

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King #Return 221 -222

Read Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King Return 221

Darius pov

"You bastard."

That was the first thing I was able to say as I stared at Dalton in rage, my eyes burning into him. He'd been reborn, retained his memories, and he stood there talking about it with not an ounce of guilt. No, he enjoyed my reaction, his smile widened as seconds passed.

The bastard had killed my Liana, and now he held her hostage again.

"Haha, that is to be expected. How are you, Darius? How have you been?" he asked, but I wasn't going to talk to him. I despised him so much I couldn't bear the sight of him. I took a step closer and my hands drew into claws. I spat, "You are really that bastard. Fate is cruel, here you are again with memories of your past life, in the same situation as before. But that doesn't matter. Zayn, no matter how many times you're reborn, no matter how many times you remember, I will end you just like before."

I lunged toward him with a speed that blurred my figure, claws aimed straight at his throat. He instinctively backed away from Nyssa to avoid my attack, and as he did, I used my free hand to slash at his neck, not giving him a chance to react. My claws met his flesh, almost ending him.

He skipped backward, landing on his feet, and reached to his neck where blood seeped. A low chuckle escaped him as he said, "Well, one thing I'll agree with: the situation is just like last time. The three of us are back together again. And guess what, brother, your mate is also pregnant. Haha!"

The words stopped me mid-strike. My eyes widened in shock. "What?" I blurted before I could stop myself.

Zayn POV

Stupid boy. How could you be chosen as the lycan king while I was rejected by the goddess? I trained my whole life to be a worthy ruler while you were chosen, I studied. I attended lectures while you ran away. Trained with Father while you sneaked off to the garden. I learned everything about our pack and how to be a good, sensible leader.

What right did you have? I wanted my position back. I killed for it in the last life and I wouldn't hesitate to do the same in this one.

As he rushed me with killing intent, I leaped aside and laughed, dodging his rapid attacks. "Haha, why are you so angry, Darius? When you took what I loved, I did the same. Now you're mad, why is that?" I taunted. He didn't answer; he only struck harder, each attack more furious than the last.

Perfect. Keep losing control; keep fighting until you give me an opening, and then I will stab you.

The cold dagger I'd hidden sent a shiver down my spine. I'd used it to slash Nyssa's palm before Darius

arrived, infusing it with her blood. I would have preferred to find the old dagger I'd used to stab his mate, just to spite him but I couldn't find it no matter how hard I looked

But that was fine too. This would do.

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I would kill him this time around, I wouldn't fail like last time, I would be the king, the ruler, and anyone who stood in my way would die.

1, Dalton, would not stop. I would never stop, not even after my last breath.

Nyssa POV

"Miss, miss! Can you hear me, Miss Nyssa? Please, wake up."

The tiny voice sounded in my ears as my body was shaken. I struggled to open my eyes, and the scent of something spicy and strong drifted to my nose, instantly forcing me awake. When I did, I found Caleb and Sarah standing before me, their eyes glued to me with worried expressions. Caleb held a flower to my nose, one I instantly recognized as strong enough to wake someone from slumber.

As soon as I opened my eyes, Caleb quickly smiled and reached out to help me sit against the tree.

"Oh Miss, you're awake. Thank goddess, we were so worried about you," Caleb said with a relieved smile.

I whimpered instinctively as my palm brushed the ground, then brought my hand up to check the cut.

"Why are you out here? I told you both not to come out," I said, panic tightening my voice as the Dalton memory slammed back into me and I pictured him drugging me, Caleb shook his head.

"We were worried. We couldn't leave you here alone, Miss. Two men were fighting and they hadn't gone far yet, but we could still run before we got caught up in the mess," he said, trying to help me up. I reached out and stopped him, holding his hand as I asked, voice trembling, "Two men? Did the other man have white hair?"

Caleb blinked, surprised at my question, then nodded slowly. "Yes, Miss. The other man had white hair and he's tall. Do you know him?"

I sucked in a breath, my heart pounding, my eyes flickering to the cut on my palm, realization slicing through me. He'd cut me to get my blood. It was to kill Darius. Dalton wanted to use it. No—I couldn't let that happen. I tried to stand, but the world tilted, everything felt dizzy and I fell back. Caleb steadied me, using his small frame to hold me up.

"Miss, you can't go out there," he whispered. "They're really fighting. I saw a bit, it's bad. They kept moving in blurs—"

"I have to save him," I cut him off, tears streaming down my face as I gripped his arm. My voice shook as I tried to get up, but my legs gave out and I collapsed to the ground. Still, I couldn't stop whispering, over and over. This update is available on [find~novel~net](#)

over,

"I have to save him, I have to save him, I can't lose him."

Caleb and Sarah grabbed for me, trying to pull me up. Sarah sobbed at the sight of my tears while Caleb held me tight and spoke quickly, steadying me.

"Alright, Miss, don't fall, okay? We'll go and save the white-haired man. Don't worry."

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Chapter 222

Nyssa pov

The end

"If anything happens, you run, okay? Don't come back, no matter what. Do you understand?" I said, my voice steady and serious as we made our way toward where Darius and Dalton were fighting. Caleb supported me, my legs were still numb from the drug Dalton had used, and I could barely walk on my own. Read full story at [find——novel.net](#)

When he offered to help, I'd refused at first, I didn't want to drag him into danger but he promised he'd only bring me close to the battle and then go back. Knowing it was my

only chance to reach Darius in time, I agreed. I told Sarah to stay hidden in the safe place, and then we moved forward, the sounds of Dalton and Zayn clashing growing louder.

Caleb hadn't exaggerated. The fight was brutal, so fast I could barely make out their bodies, only blurs of motion. Still, in the middle of it, I saw Darius: rage carved into his features as he struck at Zayn. Zayn dodged with a smile, his hand slipping to the back of his trousers where I saw the glint of a blade.

Fuck. This was bad.

Zayn was deliberately provoking Darius, and Darius was too enraged to think clearly. He didn't know about the dagger, about how Zayn knew a way to break the curse and kill him. Though Darius was undeniably stronger than Zayn, in this fight Zayn had the advantage.

Zayn was deliberately provoking Darius, and Darius was too enraged to think straight. He didn't know about the dagger or that Zayn had found a way to break the curse and kill him. Darius was undeniably stronger, but in this fight, Zayn held the advantage.

I had to stop this.

Turning to Caleb, I gently ushered him back as I stepped forward.

"You should go now, Caleb. Don't worry, when this is over, I'll come for you," I said, forcing myself to keep walking.

He looked like he wanted to argue, but after watching me for a moment, he sighed.

"Okay, miss. Please... be safe. We'll wait for you."

With that, he ran off. I watched him disappear, then turned back, drew a steadying breath, and forced myself to keep moving..

Darius and Zayn were still fighting. The air was thick and suffocating; their bodies were little more than blurs of motion. Zayn kept dodging Darius without committing to a strike, maybe because he knew he couldn't win in raw strength but each time his hand tightened around the blade, it was obvious he was going to strike soon if I didn't do something.

What should I do, goddess... what should I do.

I crept closer, sneaking in slowly, my eyes trained on Zayn as I flexed my claws, preparing to launch a surprise

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attack. Thankfully they were too absorbed in their battle to notice me,

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“Hal Brother, is that all you’ve got?! Living for so many years made you a better fighter, sure, but you actually have to land a strike to win, you know?” Zayn taunted, amusement dripping from his voice as he toyed with Darius.

“You bastard! I will kill you! For what you did, I will kill you!” Darius roared, his voice shaking the forest, but Zayn only snickered.

“Since I knew I couldn’t beat you in strength, I trained my speed after I got my memory back at fifteen. I increased it every day so at least I could avoid your attacks the day we fight,” he said, chuckling as he leapt.

“Tell me, Darius, smart, right?”

Darius growled and pressed the attack. As I watched, Zayn slowly, surely reached for the dagger at his back. My hands trembled; my claws stretched to their full limit. Just as I was closing in, my wrist burned and to my astonishment the dagger I had once driven into myself began to materialize in my hand: the same blade, the same grip.

A voice echoed in my head.

“Choose wisely, Nyssa. Whatever you choose, you will lose something important to you.”

The moon goddess.

A flash of memory slammed into me: myself walking toward Zayn just like this, plunging the dagger into his back and ending him, only for him to dig his claws into me, and everything going dark. I understood what it meant: if I killed Zayn, I would die.

The vision ended and I stared at the scene, Zayn drawing the dagger, a clear opening to stab Darius. My heart dropped. I inhaled, the choice sharpening into a blade in my mind.

I would lose something precious.

My life or Darius’s.

Tears streamed down my face as I gripped the dagger tighter. A bitter laugh bubbled inside me, there was nothing left to debate.

I already knew my answer.

The only thing I felt bad for was Darius. I knew this would break him, destroy him from within. But if I didn't kill Zayn now, Darius would die and if he did, the world would never know peace under Zayn's reign. I bit my bottom lip, closed my eyes, and raced toward Zayn.

He was screaming at Darius, the dagger in his bloodstained hand catching Darius off guard.

"Die!!!" he roared.

But before he could strike, I lunged and drove my dagger into his back.

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The world seemed to freeze. Both men turned toward me, shock flashing in their eyes but Zayn was the first to react. His gaze narrowed in fury as he plunged his claws into my stomach, and pain ripped through me as I collapsed

Blood filled my mouth and I spat it out, one trembling hand clutching my torn stomach. A bitter smile curved my lips as I whispered an apology to my unborn child.

The last thing I saw was Darius rushing toward me in tears, and Zayn's screams as his body turned slowly to dust, before everything went black.

Third **pov**

Five years.

"Mummy, mummy!"

A small child called out as she raced down the hall of the packhouse. Before the woman could react, the child crashed into her, wrapping her arms tightly around her waist. Nyssa, who had been giving instructions to her. maid, Serena, looked down in surprise.

It was no shock to see the energetic little girl who always caused chaos in the packhouse. Nyssa simply smiled, crouched to her level, and was about to ask where Caleb and Sarah were, when, almost immediately, the teenage boy and girl rushed in, panting as though they had run miles.

"Oh my goddess, Lola! You can't just run off like that!" Sarah gasped, hands on her knees.

Caleb only laughed, shaking his head in amusement.

“I still can’t wrap my head around the fact that she outruns us every time.”

She chuckled softly at their words and reached out to pat Lola’s head, making the girl beam up at her.

This girl... how much she had grown. Nyssa had nearly lost her five years ago during the rogue attack, but she had survived and miraculously, so had her unborn child.

And now, everything was perfect. She had adopted the siblings, Caleb and Sarah, and fired in the caretakers from the orphanage, looking after it herself. Together with Darius, she had worked tirelessly to provide relief to those harmed during the war.

After five long years, she was finally happy.

“What did I tell you about bothering your mother, child?”

Darius suddenly appeared, his voice laced with teasing as he reached out to hug the girl whose the sight of him.

Lola didn’t answer, she simply threw her arms around her father.

Behind him, Cassian walked over to Serena, his wife, and pressed a kiss to the top of her head.

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Nyssa smiled as she watched them, her heart full, happy and satisfied with how it had all ended.

Fate might have been cruel to her but at the end of the day, she had a happy ending to it all.

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