **eyes-**

They looked almost otherworldly. I couldn’t quite explain how.

I watched as **Zayn offered** me a **soft** smile **before** bowing **his head slightly**, catching me **off guard**. I blinked, unsure **of what** to say, but before I could gather my thoughts, **Cassian’s voice** broke in.

“Apologies **if this comes as a** surprise,

but **I've been** meaning **to ask**, do you eat this much every morning?" he said, **his tone** genuinely curious.

I **frowned** slightly in confusion and **glanced** down at my **plate**, only **to realize** it looked like a full-blown **feast had** been laid **out** just for me.

Pizza. Chicken. Burgers, fries, and- oh, **let's** not forget the bottle of wine placed right **beside** me.

Suddenly, every single pair of **eyes** in the room was on me, and I couldn't help but inhale sharply.

Ah, damn it. Cassian had made this more awkward than it already was.

Of **course**, I didn't eat like this every **day**. What I used to eat in my past life barely came close to this spread. Kieran had made sure of that, he'd told me women should eat little to avoid getting fat, that I had to maintain a certain weight to **please** him. It had left me thin, **weak**, and sickly- just a shell of who I could have been. The stark difference **between** that girl and the one sitting here now was undeniable.

But, considering I only had two days left to live, I figured... why not indulge? It felt like a small treat to myself, something I

had never allowed before.

I swallowed nervously, opening my mouth to speak, but before I could, my father beat me to it.

"Of course not. She doesn't usually eat like this," he said, letting out a dramatic sigh. He dropped his cutlery onto the table and shifted his gaze toward Darius, who hadn't said a word since he arrived. "But she is in pain right now. She's scared about what will happen in two days, and whenever she's like this, she eats to distract herself." He said, his expression sad and almost immediately, Cassian's smile dropped and he cleared his throat, muttering under his breath.

"Oh, I **see**,"

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I raised a brow, a little taken aback by my father's words. I did?

"The Alpha speaks the truth," Benjamin chimed in, his gaze turning toward Darius with a sad expression. "Nyssa has always been a good child. She's been kind to everyone, always putting others before herself, never voicing her pain or what she truly **feels**. I'm sure she's scared right now, but she's trying her best not to worry anyone."

I turned to see Darius still watching me, his expression unreadable as he casually flipped the coin in his hand.

Wait.

Were they trying to get Darius to not reject me? The thought flashed through my mind, and I couldn't help but let out a dry **scoff**. I fought the urge to roll my eyes as I turned toward my father. He was reaching for the glass of water, nodding his head in agreement.

So, this **was their** plan to stop Darius from rejecting me? To appeal to his soft spot? Hadn't they heard about the Lycan King? The same man who could kill without blinking an eye.

"Really?" Cassian's lips curved into a sad frown as he turned to look at me, his gaze laced with pity.

"**Yes**, Beta Cassian," Calen answered this time, his tone warm. "Nyssa is really a kind girl. She's gentle too and—"

Before he could finish, my father suddenly began coughing, the water clearly having gone down the wrong way.

Yeah, no doubt it was because of that word—gentle.

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Everyone knew I was anything but gentle.

Well... the Nyssa they knew before they died.

"**A**—Alpha, **are** you okay?" Benjamin asked, concern lacing his **voice** as my father closed his eyes, nodding while hitting his chest to regain his composure.

"Alpha, drink more water," Calen added helpfully, earning a glare from my father in response.

I shook my head at the scene and couldn't help the **soft** smile that tugged at my lips. These three men... they had been constants in my childhood, always treating me like one of their own. I had missed them.

When my father finally stopped coughing, he turned toward Darius and bowed slightly.

"Forgive me, my king—"

But before he could finish, **a** cold voice cut through the room

“Spend the day with me.”

I turned to Darius, startled to find that he had stopped flipping the coin, his piercing gaze fixed directly on me. That was all he said. No explanation. No emotion. Just that.

What the hell.

Chapter 23

Darius pov

Heads.

I frowned as I stared **at the coin** in my hand, my eyes narrowing, **a** scowl etched on my **face as I stared** at the side **it had** landed on.

Two decisions. I had been flipping the coin to choose between two options. If it landed on heads, I would listen to Silas and spend a **day** with her.

Since last night, he had been pestering me to at least give her one day before making my decision but I had ignored him. **It was** pointless. Even if I did spend a day with her, my mind was already made up. I was still going to reject her and nothing would change that.

But Silas insisted **we** let the coin decide.

And if it landed on tails, I'd go on ignoring him.

The sneaky rat had said it since it was something I usually did whenever I didn't want to make decisions myself. Most times, I let fate decide on what decision I would make.

But it seemed that bastard Silas got lucky.

“Spend the day with me.”

So I said the words- much to my disapproval.

“No, Father! I don't want to do it. No, I won't do it! How can I spend the day with the King when he already wants to reject me? What if I do something that makes him angry and he rejects me even sooner? And knowing me, I will do something stupid! We're going shopping, for crying out loud- how can the esteemed Lycan King follow us there?”

I watched as the girl whispered to her father, pulling him into a corner, her voice laced with disbelief.

“But Princess, I think this is a good idea. The King wants to spend the day with you- you should do it. Maybe after getting to know you better, he won’t want to reject you. This is a good opportunity.”

Her eyes

widened in shock, and her mouth opened and closed as if searching for the right words to counter her father but none came. She shook her head again, more firmly this time.

“No, this is a bad idea! I don’t want to be rejected before the three days are over, Father!”

I tilted my head slightly, silently watching her- studying her.

This morning, her father, the Alpha of the Emberfang Nation, had come to ask of me not to reject his daughter. He’d explained how the rejection could destroy her, especially since she didn’t have a wolf. When I had remained silent, he invited me to breakfast. And despite not wanting to go, I found myself agreeing, for the sake of it.

But instead of the **fear** and devastation her father had described... she seemed anything but that.

She seemed... happy and relaxed as though she had accepted her fate.

My hand tightened around the coin as I frowned. A day with her. Just one day with her.

“My king, are you really going to spend the day with your mate? Does that mean you’re no longer going to reject **her**?”

Cassian asked, a bright grin spreading across his face as he leaned toward me, eyes lighting **up** with curiosity.

When I didn’t **respond**, he leaned in **even** closer, **voice** dropping slightly.

“My king, pardon me for asking, but **does this** mean you’ve changed your mind? **That** you want to get to know **your mate**?”

My gaze hardened at his question. Slowly, I lifted my head and turned to him with **a** cold, unreadable expression.

Cassian’s smile faded instantly. His mouth shut **as** he blinked, visibly startled.

“I apologize, Your Majesty,” he murmured, lowering his head. He turned away without another word and focused on his food instead.

However, I could still see the hint of a smile tugging at his lips **as** he took a bite of his food. I sighed and turned **away**, only to find a pair of green eyes locked onto me with a strange, unreadable gaze.

Zayn, the pack's **doctor**.

I had barely paid attention to anyone in my pack. Had barely spared a glance at their names or faces. **Because** I didn't **care**.

I never had.

But this one—this one over here, I had noticed the first time I saw him. That day, I'd handed him a medal for his talents, Cassian had insisted he was an exceptional doctor, one deserving of a reward from the king. But it wasn't his skill that caught my attention.

It was his aura. Something about it didn't sit right with me. It wasn't like the others.

I tilted my head slightly, my frown deepening as our gazes locked. And then slowly, the corners of his lips curved into a faint, knowing smile before he lowered his head in a polite greeting.

But I'd seen it. Just before that.

Amusement.

"My king," Ethan called out, and I shifted my gaze to find him lowering his head with a smile, while his daughter, Nyssa, scowled, folding her arms across her chest and looking away, her face twisted in anger.

"I will get the car ready, but are you certain you want to follow her for shopping? I don't think it will be proper for His Majesty, so how about I make a reservation at the finest restaurant in the pack and—"

"Father!" Nyssa screamed, glaring at Ethan, but he ignored her, continuing on as if she wasn't there.

"My king, I can assure you that you will—"

"No need for that," I cut him off, my voice cold and devoid of emotion. "I will go where the girl wants." I turned my gaze to Nyssa, watching her stiffen before she quickly lowered her eyes.

"Are you ready to leave?" I asked, my tone indifferent. "I'd like to get this over with."

She turned to look at me, muttering something under her breath that sounded suspiciously like a curse.

Nyssa pov

Right **now**, I wanted nothing more than to jump out of the window and run far **away** from the man who **sat** beside me in complete **silence**. The urge only **grew stronger** with each passing second as I stared out at the moving scenery, watching **cars** zoom past while **the** wind tangled my **hair**, falling it **messily across** my **face**. But I refused to move **away** from the window. I refused **to** turn around and look at him **because** I would probably have a heart attack.

What **was** going on? **What** could the king **possibly** be thinking, wanting to follow Serene and me for shopping?

I **had** asked myself that question over and **over** again, and the only conclusion I could come up with was that he planned to find **a reason to reject** me sooner. Maybe he had grown tired and wanted to return to his pack, so he decided to tag along just **to** find faults and be done with it.

But deep down, I knew that wasn't the reason.

The king I had heard so much about wasn't someone who played games. He was powerful- so powerful that if he wanted to **reject** me today, all he had to do was say the word, and the rejection ceremony would begin instantly.

So why... why would he want to follow me?

But with all of this going on, the person I felt bad for wasn't even me- it was her.

I lifted my gaze to find Serene sitting across from me. Well, if you could even call it sitting. She had practically pushed herself into the corner of the seat, shivering, her skin glistening with sweat as she desperately avoided looking at the man beside her.

Poor girl. I truly felt bad for dragging her along. She had said it was okay, that she wanted to come with me but I knew better. I knew she was scared of Darius. I mean, who wouldn't be?

I licked my bottom lip and swallowed nervously before slowly turning my head toward Darius, just to sneak a quick glance. But to my shock, the man had his eyes shut... was he asleep?

No, he wasn't. Because in his hand, he kept flipping that coin, over and over again even with his eyes closed.

For a moment, my eye twitched.

Without a word, I turned back toward the road and stared straight ahead.

Yeah... something told me this was going to be a very long day.

It wasn't long before we arrived at the mall. The moment the car stopped, I froze, my jaw dropping as I stared at the **scene** before me.

What the hell **was** going on?

This... **was** not what I had expected. The mall was packed, but not in the usual, bustling way where people came in and out to buy clothes. No, this **was** something **else** entirely. A red carpet had been laid out from the entrance of the mall to where the car had stopped, and velvet ropes **were** strung along either side, guiding the way. Staff members stood at the entrance, their heads lowered in respectful silence.

But that **wasn't** what shocked me the most.

It was the crowd. They were everywhere— staring in **awe**, phones and **cameras raised**, capturing every moment with excitement. Their eyes **were** trained on the **car**, their murmurs filled with anticipation.

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Chapter 24

A dry **scoff escaped** me as I took in the scene before me. You **see**, I was the Alpha's daughter—I was used **to** attention **and the** spotlight, **especially** as the only child and future Alpha **of the pack**

, if nothing went wrong. **So** yes, I was **no stranger to**

crowds... but not **like** this.

The only explanation I could think of for this madness **was** him.

The Lycan King no one had seen in centuries- the man currently sitting beside me.

My gaze shifted to Darius just as he **slowly** opened his **eyes**, a frown tugging at his face, likely from the noise outside. He turned to look at me, one brow raised in confusion, as if I was somehow the cause of the chaos.

Without hesitation, I pointed at the window and blurted out, "The mall is crowded because of you."

His brows furrowed at my words, and he turned to the window. I couldn't tell if he was surprised or not, his face was still carved from stone but one thing **was clear**: his frown deepened as he watched the crowd (mostly girls) go wild at the sight of

him.

Some of them were even holding signboards in the air that read: 'Welcome to the Emberfang Nation, Your Majesty', 'We love you, Your **Majesty**', '**You're** so handsome, Your Majesty'.

Call me crazy, but it honestly felt like the Lycan King was some kind of celebrity. Which felt... odd.

Why? Well, maybe because this was the same man who had once been cursed by the goddess for slaughtering his own pack members, the same man who had vanished into seclusion for years and yet here everyone was, practically fangirling over

him!

And I honestly didn't **see** it. Sure, he was hot but he was also going to be the reason for my death. I was certain the news had already spread, so watching my pack members gush over him like this? It felt like betrayal.

"Ahhh! He is **so** attractive. I've never seen anyone so handsome before! The rumors are true—his beauty really does rival the gods and goddesses!"

"The Alpha's daughter **is** so lucky. Imagine being his mate!"

My jaw clenched. Before I could stop myself, my eyes narrowed into a glare aimed at Darius. Under my breath, I hissed,

"Your Majesty, it seems that this might be inconvenient for you, so why don't we head back to the packhouse—"

But before I could finish, he cut me off.

"I don't mind."

That was all he said.

The chauffeur stepped out and opened the door, and Darius walked out without hesitation, his hands tucked casually into his pockets.

I cursed under my breath, frowning as I instinctively moved to get out of the car. But in the next second, I stepped on my dress and gasped, my eyes widening as I felt myself losing balance. Before I could even process what was happening, a pair of strong arms wrapped around my waist, pulling me securely against him.

Everything seemed to slow down. One moment, I was falling, and the next, I was caught in Darius's arms.

For **just** a fleeting moment, **as** I looked up at him, the sunlight hit his face perfectly. His white hair shimmered in the light, and his **flawless** features seemed to be illuminated by the sun. Call me crazy, but in that instant, he looked like an angel that **had** descended to earth- holy, ethereal.

2/3

The breath seemed **to** leave my lungs as I stared up at him, unable to look away. How could someone be this impossibly attractive? I could feel the silly wolf inside me moan as she gazed up at him, and my heart pounded **against** my **chest as** Darius looked down to face me, his silver **eyes** locking with mine.

“Fuck,” the word **slipped** from my mouth before I could **stop** myself. Immediately, I noticed Darius’s expression darken, his gaze growing colder. Before I could **even** register what was happening, he pulled his hand away as though I had burned him -like my touch had disgusted him.

He moved back, and I felt it—an ache in my chest, a dull, uncomfortable pain from the way he had withdrawn. My frown deepened as I instinctively reached for my chest, brows furrowed in confusion. What was that?

But before I could process any further, **screams** erupted around me, snapping me out of my daze.

“Oh my goddess! This **is** so romantic! The Alpha’s daughter **was** about to **fall**, and the king saved her!!” someone shouted.

“Goddess, she is so lucky. I wish I **was** in her place!” another **voice** chimed in.

I blinked in confusion, turning to find the crowd taking pictures and whispering among themselves.

Huh?

“Miss! Are you okay?” Serene asked, rushing to my side, her grip on my arm tight, her expression full of concern.

I took a quick glance at Darius, who **was** still staring at me with a frown before I gave Serene a quick nod and forced a smile.

“I’m fine. Let’s go inside,” I said, shaking off the discomfort.

Now wasn’t the time to dwell on unnecessary things. I had to get through the day without angering the lycan king which

meant...

I took a deep breath and lowered my head slightly in a bow.

“Forgive me, your majesty. I had slipped”

Apologizing for my mistakes.

Nyssa pov

We eventually managed to get into the mall, and **as** we walked through the crowd, I couldn't understand how Darius managed **to keep** such an emotionless expression. **The crowd** screamed his name, reaching out in **every** way possible to **get his** attention, yet his **face** didn't **even twitch**. Meanwhile, there was me, someone barely anyone noticed, struggling not **to** bolt straight for the entrance and leave him behind.

As I walked, I couldn't help but wonder how on earth everyone even knew Darius was going to be **here**. Then it hit me, my father must have called ahead to inform the mall to prepare for the arrival of the Lycan King, and from there, the **news** must've spread.

Thank the goddess I had chosen a mall exclusive to a selected few because I couldn't even begin to imagine the chaos if the general public had been allowed in.

“Greetings to the Lycan King. Welcome to Everest Mall—we are deeply honored to have you here,” an elderly man said, bowing his head respectfully as he stood ahead of the other staff. I immediately recognized him, Elder Philip, the owner of the mall and one of our pack's elders.

I had never been particularly close to Elder Philip, but I remembered that he had died during the rogue attack in my past life. After his death, Kieran had wasted no time in taking over the mall, since Philip had no children or known relatives. At the time, I couldn't understand why Kieran had been so eager to claim the place, but when I eventually discovered the reason, it broke my heart.

Kieran had wanted the mall for two reasons: first, because Aria had wanted it and second, because the mall was a major source of revenue for our pack. Despite being a quiet figure, Elder Philip had been an incredibly talented fashion designer. His work was well-known and deeply appreciated, even outside our pack. Outsiders often came just to buy his creations. He was so good that other packs had tried recruiting him, but he never left.

In the end, he met a tragic death, and his life's work, his beloved mall, his unique designs were stolen by Kieran and Aria. And it had all happened partly because of me... because I had been too naive, too trusting.

Darius didn't say a word, making no attempt to respond to the elderly man. I frowned but didn't speak up. Despite Darius's youthful appearance, if you didn't know his true

age, he could easily pass for a 27-year-old man. But the man beside me, Philip, was much older- so old, in fact, that no one could truly guess his age.

"Thank you for having us," I finally said when it was clear Darius had no intention of speaking. "I apologize for the commotion outside; it must be disturbing for you. We'll just take a quick look around and leave soon."

Philip lifted his head, his warm smile lighting up his face as his eyes crinkled in kindness. He shook his head.

"No, miss. It doesn't bother me in the slightest. Please, take your time. Whatever you choose is on the house. Enjoy yourselves, and pick out whatever you like." He then turned to look at Darius, and I noticed the awe in his eyes. "In fact, it would be even better if the king could take everything in this mall and wear it..." He murmured under his breath, "Imagine the honor of having the king wear one of my designs. It would definitely bring in more customers."

I froze, blinking in confusion as I saw the look in his eyes—he was practically eyeing Darius like he was a walking advertisement, a money-making machine. Huh?

"Don't fall for his tricks," Serene, who had been standing behind me, leaned in and whispered in my ear. "Elder Philip is the one who spread the rumors that the king was coming. I overheard the staff saying he told them to spread the word so people would see the king entering his mall. It's all to boost his business."

Right. **Why wasn't I surprised?** Philip, **being** the **best designer** in the whole **pack**, **was** certainly no stranger to tricks.

Whatever. I didn't care. **I just** wanted to end this and **leave**.

"Thank you, Philip. Since you're offering it to be on the house, we'll try to select the best," I said, snapping his attention **back**

to me.

Hey, even if I had the money for it, I wasn't going to pass up free things plus **it** was the payment if Darius coming here.

Soon, Philip left and assigned the store manager to show **us** around. But honestly, it wasn't necessary. I knew this **place**

like the back of my hand since it had **once** belonged to Aria in my past life. She would often drag me here to brag about it to me, so I **was** already familiar with every inch of it.

"I hope you're not jealous that Kieran gave me this mall, right? You know we were friends before he met you, and I introduced you to him—so think of this as a reward for finding you a good man."

"Pfft, a good man," I muttered under my breath, holding the dress in my hand as her words echoed in my head.

"Sorry, miss? I didn't catch that," the sales assistant asked, and I realized I'd said that out loud.

Quickly shaking my head, I lifted the dress by the hanger and turned it toward Serene, who was standing behind me. Her face flushed as I tilted my head slightly before giving a nod.

"She'd like to try this on. If she likes it, we'll take it," I said.

The sales assistant smiled, lowering her head with a slight bow as she took the dress from me.

"Understood, miss," she replied before turning to Serene. "This way, please."

Serene sighed, her brows pinched in a slight frown as she stared at me. I already knew what she was about to say—that I hadn't picked out a single dress for myself and had only been choosing for her. But honestly, that was the whole reason I came here today. To get her new dresses, to spend time with her, to make her happy, something I never truly did in my past life.

"Go try it on," I said with a soft smile. "I haven't seen anything I like yet. If I do, I'll get it, don't worry."

She sighed again, clearly wanting to argue but choosing not to say anything in public. With a reluctant nod, she followed the sales assistant toward the fitting rooms. And even though she tried to hide it, I caught the subtle eagerness in her steps.

I couldn't help but smile as I turned around, ready to pick something else for Serene. But the smile quickly faded from my lips when my eyes landed on Darius, seated not far from me. His cold, emotionless gaze was fixed solely on me, ignoring the people passing by who whispered and blushed as they stole glances at him.

This had been going on for a while now. Darius would just sit there, silently watching me, and when it was time to move to another section, he would stand up and follow behind me, still without saying a word. I couldn't help but wonder if this was his version of spending time together. And don't get me wrong, I was actually happy with it. Just having him quietly tag along **was**... Better than spending time with him.

What annoyed me, though, were the crowds that seemed to follow wherever we went- people swarming into the sections just **to** catch a glimpse of him.

“Isn’t the king really handsome? I never thought I’d see him in this lifetime. Goddess, this **is** amazing!” a woman squealed, an elder’s daughter, if I wasn’t mistaken as she clung to her friends, eyes locked on Darius. He, of course, **acted as** though he hadn’t heard a thing. The man was a literal block of wood.

I scoffed and tore my gaze away, deciding **to** check a few more sections before heading home. But **just as** I **was** about to pick something else for Serene, **a voice** cut through the **air** and stopped me cold.

&

I didn’t need to look back to know who it was.

Aria.

Chapter 26

Nyssa pov

“Nyssa!” Aria screamed my name, her **voice** echoing, causing me **to freeze**. My eyes narrowed into **a** cold glare, my hands instinctively clenching into fists, my jaw tightening with **barely** contained anger.

“**Nyssa,**” she **called** again, rushing to my side with a bright smile, her **eyes** lighting up as she gazed at me. I met her gaze, and before **I even realized** what I was doing, I **released** a powerful wave of killing intent straight at her. It **was** strong enough to make her flinch, and for a brief moment, I **saw** her eyes **flash** with fear **as** she stared at me. But then, the eyes that narrowed behind me made me quickly retract the intent, a frown tugging at my lips **as** I realized what I had just done.

Killing intent? That **was** a force werewolves **released** when they were enraged and wanted to either kill or intimidate their rivals. Even those without wolves could **release** such a force, but what I had just unleashed was stronger- far stronger than anything I had done before.

“That was only half of our force,” Sheila’s smug voice echoed in my mind. “**If**

I released the rest, that bitch would start coughing up blood.”

I blinked, momentarily taken aback by her words.

Half of the force? I wasn’t sure if she was just bragging or telling the truth. Honestly, it felt like she was just boasting.

“Hey! I’m not bragging-” Sheila started, but she cut herself off as Aria reached for my hands, holding them gently in hers. The fear in her eyes had vanished, replaced with a forced smile as she gripped me.

“Nyssa, how have you been? I’ve been trying to get through to you. You haven’t been picking up your phone, and you’ve been ignoring Kieran too. What happened?” she asked, but my gaze was fixed on the hands that held mine.

“Don’t touch me.” Without thinking twice, I frowned and yanked my hands away from hers in disgust.

I guessed I was getting stronger, thanks to Sheila, because when I pulled away, Aria gasped in surprise and staggered back, losing her balance.

Everything seemed to unfold in slow motion. Gasps filled the air as everyone watched, and I stood there, unmoving, as she reached out, trying to grab hold of me to stop her fall. But I kept my hands firmly behind my back, watching her tumble to the ground without a hint of emotion.

But before she could hit the ground, of course, Kieran appeared out of nowhere behind her. His hand wrapped around Aria’s waist, pulling her close and steadying her before she could fall. His expression was filled with worry as he checked her over, making sure she was okay. Once he was certain she was fine, he turned his cold gaze on me, narrowing his eyes into a glare.

“Why would you shove her?” he asked, mild killing intent radiating off him.

The corner of my lips twitched up slightly as I shifted my gaze away from him and narrowed my eyes at his hand still placed on Aria, and that’s when he seemed to realize the position he was in.

His expression shifted, and he cleared his throat, clearly wanting to pull away from Aria. But instead, she suddenly wrapped her arms around Kieran’s waist, pulling him closer.

“K–Kieran...” Aria breathed out, her voice shaky as she rested her head on his chest. “Kieran, I almost fell... I don’t know what I did to Nyssa, but she shoved me.” Tears started to spill from her eyes, and I watched as Kieran frowned **as a** crowd began to form around us, drawn like magnets, their whispers ringing around us.

“Wait, isn’t that Kieran and Aria? Why are they hugging?” someone murmured behind me. Another voice responded,

“Didn’t you see? **It** was Lady Nyssa who **shoved** Aria to the ground, and Kieran saved her. They must be fighting.”

“I mean, **even** though Kieran **saved her**, don’t you think that position is a little... strange? Wasn’t Kieran Lady Nyssa’s **ex-** fiancé? **Are** Aria and **he** together **now?**”

Kieran stiffened at the question, his eyes locking onto mine as **he** instantly shook his **head**. Aria also froze when she heard the words, finally realizing **what she was** doing. She quickly pulled **away** from Kieran, her eyes darting around the **crowd** as **her face** flushed a shade of pink.

The corner of my lips tilted up further as I watched both Kieran and Aria, my **gaze** sharp.

I see. So, that’s how it **was** going to **be**.

A repetition of the **past**. Just like yesterday, when I almost fell to the ground after Serene knocked on the door, but Darius caught me just in time. In my past life, I had fallen in a similar way when Serene knocked to bring water for Kieran and me, and Thad twisted my ankle that day.

When it happened again yesterday, a sense of suspicion crept in. It felt like the past was repeating **itself**.

A famous quote flashed through my mind when I was granted a second chance by the Moon Goddess:

“No matter how many times you’re given a second chance, the past remains etched in time—it’s the one thing you can never change, only learn from.”

The past can’t be changed. The events of the past were what made it the past.

That was why the same thing that had happened before was happening again.

After my marriage to Kieran, he had moved into the packhouse to live with me, and this particular day, Kieran had promised to go shopping with me. We were supposed to pick out clothes for our honeymoon, and even though it was just shopping, it was meant to be a date- just the two of us.

But then Aria had said she wanted to follow us and pick out some clothes for herself too. I remembered how upset I had felt when I was about to tell her no, only for Kieran to agree to it, leaving me no choice but to accept it. When we eventually went to the mall, I immediately felt like the third wheel as Kieran and Aria walked side by side while I trailed behind them.

The emotion I felt when Kieran didn’t pay attention to me, the jealousy when Aria would hold Kieran’s hand and swing it around childishly... I remembered them too well. And most of all, I remembered this.

A low chuckle escaped me as I narrowed my gaze on Aria, who looked flustered.

I remembered when she fell to the ground on her own and lied, claiming I had shoved her, and everyone blamed me for pushing my best friend. The day the rumors about my bad character started.

How interesting.

The past was really repeating itself, and I had unknowingly worn the dress I did that day. The same dress, the same situation -just with two idiots standing before me now.

It felt almost like déjà vu, except this time I wouldn't let them twist things around. I knew what **was** coming, and I would make sure the outcome was different this time.

Nyssa **pov**

"I—I just wanted to **spend** time with you and **Kieran**. I didn't know you'd **get** so upset and push me like that. If you're mad at me, **then I apologize, Nyssa.**"

"Look at her, she probably pushed Aria **because** she's jealous."

"I didn't **expect** this from the Alpha's daughter. This **is** honestly disappointing... and Aria has been nothing but kind to her."

Those **were** the murmurs that had surrounded me in the past as I stood there, confused and unsure of **what** was happening. Aria cried, Kieran comforted her, and his harsh glare pierced through me. Back then, I truly believed I had done something wrong, that I was the one at fault even though deep down, I knew I hadn't pushed her.

Here **we** were, reliving the same scene all over again.

And just as I **expected**, Aria began her act just like in the past.

"I— I just wanted to speak to you. I didn't know you'd get so upset and push me like that. If you're mad at me, then I apologize, Nyssa."

She stepped forward quickly, her voice loud and clear- loud enough for everyone nearby to hear. And though her words were framed as an apology, it was obvious she was shifting the blame onto me, making it seem like I had pushed her on

purpose.

I could feel everyone's gazes on me especially his gaze. Darius. He had been silently watching from behind me, not uttering **a** single word since the drama started. Not that I expected him to.

“Nyssa,” Aria took another hesitant step toward me, careful this time not to touch me. “Please don’t misunderstand the situation. I was just falling, and Kieran caught me. We came together after hearing you were shopping here since you wouldn’t return our calls.”

She then turned to Kieran, eyes wide and innocent. “Right, Kieran?”

Kieran’s frown deepened, his hair falling messily across his face, dark circles under his eyes and stubble lining his jaw. Kieran was a handsome man who always paid attention to his appearance, so the only reason he looked so unkempt now was likely because of the chaos surrounding everything lately.

He sighed, running a hand through his hair before finally speaking.

“Yes, Nyssa. We haven’t been able to reach you, so we came here after hearing you were at the mall with the...” He paused, his gaze briefly flickering behind me. And if I wasn’t imagining things, I could’ve sworn I saw a flash of jealousy in his eyes but it was gone just as quickly as it appeared. “With the king” He completed his sentence with a frustrated sigh.

My expression didn’t change as I stared at the two people in front of me, the whispers from the crowd reaching my **ears**.

“Huh? **Is** she ignoring Kieran and Aria now because she’s the king’s mate now? Is that why she canceled the wedding?” One voice murmured quietly.

Another voice chimed in, a little louder, “I think so. I pity Kieran, to be honest. I bet he still loves Lady Nyssa,

but she already belongs to the king well... at least the rejection ceremony”

The corner of my lips twitched, and I couldn’t help but shake my head. Taking a step forward, I refrained from saying anything- refrained from defending myself like I had in the past because the old me would have been scrambling for an explanation to prove that I didn’t do anything wrong. Instead, I reached out for a pink floral dress, lifting it **up as** I tilted my

head slightly to the side, examining **it** thoughtfully.

“This would look really pretty on **Serene**.” I murmured to myself and nodded with a slight smile.

Almost instantly, the chatter around me **died** down, and I could **feel their** confused **gazes** on me. I didn’t **need to** see their **faces** to know **what their expressions were** like, **especially** Kieran and Aria’s. After everything

that **had** been said, I **had made** the **decision** to ignore them, and **honestly**, I didn't **care**.

"I'll **take** this," I said calmly, handing the pink floral **dress to** the sales assistant who stood silently beside me. She **lowered** her **head** with a professional smile and took it from me. I turned around, reaching for another dress, but this time, Aria seemed to **snap** out of her **daze** and called out to me.

"N-Nyssa

, what are you doing-"

"I'm ignoring you," I said, my voice low but loud enough for everyone to **hear**. "Can't you **see** that now, or are you blind?"

"W-what?" Aria stammered, her disbelief clear in **her** voice. I sighed, removing my hand from the dress and standing straighter, letting my cold **gaze** settle on her. A frown etched itself onto my face, and almost instantly, she froze, her eyes widening **as** she met my stare.

"You heard me," I said, my voice unwavering. "I said I was ignoring you, just like how I ignored your calls and messages. But it seems you can't get the hint."

Aria parted her lips, about to say something, but I cut her off, my gaze turning sharp as I pointed to Kieran, who was watching me with a frown.

"The hint that I don't want to speak to or see either of you again. That I want you to leave me alone and not bother me anymore. Is that so difficult to understand?" I asked, and I could feel the gasps ripple through the crowd around me.

"Oh my goddess!" someone murmured, and the hushed whispers quickly spread among the crowd.

Aria stared at me in disbelief, her mouth hanging open as though she couldn't comprehend that I had just said that. Before she could muster a response, Kieran stepped forward, shielding her behind him. He stopped in front of me, his eyes filled with a mix of anger and confusion.

"Nyssa, what is wrong with you" he began, reaching out as if to touch me. But I suppose the slaps I had given him yesterday made him hesitate, his hand freezing mid-air before he quickly pulled it back. His gaze locked with mine, and for the first time, I could **see** the uncertainty in his eyes as though he was staring at a complete stranger.

My **gaze** remained cold as I lifted my head to meet his eyes. When I didn't respond, he let out a deep sigh and leaned closer, whispering under his breath.

“What’s wrong, baby? Why are you doing this? Did I do something wrong? If I did, then talk to me and I will do whatever you want for your forgiveness. Stop ignoring me and don’t casually throw everything we’ve built away just like that,” he said, his brows furrowing as he gazed down at me with what looked like pain in his eyes.

But I knew better. Deep down, it was just a mask- a trick he was trying to play on me. And I refused to fall for it this time.

This was the same man who had lied to me, ruthlessly discarded me the moment he had gotten what he wanted. Not only that, **he** was the reason all my loved ones died and in the end, the reason I had died.

If you asked me, I hadn’t even done anything yet. Today, I just wanted to enjoy my day with Serene, and the **next** day with my father before I went through with my plan. But this? This was just as good.

With everyone witnessing this, they would believe that Kieran, Aria, and I **weren’t** on good terms, giving them the perfect motive to kill me.

A

“I hate you,” my **voice** came out **in a** venomous hiss, catching him off guard. “I hate you so much that I want nothing more than to **have** you killed right now, Kieran.” A mocking sneer **spread across** my **lips as I** stared at him. “So if you want **me to** forgive you like you said, then...” I took a **step closer**, my eyes narrowing into a deadly glare. “Then die.”

Kieran froze, blinking for a moment in disbelief, but the next second, his frown deepened as he reached for my hand, pulling me toward him.

“We need to talk. Alone,” he said, his voice firm as he tried to guide me away.

I glared at him, my hand already raised, ready to smack the hell out of him. But before I could make contact, Kieran was sent flying away from me, crashing to the ground. In his place stood him- Darius.

Chapter 28

Darius pov

Silas was furious. I could **see** it in the way he growled, the way he struggled for control at the sight of the wolfless girl being

so close to that man.

Yet, I remained **still**, my gaze unwavering. I watched the scene unfold before me, my **expression** cold, **as** countless thoughts swirled in my mind.

That killing intent she radiated earlier **was** intense. It was something no wolfless girl should be able to do. Was she **really wolfless**?

Back in the woods, she'd undressed as though she was about to shift, yet there was no wolf scent, nothing **at** all. According to Cassian, she'd been wolfless since birth, but... how could that be? There had to be something more to her than what met the

eye.

"Is that really important right now?!" Silas snapped, his voice low and dangerous in my mind. "Get our mate away from that bastard! I don't like the way he's staring at her, like she belongs to him." He hissed through the last part, but I ignored him— ignored the force that surged within me as I kept my eyes blank, locked on the scene before me.

"What's wrong, baby? Why are you doing this? Did I do something wrong? If I did, then talk to me. I'll do anything for your forgiveness. Stop ignoring me and don't just throw everything we've built away like this," the man's voice reached me, louder than I would have liked. I tilted my head to the side, my fingers tracing the coin in my hand.

"Fucking bastard!!" Silas roared, and for a brief moment, my body went rigid, as a force slammed against me, causing me to frown and swallow back the blood threatening to spill from my lips.

My eyes darkened, and I gripped the coin tighter in my hand at Silas's audacity. I had chosen to ignore his antics, mainly because he had found a new pet he liked after so many years. However, that pet was going to die in two days due to my rejection. To keep things in balance, I had made the coin work in Silas's favor, but it was getting out of hand. As he began to grow more attached to the girl, I realized that when the time came to reject her, it might be harder than I had anticipated.

Should I just secretly kill her? I thought to myself, but then I knew I couldn't stain my hands with the blood of my mate that way. There would be repercussions, and I was well aware that the Moon Goddess knew I didn't fear death- whatever punishment awaited me would be something else entirely.

"Cassian," I called out, and almost immediately, I heard a sharp intake of breath followed by a curse.

My eyes flickered to the seat where Darius and Drake were hiding, newspapers clutched in their hands, trying to shield their **faces**.

But it was useless, and they knew it. I had caught their scent miles away, following me secretly as soon as we left the packhouse, but I chose not to say anything because I simply didn't care.

I watched as Darius and Cassian quickly dropped their newspapers, and the moment they met my cold gaze, they immediately lowered their heads in a respectful bow.

"M—my king, it **is**

not what it looks like—" Darius began, but I was about to cut him off, to tell him to sort out whatever was going on. But before I could speak, I froze. My gaze darkened instantly as my head snapped to the side, eyes narrowing on the hand that had grabbed hers.

That was when everything inside me seemed to snap. I wasn't sure what happened or how, but in a blur, I had risen and, in the blink of an eye, appeared between the woofless girl and the bastard. Without hesitation, I slammed my fist into his chest, sending him crashing backward.

Gasps echoed through **the air**, and for a brief moment, everyone froze- **even the girl**. Her **eyes were** wide, **lips** parted in shock **as she stared** at me. But before **I** could **process** what was happening, Silas **surged** forward, seizing control **for a** brief moment. **My eyes** shifted, turning a chilling shade of white.

I watched as she inhaled **a** shaky breath and took **a step** back from **me** but I followed, closing the **distance again**, my **eyes never** leaving her. **Then, a weak** voice broke through the tension, snapping my attention **away**. I turned slowly, **gaze** dropping to the bastard on the ground, and my eyes darkened with a cold, killing intent as **Silas**

growled lowly.

"M—my king," the man stammered weakly, but I was already moving away from the girl and toward him. **He groaned**, his hand reaching to his chest in pain as blood dripped from the corner of his lips, body trembling, eyes wide with **fear as I** loomed closer.

But I didn't stop.

Silas didn't **stop**.

Not until I stood directly in front of him, a low growl rumbling from my throat, laced with Silas's fury.

"How dare you," Silas hissed, his voice cold, overtaking mine "How dare you

touch my

mate!"

Silence filled the air, and I watched as his eyes flashed with fear. His mouth parted, but instead of words, blood spilled from it. I observed as the girl, the one Nyssa had directed her killing intent toward, rushed to his side. Her eyes **were** filled with worry as she wrapped her arms around him, her hand gently reaching for his face.

“Kieran, Kieran, are you okay?”

My frown deepened, and my hands clenched in anger. Not because of what was happening, but because of Silas- the idiot. He had taken control again, but this time, it was only partial. I still had control over my body, but I was reacting to his emotions and thoughts. Whatever emotion he was feeling, I was forced to feel it too, and I couldn't help but act on it.

“Darius, kill him... kill him for laying a hand on her,” Silas growled. I closed my eyes, taking a step back, staggering slightly as I tried to regain control over my emotions.

“King!” I heard Darius scream, rushing behind me.

This was really getting out of hand.

“Silas,” I called out in my head, my voice calm and steady despite the chaos unfolding around me. “You’ve been crossing lines lately. Trying to take over when you shouldn’t, disobedient and reckless.” I paused for a brief moment, letting my words sink in. “And the reason for this change is because of the new girl—a girl who is going to die in two days.”

My words seemed to provoke Silas, his rage flaring up, burning hotter than before.

“She won’t die in two days, Darius!!” he roared.

A small, humorless smirk tugged at the corner of my lips.

“You’re right,” I said coldly, “she won’t die in two days. Because with the way you’re acting, I might just kill her right here and now.” My words weren’t a threat; Silas knew that. It was something I would do without hesitation.

The mate bond? I didn’t care about it. I didn’t have a mate other than her, and no one could ever be my mate- not even the one the goddess had destined for me. And as for the punishment of taking her life with my own hands, I wasn’t concerned about that either. Nothing could be worse than the curse of living for eternity. The curse **of** seeing those around me die **as** time passed on. The **act** of taking someone’s life or dying didn’t faze me anymore.

Silas didn’t respond for a brief moment, and I could sense him weighing my words. In the **next** second, he severed the connection **between us** entirely, **wisely** choosing silence. He loosened his control, and almost instantly, the tension that had

gripped the air dissipated. The anger, the pent-up frustration- all vanished, leaving only a hollow emptiness in its place.

My eyes slowly opened, and I exhaled a deep breath, my gaze returning to its usual silver hue before locking onto the man trembling on the ground. The woman beside him did the same, her fear palpable. My eyes narrowed on her arm, still wrapped around him, and I couldn't help but tilt my head to the side as I observed them.

According to Darius, these two were her fiancé and her best friend, but the way they acted it felt like there was something

more between them.

The corner of my lips slowly tilted into a cold smirk as I ran a hand through my hair. It wasn't my business.

"My king, are you okay?" Darius asked, his concern clear, but I ignored him and turned around. Nyssa and her servant girl were standing nearby, both wearing different expressions. The servant girl looked at me with fear, while Nyssa... I couldn't quite pinpoint it, but her expression was dangerously close to anger.

I narrowed my eyes, my gaze cold, and casually slipped a hand into my pockets as I made my way back to the couch. But just as I passed by her, I froze for a brief moment, the words barely above a whisper but cutting through the silence.

"Tsk, you should have killed him."

Nyssa pov

Kill him. Kill him. **Kill** him.

I was practically chanting those words in my head, watching **the scene** unfold **before** me with eager excitement. I could hardly **believe** this was happening – Darius had thrown Kieran against the wall, and the killing intent radiating from him made it **clear** he wanted nothing more than to end him.

And I wanted it too.

I wanted Darius to kill Kieran.

It would **be easier** that **way**. If Darius killed Kieran, then I wouldn't have to worry as much – it would make taking down Aria **so** much simpler. Especially since I had a wolf now. Aria's wolf **was** weak, and she didn't know how to fight like Kieran.

I would have killed Kieran myself, but I knew my limits. His wolf was strong, and he was one of the best fighters in our pack. That was why I had originally planned to go about it differently, to frame them instead.

But if Darius killed him now, it would make everything so much easier.

Yes. Kill him. **It** would be a bonus if he took care of Aria too.

“Miss, what should we do?! Should we call for the Alpha? The king seems really angry, he might kill Sir Kieran,” Serene whispered urgently at my side, her voice laced with worry as she glanced between me and the chaos unraveling before us.

A dry scoff escaped my lips as I turned slightly toward her, the corner of my mouth curving upward in amusement. Call my father? Did she really think he could do anything if the king decided to kill Kieran? No one dared go against Darius, and everyone knew it. That’s why my father did the only thing he could- grovel and suck up to him, hoping the king wouldn’t reject me.

“Why should we disturb him? You know the Alpha wouldn’t be able to do anything against the king,” I said with an air of indifference.

Serene froze for a moment, as if letting my words sink in, and then her eyes flashed with understanding. A small frown tugged at her lips.

“Then what should we do, Miss? Sir Kieran is coughing up blood, if we don’t do anything, the king might really kill him,” she pressed anxiously.

I reached out to rub my chin softly, hiding the growing smile that threatened to surface.

“I’m not sure,” I said lightly, “but you know we can’t do anything but watch, Serene. So don’t worry too much. What will happen will happen, and we can’t stop it. That is fate.” I closed my eyes and nodded my head with a bright smile.

“M—Miss, are you smiling?” Serene asked in confusion, and I froze for a brief moment before clearing my throat and quickly shaking my head, forcing a frown onto my face instead.

“Ahem, of course not. I’m not smiling. How could I smile when this-” I turned and pointed towards Kieran, my eyes narrowing at the blood staining his lips and Aria, who had run to his side, clutching him tightly despite everyone watching.

At a glance, it **was** obvious from the way she **was** acting with Kieran that there **was** something going on **between** them, something far deeper than friendship but it didn’t affect me anymore.

Instead, the smirk on my lips widened **as I**

gestured.

This is serious.”

However, I soon found myself frowning **as** I watched Darius **stand there**, towering **over** both Kieran and **Aria** without making a **move**. **He** simply stood **still**, watching them in **silence**.

“Why is **he just** standing there? Isn’t he going to kill Kieran?” I whispered under my **breath**, a sense of **unease** creeping in.

The killing intent radiating from Darius seemed to **be** fading, and I watched **as Cassian** and Drake- Darius’s **Beta** and Gamma rushed to his sides, their **faces etched** with worry **as** they glanced at him, making me **raise a brow in** confusion.

Hm, what was going on?

I **wasn’t** sure, but the entire place **was tense**- so tense and silent that you could hear a pin drop. No one **dared to speak**, and every **eye** was **fixed** on the king. Just when it felt like the suffocating atmosphere might crush everyone, the killing intent around Darius suddenly evaporated.

He finally moved, turning around with his eyes locking onto mine, and almost instantly, I frowned and clenched my hands

into **fists**.

Damn it.

I watched him narrow his eyes at me before slipping his hands into his pockets. As he walked past, I clicked my tongue and cursed under my breath.

“Tsk, you should have killed him.”

Darius froze for a brief moment, his gaze flickering toward me, but the next second, he simply walked away. I turned, watching as he casually plopped onto the couch, crossing his legs, white hair falling over his flawless face, his cold eyes locked onto me.

My lips curled into a sneer. I fought the urge to roll my eyes, scoffing instead, before glancing once more at Kieran and Aria huddled together.

Turning to the trembling sales assistant, who had been standing beside me the whole time, I asked, louder than intended,

“Can we go to another section and see other clothes?”

The hall, already deathly silent, seemed to stiffen even further. Everyone turned to me, faces filled with shock and confusion. I could hear someone mutter from the crowd,

“Did she really just say that? Even after everything that just happened?”

The **sales** assistant seemed just as shocked. She froze, eyes wide as they met mine, but I kept my expression perfectly blank.

“W–what?” she stammered.

I sighed and repeated myself, my voice steady,

“I would love to check out the other clothes you have. Is that okay with you?”

This time, she blinked rapidly before snapping out of her daze, forcing a professional – though stiff – smile onto **her face as** she lowered her head slightly.

“Of course, Miss. Please follow me,” she said, gesturing forward.

Without sparing Kieran or Aria another glance, I turned and walked away, feeling Darius fall into **step** behind **me**.

I didn’t spare him a look either.

I was this close. This close to watching Kieran die but it didn’t matter since I was going to have him killed even if it meant I had to lay down my life before the rejection ceremony.

Chapter 30

Chapter 30

28] A dress for the rejection ceremony

Nyssa pov

“Miss, **please stop. Get** something for yourself,” Serene pleaded, reaching out to stop me. Her **face** was flushed, disbelief clear in her **expression**.

I couldn’t help but chuckle at the sight. I knew why she was so **tense, after** the earlier drama, we had gone from **one** store to another, picking out clothes for her. I wasn’t sure how many outfits we had already chosen, but judging by the number of **bags** the sales **assistants were** carrying along with Drake, Darius’s gamma, who had volunteered to help, it was definitely a

lot.

—

“This is the last dress, I promise. Try it on, and when you’re done, we’ll get something to **eat**,” I said with a grin.

—

Serene pouted, but I caught the way her **eyes** flickered toward the dress in my hand and for a brief moment, I **saw** the excitement in them.

This girl was really adorable. She was secretly thrilled about all the clothes, even if she didn’t want to show it **because** I hadn’t bought anything for myself.

“Go change, and in the meantime, I’ll check around to see if anything catches my eye,” I added.

As soon as the words left my mouth, I noticed Serene’s eyes almost roll but she stopped herself and mumbled under her breath,

“That’s what you said the last time.”

My grin widened at her words, and I pushed the dress into her hands.

“Go and change, Serene. I promise I’ll really look around and buy something.”

After some playful back and forth, Serene finally sighed dramatically and headed off to the fitting room.

A warm feeling bloomed in my chest as I watched her, and a sad smile tugged at my lips.

I couldn’t help but think about what would happen in the next two days.

Like in the first dream I had that morning, Serene had a role to fulfill, to walk into the scene where Kieran and Aria would be and I knew it would traumatize her.

But it was better than watching everyone die again.

I guessed this was my way of trying to make it up to her.

My eyes flickered to Darius, who sat stiffly on the couch like a statue. I rolled my eyes but froze when they met Drake’s gaze.

The man stood not far from me, many shopping bags clutched in his hands, and the corners of his lips curved into a small, polite smile before he lowered his head slightly in a bow.

I blinked, quickly cleared my throat, and returned his greeting before turning away.

My gaze wandered over the numerous clothes displayed, and I slowly walked around, trying **to see** if there **was** something I could pick for myself – if only to **ease** Serene's guilt a little.

But just as I was **about to move** further, **I froze when**

a voice spoke **beside** me.

"You must **really** like the servant girl," the **voice** drawled.

Turning around, I found Cassian standing **beside me**, a smirk tugging **at** his **lips**.

His **black** hair **fell** messily **across** his **face**, his hands **tucked** into his pockets **as** he towered over **me**.

I lifted my **head** and stared at **Cassian**, only to find him genuinely curious, one brow **arched**. When I didn't answer, his grin widened and he said **casually**,

"I mean, **ever since you**

came **here**, you've been buying clothes for her instead of yourself. And honestly, you don't strike me **as** the generally nice type, not after the way you walked out on your ex and **best** friend despite... you know, their situation."

My eyes widened at his blunt words, and for a moment, my jaw nearly hit the ground. What? How many times had I even seen him- once? Twice?

He seemed to notice my expression because he reached up and scratched the back of his head a little awkwardly.

"Or am I wrong?" he asked.

A dry scoff escaped me, and I turned away, refocusing my attention on the dress in front of me before answering.

"You're not wrong. I love Serene. She's a good person."

My hands brushed over the fabrics as I heard him hum thoughtfully.

"So your ex and best friend aren't good people?" he asked, pausing for a brief moment before lowering his voice in a conspiratorial tone, like he was about to gossip. "Is it because they're cheating together on you?"

I froze the moment those words left his mouth, and before I knew it, I started coughing, my face turning bright red. Still, I refused to turn and look at him – I could already sense the amused smirk playing on his lips without even needing to **see** it.

This man- why was he so blunt and weird? And how the hell did he know? He was the king's beta, but he was so different from Darius. While Darius barely spoke more than two or three words at a time, this man seemed to love talking.

But maybe this wasn't so bad. If he noticed, then maybe others would too.

"Really? You think they're cheating?" I asked with a small smile, casually flipping through the dresses. "But how can they cheat when I'm no longer with Kieran?"

I could practically feel Cassian's sparkling eyes on me as he leaned in closer, his voice dropping to a whisper.

"That's the thing. I don't think they just started cheating now- it looks like they were already doing it when you were still with your ex. It's painfully obvious from the way she ran and shielded him."

My smile widened at his words, and I finally stopped walking, my eyes narrowing on a red dress that caught my attention.

The design was unlike any of the others I had seen. The dress had a vibrant, eye-catching color and intricate patterns, **a** slim-fitted cut that hugged the body perfectly, and a daring V-line that dipped sharply from the side.

It was beautiful. It truly was the perfect dress to die in.

—

I reached out and picked it from the shelf, holding it up before turning to Cassian, who stood in front **of** me. But this time, his **gaze** wasn't on me it was directed to the left, where Darius **sat**.

"Hlcl

—

I watched as Cassian visibly gasped and took a step back, but I didn't care what was going on.

Instead, I held the dress up to him and asked with **a** smile,

"Hey, what do you think about this dress? **Is** it pretty enough to wear for the rejection ceremony?"

The moment the words left my mouth, Cassian's gaze snapped from Darius to me, then down to the dress, his face a picture of disbelief.

My grin widened when he blurted out,

"W-what?"

I didn't hesitate, my voice calm and steady as I asked again,

"Is this dress good enough for the rejection ceremony?"

Even if I was going to die, I was going to make sure my death made a statement.