

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King

#Revival 51 – 60

Read Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King Revival 51

Chapter 51

Nyssa pov

I shivered, clutching my **shawl** tighter around me **as I sneaked** into the packhouse, **ragged pants** escaping **me** while I **made** my **way** through the window, trying not to make **a** sound.

Thankfully, **I'd** arrived just in time before the guards **made** another round so I **had a few** minutes to climb up the window and slip into my room before anyone noticed I was gone.

I licked my bottom lip and ran a hand through my hair, pushing the **wet** strands **back** before lifting my **hand** to the **wall** and placing my right **leg**, ready to pull myself up.

You know, I'd done this so many times before whenever I wanted to sneak out, memorized the guards' **rotation** and used it to my advantage to avoid getting caught. But this time, it **was** harder to climb **because** I'd been running and swimming for a while, and all my strength was nearly gone.

"Fuck, my arms hurt really bad," I murmured under my breath, trying my best to climb, nearly losing my footing at one point. Luckily, I grabbed onto a stone on the wall but had to pause and take a deep breath, closing my **eyes as** my vision blurred for a moment.

Then, suddenly, I heard a calm voice that made me snap my eyes open.

"Do you need some help there, Miss?"

I gasped, eyes widening, and before I could stop it, my hand slipped from the wall in shock, I felt myself falling.

No! No!

I wanted to scream, but no words left my lips as I plummeted toward what should have been my death. I'd climbed quite high, and if I fell, I would surely die.

Just as I **was** struggling to accept this fate, I felt a pair of arms wrap around my waist, catching my fall.

Time seemed to freeze as I turned to see Zayn, the famous doctor, staring down at me with a look that was part amusement, part surprise—I wasn't quite sure.

As he held me in his arms, I caught the slight tilt of his lips, his peerless green eyes locked onto mine, and a shiver ran through me. It wasn't just because of the cold; it felt like his eyes were seeing right through me, as if he could read every one of my thoughts.

It made me uncomfortable.

I swallowed hard as his lips moved, yet I couldn't hear what he was saying until he tilted his head and spoke clearer.

"Are you okay, Miss? You must have been scared, the fall was pretty high," he said, and I blinked, snapping out of my **daze**. I took a

deep breath, about to tell him to let me down, but before I could get a word out, the sound of footsteps interrupted

'me.

My **eyes** nearly bulged out of their sockets **as** I heard the voices of the guards.

"This is the **last place we're** checking. We'll rotate again after an hour."

"Understood!"

Oh goddess, the guards **were** heading this way.

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My **head jerked back to Zayn**, and I **was** about to **speak**, but **before** I could, I slapped a hand **over** my mouth **to stop the scream** that **threatened to** spill out **as Zayn leaped** into the **air**, carrying me with him toward my window.

Before I knew it, I was **back** in my room, and I could hear the guards' footsteps beneath us **as** they inspected the **area**.

No one made a sound, the air was **dead** silent. I **held** my breath, ignoring the **fact** that I was **still** in the arms **of**

a man I **barely**

knew.

"Let's go, this **placd** seems **clear**,"

Just as the footsteps faded, I exhaled the breath I hadn't **realized** I was holding, my body finally relaxing, only to stiffen all **over** again when I realized where I currently **was**.

In **Zayn's** arms.

"You are drenched and shivering, Miss. You'll **catch** a cold if you stay in those clothes," he said, a warm and polite smile curving his lips. I wasn't sure if he genuinely didn't realize our position, alone in my room or if he simply didn't **care**.

Still, I couldn't be rude to him. He had just saved me, and he was a doctor everyone respected.

"T-thank you. I'm sorry to trouble you, but could you put me down?" I asked, forcing a stiff and nervous smile. He blinked, then muttered an "Ah" before gently setting me on the ground. He stepped back, running a hand through his hair awkwardly.

I quickly stood on my own and adjusted myself, rubbing my clothes **as** I stared at the floor.

"I apologize for making you uncomfortable. You were about to fall, and I couldn't let you die. Besides, it looked like you didn't want them **to see** you seems like you snuck out," he said with a light chuckle, and I couldn't help but raise a brow.

Wow. This man really just said whatever was on his mind, huh?

I shook my head and lowered my gaze.

"No, t-thank you for saving me. I-I appreciate it," I stammered, my teeth starting to chatter as the cold began to settle deep into my bones. Zayn frowned, tilting his head slightly as he watched me.

I inhaled sharply, about to ask him not to tell anyone about what happened tonight, but he beat me to it by tossing something at me.

I **reacted** quickly, catching it midair. It was a bottle filled with a clear greenish liquid. I raised a brow, staring at it, but then he spoke, moving toward the window, his coat fluttering effortlessly in the wind.

"That'll help so you don't catch a cold tomorrow. And don't worry, Miss, I won't say a word about tonight," he said, turning to **flash** a small smile. "Take care of yourself, and have a sound sleep."

With **that**, he leapt out the window.

I rushed forward, only to find that he had vanished.

Completely gone.

Damn. I knew **werewolves** were fast, but how could he disappear in the blink of an eye?

I sighed and shook my head, then looked down at the bottle in my hand. I opened it and took a gulp of the liquid.

Almost instantly, a warm sensation spread through me, making me feel **better**. I took a **deep** breath, wiped my mouth, and shifted my **gaze** toward the dark **sky**, staring at the moon in thought.

"I should **get** some **sleep** and prepare for tomorrow. It's going to be a long day."

Chapter 52

Nyssa pov

"My lady, please wake up," I heard Serena's voice **as she** continuously tapped me. I ignored her, keeping my head buried in **the pillow**, trying **to** drown out her **voice**. **But she** didn't take that as a sign to stop, instead, she **began** shaking me.

"My lady, my **lady**. It's time for breakfast. The Alpha asked me to wake you up and get you dressed myself so you wouldn't dress the way you did yesterday. Please wake up, the bath is ready," she said without taking a breath.

I winced and lazily lifted my hand in the air, waving her off to leave me alone. I kept my **eyes** shut **because** I knew the moment I opened them, there'd be no going back to sleep.

Goddess, **was** that so hard to understand?

I had only fallen asleep an hour ago. Last night, I couldn't get a wink of rest, I was tossing and turning, terrified that Darius would figure out it was me and barge in at any moment to reject me.

Every little sound made me jolt awake, expecting to find him standing in front of me with that terrifying look in his **eyes**. But eventually, exhaustion won, and I finally fell asleep, too drained to care about anything else. Even now, all I wanted was to stay asleep.

"My lady..." Serena sighed in frustration. "Please wake up, or I'll get in trouble if I don't get you downstairs."

I didn't respond, slowly drifting off again, soft snores escaping me.

I don't care. I don't care. I just want to sleep.

“Oh goddess... My lady, I don't want to do this, but you leave me no choice. I'll ask for forgiveness later, but for now...”

As soon as she said that, I felt the blanket yanked off me and then, to my horror, Serena's fingers slowly began trailing up and down my foot.

My eyes immediately snapped open and I yanked my leg away from her, grabbing her foot as I glared at her.

This girl!

How could she? She knew my feet was one of the most sensitive spots on my body, any touch and I'd feel it intensely.

I watched as she bit her bottom lip, clearly trying hard not to laugh, which only sharpened my glare. Without thinking, I kicked her off the bed.

Serena yelped, falling to the ground with a soft thud. I scoffed, running a hand through my hair as she quickly stood back up, rubbed her butt, and lowered her head respectfully.

“I—I apologize, my lady, for my disrespect. I will accept any punishment, but for now, you really need to take your bath.”

I rolled my eyes and let out a sigh before responding, my voice hoarse.

“Alright, alright, stop nagging, will you? I'm awake.” I yawned and stretched, a little surprised that my body didn't ache or **feel** stiff like I thought it would.

I had even expected to wake up with a cold and a sore throat, but everything felt clear, which meant Zayn's medicine must have really worked.

“He really does live up to his name, doesn't he?” I muttered under my breath.

“What did you **say**, miss?” Serena **asked**, and I yawned again, shaking my **head**

as I forced myself to sit **up**.

“It's nothing. Let's **just get ready** before Father bursts through **the** door and **starts** scolding me,” I said, getting **up** from the bed. **Serena** bowed and began to undress me.

As I stepped into the bathtub, different thoughts ran through my mind **all at** once.

So, today was the day I would finally frame those two idiots for my death. It **was simple**, just **as** I planned. All I had to do was lure both Kieran and Aria here, then kill myself and

frame them for it. Let Serena witness the whole thing, have her **call** everyone in, and then watch **as** they were executed for my murder, just before the rejection ceremony tomorrow.

It sounded simple, but what I was truly worried about... was Serena.

I watched her carefully as she wiped my body with a serious expression, her touch gentle and filled with care.

How would she **react** when she saw my body?

I knew how it felt to lose someone right before your eyes. I had lost my father, his Beta, Gamma, almost everyone I ever loved. I had lost her, and I knew the pain of losing someone like that.

Could Serena take that? Was this too much for her?

"My lady, are you still upset about what I did? I apologize if you are. I really didn't want you to get scolded by the Alpha," she said, focused on her task.

"Really?" I asked with a small smile, my eyes trained on her.

She nodded.

"You know the Alpha is really worried about you, my lady. He wants you to look your best today, to impress the Lycan King. He said tomorrow is the rejection ceremony, and today is the only chance we have to plead with the King not to reject you."

She leaned in to wipe my face, and the moment I caught a clear view of hers, I froze. Tears were silently streaming down her cheeks.

"Wait, Serena, why are you crying?" I asked, my smile fading and brows furrowing.

She quickly wiped at her face and shook her head.

"N-nothing, it's nothing, my lady. I apologize—"

Before she could finish, I grabbed her hand, narrowing my eyes as I stared at her, catching her off guard.

"Serena, stop lying and tell me. Did something happen? Did anyone say anything or bully you?"

She blinked in confusion at my furious expression, but then a soft smile spread across her face.

"No, my lady. No one said anything or bullied me. I'm just... worried about your safety. If the King rejects you, then the lady surely won't be able to withstand it. It could mean death for you."

She inhaled a sharp breath, then reached out and held my hand tightly, her voice trembling as she murmured,

"And I don't want anything to happen to you. I don't want to lose you. If anything happens to you, then I would surely follow you, even if it means dying with you!"

My eyes widened at her words. And before I could stop myself, my lips began to tremble, my eyes stinging as tears welled

1. up.

I remembered how she had thrown herself to death for my sake.

Even in this life, she was still the most loyal person by my side.

A dry laugh escaped me as I leaned in and wrapped my arms around Serena, taking her by surprise. I gently patted her back as I whispered,

"Thank you," I said softly. "Thank you for standing by me. And I'm sorry for still thinking so selfishly... even now."

I closed my eyes, holding her close as a quiet decision settled in my heart.

I couldn't do that to Serena.

I couldn't let her be the one to find my body.

Chapter **53**

Nyssa pov

"What do you mean by this, my lady?" Serena asked as she paced around the room, holding a piece of paper in her hand, her eyes narrowed in disapproval **as** she glanced at me, sitting quietly on the bed while sipping the tea she had brought a minute ago.

"As you can see, it's a letter to both Kieran and Aria. I want it delivered to them right now, Serena."

Her frown deepened at my words, and she shook her head.

"No, my lady. You shouldn't do this. You told me to tell the Alpha you were skipping breakfast because you weren't feeling well but now you want to see them? They

betrayed you, my lady. Do you want to forgive them?" Serena asked, her eyes searching mine as though she hoped I was joking.

But I wasn't.

I placed the cup back on the table and crossed my legs, meeting her gaze with calm indifference as I spoke in a low, steady voice.

"Serena," I began, "since when do I have to explain my thoughts before asking for something to be done? I asked you to deliver the letters, and that is what you are going to do, without any questions. Don't forget your place as my servant. Do you understand?"

The moment those words left my mouth, her eyes widened in surprise, and I saw a flicker of pain flash through them.

I knew I had probably gone too far, but I had no intention of apologizing or correcting myself.

I needed her to deliver those letters without delay, her arguing with me could jeopardize everything.

I held her stare coldly, and after a few seconds, I watched her lips tremble before she bit down on her bottom lip, inhaling deeply and lowering her head in a respectful bow.

"I understand, my lady. I apologize if I stepped out of line. Please forgive me. It won't happen again," she said softly.

I waved her off without meeting her gaze.

"Go and deliver the letters without letting anyone see you. When both Kieran and Aria arrive, bring them into my room, quietly. Then leave. Do you understand?"

I saw her hands curl into fists, but she nodded, keeping her expression composed.

"I understand, my lady. I will leave now, unless you have any other orders."

I shook my head, and she lowered her gaze once more before quietly exiting, her back straight but rigid.

As soon as the door closed, I sighed, uncrossing my legs and flopping back onto the bed. I stared up at the ceiling, my heart pounding with guilt.

I hated how harshly I had spoken to Serena. She didn't deserve it. But it had been the only way to ensure she did what I needed.

"I can't believe that's what you're worried about right now," Sheila's voice echoed in my head, her tone panicked. "Are you really going to kill yourself?"

I rolled my eyes, ignoring her. She had asked the same questions so many times, and I'd already given her the answers so why did she keep asking?

I stood up from the bed and went to the drawer, pulling out three items: the dagger, Aria's scarf, and Kieran's ring. All of these would be used to kill and to frame them both.

I lifted the dagger in my hand, my finger tracing the blade, and without hesitation, raised it, aiming for my chest.

"No!!!" Sheila screamed in terror, her cry echoing in my head as I stopped the dagger just as its sharp tip touched my skin.

A small smile stretched **across** my **face as** I tilted my head, staring at my reflection in the mirror, lost in thought. Maybe because I had died once before, I no longer feared death. What could scare a woman who had looked her creator in the eyes and been given a second chance?

But the goddess had given me that second chance to fight my wrongs and make things right and yet, I would use this opportunity to finally take my revenge. Even if it was the last thing I did, Kieran and Aria would follow me to the underworld.

All I had to do was wait for them to arrive and then everything would be over.

"Just you wait. I will take you two with me, even if it's the last thing I do."

"You are freaking insane!" Sheila gasped out.

Darius pov

"You saw a white wolf?!" Cassian blurted out in disbelief.

"And she got away? She actually outran His Majesty?!" Drake stared at me, wide-eyed.

"And you lost her?!!" Both of them shouted in unison.

I lifted my head, tearing my gaze away from the drink in my hand and narrowing my eyes at them as they stood before me.

When I didn't respond, they exchanged glances, then looked back at me as if expecting me to suddenly say it was all a joke.

“Wow...” Cassian finally muttered after a long pause, running a hand through his hair. “I don’t even know what to call this. You finally start your search for the white wolf again, stumble right into her... only to lose her. T—this is just a cruel twist of fate.”

I took a slow sip of my drink, still silent. But the corner of my lips twitched into a small smirk.

Lose her? How could I lose her, when she’s been right in front of me all along?

“You knew she was our mate the moment you laid eyes on her, didn’t you?” Silas said, his voice grim.

I placed the glass on the table and rested my head on my hand.

“It wasn’t rocket science,” I replied, voice devoid of emotion.

Sure, I hadn’t been able to scent her right away—for some unknown reason but I had caught her scent from afar. And I had seen her once before. That part of the woods... it wasn’t hard to piece together that she was the wolf.

“So... now that you know she’s a white wolf, the only one who could finally end our long life and curse, what will you do?” he

What would I do with her?

Well, for one, I wasn’t going to reject her anymore.

She’d become useful... and I couldn’t afford to let her die.

I had to use her.

That was my new plan.

Nyssa pov

Time slowed.

I was scared. No, I was terrified.

Of course I was. No matter how hard I tried to hide it, I was truly afraid of dying, even if it was for the second time.

I could still remember the pain of the dagger piercing my heart, the terror of knowing you were dying, that you were the cause of your own death. But back then, I disintegrated into dust before I could feel much pain. This time was different.

I would bleed out and might not die in time, and that was what terrified me. But I also knew what I had to do, and that I had no choice. So...

I did it.

I aimed the blade straight at my heart, hoping I would die on time. I might fear the pain, but I did not regret this. The only regret I had was not saying goodbye to everyone before I died, not apologizing for everything I did in my past life and this

one.

I was sorry for being the reason for their deaths, for not listening to their warnings, and for letting this image of me be the last thing they witnessed. I wanted to say I was grateful for having them in my life again, even if only for a brief moment.

"I hope you live longer this time, everyone,"

I whispered as I heard Kieran and Aria scream my name. As the tip of the blade touched my skin, I exhaled and braced for death's cold embrace—

But... it never came.

The tip of the blade was all I could feel pressing against my chest—that was it. And the familiar scent that hit me all at once told me exactly why.

It was him. He was the hand I felt clasp mine, stopping me in place. My heart felt like it was about to burst right out of my chest.

"You want to die?" I heard the unamused, cold voice, which made me snap my eyes open to see Kieran and Aria standing in front of me.

Aria had her hands covering my mouth in shock, while Kieran was inches away, his hand reaching out as if to stop me, his eyes locked on the man beside me.

Oh my fucking goddess.

I swallowed nervously and turned my head to the side to find Darius standing next to me. His empty eyes were fixed on me, his god-like face inches from mine, tilting his head with a frown that made it impossible to look away.

I couldn't breathe.

And honestly, I wasn't sure if it was because of the situation or because he was really close, but I really couldn't breathe.

“W–what?” As stupid as I was, I stammered out, breathless, watching as Darius narrowed his eyes and repeated the same question again.

“You want to die?” he asked, his eyes flickering to the dagger in my hand. I followed his gaze and bit my bottom lip, hissing at the sight of blood slowly trickling from the small cut the dagger had made in my chest. But maybe the pain or the sight of blood snapped me **back** to reality, because suddenly, it hit me—time was running out, and my plan had been ruined by this

bastard.

Yes, you bastard!

Of all times to show up, did it have to be when I was about to kill myself? Hatred surged through me as I stared at him. Everything was happening because of him, and I hadn’t begged him not to reject me—so the least he could do was let me die in peace.

“Yes,” I hissed out, glaring at him. And for a brief moment, I saw a flicker of surprise flash in his eyes as he looked at me.

“I want to die, as you can clearly see. So why did you stop me?” I snapped in frustration.

I heard the sharp gasps of both Kieran and Aria and others behind me too. Cassian and Drake were here. I could feel it.

I was talking to the Lycan King like this, the ruler of all werewolves, a man who could stab me right now for disrespect and face no consequences. And yet, I was too angry to care.

This man was truly infuriating.

“If you know I want to die, then why did you stop me? You’re going to reject me anyway, right? Even if it kills me. I was just making it easier for you, so why not let me go? Why didn’t you just ignore me and walk away?”

“Damn, she’s feisty” I heard Cassian mutter.

Darius’s expression turned icy. His eyes flashed silver, and I knew he was angry. But instead of driving the dagger into me like I half-expected, he opened his mouth and coldly stated:

“You cannot die.”

I raised a brow at his words, momentarily stunned as we stared at each other. His eyes were still empty, but I saw a flicker of something, something that made me freeze. But then, a loud, mocking scoff escaped me, and I snarled at him.

“Oh, cut the crap. Why would you care if I die?” I rolled my eyes and got right in his face, close enough that we were only inches apart, taking him by surprise. His eyes widened.

“You’re the same person who said you’d give me poison if I didn’t want to go through with the rejection ceremony. You said it was painless and that I should just take it!” I screamed, my voice echoing through the room.

“Wow, that’s pretty harsh, King,” I heard Cassian mutter somewhere behind me.

Darius still looked like he was trying to process what was happening. He continued to watch me in stunned silence, and I cursed under my breath as I heard the sound of footsteps rushing toward the room.

Knowing it was my father and the others, I realized I had to fall back on my final option, my last resort if everything fell

apart.

My gaze flickered to the dagger, then to Kieran, who was staring at me in disbelief.

I had already told myself: if things didn’t go as planned, then I would kill this bastard, if it was the last thing I ever did.

I was about to yank the dagger out of his grip and get on with it, but before I could, the door burst open and my father rushed in, panting and sweating. His eyes swept the room, and when they landed on me, he immediately let out a breath of

relief.

Without hesitation, he dropped to the ground and lowered his head, exclaiming,

“Thank you! Thank you, Lycan King, for deciding not to reject my daughter! Thank you for your benevolence!”

My jaw practically hit the floor as I heard him, and I jerked my head to Darius in shock.

What!?

Nyssa pov

I must have heard him wrong. There was no way my father had just said Darius didn’t want to reject me anymore. The same man who acted like our bond disgusted him... now suddenly didn’t want to reject it?

Yeah, I wasn’t buying it.

I waited for him to snap, to glare at my father and ask where he'd heard such insane nonsense but he said nothing.

Instead, he yanked the dagger out of my hands, nearly slicing my fingers in the process if I hadn't let go quickly enough.

I watched, stunned, as he hurled the dagger to the ground. The sharp clatter echoed against the tiles, ringing through the

room.

Before I could even process what was happening, his hand shot to the back of my dress and, to my utter disbelief, he hauled me up by the fabric and threw me over his shoulder.

And before anyone could react, he dragged me straight to the window and leapt out.

Everything became a blur as he moved swiftly through the woods, carrying me effortlessly in his grip as though I weighed nothing.

Huh?

2

I blinked, trying to process everything happening at once. Leaves and dust brushed against my face, and a freaking stone even smacked my forehead, yet I still couldn't wrap my head around what was going on.

But then I spotted a large tree up ahead, and suddenly, my senses snapped back into place.

A scream tore from my throat, my eyes widening in fright as I began flailing my arms, trying to wriggle free from his grip.

"W—What are you doing?! Let me down this instant!" I screamed.

But Darius didn't stop running.

In fact, the bastard ran even faster, and just when I thought I was going to lose my life and slam into the tree, Darius leapt over the rock effortlessly. Time seemed to slow as I stared, stunned, at nothing in particular.

It- it felt like we were flying.

I blinked, my eyes catching a bird that flew past us, its gaze mirroring mine in the same confusion, and I didn't even know what to feel at that moment, all I knew was that Darius was freaking insane.

A second later, time snapped back into motion and Darius came crashing down to the ground. I squeezed my eyes shut, bracing for the impact from such a height.

But it never came.

Darius landed solidly on his feet.

And then, like the cruel bastard he was, he picked me up from his shoulder and dropped me, causing me to hit the ground with a soft thud, pain shooting through my back.

I hissed and rubbed the sore spot, glaring up at him as anger surged through me like wildfire.

I shot up from the ground and stormed toward him, my hand raised, ready to strike him across the face.

But before I could touch him, he blocked my attack and flicked my hand away with infuriating ease, the force making my body jerk to the side, nearly knocking me off balance.

I narrowed my eyes at him, my glare sharpening. The thought that he was the reason my plan had failed made the fury

burn even hotter.

I snarled and lunged at him, my fist swinging in a punch but he dodged, sidestepping me effortlessly.

Still, I didn't stop. I aimed a sharp kick at him, but he jumped back, avoiding it again, his frown deepening as he studied me.

"Bastard," I hissed, charging at him again. "Because of you... because of you, I wasn't able to do it. Who asked you to stop me?!" I screamed.

And I wasn't sure where the strength came from, but I was faster this time, appearing in front of him in a flash, my leg swinging straight for his chest.

He flicked my leg away like it was nothing more than dirt, and it only made me more upset.

Here I was, trying to at least land a single hit on him, even just one but the man seemed impossible to touch.

"Is it because you didn't get the chance to reject me yourself? Is that why you stopped me?" I snapped. "You think you're the only one who regrets that the goddess mated us? Well, you're wrong! I also can't believe I'm bound to the ruthless, cursed king! I was given a second chance, and yet, I'm still tied to you in this lifetime. Do you think I wanted that?!"

I roared and leapt into the air, throwing a punch straight at his face.

But he just stood there, making no move to block me, his emotionless eyes staring right into mine.

And at the very last second, just as my fist was about to connect with his face, he moved.

His hand shot out, grabbing my neck in a firm grip before slamming me against the tree.

My eyes widened as he leaned in, his face just inches from mine- so close that his hot breath brushed against my lips, making me inhale sharply. My body went stiff, and the anger I'd felt a moment ago vanished in an instant, replaced by something far worse.

Fear.

Cold, unrelenting fear.

His grip wasn't even tight, not enough to cut off my air but his hold, his presence, the dangerous glint in his eyes... it was more than enough to make my entire body tremble.

"Amusing," he said dryly. "She is truly cruel enough to make you, my apparent mate, a white wolf."

A gasp escaped me at his words and I felt my heart drop to the pits of my stomach.

He knew. Oh goddess, he was that I was a white wolf.

His gaze narrowed in on me and he tilted his head slightly to the side as he reached out and lifted my chin up with his fingers as he uttered the last words.

the ed than not and here"

Nyssa pov

"H-how-" I began, wanting to ask how he knew. But then again, **he** had probably scented me or maybe Zayn had told him **I'd** snuck back home, drenched. He must've put two and two together and realized I was the white wolf.

However, what truly held my attention were his words.

“And it seems that because of that, our ill fate cannot end here.”

What did he mean by that?

Before I could ask, the sound of footsteps drew his attention. His **gaze** flickered past me, narrowing as irritation flashed in his **eyes**.

I **was** just about to turn and see what had caused that reaction when a desperate voice behind me broke the silence.

“King! King! Dammit, why did he run so fast? Look, Drake, I don’t think I can go on, I can barely breathe!”

“Stop falling behind, Beta. The king is right there, I can see him behind that tree!”

“Really? Oh my goddess, I see him too. King! King!”

Darius’s eyes darkened, and he released my neck, reaching instead for my collar.

Knowing exactly what he was about to do—haul me over his shoulder and start the damn chase again—I reacted faster, ducking low before he could grab me.

Without thinking, I cursed under my breath and sprinted toward Cassian and Drake. Their eyes widened in confusion as I reached them, grabbed their arms, and quickly hid behind both of them, using their bodies to put as much distance between Darius and me as possible.

The move stunned everyone, even Darius, whose brows furrowed as he stared at me like I’d lost my mind.

“Goddess, there you two are, we’ve been looking for—” Cassian began, but before he could finish, Darius took a step forward.

I screamed.

Cassian jumped, clutching his chest in horror. “My goddess,” he muttered under his breath.

“Don’t come any closer,” I hissed, trying to sound panicked. I didn’t know why I thought this distraction would help me **escape** Darius, but I was going to try.

Before anyone could react, I started shaking my head, muttering, “Don’t come closer,” and then-

I turned and bolted, arms flailing in the air as I ran.

"Stay away! Stay away!" I shouted, sprinting as fast as my legs would carry me. I could feel everyone's eyes on me, wide with shock, but I didn't stop and thankfully, this time, Darius didn't follow.

"Shit," I cursed under my breath, picking up the pace instead of slowing down **as** I dashed toward the packhouse.

That was close. Too close.

030

Chapter 56

I didn't know what the hell was going on, but I **knew one** thing for **sure**, this wasn't going to **end** well. **He** had **figured out** I was the white **wolf** and **had** started saying all sorts **of** things I couldn't fully understand.

Whatever it was, I was **certain** of one thing: I

was in trouble.

And I **needed** to **get** far, far away from him.

As I drew near **the** packhouse, I spotted my father with both Calen and Benjamin at his sides, talking as they stood in front **of** the building.

A breath of relief escaped me **as** I saw them from behind, and I smiled, rushing toward **them**, about to **call** out.

But the words that spilled from my father's mouth froze me in place.

"Yes, since the king said he wasn't going to reject her anymore, I assume he'll be taking Nyssa to his pack. Even if **he** doesn't, I'm just happy my daughter **is** safe."

"We're happy too, Alpha," Calen replied with a frown, "but don't you think it's a little weird? The king was adamant about rejecting Nyssa, and now he suddenly doesn't want to? Something feels off."

"I agree," Benjamin added. "We shouldn't make hasty decisions. We need to be careful—"

"What do you mean by that?" my father cut in. "Isn't it obvious he doesn't want to reject her anymore because my daughter is beautiful and special? He's realized she's one of a kind and doesn't want to lose her. That has to be the reason."

I blinked at his words, unsure of how to react but then Benjamin said something that made so much **sense**.

“Eh, I don’t think that’s the reason... The cold Lycan King doesn’t seem like the type to fall in love, and judging by how Nyssa’s been acting, I doubt that-”

Calen jabbed his elbow into Benjamin’s side, cutting him off. And before my father, who looked ready to snap, could say a word, I stepped in from behind and hissed out,

“Uncle Benjamin and Calen are absolutely right,” I said, and everyone flinched, turning to look at me in surprise.

“Nyssa,” Father exclaimed.

“This seems fishy. Why would a man who wanted nothing more than to reject me suddenly change his mind? Especially when that man **is** the cursed Lycan King, who we all know is both cruel and heartless. So don’t call him generous.”

I rolled my **eyes** and folded my arms. So this was what he meant by that statement. I wasn’t dumb, I realized now that the **reason** he didn’t want to reject me anymore was because I was a white wolf.

But honestly, I **still** didn’t get it. Was being a white wolf really that special?

“**Nyssa!**” my **father** snapped, glancing around before pulling me toward him. His voice lowered to a whisper. “You should **watch** your language. What if he’s around here and hears you? The king decided not to reject you, you should be grateful.”

I scoffed at his words and muttered under my breath,

“Grateful to the same man who wanted me to drink poison?”

“What?” **Father** asked, confused.

I shook my **head** and pulled my hand from his grip, exhaling a tired sigh.

“Honestly, Father, I don’t **care** if **he rejects** me or not anymore. But one thing I’ll never do is follow him to his **pack**. I won’t do that.” I said, resolute **before** huffing and turning around to walk inside the packhouse, ignoring the **calls of** my father, Calen and Benjamin.

I **had** no idea what plan that man was brewing but there was no way I **was** going to dance to his tune. Absolutely no way.

“My lady, **are** you sure you don’t want to **eat** dinner? You haven’t **eaten** anything all day,” Serena asked worriedly **as** she watched me.

I frowned and shook my head, my thoughts a jumbled mess **as I sat** on the bed, trying to think straight.

Today **had** been nothing but chaos. Apparently, Kieran and Aria were chased out of the packhouse the moment Darius threw me over his shoulder like a rag doll and ran. They were warned never to **see** me again and if they did, they'd face the consequences.

Which only made my chances of framing them seem even more out of reach.

And after what happened with Darius, I stayed inside my room the entire day, refusing to step out. I had even shut my window tight since the man seemed to enjoy coming through there and asked Serena to always keep the door locked whether she was inside or out. I'd given her a spare key and told her I wanted only her to come in.

That's how it had been. I ignored my father, Calen, and Benjamin, who had all tried their best to talk to me. Even Cassian and Drake had attempted to speak to me through the door, but I'd refused to see anyone, at least for today.

I needed to be alone. I needed to think.

"My lady, how about I bring the meal up here? You don't have to go downstairs to eat. I can bring it—"

"I'm not hungry, Serena. I promise, I'm really not. You don't have to bring me anything. I just want to be alone right now and think... I have a lot on my mind," I muttered, and I heard her quiet sigh of disappointment.

She'd been trying to get me to eat something all day, and while I appreciated the effort, I just wasn't in the mood.

"Thank you," I said, forcing a small smile as I reached out and held her hand. "And I'm sorry for what happened today. I really am... I didn't mean to speak to you that way. You know you're more than a servant to me, and I'm grateful that you care."

Her eyes widened at my words, and I watched the way they trembled before she smiled softly, gently clasping my hand as she lowered her head.

"I am but your humble servant, someone who should follow her lady's orders. Please do not apologize. You are right, my lady, I have no right to question your decisions. My life is yours. If you asked me to give it up right now, I would."

Her expression was serious, and it made me smile and shake my head. I knew she wasn't joking. She meant every word but I didn't want her to think that way anymore.

"Serena, your life is yours. It's not mine, and it never will be," I said as I stood from the bed. She looked up at me. "Your life **is** precious, and you should treasure it. Never give it up easily for anyone, not even me. Know that I value your life just as much as you value mine. So don't ever make it easy to throw away. Do you understand?"

My voice **was** calm as I watched her frown. But instead of protesting, like I expected, she gave a small nod and smiled.

"I understand, my lady," she said.

I immediately rolled my eyes. I knew the only reason she agreed so easily was because she wanted me to drop the topic.

Sighing, I let **go** of her hand and returned to the bed, lying down and waving her off.

Chapter 57

"You should go. Lock the **door** on your way out and don't **give** the key to anyone. Goodnight, **Serena**," I said, turning to the other side **of** the bed **before** she could bring up food again.

Realizing I wouldn't **eat** no matter **what she said**,

she let out a sigh and replied,

"Goodnight, my **lady**. Have a good **rest**."

I heard her **footsteps** fade away moments later.

As soon **as** the sound of the door clicking shut reached my **ears**, my eyes snapped open and I rolled **over**, wrapping my arms around my growling stomach as I stared up at the ceiling.

Damn it. I was really hungry.

"If you **were**, then why didn't you eat when Serena asked?" Sheila questioned, confused. "She even offered to bring the food **to** your room."

I scoffed and sat up straight on the bed.

"That's **because** we deserve to starve for failing to kill Kieran and Aria. We were so close but we failed. So, we don't deserve to eat," I said in frustration.

Sheila responded with a deadpan tone, "Who's 'we'? Do you think I wanted to die with you in the first place? We should be grateful we're still alive especially since the Lycan King hasn't rejected us!"

The moment I heard her words, I wanted nothing more than for her to materialize in front of me so I could smack the shit out of her. I wasn't sure if she was just that dumb, or if she actually understood what was going on and chose to ignore it.

"Don't be delusional," I spat. "You know the only reason he hasn't rejected us is because we're a white wolf. So stop fooling yourself."

I flopped back onto the bed.

Even though I knew Serena was keeping something from me, especially with how she didn't want Darius to know who we really were, I hadn't asked. I knew she wouldn't tell me if I did, and honestly... I wasn't sure I wanted to know.

"I wonder if being a white wolf is really such a blessing," I murmured under my breath, lost in thought. "That the only reason he hasn't rejected me... is because of that."

"But does it matter what the reason is?" Sheila's voice broke through my thoughts. "I mean, we're still alive. Doesn't that mean you still have time to get revenge on Kieran and Aria, without killing yourself?"

I lifted a brow but then closed my eyes, muttering under my breath as I slowly drifted to sleep.

"I guess you're right... but being that man's mate isn't any better than being dead."

arius pov

"I'm so happy you're not **rejecting** your mate, my king! Truly! I was starting to think **you were** heartless enough not to **care if** that poor girl died from the rejection. But who knew, you're **secretly** a nice **person!**" Cassian exclaimed in surprise, clapping his hands as he **stared at** me in **awe**.

My expression didn't change. I simply stared coldly at the idiot in front of me.

Drake stood **beside** him. Though he didn't openly show his excitement like Cassian, the glint in his eyes **was** proof enough that **he, too, was pleased** the girl wouldn't **be** dying tomorrow.

"You know," Cassian continued, "I think the miss **is** really happy and relieved. That must **be** why she's not coming out of her room. I can just imagine her crying on her bed, so overwhelmed that everything's going to be okay now!"

At his words, the image of the girl glaring at me with nothing short of murderous intent flashed through my mind and I couldn't help the small smirk that tugged at the corner of my lips.

That girl? Happy? I doubted it. She looked like she'd rather gut me than be my mate. In fact, if I wasn't mistaken, **it** seemed like she actually wanted me to reject her.

"Would you blame her?" Silas chimed in, as usual. "Since you got here, you've done nothing but torment our mate, talking about rejecting her, making her drink poison. And let's not forget today, you slung her over your shoulder like she was some kind of doll. Why wouldn't she want to kill you?"

I didn't respond.

Choosing to ignore Silas entirely, I was just about to order Drake to bring me a glass so I could pour a drink, when my brows furrowed and my eyes narrowed.

I caught a whiff of something, foul and distinct. The scent of a rogue.

And from the way the conversation had died down and both Cassian and Drake fell silent, their expressions now serious, it was clear I wasn't the only one who had caught the scent.

"My king, they've followed us here," Cassian said grimly.

I nodded, my expression cold and unreadable as I tapped my finger against the armrest, deep in thought.

"Go and inform the Alpha of the pack. Help them fend off the rogues without causing any casualties to the pack," I ordered.

Without hesitation, both Cassian and Drake dropped to their knees, lowering their heads in a respectful bow.

"We understand, my king. We will carry out your orders," they said in unison before rising and exiting the study.

Once they left, silence filled the room, broken only by the steady ticking of the clock.

At this point, the rogues had become more of a nuisance than a threat. They were annoying- not in a way that demanded my full attention, but in their repeated, desperate attempts to take my life.

By now, **it** was no **secret** that I couldn't die. No matter how many times I **was** stabbed, slashed, or even drowned, death would not come for me. The goddess's curse wouldn't allow it.

I had even tried beheading myself once, thinking that without a head, there was no way I could survive. But some invisible force had intervened, nearly killing one of Cassian's ancestors in the process. I had jumped off **a** cliff, hoping that my body

would be too broken to **recover** but once again, I was **saved** before hitting the ground.

So **yes**, it was more **of a curse than a blessing**, I could **never** die no matter how hard I **crave** for **death**.

It was **a lesson** to **teach** me to

value life but instead it made my hatred for **it grow** more and the pests of the rogues didn't seem to **make** it **better either**.

I leaned against the couch, my **eyes** fluttering shut **as** I tried to block out the rest of the world around me. Maybe I should **really start** investigating the leader of the rogues to stop this afterall.

Nyssa pov

"I thought you said we deserved to starve for not killing Kiera and Aria. So why are you sneaking to the kitchen now?" Sheila said, her tone dripping with mockery **as** I scanned the area, making **sure** there were no maids, Calen, Benjamin, the king's **beta**, Gemma, **or** most importantly, father nearby.

I didn't respond, not because I didn't want to, but because I **was** embarrassed. Yes, I had said we deserved to starve for failing our plan, but my stomach felt like it was about to rip apart. The pain was so intense it had woken me from **sleep**, leaving me whimpering in agony.

I hadn't eaten anything all day, and the trauma Darius had put me through was probably why I was this hungry. So I told myself it wasn't my fault and placed all the blame on him, that explained why I was sneaking to the kitchen now.

I exhaled deeply when I saw the coast was clear, gripping the slippers tighter in my hands as I sneaked inside. My eyes fixed on the cabinet where the instant ramen was, easy and quick to make.

Just as I drew closer and was about to move the little table toward the cabinet to climb up, Sheila's panicked voice made me freeze.

"Nyssa... Something's wrong."

I blinked in confusion. I had never heard Sheila sound like this before, not with rage, but with tension. It was unlike the way the king had found out about my identity, but this time, it felt more serious.

At that exact moment, I couldn't help but tense up as a shiver ran down my spine.

T—this was the feeling of being watched. Of knowing someone was right behind you. Of feeling a pair of eyes locked on you. Like a predator watching its prey.

“Nyssa, you need to run. They smell like rogues, and there seem to be many of them right now. I'm not strong enough yet to take them, so... run.”

She said urgently, not the proud wolf I knew. Without thinking, I heeded her words, exhaling deeply before slowly turning around and dashing toward the kitchen exit, wanting to run to my room.

But before I could react, a gasp escaped me as a hand shot out and grabbed my neck, slamming me against the wall. Pain shot through me, making me whine and close my eyes.

“You smell fucking delicious,” a rough voice growled in front of me. The grip on my neck tightened, forcing me to open my eyes and when I stared into the red eyes of the man before me, I knew I **was a goner**.

Nyssa pov

It was him.

Standing **before me was** one of the rogues that had been **the reason** for my **death** in my **past** life. He had been with the others who had killed Serena and was about to kill me too.

The **reason** I recognized him **was** only **because** he had been the more outspoken one **between all** of them. **He was** the one who had told me that someone more powerful had sent them to kill me.

Now as I stared at him, my heart couldn't help but race, fear rooting me in **place as** I remembered everything, everything before my death.

The man's eyes narrowed and his lips curled up into a sickening smirk as he watched me in amusement, probably sensing the fear that radiated off me.

He leaned in and took a quick sniff of my neck before leaning back with a smirk.

“Why do you smell really good, lady?” He asked, tilting his head slightly. “You smell so much better than any other females, **I love the scent on you, fuck!**”

A whimper escaped me as he tightened his grip around my neck, blocking my airway.

“You, what is your name-”

He began to speak again, but before he could finish, another voice cut in. I watched as another rogue from my past life stepped into view and smacked the first man on the back.

“Oh, come on, Claude. This isn’t the time to be horny. We’ve been sent to kill that cursed king, we should hurry. You know he can’t be underestimated.”

The man said, and Claude chuckled, not once taking his eyes off me. He murmured under his breath, clearly amused.

“Oh, Jake, stop being such a bore. The rest of our brothers are already tracking the king as we speak. I say we have a little fun with this she–wolf before we do anything. Come on, scent her, she smells really good for some reason.”

My heartbeat quickened at his words, and tears stung my eyes as the air in my lungs began to thin. No matter how much I thrashed or tried to escape his grip, it was useless.

He was stronger, just like he had been in the past life.

Oh, Goddess... what was happening? None of this had happened before. Something told me it was because of Darius. They **were** after him, and with my cursed luck, I’d somehow gotten pulled into it.

I squeezed my eyes shut **as** the second man leaned in to sniff me, and my heart dropped to the pit of my stomach in disgust.

“You’re right! She smells amazing. Is it because she’s in heat?” Jake said with amusement, and Claude chuckled, shrugging nonchalantly.

“Who **cares?** **As long as we get a taste** of her-”

Before he could finish, I exhaled sharply and wrapped my legs tightly around his waist, catching him off guard and forcing him to loosen his grip on my **neck**.

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Chapter 59

“**Oh?** Looks **like the she–wolf can’t wait to have fun too-**” **Jake’s** words **died** on his lips **as Claude** let **out a sharp scream, his head snapping back** when I slammed mine into his, hard.

Using

the moment to my **advantage, I drew** on every **ounce of strength** and hurled my body forward, slamming him **against** the **ground** with all the force **I** could muster.

Claude hit the ground **with a heavy** thud, and without thinking **twice**, I punched him hard in the **face** before scrambling **off** him. Without sparing a **glance** at the other rogue, I bolted toward the **exit**, running **as fast as I** could **to escape** the men behind me.

"Damn it! What are you staring at? Go after her!" I heard Claude **roar**.

The sound of **heavy** footsteps thundered behind me **as I** quickly sent a mindlink to my father, warning him about the rogues. A heartbeat later, his voice rang in my head.

"Nyssa! Where are you? The guards said you're not in your room!"

I didn't have time to respond. I barely managed to dodge as one of the rogues, Jake lunged forward, reaching **out** to **grab**

1. me.

I pulled myself out of the way and took a sharp turn just as he was about to catch me. He cursed and chased after me, **just as** Claude started catching up.

Damn it, where were all the guards? Why wasn't anyone in sight?

"Where are you right now, Nyssa? The rogues are everywhere in the packhouse, attacking and-"

Before my father could finish his words, a scream tore from my throat as someone yanked my hair from behind. The grip was **so** strong it jerked my whole body backward, and before I could even take my next breath, a sharp wave of pain shot through my bones. I whimpered and shut my eyes as I was thrown to the ground.

"Fuck! How could she run that fast?" Jake panted heavily, standing just inches away from me.

"Fucking bitch," I heard Claude growl as he stormed toward me, and before I could react, his boot came crashing into me, sending a fresh wave of pain ripping through my body as I cried out.

"How dare you throw me to the ground like that?!" he roared, and my vision blurred as I bit down on my bottom lip, holding **back** the whimper threatening to escape while he continued slamming his feet into my body. I weakly reached out, wrapping my arms over my head as my body trembled.

I wanted to stand up. I wanted to fight them off and escape. But with every blow, I grew weaker- too weak to move.

"**Nyssa!**" I heard my father scream, and with the last of my strength, I sent a message to him with only two words.

The kitchen.

I **wasn't** far from it. Before anyone could reach the kitchen, they'd have to pass through where I currently was.

"**Hey** man, I thought you wanted us to enjoy her. You're going to beat the girl to death," the rogue laughed in amusement, but Claude didn't seem to hear him. He kept hitting me, lost in his rage, and I knew—he wasn't going to stop until I was **dead**.

The thing about rogues was that they couldn't control their emotions. Once they snapped, **there** was no return, not until they got what **they** wanted. And what this man wanted... was my life.

"Nyssa..." I heard Sheila's broken voice in my head, trembling **as** if she was close **to tears**. "You need to shift now. If you don't,

we'll die."

But I couldn't answer **her**. It **wasn't** that I didn't want to shift, it **was** that I couldn't.

"Nyssa...." Her **voice** sounded farther **away** now, fading **as** my **consciousness** slipped. My heartbeat slowed, my body ready to **give** out.

"Someone.... help me" I muttered under my breath and at that moment, my wrist began to burn, my **dagger** tattoo heating up and before I completely lost consciousness, the beating stopped.

Screams **of** pain pierced the air, followed by the gentle touch of a hand brushing the hair from my face.

From the moment he appeared, I knew it was him, because of his scent.

It was my mate, the Lycan King, Darius.

"Hm, you really want to die, don't you?" His cold voice was the last thing I heard as my eyes fluttered close and the world went still around me.

Chapter 60

Darius pov

Something **called** to **me**. No, someone.

I wasn't sure **what** it was, but there was **a** strange pull that beckoned me. It **was so** strong, I couldn't resist it **especially that voice**, crying out for help. And

for a brief moment, I found myself who had been fully prepared to ignore the fools who came to take my head rushing toward here before my brain could even comprehend what I was doing.

Now, **as I stared** at **the** badly beaten girl before me, I couldn't help but frown, my hand reaching out to gently push strands of hair from her **face**, lost in thought.

The voice I'd heard, it **was** hers. But what **was** that pull that led me here? I doubted it was simply **because** she was bound to me. When my mate was still alive, I had never felt anything like this, not even when she **was** in danger.

So why?

I had no answer to that question, yet I knew one thing for certain: the girl before me wasn't **as** simple as she seemed.

The goddess wasn't the impartial, kind, and loving deity everyone made her out to be. No, she could be cold, calculating when she needed to be. And for her to make this girl not only my mate but also a white wolf? It felt like some twisted game she was playing. But I had no intention of dancing to her tune.

When I figure out how a white wolf like her can put an end to this eternity of mine, I'll use her in any way I must, even if it **costs**

her life.

"Nyssa!!" A loud voice cut through my thoughts, and I tilted my head to see her father, the Alpha of this pack, rushing toward her with his beta and gamma, fear in their eyes.

I withdrew my hand from her face and stood up as they all fell to her side, shaking her awake.

"Oh, Nyssa. Nyssa, child, can you hear me?" her father cried, cradling the unconscious girl close as he tried to wake her.

"King!" I heard Cassian's voice, and I turned to find him and Drake running toward me. When their eyes landed on the girl, they widened, and Cassian muttered, "Oh Goddess," under his breath.

"Nyssa..." her father called out again, and just when I thought no one had the sense to get her to a healer, one of the beta or gamma, I wasn't sure which, stepped forward and spoke.

"Alpha, we need to get Nyssa to the healer. I—I'll take her."

The girl's father blinked at his words, then quickly nodded, his teary gaze hardening. He pulled her closer and lifted her into his arms. As he looked around and saw the severed heads of the rogues, his eyes landed on me. He lowered his head in a **respectful** bow.

"T—Thank you, my king. I will be forever indebted to you for this."

With that, he took off running, his beta and gamma lowering their heads as well before following him.

As soon **as** they left, silence settled over us for a brief moment, only to be broken by Cassian.

"My king, is she okay? I can't believe the rogues attacked her! It's probably **because** they found out she's your mate!"

His words made me raise a brow, my gaze falling on the rogue who had been kicking **her** before I arrived. His head now lay severed from his body, empty eyes staring in shock at the ceiling. A man who hadn't **even** blinked before death took him.

But **if what Cassian** just said was true, then things **had** gotten more **complicated** than I thought. I **didn't care** if the rogues came **after** me—but if **they** targeted the girl and **succeeded** in killing her, then the one chance I **had** of ending this **cursed** eternity would vanish. I couldn't allow that.

It **seemed I had to take** this more seriously after **all**.

"**Cassian**," I called, and he immediately bowed his head, recognizing the command in my tone.

"**Have** all the rogues **been** taken care of?" I asked as I began walking toward the quarters.

Cassian and Drake followed closely behind **as** Cassian answered,

"No, my king. I heard the Alpha ordered that one be kept alive for interrogation."

I nodded at his words, opened the door, and stepped inside before speaking again.

"I want you to interrogate the bastard. Find out who's behind them and report everything to me once you're done."

"**Yes**, my king," he responded with a deep bow.

Before he could close the door, my voice low but firm cut through the air.

"And check if that girl is okay. I want her alive."

I couldn't let her die, not when I already had what I had been waiting for centuries in the palm of my hand, not when I was this close to breaking the curse and finally being able to rest.

And when that girl wakes up, we're leaving for my pack the very next day.

Nyssa pov

"My king" I muttered under my breath, sweat tickling my face, my heart pounding so hard it felt like it would burst right out of my chest.

"My king" I whispered, my grip tightening around the sheets, my body arching as the distant voice calling my name slowly grew clearer.

"Nyssa, Nyssa. Can you hear me?" I groaned, brows furrowing as someone gently tapped my arm, trying to wake me.

"Healer, what should we do? She's not waking up-" I heard my father's worried voice. Just as he was about to pull his hand **away** from mine, I reached out and grabbed it. My eyes snapped open, my body jerking forward, breathless and panting.

"Nyssa!" I heard everyone shout in shock, but my gaze remained fixed on the wall ahead as my brain struggled to process what I had just seen or rather, what I hadn't.

It was a dream, a blurry one. In it, I was running through a field of flowers, someone chasing after me. What made it even stranger **was** how real it felt, I could smell the blossoms, feel the soft brush of my feet against the field.

I **felt** it all, **yet** couldn't remember anything else about the dream. Before I even had time to think, a scream tore through the air, startling me..

"My lady! Oh, my lady, you're awake!" Serena cried, standing beside me, tears streaming down her **face**. But that wasn't what made my heart drop.

Everyone **was here** too and by everyone, I meant Darius, sitting not far from me. **His** cold **gaze was** locked on me, legs crossed, sitting as if he owned the entire place.

And that wasn't all. Just moments ago, I had called out his name in my **sleep**, sounds that suspiciously resembled moans...

Shit.