

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King #Return 211 – 220

Read Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King Return 211

Chapter **211**

Nyssa **pov**

Darius had **left**.

He had gone off to war without looking back, and I had just sat there on the ground and wept bitterly, I broken down completely, my heart heavy, and no matter how much anyone called me, I didn't answer.

Cassian looked flushed, trying to convince me that Darius would be fine and that I didn't **need to** worry. **The** king can't die, he had said, but I didn't stop crying.

Serena and Isabella had also come to try to calm me.

"Queen, everything will be fine. The king will stop the rogues and come back. Nothing will happen **to him**, **so** please don't cry."

"Yes, my queen. Please don't cry. The king wouldn't like to see this."

But I didn't stop. No matter how hard they tried to reassure me, only I knew what the goddess had told me in my dream earlier that day. She had said I would be given a choice to make, and I would lose two important things. That Darius and I had an ill-fated relationship... and now that I knew Darius could die because of me, I couldn't help but think the dream was about him.

When I had cried enough and could no longer cry, I told Serena and Isabella that I wanted to sleep and *that* I didn't feel well. They helped me to my room, and before they left, Serena told me that Cassian would *be* waiting outside for protection, and that they would also be nearby if I needed them.

I told them I understood, but they should stay close to Cassian during the attack, and no one should disturb me unless I called for them.

Once they stepped outside, I got up from the bed. Now I stood in front of the mirror, wearing the most fitted clothes I had, a trouser and top as I got ready to go out to war.

Yes, I was going to go out there and fight to protect Darius. If he fought for the people, I would fight for him.

"You're serious about this, right?"

Sheila asked in my head, her tone dripping with gravity. As I folded my hair into a bun and tied it, reaching for the dagger on the cabinet and tucking it into my boot, I responded,

“Yes, I’m serious about this. I can’t lose him now that I’ve just gotten him back. I’d rather die than let that happen. If the goddess’s words were true, if Zayn is as smart and cunning as they **say, then** he wouldn’t **have** attacked the pack without knowing a way to kill Darius. Even though I don’t yet know how, **I’ll** protect him with my life if I must.”

I spoke without hesitation, reaching for the piece of paper and pen **I had** prepared. **As I began** writin Serena, Isabella, and **Cassian**, I **heard** Sheila’s voice again.

“Okay, then I support you, **Nyssa. I support everything you want** to do, I also cannot bear fol

and **Silas** but **there is**

something you should know befor This content belongs to find**novel.net

Darius a

decision

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she said calmly, her voice softer than usual, so different from her normal loud tone.

The seriousness in her voice made me pause mid–note. When I asked her what she meant, I never expected the words that followed.

“You’re pregnant, Nyssa. You’re two weeks pregnant. I wanted you to discover it yourself, but you need to understand the dangers of war and the baby you’re carrying.”

The pen in my hand slipped from my fingers and fell to the desk. My eyes widened, my mouth fell open av I took a step back in shock, trying to process what she had just said.

P–pregnant? Did she just say I was pregnant?

My hand went to my stomach, and a tear slid down my cheek as I stared at myself in the mirror in horror.

I was pregnant. Was the other important thing the unborn child?

I had miscarried twice in my lifetime, once as Liana, when Darius's brother stabbed me in the belly, killing me, and the second time when I drove a dagger into myself while fighting the rogues. And now, I was pregnant again in the middle of a war.

Was I going to lose this one too?

"Why is fate so cruel?"

I whispered under my breath as more tears slid down my cheeks.

"Why... why am I pregnant now? What will happen to this unborn child if I go out to war?"

I had asked myself so many questions, questions I desperately needed answers to but no matter how much I asked. I couldn't understand.

I couldn't find the answers, so I cried harder, my hand tightening over my belly as I closed my eyes. Seconds stretched into what felt like minutes before I finally opened them again and when I did, I had chosen my

answer.

I would go. I would protect Darius and my unborn child.

I wouldn't let anything happen to either of them. This time, in this lifetime, I would have my happy ending.

So I made my decision and stopped crying. Wiping my tears, I drew in a sharp breath before speaking, my voice hoarse.

"I'm going, Sheila. Please... give me your strength during this time. I need you."

For a brief moment, Sheila didn't respond. Then, a soft chuckle escaped her and she answered,

"I am always with you. Don't worry, we will do this."

Hearing her words, the corners of my lips curved into a small smile. I wiped the last of my tears, walked to the desk, and finished the letter:

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If you're looking for me and you see this letter, I *want* you all to know that I'm fine. I'm going to the war *to* find Darius and protect him. Something bad is going to happen. I know this, so I have to stop it before it's too late. But don't worry about me. Stay here.

And Cassian, please protect my two loyal servants, Serena and Isabella. Make sure they're safe during this. I will return with Darius soon, and everything will be fine.

I stopped writing and placed the note on the bed. Turning to the window, I walked toward it. As I looked down at the great height below, my eyes darkened with determination. W

ith one last shaky breath, I leapt out.

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Darius pov

The war was terrible.

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Far worse than I had expected. The rogues army had invaded the pack, destroying half of it. Countless lives were lost, many wounded, and everything had fallen into chaos.

I raced across the battlefield, my paws gliding over the ground, the wind whipping through my fur. The air was thick with tension and bloodlust as everyone around me tore into one another.

The scent of death shrouded the air. As a wolf raced at me, fangs bared, claws raised to slash my throat, I surged forward. Without hesitation, in a blink of an eye and so fast he didn't even see it coming, his head rolled on the ground with a thud. I didn't wait to look, I rushed on, eyes narrowed and heart pounding,

I wasn't here for anyone else. No, the others were just fish in a pond, my armies would deal with them and protect the people. I was running toward that bastard, Zayn, because it was his head I wanted.

In war, you aim for the leader, once he falls, the rest scatter like a flock of sheep. Following the scent I knew belonged to Zayn, I ignored everyone else, killing only when they were foolish enough to charge at me or when they threatened civilians.

Soon, I came to a halt, and as I did, my expression grew tense. I jerked my head around, eyes narrowing as I scanned my surroundings.

Something was wrong.

I stood at the center of a three-way street, and the scent I had been tracking had vanished right here.

But that wasn't possible. I had been racing as fast as I could, and I highly doubted anyone could outrun me in my werewolf form. And even if they did, their scent wouldn't just disappear like that, so how was it possible it had completely faded?

"Silas, can you explain what's wrong?" I asked, lowering my head to the ground as I sniffed, trying to catch even the faintest trace of it. But no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't.

Silas was silent for a moment before finally responding.

"I'm not sure either, Darius. But the scent has indeed vanished completely. What should we do now?"

I lifted my head, tilting it slightly as I thought for a moment. Then a scoff slipped past my lips. Without hesitation, I chose a random direction and dashed forward.

I understood now. That bastard wasn't as smart as he thought. He was leading me with a fake trail, trying to force me into the path he wanted because he knew I would come after him. But I didn't care. For now, I would play his game.

We would just have to wait and see who comes out victorious in this.

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Nyssa pov.

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I ran through the streets, breath coming fast and ragged as I chased the trail, following Darius's scent. I'd been able to slip past the packhouse guards and escape because of the secret passage I knew as Liana, the place Darius and I used to sneak out when we wanted to leave without being seen. As I ran, I was grateful for Sheila; tracking Darius was easier with her.

"Left, Nyssa," Sheila said, and I turned that way, trying not to see the bodies on the ground or the wolves tearing into each other. My goal was simple: avoid as many attacks as I could and make it to Darius. This chapter is updated by FindNovel.net

But luck wasn't on my side. Soon I had to stop in my tracks, my head snapping left. A large brown wolf was inching toward two children, a boy and a girl who backed away with fear in their eyes. The boy held a tree branch, pressing it against the wolf as he tried to shield the girl.

My hands tightened into fists as I watched the boy stammer, his body trembling.

“L—leave us alone. If you don’t, I’ll fight... y—you’ll regret it!” he spat, voice shaking with fear.

The wolf merely snarled, mouth curling as if amused, and moved closer.

The boy looked terrified, like he wanted to cry and run, but sensing the fear from the girl, he hardened his expression and let out a loud roar before stabbing at the wolf with the stick with all his strength. As expected, nothing happened.

The stick snapped in two, and the wolf scoffed. Everything seemed to move in slow motion as it raised its paw, sharp claws flashing as it swiped toward the boy. Perhaps the boy thought he was about to die, because he closed his eyes, and as the broken stick fell to the ground, a tear slid down his cheek.

But before the paw could land, a rock slammed against the wolf’s head, making it freeze mid—strike. It instantly snapped its head toward me, eyes glowing red with fury as it growled.

When I finally had its attention, I shouted, my voice tearing through the air.

“Fucking bastard, you coward! Look at your size and you’re going after children? Where’s your shame? You’re fucking embarrassing!”

The wolf growled louder, enraged by my words, but I didn’t stop,

The children were staring at me in surprise as I bent down, picked up another rock, and hurled it at the wolf. It dodged the rock, but it couldn’t dodge my insults.

“I knew rogues had no shame, but I didn’t know they were this pathetic. Children who don’t even look ten, and you’re proud of yourself? I’m sure afterward you’d puff your chest out like some idiot, thinking you did something great. But you didn’t. Why don’t you attack someone your own size? Wait, don’t tell me you’re scared of them!”

This time, I struck a nerve exactly as I’d planned. The wolf roared and charged at me, fangs bared. Cursing under my breath, I shouted at the children to run and then turned, sprinting away with the furious wolf right on my heels.

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Nyssa pov

Shit. Shit, Shit.

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I was a goner, I was going to die before even protecting Darius.

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I had promised myself I'd just run straight after Darius and focus on finding him, but I couldn't possibly ignore children about to be killed. So, before I could stop myself, I hurled a rock at that wolf and shouted harsh words to draw its attention away so the children could escape.

It worked, good and bad.

Good, because the rogue wouldn't hurt those kids.

Bad, because now I was dead meat, sprinting on foot from a massive brown wolf who looked very intent on taking my life.

Goddess, my luck is really messed up, isn't it?

"I really wonder why you're running, Nyssa."

Sheila's voice echoed in the back of my head as I took a sharp right turn, just as the wolf leapt, its claws swiping for my back. Thankfully, it missed, and I kept running, desperate to shake it off my tail.

"Why am I running? Are you seriously asking me that when I'm about to be mauled to death by an angry wolf?"

I snapped back, and I could practically imagine her rolling her eyes before scoffing in disdain.

"What do you mean by that? You can kill that wolf with a flick of your wrist. Don't forget, you're a white wolf. You're far stronger than that mutt."

She said it like she was talking to the dumbest person alive and it was then I realized she was right. I was stronger than the wolf chasing me. Our auras weren't even close to equal. I could end him whenever I chose.

There was no reason to run. I must have still been thinking of myself as wolfless, and in the panic of danger, I'd simply forgotten.

Ah...

The realization hit me, and almost immediately, I stopped running and turned. The rogue lunged at me, fangs bared, ready to sink them into my flesh but before he could touch me, I stretched out my hand and in one swift motion, clamped my grip around his neck, halting him mid-air.

The wolf whimpered, eyes wide with shock, but I didn't give him the chance to react. The next second, I tightened my hold and...

Snap!

Chapter 213

His neck broke **clean** in **my grip**, his body going limp as he took his last **breath**.

A smile bloomed **across** my face as I let go; his body hit the ground with a thud. I dusted **my hands**, laughed in **sheer** amusement, and placed my hands on my hips with a twisted grin.

"Haha, you were right, Sheila. I really didn't have to run. I just had to stand there and **snap** its neck. It's so easy! Haha, so easy."

I laughed again, and I could've sworn Sheila scoffed in my head, her voice a mocking snarl but I didn't care. It was my first kill using my own strength, and it felt good, so I kept laughing, brushing the dust off **my**

clothes as I prepared to start searching for Darius.

But before I could even turn around, a tiny scream pierced the air. I looked up just in time to see the boy from earlier charging forward, clutching a stick and shouting at the top of his lungs.

"You stupid rogue! Leave the woman alone! Leave her—"

His words faltered as he skidded to a stop, his wide eyes locking onto the scene before him, me, standing over the dead rogue with its neck freshly snapped. His mouth fell open in shock, gaze darting from the wolf's body back to me. When our eyes met, he gasped, and an almost excited glint lit up in his expression.

"M—miss, were you the one who killed the rogue? Did you do it?" he stammered.

I frowned slightly, watching the awe in his eyes twist into something I couldn't quite place. Something inside me told me to deny it... but his look of wonder made me instinctively puff out my chest.

"Well, yes," I said, unable to help myself. "I was the one who killed the rogue. Who else did you see here strong enough to pull that off?"

His expression brightened even more, a wide smile spreading across his face as his small teeth showed. Taking a step toward me, he said, New novel chapters are published on Find_Novel(.)net

“Wow, you’re really strong, Miss. I didn’t know you could fight since you ran away, that’s why I chased after you, to help.”

I glanced over his small frame. He was skinny, short, clearly barely fed. And yet, despite that, he had shown courage, standing against the rogue, protecting the girl, and even daring to run after me to help. The thought made me smile. I reached out and gently patted his head.

“Thank you, child. You are very brave. Wait, where is the girl that was with you? Is she safe?” I asked, suddenly remembering the other child.

Before he could answer, a small head peeked out from behind a wall. My gaze shifted to the girl, **watching her** wide, fearful eyes lock with mine before she quickly darted back out of sight. She was terrified. But the **boy** only smiled, walking away from me to tug her closer. Despite her resistance, he pulled her forward **until** the **two** of them stood in front of me.

“Sorry about Sarah’s behavior, ma’am,” he said cheerfully. “She’s shy around strangers, but she’s actually a really good girl. My name is Caleb, it’s nice to meet you!”

He greeted me with so much excitement **that**, for some **reason**,

unease pricked at me. Something about the glint in his eyes... I couldn’t **place it**, but it **sent** a chill **down** my **spine**. **Still, I forced a smile and** gave them a

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little wave.

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“It’s nice to meet you too. You two should go hide somewhere safe so you don’t run into another rogue. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’ll be on my way,” I said with a grin, turning to leave,

But before I could take a step, a sharp tug pulled me back. I turned, surprised, to see Caleb clutching the hem of my shirt, his lips trembling in a pout and his eyes shimmering with unshed tears as he stared up at me.

The moment I saw his expression, a bad feeling settled deep in my gut and when he spoke, I knew my instincts had been right all along.

“M—miss, we’re scared to be alone. Can we go with you? I promise we won’t make any noise... we’ll be as quiet as possible and won’t get in your way,” he pleaded, his small voice cracking.

A soft scoff escaped me before I could stop it, and I shook my head quickly, raising my hands in refusal.

“N—no, that’s not possible. I’m going somewhere even more dangerous. You can’t follow me, okay? Now be a good boy and go hide,” I said firmly, turning away and walking quickly.

No. No. I couldn’t bring them along. They’d only slow me down, and worse, I’d be leading them straight into danger. Darius was chasing Zayn right now, this wasn’t a place for children.

But before I could take another step, his desperate voice rang out behind me, freezing me in place.

“Please... please allow us to follow you, Miss! Please! Our orphanage was attacked by rogues and we were lost during the rescue and don’t know where they are now. I don’t even know if they are alive but we are just poor children and we don’t want to die so please allow us *to* come with you,”

Chapter 214

Nyssa **pov**

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I should have said no. I should have refused that child and told him to hide with the girl instead of coming with me, that it was too dangerous. By the goddess, I did tell him exactly that. But staring at those tear-bright eyes, I found myself unable to send them away. I couldn’t find it in my heart to do it.

I couldn’t say no, especially when the girl began crying beside him, begging me to take them because they didn’t want to die.

After cursing my weak heart, I agreed. I told them they could follow, but they mustn’t get in my way. Whenever there was danger, they were to run and never look back, no matter what. Even if I was in grave danger, the boy must never come back for me.

I planned to keep them safe for the time being, then find one of the pack’s men and leave them in his protection. As we walked, I ignored Caleb’s constant questions, he kept asking my name but his voice was no longer sad. He sounded relaxed and happy, chewing on a piece of apple he’d found on the ground, as if there wasn’t a war raging around us.

Even the girl who’d been so terrified at first walked close beside me, her small body leaning on mine as we moved.

She didn't talk much, unlike the talkative boy at my other side.

"Miss, miss, you haven't told us your name. What should we call you?" he asked, voice bright, an apple in one hand while the other still clutched the hem of my shirt where at least three more apples were tucked.

I rolled my eyes and put a finger to my lips, shushing him as we walked. Thank the goddess I'd chosen a part of the streets where the war wasn't raging, if he'd been this loud back where the fighting was, a rogue would've found and attacked us by now. I couldn't let that happen, not because I wasn't sure I could handle another rogue, but because it would waste time I needed to follow Darius's scent.

"Why should we keep quiet, Miss? I'm sure you'd fight all the rogues if they found us, so relax. Don't be scared," he said with a bright smile, tapping my hand with his apple.

I scoffed and glared; he gave me a sheepish grin. I couldn't help reaching out to knock his head lightly as I said,

"Stop talking so much. If we're caught because of you, I'm leaving you to deal with them yourself."

I meant it as a joke, but his eyes widened in fear. He dropped his apple to the ground and grabbed my hand. I stiffened, watching his expression in surprise as he began to stammer, speaking so fast I barely caught the words.

"M—miss, I'm really sorry if I offended you. Please don't abandon us. I apologize for my actions. I'll stop talking if you want me to but please, protect us..."

I frowned as I looked at him. He seemed genuinely terrified at the thought, and I had only been joking. Of course, I wasn't going to leave them alone after I had already agreed to take responsibility for them. But before I could reassure him, something caught my eye.

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As the sleeve of his shirt shifted up, I saw his hand and my eyes darkened, my frown deepening.

Bruises.

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Black bruises, scattered across his skin.

The moment he noticed my stare, he stiffened, following the direction of my gaze. Realizing I had seen them, he quickly tried to pull away, but before he could, I grabbed him and pulled him closer.

“W—what is this? Who did this to you? Rogues?” I demanded, though I already knew the truth. The bruises were old, layered, too many to be from this war.

He shook his head, opened his mouth, then stammered out nervously,

“Y—yes, miss. It was the rogues who caused it. I got careless and... fell too.”

A lie. My gut twisted with unease. Before he could react, I reached for his other arm and yanked up the sleeve. Horror filled me as I saw the same bruises lined all along his skin.

No... this wasn't from rogues. Someone had been hitting him, over and over, long before the attack. And he'd said he lived in the orphanage, so...

“Miss...” he cried, but my focus shifted as I heard the girl beside us. She was crying, muttering through her sobs, [Discover more novels at FindNovel.net](#)

“Please don't hit him. Don't hit big brother.”

I bit my bottom lip, then bent down to my knees in front of her. Gently, I reached out, patting her head softly as I whispered,

“Don't cry. I won't hit him. I promise I won't. I'll protect you both, okay?”

She stared at me for a moment, then slowly stopped crying. I exhaled softly, but when I reached for her sleeve and pulled it up, horror struck me—her small arm was also covered in bruises, some fresh, some old.

As I stared at her hand, Caleb rushed to her side, quickly pulling her toward him and shielding her from my sight.

“Miss-” he tried to call, but I cut him off, my voice collected as I lifted my head and asked,

“What is the name of the orphanage you stayed at?”

They both froze, glancing at each other in fright, but maybe thinking I'd be angry if he stayed silent, Caleb quickly answered.

“Hope Orphanage, miss.”

I smiled faintly, then stood up, dusted off my clothes, and began walking toward the direction of Darius's

scent.

They didn't follow at first, their teary eyes fixed on me as if afraid I would leave them behind. But instead, I

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turned back, lifted a brow, and tilted my head slightly.

"You two, what are you waiting for? Didn't you want me to protect you? Let's go, or we're going to be discovered."

Almost immediately, their eyes lit up with joy, and they hurried after me with their tiny bodies. The girl leaned against my side as she walked, while the boy looked up at me and grinned.

"Thank you so much, miss. I'll definitely repay you someday."

I chuckled softly, reaching out t

o ruffle his hair as I muttered under my breath,

"Nyssa. That is my name."

Darius pov

His scent was on and off.

55 vouchers

One moment I could catch it, and the next it was gone, like he had just disappeared and for the last thirty minutes, it had been this way.

I would follow the trail until it vanished, only for it to reappear again, stronger each time. I kept chasing it, my paws gliding over the ground, heavy and fast against the earth. As I moved, I could hear Silas in the back of my mind, calling me a fool, saying it was clearly a trap, that I knew it was a trap, and yet I was still following it. That I was getting farther and farther away from the city, away from where most of the armies were stationed.

And I knew he was right.

It did smell like a trap, like the bastard was leading me out here on purpose. But I didn't care, not because I was proud, or careless, or thought nothing could touch me just because I couldn't die but because this was my last chance to find Zayn.

As seconds stretched into what felt like eternity, I finally stopped running, coming to a halt in the middle of the forest, surrounded by towering trees. The deeper I went, the thicker Zayn's scent became, heavy and overwhelming, as if he were right here. Narrowing my eyes, I turned slowly, scanning the woods.

All I could see were trees. No one in sight.

But then, my ear twitched, catching the faintest sound above.

"Darius, the trees!" Silas hissed.

The very next instant, I leapt aside as shadows rained down. Figures dropped from the branches, one after another. Skidding backward to a stop, I watched as hundreds of them began jumping down all around me.

And as I stared at the vast sea of people before me, my mouth curved into a frown, eyes narrowing at the men who stood tall in front of me. Some eyed me with smiles, some were alert, and others were filled with disdain. But among them, there was one who stood at the very front, their leader, perhaps.

But it wasn't Zayn.

No, it was him.

Kieran. The man Nyssa had once been engaged to, the one who had betrayed her.

He stood before me clad in armor, a silver sword drawn and pointed in my direction, his expression hardened with hatred. Taking two steps forward, he spoke: This update is available on FindN()vel.net

"I can't believe you really fell for it. He said you would, even knowing it was a trap and you really came. That's dumb."

He spat the words out, his voice dripping with malice as he glared at me. I kept my gaze cold and unflinching. Though he remained in human form, my wolf form still towered over him, my eyes fixed on him as he

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continued.

"But what does that matter? Dumb or not, you still made it easier for me, so..."

The corners of his lips curved into a smile as he jabbed his sword toward me.

"Shall we have some fun, cursed king?"

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He asked, but I didn't respond. My mind drifted elsewhere, to the rogues surrounding me, especially the few carrying Zayn's scent.

So, I had been right.

From the very beginning, I had suspected it wasn't Zayn himself. No matter how skilled he was, there was no way he could keep outrunning me, vanishing and reappearing so quickly in different places. The only reasonable conclusion was that there were several people carrying his scent, leading me here.

I knew it – I wasn't surprised by the sneaky attack. What surprised me was that he wasn't here.

Zayn was nowhere to be found. So why had he brought me here? To have these people fight me? They would die – no matter how many they were, they would die in the end. Why send them to their deaths?

"Can't you hear me? I'm talking to you, are you not only cursed but now deaf? We've got you outnumbered, and even if we can't kill you, we can catch you and inflict as much pain as we can!" Kieran snarled, his voice booming as he stood tall. The men behind him cheered, calling him commander, which seemed to puff him

up even more.

"They say even if we can't cut your head off, we'll keep stabbing you whenever we catch you. We'll make sure you feel the blade bite your skin. We'll make you suffer and know the rogues' wrath! King or not, we'll make you bow before us!"

The men laughed and cheered at his words, but my expression didn't change. I watched and studied them, even as Silas hissed that I should take every life here and show them who I truly was. I would, soon.

First I spoke through mindlink, my voice thundering into their ears. They visibly trembled at the raw force of it.

"Where is Zayn? He's the one I want. Tell me where he is and I'll spare everyone here. I have no time to spill unnecessary blood."

Silence fell. For a long moment no one answered; their smiles drained as they noticed the cold indifference written across my face. Then Kieran snorted and rolled his eyes in disdain.

“Bullshit! You might not die, but you’re not powerful enough to beat all of us. Get off your high horse, kneel before me and beg, and maybe I won’t make it too painful.”

The men around him started muttering among themselves. “Pfft, look at him, acting all high and mighty. He can’t take all of us!” “Yeah, we’re at least two hundred. How could he kill two hundred alone?”

They underestimated me. They thought my danger came only from being cursed and unkillable but they didn’t know. They didn’t know I could finish every one of them in less than thirty minutes. They were decoys,

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sent to die and keep me busy. I didn’t care.

If Zayn wanted me to play his little game, then fine, I would play.

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Nyssa pov

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By now, we had walked a long distance from the packhouse, from the city, and I began to notice that the further we went, the deeper into the forest we moved. Still, I was certain I was following Darius’s scent, he had been here not too long ago. I knew I would have been faster if I shifted into my wolf form, but if I did, the kids at my sides would be left alone.

I glanced at Caleb and Sarah, watching them try to match my pace without a single word of complaint. They were tired, no doubt, and they needed to rest but they would soon. As soon as I found a secure enough place to hide them, I could continue alone to find Darius.

I couldn’t possibly bring them along when Darius was no doubt going after Zayn. My plan was simple, hide the kids, then come back for them once everything was over. As we continued walking, my eyes flickered toward a small cave not far from us.

The sight of it made my lips curve into a smile, a breath of relief slipping from me. This was perfect. The cave had a narrow entrance, just wide enough for their small bodies to squeeze through, but impossible for rogues to follow. Even if they did find the cave, there was no way they could force themselves in either in human form nor beast form. It was the ideal spot to keep the children safe.

“Caleb, Sarah...” I turned to them, and they instantly snapped their heads toward me. But just as I was about to speak, I froze, my body stiffening as my ear twitched at the sound of a barely audible footstep.

It was so faint I could have dismissed it as my imagination but it wasn't.

I frowned, my lips curving downward as my eyes flickered toward the direction of the sound, but there was nothing there. Not even a shadow.

Still, I could feel it. A presence.

Sheila sensed it too. She began to growl in my head, warning me of danger, and I knew she was right.

I recognized that scent. That presence.

It was him.

I drew a deep breath, my hands curling into fists as I tried to think of what to do. But before I could, Caleb, who hadn't noticed anything, spoke, his face tightening with worry.

“Miss Nyssa... are you okay? You look really pale,” he asked, his voice laced with concern.

I turned to him, words catching in my throat. I couldn't tell him the truth, not with Sarah already looking so frightened. So instead, I forced a smile, plastering it on my face as I reached out to ruffle his hair. Then I crouched slightly to meet their eyes, pulling both children closer as my voice dropped to a whisper.

“Can you two be good and do something for me?” I asked.

They nodded immediately, their innocent eyes locked on me with absolute trust. I swallowed the bitter taste in my throat and pointed toward the cave.

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55 Vouchers

“You see that cave? I need you to go inside and hide there for me. I have to go on alone from here, and where I'm going is far too dangerous. That cave will be the perfect place for you two to stay and wait for me to come back for you.”

As soon as I said this, I saw the fear flash in their eyes, as if they thought I was about to abandon them. But I didn't have time to persuade them, he was watching. I could feel his eyes on me.

Before Caleb could speak, I reached out and whispered under my breath. New novel chapters are published on Find[[N](#)]ovel.net

"Please trust me. Take your sister and hide inside that cave. And no matter what you hear, no matter what happens, do not come out unless I tell you to. Do you understand? Go. Now"

I pushed him gently toward the cave, and his eyes widened as he staggered. Sarah rushed to his side hurriedly, clutching at him, while Caleb looked back at me in confusion. Then, all at once, his eyes widened further as if he realized what was happening. He started to turn around, but I caught his arm and shook my head, muttering under my breath.

"Go," I said firmly. "I'll come back for you both, don't worry. Protect Sarah while I'm gone."

For a moment, Caleb stayed silent. Then Sarah broke down, tears streaming as she cried,

"Please don't abandon us. Please don't abandon us, Nyssa..."

Her voice cracked, but thankfully Caleb found his resolve. His expression hardened, his small face carrying a determination beyond his years as he nodded.

"Be careful, Miss. We'll wait for you."

That was all he said before dragging Sarah toward the cave. Slowly, they slipped inside, vanishing from sight.

My gaze darkened. I drew in a sharp breath, then straightened, brushing the dirt from my trousers before turning toward the direction where that bastard was hiding, watching me.

And then, with a snarl, I spoke,

"You know, I'm starting to think hiding really might be your specialty, Zayn. You love lurking like a coward, pretending, watching people from the shadows. Why don't you just come out and reveal yourself for once, instead of hiding like a damn creep?"

I spat the words with pure disdain, and for a brief moment the forest went silent, deadily silent, more than it should have been. Then, the next second, laughter cut through the air. It was low, mocking, filled with

amusement.

And then he stepped forward, revealing himself to me. The moment I saw him, a surge of rage ignited inside

1. me.

Zayn stood there with his usual air of arrogance, a smirk plastered across his face, his eyes locked on mine. He shoved one hand casually into his pocket, the other lifting in a mocking wave as he continued walking closer. He stopped just inches away, and I frowned.

This man was terrifying. Truly terrifying. The fact that he had hidden his identity so perfectly, pretending to

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be a skilled doctor, all while taking countless lives with his own hands, it chilled me to my core.

And as he spoke, I felt a shiver crawl down my spine.

“Hey Nyssa, it’s been a while, hasn’t it?”

Chapter 217

Nyssa pov

That fucking bastard.

My hands clenched into fists as I stood before him, staring with nothing but hatred and disgust. He stood there nonchalantly, waving his hand like he was greeting an old friend as if he were having the time of his **life**, as if people weren’t dying because of him. He didn’t look the slightest bit fazed by the war, he acted like he was used to it. That was one of the reasons my rage burned so hot.

Before I knew it, my aura thickened in the air, the full force driving straight at him. His smile only widened, seemingly unaffected, and I watched him wrap his hands around his shoulders, rubbing as if he were cold before he spoke.

“Woow, you must really be mad at me. That aura you just released would’ve made me spit out a large amount of blood, that’s scary, Nyssa,” he joked, smiling.

A scoff escaped me at his nonchalance. I withdrew my aura and stepped forward, emotionless, training my eyes on him.

“You are really something else, you know, Zayn. Who would have thought the skilled doctor everyone praised and respected would be the one hiding behind a mask, the leader of the notorious rogues. You give me the creeps.” I snarled.

Zayn just shrugged and smiled wider. “Well, weirder things have happened, haven’t they? With everything that’s happened between you and Darius, that should be the least thing to surprise you.”

My eyes narrowed at that, my lips curving into a frown as I tried to wrap my head around what he meant. He yawned and stepped forward, and I tensed instantly, on high alert.

This man... his aura was thicker, stronger than when he was at the packhouse, which meant he’d been hiding it all along from everyone. He was stronger than any rogue I’d met so far. Call me crazy, but I’d say his strength was close to Darius’s and that was judging only from his aura. I still couldn’t be careless.

I had to find a way to end Zayn’s life. If I could do it, Darius would be safe, our pack would be safe, and the war would end once the leader was dead.

While I was still working through plans, Zayn continued speaking, making no move to fight; he simply talked.

“I mean, the fact that you are Liana and that you’re the reason his curse would be broken and he would die, that should be the most shocking thing, don’t you think?”

My eyes went wide. Horror flooded me as I wondered how he knew. Darius hadn’t told anyone about my identity except Cassain a while ago in the throne room, he hadn’t told anyone about the curse either. So how

—?

He seemed to notice my confusion and delighted in it, continuing in a teasing tone. “You’re probably wondering how I knew, right? It was pretty simple, to be honest.”

He laughed and took another step, beginning to circle me. I inhaled sharply and tracked his movements,

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watching as his eyes pinned to mine.

“I can read Darius like the palm of my hand. I know him, Nyssa. Even though he truly loved you as Myma, he could never forget Liana. She was part of his life, and he loved that woman deeply. And since I myself am able to be reborn and keep the memories of my past life, it was possible you could too.”

My eyes widened at his words, confusion tightening my chest.

He was also reborn? He remembered his previous life?

Who exactly was he?

“And it wasn’t hard to uncover the truth about the blood of the white wolf being the only way to break the king’s curse after he died. Luckily for me, he’d gotten his hands on a book that held the answers. After that day, the drama in the forbidden room, I managed to take hold of the book and glimpse its contents. That was when I pieced it all together, why the king brought you from your pack, why he didn’t kill you for entering that room. You were the white wolf he had been searching for all along, weren’t you?”

My chest tightened at his words. I hadn’t known. Darius had never told me that my blood as a white wolf could end him.

From what Zayn was saying, he had likely come to the pack to confirm the truth, following Darius’s lead. And once he had his answer, he left, only to launch a war against us. Content originally comes from find(n)ovel.net

No wonder he dared, even knowing Darius was unkillable. He had found a way to kill him. And that way... was

1. me.

This was really bad.

Yet, at that moment, only one question burned in my mind, something he had said earlier.

For some reason, a bad feeling coiled deep inside me. Now that I was watching him closely, now that I could truly see him for who he was, he reminded me of someone.

And if what he said about remembering his past life was true, then he should be anyone but the person I was thinking of.

“Who are you, Zayn? Tell me the truth. How do you know Darius? How do you know me... as Liana?”

I asked, my eyes narrowing as I faced him.

He stopped walking, tilting his head slightly to the side, a smile tugging at his lips, clearly amused by my words.

“I think you already know who I am, don’t you, Nyssa?” he laughed, then added, “I mean, why wouldn’t you remember the one who took you away from him?”

The world seemed to freeze at his words. It felt like a bucket of cold water had been poured over me, my heart plummeting to the pit of my stomach as I stared at him in horror. Almost instinctively, my body trembled, and I staggered back a step, a disbelieving scoff slipping from my lips. I muttered under my breath, so faint I could barely hear myself—yet as his smile widened, I knew he had caught every word.

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“D—Dalmen

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Chapter 218

Zayn pov

She stared at me as though I had just uttered the most terrifying thing in the world, her eyes wide, fear etched across her face as she stumbled a step back. In that moment, I knew, she was reliving the flashbacks. The day I advanced toward her with a dagger. The day she had begged me to spare her and her unborn child. The day she tried to convince me that what I was doing would destroy Darius. But I hadn’t listened. I hadn’t hesitated before driving the blade straight into her stomach.

Ahh, I remembered that day as clearly as if it were yesterday. The memory made me smile, watching the same fear and helplessness take hold of her again now. As I stepped closer, she retreated three steps back, hands raised in front of her as if to shield herself, stammering in terror.

“Don’t come closer!” she screamed, her gaze fixed nervously on me. All the confidence she’d carried moments ago was gone in an instant. What stood before me now was the same girl from that night, backing away, pleading for her life.

I chuckled, halting my steps, watching her mutter to herself as her hands clutched her stomach, a single tear sliding down her cheek.

“It’s not possible. It can’t be... you’re not him. You’re not Dalton.”

Her broken whisper only made my laughter deepen. Tilting my head, I spoke softly, mockingly.

“Are you trying to convince yourself, or me, Nyssa? Do I scare you that much?”

I stepped closer, her trembling eyes locked on mine. Her body screamed to run, yet her feet remained frozen to the ground.

"I still remember the way you opened the door for me that day," I continued. "You were surprised to see me, but then you smiled and let me in, clueless of what was coming. You were friendly, too kind... because just like my bastard brother, you felt guilty. Guilty that he stole my throne, my crown. You played nice... until you saw the dagger."

With each word, I drew nearer. Yet she did not move, only stared at me with a dazed expression as more tears streaked down her face.

"You dropped the act then," I spat. "You pleaded with me, begged me not to do it. Said Darius would never forgive me. That he would hate me. 'He is your brother,' you said. 'Don't hurt us like this... please.'"

My voice grew louder, mocking, as I repeated her words as though I had heard them only yesterday.

"Please... please don't do this. Please, Dalton, I'm pregnant, think about my unborn child."

I laughed harshly. "Haha! I can still picture that pathetic look on your face, it was ridiculous!" I spat.

"But oh, goddess... it was the sound of my blade sinking into your flesh, again and again, that made me truly happy! I would give anything to hear that sound again. It felt so good, taking from him something he held dear, just as he took from me!"

The moment the words left my mouth, she finally snapped out of her daze. Her scream tore through the air as she lunged at me, claws bursting from her fingers and slashing toward me.

"You evil bastard!"

I dodged quickly, startled by her speed, so fast her figure blurred. If not for *my* sharp reflexes, her claws might have torn my throat open. Leaping back, I smiled, amused.

"Damn, you've gotten faster. Is it because of your wolf? I've never seen a white wolf before. Why don't you shift... let me take a look?" I teased, but she didn't find it funny. Instead, she lunged again, this time even faster.

I tilted my body back and to the side as she slashed at me with both hands, trying to land a strike. I had to admit she was strong and fast, but she lacked basic combat training. Compared to me, who'd spent nearly my whole life training as both Dalton and Zayn, she was inexperienced. Maybe in her wolf form she could challenge me, but like this, she didn't stand a chance.

"Huh? Why don't you change for me? I already know you're a white werewolf, so shift and attack. Maybe then you'll be able to beat me."

She didn't respond, she just kept screaming, eyes flooded with rage and hatred as she clawed at me.

"I will kill you! I will kill you, bastard!" she roared, aiming her claws, but I easily dodged and sidestepped before appearing behind her. I murmured under my breath, amused.

"This is really confusing, Nyssa. You say you want to kill me, but you're not shifting. Can't you shift? Wait, do you want me to teach you?" I laughed as she jerked her head toward me.

As I raised my hand to strike, she instinctively wrapped her arms around her stomach, shielding her face. My hand landed and she didn't pull away, she slammed back into a tree. I raised a brow in confusion, then something clicked and a loud, cruel laugh escaped me.

She winced and whimpered, trying to gather herself. I reappeared in front of her and lifted my leg toward her belly. Just as I expected, she curled tighter, arms protecting the spot.

My laughter echoed louder as I slammed my leg against her arms, hitting them again and again, watching her groan in pain. In the next second, she dodged my kick and rolled to the side, still clutching her belly. As she tried to get up, she fell again, whimpering in pain. But before she could react, I was already in front of her, grabbing her by the hair and pulling her close. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT [find\[n\]ovel.net](http://find[n]ovel.net)

Her eyes widened, and she reached out, trying to claw at my face, but my words froze her in place. A shaky breath escaped her.

"Haha... you're pregnant, aren't you, Nyssa?" I asked, amusement glinting in my eyes.

As she processed my words, she quickly shook her head, clearly trying to deny it but I cut her off.

"How hadn't I noticed earlier? Is that why you don't shift into your wolf? Because it would harm the fetus if you shifted before it fully formed?"

The more I spoke, the clearer the horror became in her eyes.

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"Oh goddess, I was right. This is perfect! Fate is cruel to both of you, isn't it? Haha, I actually feel sorry for you and

and my brother."

Her face twisted into rage.

"I will kill you, Dalton. I swear I will."

She lunged to strike, but I was faster. I dug into my pocket, pulled out the syringe, and before she could react

I jabbed it into her shoulder. Her hand dropped immediately as she cried out in pain, and almost at once the drug took hold, her eyelids fluttered and began to close.

"W-what-" she whispered, stunned. "What did you do to me?"

My smile stretched as I watched her slump into unconsciousness. As she lost awareness, I murmured to myself,

"Oh man, this just got more interesting."

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AD

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Darius pov

They were dead.

All of them, except one and it hadn't even been thirty minutes.

83

Everything blurred as I attacked. I was no longer aware of myself, no longer aware of anything but the act of tearing humans apart, blood spraying across the forest floor. My fangs and claws tore through flesh without hesitation as I moved from one body to the next. Eventually I stood tall, my white fur stained a deep, dark red as I stared at the slaughtered corpses. I growled; drops of blood dripped from my snout. I didn't care. Instead, I turned to the only man still breathing.

"Ahh, my hand! You ripped my hand apart! How dare you! I will kill you, I will kill you. I won't go down like this!"

His pathetic screams echoed the air. His mangled hand lay useless, blood soaking the ground. Clutching his shoulder, he spat at me, voice full of pain and fury.

“Do you know who I am? I am Kieran. I’m going to be Alpha of the Emberfang pack. How dare you do this to me. I will kill you, cursed bastard!”

I took several slow steps toward Kieran, eyes locked on him. Fear washed across his face as I closed the distance. In a desperate gesture he grabbed the nearest thing, his severed hand and hurled it at me. I did not dodge. The severed hand struck me and fell to the ground; I stepped over it, crushing the bones beneath my boots, then continued forward. Horror crossed his face as he screamed.

“Get away from me, you monster! You cursed beast! This is why the goddess cursed you because you’re a monster, because you killed the elders and so many people!”

His voice trembled with terror as he tried to back away, but there was nowhere to go. An amused chuckle slipped out of me, echoing in his head through the mindlink.

“So you know my story?” I asked, stopping just inches from him as his back hit the tree. He clutched his soaked shirt, his face grew paler by the second, yet he still had breath to shout.

“Of course I know of your story, cursed beast. In a fit of rage you slaughtered those innocents, and now you do it again. Aren’t you afraid of the consequences from the goddess?”

The corner of my mouth twitched into an amused smirk at his words.

“Did you call those elders innocent? I’ll agree their families were innocent, but they were not. And yet you lot are worse, you kill, you rape, you loot. Your hands are stained with so much innocent blood. Tell me, do you think the goddess will punish me for taking your lives?” I asked, watching the colour drain from his face as his breathing slowed and he glared up at me.

Even though he looked closer to death, he was actually healing, he had a wolf, after all, so he could survive the

loss of an arm. I continued.

“And if you know the story, then why did you come here to die? Didn’t you realize those elders, hundreds of

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them fought back? I killed them just as easily before the curse fell on me. Haven't you guessed already that you were sent here as bait, to act as a decoy and die?"

"W-what?" he stammered, clearly startled by my words. But then his eyes widened in realization, and a breathless, disbelieving scoff escaped him. I didn't stop.

"Zayn seemed like a smart man. He had you and everyone else here acting as decoys to keep me busy for what reason, I do not know. So why don't you tell me where he is, and I'll spare you. I doubt you'd really want to die here," I said evenly.

His gaze narrowed into a sharp glare as he watched me for a moment, then he cleared his throat and spoke.

"How do I trust that you won't kill me if I tell you the truth? I shouldn't have trusted that fool from the beginning, why should I trust you?" he snarled, puffing his chest out before continuing.

"If you give me your word that you won't kill me, then I'll tell you where he is and everything you want to know. Oh and also give me your mate, Nyssa. I want those two things. If I have them, I'll tell you."

As soon as he said that, my aura pushed forward, suffocating the space, and his eyes widened as he realised how furious I was. He swallowed hard, staring at me fearfully before stammering again.

"I-I mean, what am I saying. You don't have to give me your mate. Just let me go alive and I will tell you everything. Promise me, take an oath you won't kill me."

I narrowed my eyes at him for a long heartbeat, then a slow smile spread across my face and I said through the mindlink,

"You don't know where he is, right?"

His body froze, eyes widening as if caught, but before he could react I lifted my claws and slashed his throat, ending him.

He couldn't even scream as his blood splattered over me before he went limp, and I snorted, my expression unnervingly calm.

He was useless. At first, I had thought of bringing him alive to my mate so she could get even for what he did to her but that would have been a waste of time. He didn't deserve Nyssa being the last person he saw. Newest update provided by find[n]ovel.net

I clicked my tongue and turned, scanning the bodies one last time before preparing to pick up Zayn's scent again. But a voice, tinged with amusement echoed inside my head.

"Hey, little Darius, are you looking for me?"

I froze mid-step at the sound. He was nowhere to be seen, but that one phrase stopped me cold.

Little Darius,

That was what Dalton used to call me.

It

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couldn't be. It couldn't be him.

AD

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Chapter **220**

Darius pov

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83

I raced through the forest as fast as I could, my paws skimming the ground, heart hammering with adrenaline as Zayn's words echoed in my mind over and over,

"Hey, little Darius. I have your mate. She's safe... for now. But if you want her alive, follow her scent and meet us in fifteen minutes. One minute late, and she dies." Read full story at [find\[n\]ovel.net](http://find[n]ovel.net)

He had Nyssa. He had my mate. All of it was my fault. I should have stayed with her, protected her but I didn't, and now she was in danger.

Not even thirty minutes later, I reached the place he had indicated. I skidded to a halt, scanning the area, but before I could fully turn, a low, amused voice sounded behind me. I froze and jerked my head to the side and everything inside me went cold.

There she was, Nyssa, unconscious against a tree, her chest rising and falling slowly. Blood streaked the corner of her lips, tears marked her face. Beside her stood the bastard, a grin plastered on his face, hand raised in a mocking greeting.

“Hey, little Darius. Wow, you really love this woman. You came before fifteen minutes, impressive,” he joked.

I didn’t take my eyes off Nyssa. Rage surged through me, tightening my chest, and a low growl rumbled from deep within as I stared at her.

“How dare you touch her?” I hissed through mindlink, my voice a snarl. “How dare you hurt her?!”

Even without speaking aloud, the forest seemed to tremble under the weight of my anger, and birds scattered into the sky.

I watched as Zayn’s eyes widened and he lifted his hands, wearing an almost mocking, apologetic smile.

“Ahh, you’re angry, aren’t you, brother? I can explain, it’s not really my fault, you know. She was resisting so much and I had to knock her out before she slashed my neck and ended me. Haha.”

He laughed and I growled, ready to launch myself at him. But before I could move an inch, Zayn’s voice cut through, stopping me in my tracks as claws sprouted and he aimed them at her throat.

“Woow, don’t even think about it, brother. If you don’t want your mate to die again, be wise and listen to me because even if you’re fast enough to attack me, you won’t be fast enough to stop my claws from reaching her

neck.”

He tilted his head as he continued, smirking.

“So be good and stop right there, okay?”

My eyes narrowed at his words; my lips pulled into a hard frown. I knew he was right. From this distance I wouldn’t reach her in time. After a brief, charged moment, I clicked my tongue and stepped back, every muscle ready, my gaze pinned to him.

420

His smile widened and he coord.

“Aww, that’s a good boy. You listen so well, Darius.

His tone and that name, "little Darius" made my eyes darken, but I forced myself not to think about it. Nothing was more important than keeping her safe. I couldn't let anything happen to her. No.

I answered through the mindlink, my voice cold.

"What do you want, Zayn?"

As soon as I did, he chuckled and shook his head in amusement.

"You wound me, Darius. I thought you would've figured out my identity by now. You still don't know who I am? Have you forgotten me after all these years?"

He asked it while standing up, one hand pressed to his chest in mock hurt. My frown deepened at his words.

Recognize him?

What was he trying to pull?

I narrowed my gaze, and he only laughed harder before shrugging and speaking again.

"Don't worry. You'll recognize me soon enough. But for now, why don't you shift back to your human form? You know, your wolf form is terrifying, especially with all that blood on your fur. Change for me, okay?"

For a moment I didn't respond. I just watched him, searching for any opening where I could move without him hurting her. But there wasn't one. I wasn't close enough.

For now, I had to listen. Her safety came first.

A low growl slipped from me as I slowly began to shift back. Bones cracked and melded as my body transformed from wolf to man, until I was standing there in nothing but trousers, the blood gone from my

skin.

As soon as I finished transforming, Zayn nodded in satisfaction, then clapped his hands and commented,

"Oh brother, you've actually gotten more handsome over the years... and more ripped too. That's really good. You were such a lanky kid back then, didn't even like to train or do anything."

My gaze darkened at his words, and I took a step closer, fists curling at my sides.

“Who are you, Zayn? Why do you act like you know me?” I asked.

He smirked, replying,

“Because I do know you, brother. Why haven’t you realized it yet? If your mate Liana can be reborn and retain her memory, why can’t I, your brother Dalton, do the same?”

As soon as those words left his mouth, a gasp escaped me. I stumbled back a step, my eyes wide as I processed

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what he had just said.

420

“W—what did you just say?” I asked, my voice barely audible. He heard me loud and clear, and when he did, his smile widened even more. He waved his hand casually and said,

“Long time no see, little Darius. I would’ve said it’s nice meeting you, but you ripped my head apart in the previous life.. so it isn’t such a good meeting, is it?”

I took a step back, almost stumbling to the ground.

It was him. Dalton, my older brother, the one who should have been king instead of me, who should have ruled but was rejected by the goddess. Afterward, I had felt guilty toward him, tried to make it up, but no matter what I did, he still hated me.

He still blamed me. And now, blinded by rage, he had plotted, killed my mate, and here he stood before me, reborn with his memory, undoub

tedly here to fight for the throne again.

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