

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King #Revival 41 – 50

Read Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King Revival 41

Kieran and Aria **were** here?

I didn't want to believe the maid, but to my shock, my father's eyes flashed with deadly killing intent. The air in the room turned cold, a shiver racing down my spine. But in the blink **of** an eye, it vanished as if it had never been there **at all**.

He stood up and inclined his head toward Darius in a show of respect before speaking.

"Apologies, my king. I must **excuse** myself for a moment."

Darius gave him a curt nod, clearly uninterested.

My father's gaze lingered on me for a heartbeat, unreadable, then he turned and exited the dining room, with Calen and Benjamin bowing swiftly before following after him.

I raised a brow, and then a slow smile curved across my lips. Without hesitation, I stood and turned briefly to Serene, tapping her lightly on the shoulder.

"You should keep eating. The chef will bring out your cake in a moment," I said, and she looked up at me, blinking in confusion before slowly nodding her head.

Then, without meeting the gazes of the men watching me, I smiled and casually addressed the chef.

"Please make sure there are candles on her cake. Thank you."

With that, I rushed out of the dining room, my heart pounding in my chest.

I couldn't believe it- Kieran and Aria were actually here?

I didn't know whether my father had called them or if they'd come running after hearing their little secret might've been exposed. Either way, this was going to be exciting. I couldn't wait to hear whatever excuse they'd cook up. And if I could expose that they were mates and knew it all along? Even better.

"I give up," Sheila muttered beside me. "I can't believe you're still so focused on revenge- on taking down Kieran and Aria. Don't get me wrong, I want that too, but I also want us to live. I finally got out after being locked away, and you finally have your life back. It's not even been a week, and we're already marching toward death. This can't be our fate."

I froze, her words cutting deep. She was right. Sheila hadn't been there in my past life because I was wolfless. But now she **was**

here. And I wasn't wolfless anymore.

It was everything I had wanted... but now?

Now it just felt like I didn't deserve a second chance.

"As long as they're all okay, Sheila... as long as they get to live- then I'm fine with whatever happens to me." I took a deep breath and continued, "They all laid down their lives for me back then, and that was my biggest mistake. It wasn't dying... it was letting them die. If this second chance is meant for me to fix that, to right my wrongs, then so be it."

Everything I said came from the deepest part of me. More than anything, I just wanted to keep everyone safe—even if it cost me my life.

Sheila was silent for a moment, and I clicked my tongue, shrugging slightly.

stronger, more powerful, **so...**"

When Sheila still didn't respond, I didn't bother pressing further. I turned and made my way to the sitting room.

But the moment I entered, I came to a halt.

There, seated on the couch, was my father. And in front of him stood Kieran and Aria—both of them staring at him with wide eyes, their faces painted with disbelief, shock... and unmistakable fear.

"W—what are you saying, uncle? Me and Kieran? That's impossible! Kieran is Nyssa's fiancé, s

—**so** how could you even say something like that?" Aria stammered, her voice trembling **as** she looked at my father. But he didn't respond. He didn't even flinch at her words.

His face remained cold, unreadable- emotionless. And that alone terrified Aria more than anything. It was the first time she had ever seen this side of him, a side completely devoid of the warmth he used to show her. Unlike her own parents, who rarely gave her affection, my father had once looked at her with kindness.

You **see**, Aria's parents weren't exactly good people—at least, not to her. She was born into a decently wealthy family and was their first child, but not the kind of child they wanted. First, because she was a girl. They had hoped for a boy who could inherit the

family business. And second, her wolf wasn't as strong as they'd expected. Even so, they still gave her a measure of love, especially since doctors had told her mother she wouldn't be able to conceive again.

But then her brother, Michael, was born. A so-called miracle child. And from that moment on, everything changed for her.

The little attention they had shown her before vanished in the blink of an eye, and Michael received all of their parents' love and affection- something Aria had always craved. But no matter how hard she tried, it was never something she could have, as they constantly pushed her aside.

Maybe that was why we became friends. We both shared something in common: I didn't have a wolf, and hers was too weak to be of much use. Still, despite everything, despite the betrayal and how she played a part in my death, I couldn't help but frown as I watched her now.

If only I had noticed the signs in my past life. If only I hadn't been so quick to brush them off and believe that the people I trusted most would never hurt me because the truth is, if they wanted to, they absolutely would.

"U-Uncle, why aren't you saying anything? You don't believe me, do you? How could you think I'd do something so disgusting?!" Aria cried out, her voice shaking. But Kieran remained silent, though I didn't miss how his fists clenched tightly at his sides.

My father narrowed his eyes, tilting his head slightly as he stared at Aria. Without a word, he pulled out his phone, tapped the screen, and played a video for everyone to see.

It was from yesterday, at the mall.

The footage clearly showed Aria running toward Kieran, throwing her arms around him to shield him from the Lycan King.

Kieran's eyes narrowed on the screen. Aria's widened in horror.

"T-that—" she stammered, her face turning pale. But before she could finish, my father switched off the phone and calmly set it beside him.

Then his voice dropped, cold and cutting.

"Care to explain what I **just** saw?" he asked, eyes burning into both Aria and Kieran.

"And why you dare betray my daughter?"

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Nyssa pov

“And why did you dare betray my daughter?”

That **was** what **he** said and it **was** enough to make Aria take a **step back**, the intense **rage** radiating off him in **waves**. Aria trembled, parting her lips to speak, to defend herself, but no words came out. Before anyone could **react**, her **legs gave** out **beneath** her from **fear**, and she fell to the ground with a loud thud.

I watched **as** she yelped and hissed in pain, and my father’s expression didn’t change in the slightest. That part **I** could understand- my father had no reason to care about Aria. But what I couldn’t understand **was** Kieran.

He stood there silently, his **eyes** cold as they stared at Aria without the faintest intention of helping her. He didn’t move, didn’t even acknowledge her plea when Aria instinctively glanced his way and he took his gaze away and fixed them on my father.

“I-” Aria murmured, her voice barely above a whisper, her hands clenched into fists **as** she stared down at the floor. “**I** would never betray **Nyssa-**”

“You are mistaken, Alpha,” Kieran cut her off, his voice devoid of emotion. “I would never do something like that to Nyssa. I love her, and I would never want her to be hurt by my actions. The video you saw was the Lycan King shoving me against the wall for touching Nyssa. And while there is nothing between Aria and me, we are still friends. She ran up to help me. **Please** do not misunderstand our relationship. I’m sure, if I could just speak with Nyssa, she would understand.”

I raised a brow, the corner of my lips lifting into a small, humorless smile as I watched the scene unfold.

Hmm. So Kieran really was a bastard even to his own mate. He hadn’t spared her a second glance when she fell, and yet, the moment he had been shoved by Darius, she was already rushing to his side.

I reached up to stroke my chin, leaning casually against the doorframe. No one had noticed I was standing there yet- probably too consumed by the tension thick in the room. I had no intention of announcing myself. Not yet. I might as well stay back... and enjoy the show.

My father raised a brow, but his expression quickly darkened. His eyes flared with anger as he turned his glare onto Kieran.

“Nyssa would understand?” he repeated, his voice low and dangerous.

I noticed Caleb and Benjamin exchange a tense glance behind him, fully aware that the Alpha’s fury was reaching its peak and he was barely holding it back.

“You bastard!” my father roared, standing up to his feet. “She admitted that she knew all along! Why do you think she canceled the wedding? Why do you think she was angry at you? I sensed something was wrong, but who could have imagined it was **because** you were cheating on my daughter?”

His voice thundered through the room, and for the first time, Kieran’s mask cracked. His eyes widened, his body stiffened, and in a whisper barely louder than a breath, he said—

“What?”

Aria **gasped**, staring at my father in disbelief. But he didn’t stop there, his glare darkened as he turned to her, pointing a trembling finger in raw fury.

“Do you even know what’s worse?” he barked.

“I wasn’t surprised by this bastard **here**. I **never** liked him- not once. I hated the way he looked at my **daughter** while she

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looked **at** him with **love** in **her eyes**. I **knew he was using** her. But because Nyssa loved him, I decided to let it go. I **was** ready. **to** let her marry him, to **keep a** close watch on him so he wouldn’t hurt **her**. **Because if she**

was happy, then nothing else **mattered**.

He **took a breath**, his eyes burning **as** they locked onto Aria again.

“But **you**, Aria. You... truly disappointed me.” He shook his head slowly. “I trusted you. Nyssa trusted you. So how could you do this to her? You’ve **been** together since you were children, and she loved you more **than** anything. How could you betray **her** like this? Don’t you know how much this will hurt her?” he asked, not raising his voice, yet the weight of his words still made Aria flinch. She shook her head, tears spilling down her cheeks, but I knew *too* well **they were fake**.

My smile faded, and I shifted my gaze to my father, studying his **expression**.

He truly was disappointed, he couldn’t believe Aria would do something like this to me.

But what would he say when he found out that Aria cheating was just the tip of it all? That she conspired with Kieran to slaughter the entire pack, used me to help Kieran rise to power, only to plan to kill me in the end?

Would he be hurt by Aria... or furious at me?

I wasn't sure. But watching him like this, watching the pain in his face, made my chest tighten unbearably.

"Uncle—"

"Don't call me that!!" he roared, his Alpha voice shaking the room. The windows trembled, and even the door I was leaning on rattled violently.

"Don't call me that! It's Alpha to you. I am your Alpha, and you will address me as such. Do I make myself clear?" He stepped closer to Kieran and Aria, his tone deadly.

I watched as Aria broke down in heavier sobs and Kieran's body stiffened, trembling despite trying to hide it.

"Do I make myself clear?" he asked again, his cold gaze narrowing in on Aria.

"Y—**Yes**, Alpha. Yes, Alpha, I understand," she stammered through her tears.

My father turned to Kieran, his fury unrelenting, but before he could speak, Kieran raised his head, eyes defiant.

"This **is** a misunderstanding, Alpha. Please, let me speak to Nyssa. I'll fix this— I love her. I can't let her go," he said, voice thick with desperation.

But before my father could respond, I tilted my head slightly, my voice echoing through the air.

"But do you really love me?" I asked calmly.

All ever chifted to me hut mine remained locked on Kieran Mu frou deened.

"Or

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Nyssa pov

Fuck.

A groan tore from my throat **as** I swallowed back the blood threatening to spill. A powerful **force** slammed into me, and I **clenched** my **fists**, cursing under my breath.

I fought the urge to roll my eyes- no words came out, just air. The things I had said... no one even heard them.

“Nyssa! You can’t talk about the past! Do you have a death wish?” Sheila scolded sharply in my head.

This time, I did roll my eyes and scoffed.

I was going to die anyway. Might as well take my chances, right?

“Do you think if I had the choice to speak the truth and then die, I wouldn’t take it? What’s the point of my words coming out as nothing more than a breath, only to be drowned out by the force slamming into me when no one could hear me anyway? I’d say what I want to say... then die,” I responded coldly, and Sheila remained silent, choosing to ignore me.

I clicked my tongue in disdain. What a ridiculous rule from the goddess.

“Hm? Princess, what did you say?”

My father’s voice snapped me out of my daze, and I looked up to find everyone staring at me—each of their expressions a world apart.

Kieran had a frown on his face, but beneath it, I could see a glimmer of relief as if he believed I had finally come to explain things to my father and clear his name.

Aria’s body trembled, her sobs growing louder the moment she saw me, my name falling from her lips in broken whispers.

Calen and Benjamin looked at me with quiet sadness in their eyes.

And my father, well, he just looked pissed.

I scanned every face in the room, taking a quiet breath before slowly schooling my features into the perfect expression of someone who had just discovered her fiancé’s betrayal- hurt, vulnerable, and wronged.

“Father,” I whispered, sniffing as I looked down at my feet. “I told you not to do anything— not to say anything. Why didn’t you listen to me?”

I could feel his gaze darken, heavy with restrained emotion.

“Y—you-” he started, but someone else cut him off.

“Nyssa.”

I froze. His presence was unmistakable, and even without looking up, I knew Kieran now stood in front of me. He reached out, gently trying to take my hand, his voice tinged with desperation and sorrow.

“What’s going on? The Alpha said you believe that nonsense, that I’m with Aria. Please, tell me you don’t believe **that**... that you trust **me**. Is that why you’ve been avoiding me all this while?”

His voice faltered, but I didn’t respond. My **gaze** remained downcast, silence answering him.

“Baby” he said again, trying **to** reach me.

But I spoke first—**just a whisper**.

He froze, leaning **closer**.

“**What?**” he asked, confused.

This time, I lifted my head and met his eyes with a cold, chilling stare that made him stiffen. His hand instinctively loosened around mine **as**

he took a small step back.

“Let me go, you bastard.”

Kieran’s eyes widened in disbelief, his gaze locking onto mine as though he had just seen something that shook him to his core. I lifted a brow at his reaction—honestly, all I did was glare at him. Why was he acting like he’d seen a ghost? Still, I didn’t care about his reaction. Instead, I quickly shifted my expression the moment my father marched forward, his glare fixed on Kieran, rage radiating off him.

“How could you do something like this to me, Kieran? After everything?” I asked, my voice cracking as tears began to stream down my cheeks while I stared at him.

I watched as he blinked, finally snapping out of his daze and stepping toward me. But I recoiled from his touch, pressing a hand to my chest.

“I trusted you, Kieran. I trusted you with everything,” I said, my voice trembling with fury. “I loved you with all my heart, we were about to get married, to start a family. But instead, you—” I stopped, my head tilting toward Aria as I jabbed a finger in her direction. “Instead, you cheated on me with my best friend. Aria, of all people!”

My voice cracked with raw emotion, rising high enough to echo through the entire packhouse. I didn't care. Let it echo. Let everyone hear. The more drama, the more eyes on us and the more people would suspect both Kieran and Aria after my death.

'Those two killed the Alpha's daughter because she caught them cheating'

That was what I wanted- a motive for their crime. Something strong enough to cast suspicion and make my father believe they were responsible for my death.

And it was all happening now.

"What? No, baby, please listen to me. Don't say that," Kieran pleaded, reaching out to hold my hand. "Why would you think that? I love only you. I'd never cheat on you. Don't believe what others say- just listen to me."

But this time, my father stepped in, blocking him, placing himself between us and shielding me from Kieran's touch.

"Stop it," he hissed, shoving Kieran- not hard enough to send him flying, but enough to make him stumble back.

"Stop trying to manipulate my daughter! You didn't deserve her from the very beginning, and you damn well don't deserve **her** now!" he growled.

Behind him, I smiled and gave a small nod, knowing no one could see it thanks to the shield of his body.

Hehe. Tell him, Father.

"It's all my fault. I'm not good enough. That's why he left me for Aria," I said, covering my mouth with my hand as I let out a

soft cry.

My father's hands clenched at his sides, and both Calen and Benjamin quickly stepped to my side, gently pulling me away

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from him, their hands steady on my shoulders as **they** tried to calm me **down**

.

"**Don't** say that, **Nyssa** child. Don't speak about yourself **that** way," Benjamin said, and I rested my **head against** his **chest as** Calen **gave a** firm nod **of** agreement.

“**B**—but why **else** would he cheat on me? Why **else** would he betray me?” I asked, my voice trembling.

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Benjamin and Calen exchanged a look before Calen’s eyes narrowed in Kieran’s direction.

“**Because** he’s a stupid bastard,” he said, and I could **feel** the fury in his **voice**. My **lips** curved into the faintest smile.

“I should kill you,” my father growled, stepping forward.

Kieran frowned and instinctively took a step back.

And before I could stop myself, the words slipped from my lips.

“Then kill him.”

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Chapter 44

Nyssa pov

Oops.

I wasn’t supposed to say that, **was I?**

The entire room fell into a dead, uneasy silence. In the next second, all eyes turned to me—my father, who had been fuming just moments ago, snapped his **head** in my direction, his eyes widening in disbelief at what I had just said.

Calen and Benjamin’s grips on me loosened, and I could feel their stunned gazes shift to me. Even Kieran and Aria looked completely caught off guard.

I blinked once. **Twice**. Then took a deep breath, forcing myself to speak and quickly **cover** up my slip.

“1-1 meant you shouldn’t **kill** him. W—**we** should just forget about this. Just let it go, Father. I can’t deal with this anymore... it really hurts.” I stammered, lowering my **gaze as I wiped away** the **tears** that had begun to fall.

As I expected, everyone’s expressions shifted again—no longer stunned but busy with concern. Calen and Benjamin immediately pulled me closer, gently patting my back.

“There, there. Don’t cry, my love,” Calen said softly, handing me a handkerchief. I took it with trembling fingers and wiped my face before raising my eyes to look directly at my father.

“Please... let me talk to him. I just want to hear him out. Even if it’s only for a few minutes.”

As soon as the words left my mouth, my father’s expression twisted into a frown, while Kieran’s face lit up with relief.

“What are you talking about, Nyssa? You want to speak to him? Even after everything he’s done? Don’t tell me you still want to be with this bastard?”

I shook my head, sniffing back the fake tears.

“I just want closure. We’ve been together for so long, and we were even about to get married. I need closure about all of this, so... please, can we talk?” I asked, my gaze fixed on Father. His frown deepened, and he was about to speak when Calen and Benjamin moved to his sides, each grabbing an arm.

Before he could react, they nodded at each other and began dragging him away, catching him completely off guard.

“W–What are you doing?! Let me go this instant!” he yelled, struggling. But both Calen and Benjamin kept their heads lowered in respect.

“Forgive us, Alpha, but she deserves the chance to speak. We’ll accept any punishment later,” Benjamin said firmly.

I couldn’t help the low chuckle that escaped me as I watched the great Alpha- my father, the leader of the second-strongest pack in the world, being dragged away, pouting like a stubborn child. He could’ve easily broken free from their grip, yet he let them pull him out.

However, before he was out of the room, he turned back and snapped his gaze to Kieran and Aria, giving them one last glare **as** his **frame** slowly disappeared from view.

I shook my **head** and, once they were gone, finally stopped hiding it— I laughed, dropping all the pretense and running a hand through my **hair**

in amusement,

Those **were** my **dad** and uncles. I might not have a mother, but I had three men who would burn the world for me- who 1/3

had given up everything for me. They were the reason I would give up my life without hesitation.

“Nyssa, baby, I—” I heard Kieran begin, his voice now laced with a happiness that made me almost want to listen.

“Ah, I cried too much,” I cut him off, wiping the tears from my face nonchalantly before leaning away from his touch. I walked over to the seat and plopped down with a lazy yawn.

Goddess, I must be sleepy—I barely got any rest last night.

Oh well.

“N—Nyssa,” a soft voice called,

and this time, I recognized it—it was Aria, still crying on the ground.

“Nyssa, I—” she tried to speak, but froze the instant my gaze shifted to her, the words dying in her throat.

I frowned and tilted my head to the side, narrowing my eyes at her. She flinched. I didn’t say anything for a moment, just watched her. Then I finally spoke.

“What are you still doing here? I said I wanted to speak with him. You’re not deaf, are you?”

Aria stiffened at my words, and I saw every bit of pretense fall from her expression. She glared at me, her hands curling into fists. She hated it—how I spoke to her, how I treated her like she was beneath me.

But now, after being sent to the past, I could read her emotions as clearly as the back of my hand. If only I’d had the sense to.

“Ah, I cried too much,” I said, cutting him off as I wiped the tears from my face nonchalantly. I leaned away from his touch and walked over to the seat, plopping down with a lazy yawn.

Goddess, I must be sleepy, I hadn’t slept a wink last night.

Oh well.

“N—Nyssa,” a soft voice called out, and this time I recognized it as Aria, still on the ground and crying. “Nyssa, I—” she tried to speak, but her words froze the moment my gaze shifted to her, stopping her in her tracks.

I frowned, tilting my head to the side as I narrowed my eyes at her. She flinched. I didn't say a word at first, simply watching her until I finally spoke.

"What are you still doing here? I said I wanted to speak with him. You're not deaf, are you?"

Aria stiffened at my words, and I saw the facade slip from her face immediately. She glared at me, her hands curling into fists. She hated the way I spoke to her, hated being treated as though she were beneath me.

Now that I'd been sent back to the past, I could read her emotions like the back of my hand. If only I'd had the sense to do that before.

She opened her mouth, about to speak, but before she could, Kieran turned to her and shook his head.

"You should leave. We need to talk. I'll explain everything to her, don't worry," he said.

I raised a brow as Aria's hands clenched tighter, her nails digging into her skin and I couldn't help but smile in amusement.

Oh, I wonder what he's going to say this time.

Well, it wasn't like I cared. After all, everything that came out of his mouth was bound to be lies.

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I watched as Aria shot me a glare.

*Aria, Kieran called again, and she quickly masked her expression, taking a deep breath before standing up and walking out of the room. Her legs trembled, but once she was gone, my gaze shifted to Kieran, who had moved to kneel in front of me.

He looked up at me, a luster in his eyes that would have entranced me before, but now, it only made me want to scoff.

Without changing my expression, I observed him run a hand through his hair in quiet frustration before he began speaking.

"I didn't want you to find out like this, Nyssa. I never wanted to hurt you. I'm sorry."

My eyes widened in disbelief at his words, surprised he was confessing so easily but his next words shattered it in an instant.

"I should've told you that Aria wanted me to cheat on you... but I didn't."

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Nyssa pov

Pfft!

Before I could stop **myself**, laughter burst out of me. **I slapped** a hand over my mouth, but it was too late—I threw my head **back** and laughed, **eyes** squeezed shut, my other hand tapping rapidly on the couch as the sound echoed through the room.

Oh my goddess. Oh my goddess.

This **was** hilarious. Absolutely freaking hilarious.

Was he seriously trying to pin it all on Aria? That she tried to seduce him, hit on him, but he nobly resisted her advances because he didn't want me to get hurt?

Please.

Aren't they supposed to **be** mates? From everything **I've** seen, it looks like Aria cares way more about Kieran than he ever has about her.

Interesting. Very interesting.

"Oh goddess," I gasped, wiping away the unshed tears, my gaze locking with Kieran's. He was still staring at me, his frown now etched deeply across his face.

"I'm sorry. I really am. I'll stop, just give me a second." I struggled to catch my breath, but the more I thought about the absurdity of it all, the harder it was to hold back the laughter. I couldn't control myself at first, but eventually, the humor faded when I felt the wave of his killing intent radiating off him.

Clearing my throat, I took a deep breath, forcing my voice to steady. "Ahem, I apologize. Please, go ahead," I said, trying to mask the sarcastic edge in my tone as I gestured for him to continue.

Kieran's fists clenched at his sides, his body tense, but he spoke anyway.

"I'm sorry, Nyssa. I know I hurt you, and I know it's hard to believe, but nothing happened between Aria and me. I can never betray you. I love you—" He reached out, his hand trembling slightly as he tried to touch me, but I yanked my hands away and threw my head back, unable to suppress the laughter that bubbled up again.

“Hahaha! Oh goddess, this **is** gold,” I laughed, shaking my head at the sheer absurdity of it.

He

could never hurt me? Never betray me? And most of all- he loved me?

The lies **were** piling up, one after another, like a script from a melodramatic soap opera.

Where was the man who had slept with my best friend? Who framed me for adultery? Who kicked me out of my own pack?

Where **was** that bastard now? Oh, right, he was here, kneeling before me, trying to manipulate me just like he had in my **past life**. And you know what? The old Nyssa might have believed him, swallowed every word like gospel. But that old Nyssa? She died that day in the woods. She died, pregnant, with a dagger in her chest.

My hands balled into **fists at** my sides, **rage** surging through me as I remembered my unborn child- the one I couldn’t **protect, even** with my **last breath**.

“Nyssa-”

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I raised **my hand, stopping** him mid-sentence. My gaze turned cold **in an instant**, and I ran a hand through my **hair**, cursing under my **breath**.

I had promised **myself I** wouldn’t show any emotion. But the pain of betrayal... **the sting** of it all... cuts deeper than anything I could’ve imagined.

“I don’t want to hear your lies again. That’s enough,” I hissed through clenched teeth, the anger and the murderous intent from the **past**

rushing back, overpowering me.

“Do you honestly think I’m a fool, Kieran? That I wouldn’t know what you did? Your tricks? Do you think I’m stupid?” I snapped, my voice rising sharply, taking Kieran by **surprise**.

“You used me. You used my vulnerability to get what you wanted. You exploited the love I had for you, and you hurt me. You betrayed me! You never loved me! Everything- everything was **just** a lie. A scheme to get the Alpha’s position, and you killed for it. You killed everyone for it... and even our unborn child!”

But of course, the words got caught in my throat, coming out as nothing more than a dry exhale. I closed my mouth, and the bitter metallic **taste** of blood rushed to my tongue. I

swallowed it without a second thought, pushing the **pain** aside **as** I stood tall to continue.

“I should’ve known something was wrong from the very beginning,” I muttered, my voice shaking. “You never showed me any love. You were always cold, distant... And when you did care, it was just in small, insignificant ways. Whenever I wanted to spend time with you, you were always busy. You always ignored me, but you never ignored her! The way you looked at her... with affection, Kieran. Something you never once showed me.”

Kieran stood up, shaking his head, clearly about to protest but I cut him off, raising my voice loud enough for everyone outside to hear. If they were going to listen in, I might as well give them a show.

“The way you look at her, Kieran, it’s not the same way you look at me. You look at her like she’s precious.” My voice cracked, but I pushed through. “I always knew there was something going on between you two, but I told myself it was just my delusion. I forced myself to believe I was imagining things. But I wasn’t, was I? You’ve been with her all along.”

Hot, relentless tears streamed down my cheeks as I stepped forward and shoved him.

“Nyssa! Listen to me- it’s all a misunderstanding! Nothing happened between Aria and me!” he shouted, desperation in his voice. But I only shook my head, shoving him again.

“You’re a **liar**! That’s all you’ve ever done, lie to me. Use me! But not anymore. I refuse to be a pawn in your game. Enough is enough, Kieran!”

I grabbed his hand in the heat of the moment, and he hissed sharply in pain. I quickly yanked mine back, hiding it in my palm.

“I don’t want to hear anything from you anymore. I’m tired of this. Let’s part ways,” I whispered, my voice trembling. “You’re free to be with anyone you want—just don’t come near me again.”

I wiped away the tears spilling down my cheeks and turned away, walking out of the room. Kieran didn’t follow. Maybe he **was still** stunned, trying to process what had just happened.

As soon as I stepped out, I stopped in my tracks. My father stood at the door, along with his beta and gamma, Benjamin and **Calen**, all wearing the same stiff, unreadable expression. Cassian, Zayn, and Serene were there too, their gazes pinned on

1. me.

My lips quivered as I wiped away the last of my tears, forcing myself to keep walking. I could feel my father's urge to follow, but Calen and Benjamin held him back with a subtle shake of their heads before gesturing to Serene to go after me.

As I passed, I caught a glimpse, just for a moment, of a faint, amused smirk on Zayn's lips. I stiffened but quickly told myself

2/3

Chapter 45

it was nothing. **Just** my mind playing tricks on me.

Still walking, I **opened** my palm and **let** my **gaze** drop. The **corner** of my lips curled into a slow, cold **smirk as I stared at the** ring nestled in my **hand- Kieran's** ring.

The **evidence that** would point straight at him.

Just as I reached **the stairs**, I stopped again. Darius was still sitting there, his head **resting** on his hand, his sharp **gaze fixed** on me, narrowed and intense.

Time seemed to slow **as** I stared at him for a while before puffing out my chest and flipping my hair, walking **away** without sparing Darius a second **glance**.

Hmph!

He could take his potion and rejection to hell for all I cared. I wasn't going to let him be the cause of my **death**.

Chapter 46

Nyssa pov

"This **cake is really** good!" I nodded in approval **as** I took another **bite**. "Chef's outdone himself **again**. No wonder he's my **favorite** in the packhouse."

I **paused**, the fork still in my mouth, then turned to Serene with a **deadly** serious look. "Don't **tell** my **father** and uncles **that**."

Her **eye twitched, disbelief clear** on her face, but she said nothing. After everything with Kieran and Aria, I was **finally** in bed, relaxing and enjoying cake. It felt... nice.

"Do you want me to bring more, miss?" she asked.

I shook my head and waved a hand lazily in the air.

“No, this **is** fine. I’ve already had three slices- any more and I’ll be bloated.”

Serene visibly relaxed, letting out a small sigh of relief. But then I smirked.

“Or... should I just eat two more since I’m already going to be bloated anyway?”

Her eyes widened in horror and I chuckled at her expression.

“I’m just joking, I’m just joking,” I laughed, popping the last bite of cake into my mouth. I placed the empty plate back on the tray and wiped the crumbs from my lips.

That was delicious. I couldn’t even remember the last time I had cake in my past life. I stretched with a satisfied sigh and leaned back on the bed, completely relaxed.

“Miss,” Serene’s voice gently called out, drawing my attention. I raised a brow, noticing how she dipped her head respectfully.

“Thank you, miss... for today. I’m really grateful for the gift. I loved the necklace,” she said, beaming, her eyes practically sparkling. “The other ladies said it’s one of the trending ones right now—and very expensive.”

I couldn’t help but smile back at her, though I shrugged it off like it was nothing.

“Of course, it’s nothing,” I said, but my chest puffed up with pride anyway. It was definitely something. The necklace had sold out everywhere, and I had to pay twice the original price to get it from one of the noble ladies. I shivered just thinking about how that amount could’ve easily bought a small home. Still... it was worth it. It was for Serene- my last gift to her.

“Miss, **please** take this.” She opened her palm and revealed two items: the potion Zayn had given her earlier, and the white- **jadrnecklace** the king had personally bestowed upon her.

I raised a brow, confused. Why was she giving these back?

Seeing the question in my eyes, Serene quickly added, “Please accept them. You seemed to really like the potion, Miss, and... the Alpha told me the necklace is more precious than words can explain. He said there’s only one of its kind.”

“One of **its**

kind?”

I frowned and leaned **closer**, my eyes fixed on the necklace. Without thinking twice, I reached out and took it in my hand for a closer look. But the moment my fingers

touched it, I hissed in pain- the dagger tattoo on my hand burned fiercely, glowing brightly against my skin and forcing me to drop the necklace back into her palm.

Still frowning, I raised my hand **and stared at the tattoo, watching** as its bright luster **faded back to its usual dull color**. This was the **second time it had burned like that- the first** was when I **had** sensed Sheila **for** the first time. **And now** this? What was **going on?**

“Miss? **Are you okay?**” Serene asked, her **voice laced with concern**.

I blinked out of my **daze** and **forced** a smile, nodding casually.

“**Yes**, I’m **fine**. And I don’t need those things. **They’re** not mine,

they belong to you—so don’t try to give them to me, alright?”

“**B—but-**” she began to argue, but I shot her **a** stern look. She immediately closed her mouth and lowered her head without another word.

I hadn’t asked them to give Serene gifts just for her to hand them **back**.

“What about Cassian’s gift? What did he give you? And did Drake get you something too?” I asked, curiosity piqued by what the king’s Beta and Gamma **had** chosen.

Her cheeks flushed a soft red as she nodded, then reached into her bag and pulled out two identical **bracelets**.

“These were the gifts from Sir Cassian and Sir Drake. They’re exactly the same,” she said, clearly fighting back laughter.

I blinked at them, momentarily confused, then shook my head. The bracelet was undeniably pretty—and expensive—looking but I had a feeling they hadn’t planned on gifting her the same thing.

Why? Because if you searched “gift for younger girls” on Google, this would probably be the first result to pop up. How did I know? Well, I’d done the same thing. I just happened to have more time to research and ended up choosing something a bit more thoughtful.

“They’re both pretty. At least one is pink and the other is blue, so you can wear them together,” I said with a smile, earning a soft chuckle from Serene.

After chatting for a while, she eventually left the room, leaving me alone.

Once she was gone, I drew in a sharp breath and got up from the bed, walking over to the drawer. I opened it slowly and pulled out a pink scarf, my eyes settling on it with a deepening frown.

Aria's scarf. The damning piece of evidence that would link her to my murder tomorrow—along with Kieran's ring.

I **stared** down at the ring and scarf in my hand and sighed, fingers tightening slightly before I placed them both in my **drawer**.

Hands on my waist, I stood still, staring blankly into nothing.

Just one more night.

One final night before the day everything ends.

Before I die.

I wanted to do something fun and exciting for my last night.

I **reached** out, rubbing my chin in thought **as I** considered the possibilities. Slowly, an idea began to take shape in my mind, and before I knew it, a grin tugged at the corners of my lips, my eyes lighting up with excitement.

Maybe it **wasn't** such a bad idea **to see** what color my wolf was. And more than that—maybe I could shift and take a run through the woods.

Just **once**.

Before everything **fell apart**, before I **actually** died, I wanted to **feel** that rush—the wild freedom of my **paws** gliding **over** the

earth.

"Sheila," I murmured **under** my breath, "wanna **go** for a run?"

Chapter 47

Nyssa pov

"Why did you change your mind? I thought you didn't want to shift?" Sheila asked for the fifth time as **we** walked toward the woods, more like sneaking, **if** you **ask** me.

Everywhere **was** quiet. I had already taken off my sandals, walking barefoot to avoid drawing attention to myself. With everyone too distracted by the drama going on, it made sneaking out easier.

I exhaled sharply **as we** reached the destination, my **secret** spot. Everything was still, except for the distant sounds **of** nature... birds chirping in the trees.

"I don't know," I shrugged. "I guess I was just bored and wanted to do something fun before I actually die. And shifting might be fun."

I could practically hear Sheila scoff, and though I wasn't looking at her, the mental image of her rolling her through my mind.

eyes flashed

"You know, I haven't seen anyone so into dying like you," she muttered. "Hell, you even want to kill yourself just to frame those two bastards. Don't you think they're not worth it? In our previous life, you died because of them, and now, you're planning to die again for the same reason. So what's the point of all this revenge, anyway?"

I let out a dry chuckle as I started tying my hair into a ponytail.

"Do you honestly think I'm doing this just for revenge, Sheila?" I asked, moving my hands to pull off the shawl wrapped around my body, shivering slightly as the cold air kissed my skin.

"If it were only about revenge, I wouldn't go as far as killing myself. They're not worth me losing my life over, not for the second time.

No, this isn't just about revenge. This is about getting rid of them for good.

Kieran and Aria are a threat. And even if he never marries me, I know they were the reason behind the rogue attack. If I don't do something about them, then my family... my pack... they'll never be safe," I said, reaching for my dress and unzipping it. It slipped off my body, leaving me in nothing but my underwear, and I shivered from the cold.

"But still..." Sheila's voice grew smaller. "Isn't it a little too much to kill yourself? You want to pierce a dagger into your own heart. Let's forget that it's a sin for a second, aren't you even scared that it'll hurt?"

Before I could stop myself, laughter burst out of me, echoing through the quiet space.

"Why are you laughing?!" she snapped, clearly annoyed.

I waved my hand, pointing at my chest with a hint of amusement.

"Painful? Are you serious, Sheila? Or did you forget I already pierced myself right here and died? I stabbed myself while I **was** pregnant, knowing that if I didn't, what the rogues would do to me would be so much worse. So I killed myself without hesitation, watching my body disintegrate into dust," I murmured, tilting my head.

"If I could do that, do you think killing myself for everyone else would be hard? I'll just make sure I end it on time so it won't hurt." I shrugged and finally undressed fully, placing my clothes and shoes neatly on the rock.

"Goddess, you really have gone full crazy mode, but whatever. Let's shift for now! I can't wait to run through the woods," Sheila said excitedly, causing me to snort and lick my bottom lip before taking a deep breath, eyes narrowing at nothing in particular.

"Alright, let's fucking do this," I murmured under my breath and closed my eyes, remembering what she **said** yesterday about closing my **eyes** and envisioning the image of changing into a wolf.

I inhaled and exhaled, taking calming breaths, and soon, I began to feel something. My whole body grew hot, and my brows furrowed as **a** strange sensation spread through me—especially in my bones. Before I could **stop** it, **a** scream tore from my throat and I collapsed to the ground, the sound of bones breaking and reshaping echoing through the quiet air.

I quickly slapped a hand **over** my mouth to muffle the scream threatening to spill out. My **vision** blurred, my breathing grew heavier, and I felt my consciousness start to drift.

"W—what is happening? Why is it this painful? Why didn't you tell me shifting would hurt this much?" I asked Sheila through the mindlink, and she scoffed.

"Silly girl, shifting isn't always this painful. But this is your first time, and your body isn't used to the transformation. That's why it hurts. Next time you shift, you won't feel a thing. And I know you, if I told you it was painful, you wouldn't have wanted to do it."

My lips trembled, though I wasn't sure if it was from the pain or the anger but the urge to slap this stupid wolf surged inside

1. me.

The least she could've done was give me a warning.

I gasped and shut my eyes as black dots swam in my vision. And with one last shaky breath, I slipped into unconsciousness.

The next moment, my eyes snapped open and I found myself running through the woods, no, not just running, it felt more like racing. Sprinting.

My brows furrowed in confusion as I noticed how fast my heart was pounding against my chest. I could hear everything, every crunch of leaves, every whisper of the wind. My senses had sharpened a hundredfold. It wasn't dark anymore, and I could see clearly as I raced forward, my paws gliding effortlessly over the earth.

Wait... paws?

I had paws.

My eyes widened and I opened my mouth to scream but instead, a howl tore from me, loud and wild. The sound made me stop in my tracks, flinching in surprise.

What the actual fuck!

I shifted.

I gasped in shock, and I heard Sheila snort.

“Of course you did, dummy,” she said in my head. “Now, go to that stream and see what color of wolf we have!” she squealed excitedly. I raised a brow but decided to do as she said.

I ran in the direction of the stream, my heart pounding as I neared it. I slowed down, taking a brief second to collect myself.

Honestly, I didn’t have high hopes for the color of my wolf. I knew for sure it couldn’t be black—I wasn’t lucky enough for that. Maybe something inferior, but I wouldn’t mind. I was at least grateful to have one at all.

But the moment my gaze fell on my reflection, all the air left my lungs.

I didn’t have a black wolf.

And I didn’t have an inferior one either.

Staring back at me **was** the color of **a** wolf that had been extinct for centuries.

A pure-breed white wolf.

Chapter 48

Darius pov

“I apologize, but it’s **a dead end** again, my king. **There is no** sign **of** anyone able to shift into a white wolf in this **pack**,” Drake **said** solemnly, his head bowed in respect as **he** spoke.

“Drake’s right. We searched everyone with a white wolf form, but there’s no sign of the one we’re looking for,” **Cassian** added from where he sat not far from me, chewing on a snack with a sigh. “King, you’ve been searching for a white wolf for centuries and haven’t found one. That’s because they’ve gone extinct. So why should we still trust

the **shaman**? I mean, don't get me wrong, she's good at what she does, but I don't think we'll find a white wolf in this **pack**."

I raised a brow at his words, flipping the coin in my hand absentmindedly as my thoughts drifted to the message my kingdom's shaman sent me yesterday:

My king, I received a vision last night, and I'm pleased to inform you that the white wolf you've been searching for has finally reappeared after years of extinction. The one who bears it is closer than you think.

A white wolf. The one I'd searched for—goddess knows how long—had finally returned.

It sounded unbelievable, like a false prophecy, but I wouldn't take the risk of ignoring it. What if it was true? If I found the one who bore the white wolf, everything would finally fall into place.

"And I really don't understand why the king wants to find a white wolf," Cassian said again, tilting his head slightly in confusion. "Even grandfather and father never knew why you were so determined. Is it really that important to you, my king?"

My gaze turned cold at his words, flicking back down to the coin in my hand. Without answering Cassian, I turned to Drake and ordered,

"Search again. Even if you have to turn this entire pack upside down, I need that white wolf."

With that, I turned and walked out of the room, noting how smart Cassian was not to follow me.

I needed a run.

I made my way out of the packhouse and headed into the woods, my mind crowded with thoughts—mostly centered on the white wolf as I shifted into my form and took off, running through the trees.

Had a white wolf really reappeared after all these years? If it had, then I had to find them. No matter what.

It **was**

the only way to end the curse. The only way to finally die.

"You have crossed the line this time, Darius. There is too much blood on your hands. You've taken too many lives, and now you must be punished. You will live forever, watching those around you die one by one. You shall know the pain of loss, **crave** the

salvation of death, but never receive it. The only thing that can break this curse is a purebred white wolf but then again, that's only if you can find one."

I could still remember the slight smirk on her face as she said those words.

"**If I** found one," I echoed to myself.

For centuries, I hadn't. I had given up, knowing the goddess wouldn't make this **easy**. But now...

I sprinted **faster**, cutting through the air.

maybe, everything would **finally be over**.

*Darius..." **Silas** said through the mindlink, finally speaking to me **after** ignoring me since **we** returned from the mall.

I didn't respond, **already** having a good **idea** where **this** conversation was **headed** and I **wasn't** wrong.

"So **I was** thinking... you don't really have to reject our mate. What **if** you just **leave**

her? We can go **back** to our pack and pretend she **doesn't** exist. I mean, we don't have to **accept** her as our mate, but we don't **have to reject** her either, right?" **he asked**.

I still said nothing.

The only sound I **focused** on was the steady crunch of my paws crushing broken twigs beneath me.

"Why are you not responding, Darius? Don't tell me you want to be **so** cruel as to reject her when you don't have to. I already said you don't need to accept her as your mate, just don't reject her. You know what your rejection would do to her, right? So **please...** just let her go."

I couldn't help but want to laugh at his words. Silas, the fearsome wolf who never blinked when it came to killing **was** pleading for a girl.

It was almost amusing to realize that his weakness would turn out to be an ordinary, wolfless girl.

"That's not possible, and you know that," I said, my voice cold.

Not rejecting her didn't mean I could simply ignore her.

No—I couldn't.

The moment we met, there had been some kind of connection between us, even if I didn't want to admit it. And if I didn't sever the bond now, it would only become harder to stay away.

Silas went quiet for a while before he growled through the link.

"You really are cruel and heartless. You don't even care that she might die from your rejection. In fact, something tells me you're rejecting her because you want her to die."

I neither denied nor confirmed his words as I came to a halt, my gaze narrowing and ears twitching at the faint sound of something snapping in the distance.

Someone was here and judging by the scent, it was her.

I frowned.

Without thinking, I sprinted in the direction of the scent.

What **was** she doing out here in the woods again?

The memory of her undressing flashed through my mind, deepening the frown etched on my face.

"She **is here!**" Silas echoed out excitedly and the killing intent from earlier seemed to have vanished as I raced to the direction her scent was coming from and soon enough, I stopped sprinting, stopping at a stream, my eyes narrowing through the space to look for the sight of that girl but instead of a naked girl I had thought I would see in front of me, there was a wolf staring at her reflection in the stream but that wasn't what made my heart beat faster against my chest.

The reason for that was **because** that wolf **was** a purebred.

Nyssa pov

"Oh my goddess!!!" I **screamed** internally, **my eyes** wide **as I stared** at my **reflection** in the mirror, exclaiming in **disbelief**. "**No** freaking **way**, I am **a** white wolf! Me? **A** white wolf, the kind that's **been** extinct for **decades** and **yet**, here I am!"

I **wasn't sure what** kind **of** emotion **was** bubbling up at the moment, maybe excitement, maybe **disbelief**, or maybe both.

I had **expected** something **lesser**

, something common, like a brown wolf. I had told myself not to aim high, not to **expect a black** wolf. But what I got **was far** beyond that.

A white wolf. A **rare**, pure-blooded **creature** no one had seen in **over five** hundred **years**.

This couldn't be **real**. This had to be a dream.

"You **really** are excited, huh?" Sheila **teased**, snapping me out of my daze. "And to think you didn't even want to shift **because** you weren't expecting much. Now look at you, like you've just seen a ghost."

I scoffed, rolling my eyes at her mockery but she wasn't wrong. I was excited.

"How on earth am I a white wolf? What's going on?" I muttered, leaning closer to my reflection, needing to be absolutely sure **I was** seeing this right.

I could hear the smugness in her voice as she spoke.

"How else would you have a white wolf if not because I'm the best? That's why I always say you're lucky to have me. I'm special, you just don't realize it yet. That's why you keep acting this way toward me."

I rolled my eyes at her words but didn't respond because, annoyingly, she was right. She was special.

A white wolf wasn't something I ever expected. I had honestly thought she was bluffing. But clearly, she wasn't.

"I am lucky to have you," I said, cutting her off just as she was about to speak again. "You're right. You are very special, Sheila."

I could practically imagine the shocked expression on her face the moment the words left my mouth, and I couldn't help but chuckle **as** she cleared her throat and stammered before replying.

"W—well, you're not wrong... but saying it like that makes it a little uncomfortable. Ahem, anyway, let's go for a run. I want to take **over** this time," she said with a dismissive tone.

I almost grinned, but froze when I saw my wolf's reflection grinning back at me.

Ah, I still wasn't used to that.

I **was just** about to close my eyes and let Sheila take over—let her run freely through the woods because, honestly, she **deserved**

it but before **I** could, my heart suddenly stopped.

My eyes widened **as** that familiar, addictive scent hit me.

It was him.

My head snapped in the direction of the sound, and before **I** could **react** before **I** could even see him—I gasped **as** something slammed into me, knocking me to the ground.

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Chapter 49

A soft whimper **escaped** my lips, **and my eyes** flew **open just** as a menacing growl pierced **the air**.

The moment I saw the **silver** wolf towering **over** me, my heart dropped.

Darius.

Of all people **to** see me in my wolf form, it had to be him.

Oh, goddess.

I

stared up at him, frozen, as he leaned closer, his **head** tilting slightly like he was trying to make sense of what he was seeing. He looked just **as** shocked **as I** felt.

But what I didn't expect... **was** for him to **lean** in even further, right toward my neck and sniff me.

I inhaled sharply, my eyes widening **as** he ran his nose along my neck, inhaling deeply. He was sniffing me, trying to confirm if **I was** who he thought **I was**.

I couldn't even move, not because I didn't want to, but **because** he had me completely pinned beneath him.

I opened my mouth to speak, to tell him to get off me, but no words came out. Instead, a soft whimper escaped me and that's when I remembered again that **I was** still in my wolf form.

Just as **I was** about to communicate with him through the mindlink, Sheila's urgent voice stopped me in my tracks.

"Wait!" she echoed sharply. "Don't speak. He must not know it's you. He won't be able to scent you right now, so don't let him find out and when you get the chance, run. Run as far from him as you can."

I blinked in confusion at her words. Why did she sound so afraid?

She loved Darius, had always longed to be with him. So why, now, was she telling me to run?

After what felt like an eternity, Darius finally leaned back slightly, his narrowed eyes locked on me. But he didn't move off my body. Instead, I heard his voice in my head.

"A pure white breed? You're a white breed?" he asked through the mindlink.

Just like Sheila warned, I didn't respond. I only shook my head in denial.

No. No, I wasn't a pure white werewolf as he could clearly see.

Darius frowned, the moonlight catching on his white fur, making him look almost ethereal. Another heavy silence followed before he finally asked,

"Who are you? Tell me your identity."

I shook my head again.

I don't know my name. I don't know my identity. I have amnesia.

This time, I saw the flash of irritation in his eyes **as** he lost patience. He growled, low and threatening, and I knew this was it, my moment to **act**. Things were about to take **a** turn I wouldn't recover from if I stayed pinned beneath him.

So I did the only thing I could think of—I looked behind him, eyes wide with feigned horror, **as** though I'd just seen something terrifying.

2/3

It worked.

Darius whipped his head around to see what had caught my attention.

And in that instant, I used every ounce of strength I had to shove him off me and, without a second thought, bolted, sprinting deep into the woods.

Nyssa pov

Shit, shit, shit.

What the hell have I done? Or more precisely, what the hell was I doing?

I was running like my life depended on it which, honestly, it probably did. I had just tricked the Lycan King and ran away from him. That was a huge disrespect, and I knew

the man wanted nothing more than to get rid of me already. I'd only be giving him more reason if I kept this up.

Crash!

A loud sound of something falling echoed behind me, sending a shiver down my spine. All the hair or rather fur, on my body stood on end as I heard paws thundering right behind me.

What the fuck? Was that a tree falling just now? Did he actually knock one down?

I wasn't sure, but I couldn't look back, no matter what. Because if I did, I'd only get more scared, slow down, and get caught.

I cursed under my breath and took a sharp turn to the right, trying to change direction at just the right moment to lose him. But the man was right behind me, fast as hell. From the sound, he was really close. To be honest, I was shocked I hadn't been caught yet. With how fast Darius was running, he was literally kicking up dust, causing trees to fall and pebbles to scatter around us.

"Goddess, why is he still chasing me? Has he figured out it's me?" I asked Sheila, taking another sharp turn, desperate to lose him.

"I don't think so," Sheila responded. "But don't stop running. Don't let him know who you are. I'm using all my strength to make you run faster, but in time, he'll catch up. You have to find a way out of here."

As soon as I heard her words, I almost scoffed.

Find a way out? If I had one, don't you think I'd have taken it already? I was being chased. Of course, I was trying to get out.

Honestly, I didn't know why she was acting like this or why I was even listening.

I don't think I'd get in trouble if Darius knew it was me. And honestly? I don't think he'd even care.

But something in me told me to just listen to her, to trust her and that explained why I was doing this.

I leaped over a log lying on the ground and decided to take a different direction, away from the packhouse. I didn't want Darius following me there; I knew he'd get suspicious, and the guards would catch me if they saw the king chasing someone.

Darius's furious howl pierced the air, scaring the birds into flight. I began panting as I felt him right behind me, with a cliff looming ahead and a river below.

Seeing that, I wanted to curse my fate.

Of course, I was never lucky to begin with.

I looked around, searching for another way, but after calculating the distance, I realized I'd be caught by Darius anyway, he was only inches behind me.

Without thinking twice, I rushed toward the cliff and stopped at the edge, turning just in time to see Darius come to a halt,

as though he **didn't** want to bump into me. **His** eyes narrowed into a dangerous glint **as** he began circling around me, **a** low growl rumbling from his throat while he watched me closely.

Even in his wolf form, he easily towered **over** me, and I couldn't **help** but swallow hard, my heart pounding wildly against my chest. We **stared** at each other for what **felt** like an eternity before his voice echoed in my head.

"A pure white breed. Tell me your name," he repeated, the same question from earlier. I couldn't help but wonder why he kept emphasizing that. Was it really that surprising?

Still, I didn't answer. Instead, I shook my head slightly, trying to signal for him to leave me alone.

Thankfully, he seemed to understand but that didn't make things better. **His**

eyes grew colder **as** he took a **step** closer, and I instinctively stepped back, inhaling sharply when I nearly lost my footing at the edge, almost falling into the river below.

Oh goddess.

"I asked you a question," his voice grew more impatient, "What **is** your identity?"

As soon as he said that, an immense aura radiated from him, making me shudder. This time, I knew I had to do something because if I didn't, I'd be in serious trouble. And as crazy as the idea was, I preferred it over getting Darius angry and having him reject me right here if I got caught.

I sighed, closing my eyes before shooting Darius a glare. He narrowed his eyes at me, and before he could react, I let out a loud, piercing scream that sounded more like a terrifying howl then threw myself backward, free-falling into the river behind me.

His eyes widened in shock as he lunged forward to grab my paw, but I yanked it back and turned away, plunging straight into the river.

I took a deep breath as the cold water hit me, then dove under, trying to swim away from his sight. When I couldn't take the lack of air anymore, I lifted my head above the surface and began coughing, my eyes narrowing on Darius's form.

I watched as he tilted his head, his gaze locked on the water, and then, without a second glance, he turned and walked away, making me exhale a breath of relief.

"I—I need to change back. I can't seem to swim in this form," I muttered, feeling the water cling to my fur. I closed my eyes and allowed myself to shift.

When I finally did, I glanced down, only to see that I was stark naked in the middle of the river.

"This is all your fault" I muttered to Sheila, my body shivering as I regretted the decision to shift in the first place.

Sheila didn't respond for a while before speaking.

"But that **was** one hell of a chance, I can't believe we outran the lycan king"

I rolled my eyes at her words and began swimming towards the land.

I didn't even have time for her, right now I had to get to the packhouse before anyone realize that I was missing and the lycan king connected the dots.

"This wasn't the kind of fun I was talking about" I hissed out with a sign.

Oh well.

Chapter 31