

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King #Revival 61 – 70

Read Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King Revival 61

What the hell **was** he **even** doing here?

I blinked in confusion and looked around to see that I was indeed in my room. **Yes**, everyone was here with me, and while I could understand his **Beta** and Gamma, Cassian and Drake being here, him? What was he doing here when he clearly hated my very existence?

But most of all... why had he saved me from those rogues?

I might **have** been a step away from **death** at that moment, but I had recognized him from his **scent** almost instantly. It was different from the others- unique. It pulled me in, in a way no one else ever had. But that was only **because** he was my mate and nothing more.

I had actually expected him to leave me to die. The fact that he saved me was even more surprising than seeing him **here**.

"Nyssa, child. How are you feeling? Are you okay?" My father's voice pulled me out of my daze, and I turned to find him staring at me with teary eyes. His hand reached for the bandage wrapped around my head as he took in a deep breath and said,

"That must have really been painful." He forced a smile. "I'm really sorry for not coming on time."

My heart bloomed in my chest at the sight of his sad expression, and I couldn't help but smile, only to whine in pain as the movement tugged at my bruised face. I silently cursed the rogue for making my face this sore.

"It's not your fault, Father," I said softly, reaching out to hold his hand. "It's not your fault that I couldn't defend myself and got beaten instead, so don't blame yourself. What matters is that everyone seems to be safe."

He stared at me for a few seconds before inhaling deeply and finally nodding in agreement.

"Y—yes, you are right, child. How do you feel?" he asked me, and I gave his hand a soft squeeze as I responded.

"I'm okay, just a dull pain," I answered, and he smiled before turning to look at the healer who stood silently beside me.

“Can you check her once more and prescribe some medicine for her? She doesn’t have a wolf now, so she takes longer to heal than others.”

I blinked in confusion at his words, then realized I never got the chance to tell him about my white wolf. I hadn’t said anything because I thought I was going to die anyway. But now... now that I wasn’t sure what was going on in Darius’s head, I wasn’t sure if I should bring it up or not.

“**Yes**, I understand, Alpha,” the healer said with a respectful bow. “Though this time seems different. The miss appears to have healed faster than usual. In fact, she’s healed faster than most of the werewolves I’ve seen,” the old healer added.

My **father’s** eyes widened in surprise, but then he smiled softly, probably thinking the healer was simply exaggerating.

“I **see**. Well then, that’s good. But you should still give her something to help her feel better,” he said.

To be honest, I didn’t think I needed medicine. I wasn’t really hurting anymore, just a slight ache in my body but I knew that if I said nothing, he’d keep worrying. I was just about to tell him about my white wolf.

Before I could speak, Darius, who had been silent all this while, suddenly cut me off, his voice low and firm.

“In two days, I’ll be taking the girl with me to my pack. I assume that’s acceptable to you, Ethan?”

It felt as if

the world had come **to** a sudden halt. I **stared at** him in disbelief.

What...

And it seemed I wasn’t the only one surprised. My father shot up from his seat, eyes wide as he stared at Darius. When no one responded, Darius raised a brow and repeated himself, this time more pointedly.

“Would that be okay with you, Ethan?”

His cold gaze narrowed, and I watched as my father immediately dropped to his knees, bowing his head in respect.

“O—of course, my king. It’s perfectly fine with me. D—does this mean... you **accept** my daughter **as** your mate?” he asked, lifting his head to look up at Darius with a hopeful smile.

Darius's frown deepened at the question, but he averted his gaze from my father and rose from his seat, hands tucked into his pockets as he replied coolly, "I do not accept your daughter as my mate. But if I cannot reject her, then she stays with me. In **two** days, she will return with me, unless you would prefer to have her buried here, rejected by me."

I inhaled sharply at the threat. I could see my father's hands clench at Darius's words, but instead of reacting to the provocation, he simply bowed his head and said, "I understand, Alpha. Thank you for your generosity."

Darius took his gaze off my father as though he wasn't a man who ruled a pack, as though he wasn't an Alpha. But then again, Alpha or not, you are nothing in the eyes of the cursed Lycan King.

His eyes met mine, and for a brief moment, it felt as if the world had frozen until he looked away, turned around, and walked off without sparing me another glance.

Cassian and Drake, who had been in the room, immediately bowed and shot me an apologetic smile before following after Darius.

As soon as they left, the room fell into silence. Caleb and Benjamin walked up to my father, helping him up from the ground.

I was about to speak, but froze when I saw my father's expression shift toward me. His eyes were cold and serious as Calen gestured for the healer and Serena to leave.

I swallowed hard, my heart pounding fast against my chest as he walked to the seat in front of me and sat down, his expression really serious and something told me I already knew what he was about to say.

No, I couldn't go to that cursed pack!

Not when Kieran and Aria were here, not with the rogue attack that happened yesterday.

"No," I quickly said before he could speak. "I am not leaving-"

"You are leaving to the king's pack Nyssa and there is nothing you can do about it" He stated firmly

Nyssa pov

"But-"I tried to **speak**, but my father shot me a harsh glare that instantly silenced me. I froze, swallowing nervously as I stared at him.

Despite knowing my father as a calm and kind man, I also knew he **was** not someone to be taken lightly. He wasn't the Alpha of **the** second strongest pack in the world for nothing.

He **was** a man who knew when to be ruthless, when to make decisions, and when to enforce them. So even though he had always been a loving father to me, to others, he was a powerful Alpha and right now, as he sat before me, I knew he **wasn't** speaking as a father, but as an Alpha.

"You will leave for the King's pack in two days, and that is final, Nyssa. There is no debate," he said, his expression stern. "You are the King's mate. You should be grateful he has decided not to reject you."

His voice **was** calm but firm, almost cold.

"If the King rejects you, you will die. Many don't survive a regular rejection, and this is the King we're talking about, his power rivals every living being on Earth. Do you really think you could survive that, especially without a wolf?"

He spoke in frustration, and I knew it wasn't just because I was wolfless, it was because he was genuinely worried about me.

But the truth was, I wasn't wolfless. And even if rejection meant death, I didn't care. I couldn't leave.

"Father, we shouldn't rush into this," I said with a frown. "Don't you think it's suspicious that the man who wanted to reject me just yesterday suddenly doesn't anymore? I don't want to go with him. I want to stay here."

My father's expression darkened as he narrowed his eyes.

"I know something's off," he said, and my eyes widened as I watched his fists clench. "That man is cruel. He usually doesn't care about anyone's life. But right now, what matters most is your safety. Even if he has an ulterior motive, it seems he needs you for something and that's the only leverage we have."

He reached out and took my hands in his.

"I can't lose you, not now, Nyssa. We don't have much of a choice except to follow His Majesty's orders. So just hold on, for now. Okay?"

I stared at my father with a frustrated expression, but knowing that once he got like this, there was no changing his mind, I bit back my words and nodded in quiet dejection.

“Okay, fine. I’ve heard you. I would go, alright?” I huffed, pulling my hand away from his before turning around and lying down, facing the other side of the bed. I brought the blanket up and covered myself with it.

I heard my father call my name, but I didn’t respond. Before he could say anything else, Benjamin’s voice cut in.

“Alpha, let’s give Nyssa some space. She must have a lot to think about,” he said gently.

My father sighed, and I listened to the sound of their footsteps retreating. But just as the door cracked open, he stopped and spoke again.

“I know everything might feel overwhelming right now. You’ve just found out about Kieran and Aria, and now you’re suddenly someone’s mate. But my priority is your safety, Nyssa and I will do whatever it takes to make sure you’re okay.”

With that, **he** walked out, and the sound of the door closing echoed in my **ears**.

The **moment** it did, I **sat** up in bed and kicked the blanket off me, fighting the urge to **scream** in disbelief.

“**How** on earth did I go from almost being rejected to suddenly leaving for the King’s **pack?! I** asked no one in particular but **of course**,

the **ever**—annoying Sheila **just** had to respond.

“I’m not sure, but **isn’t** this exciting?! You won’t die, and we’ll be with Darius. I **mean**, don’t you want to see **the** famous Lycan King’s **pack**? It’s been locked away for centuries, and now we’re going there!”

I rolled my **eyes** at her words and frowned.

“Are you **crazy**? Who wants to go to that cursed King’s pack? What about Kieran and Aria? If they’re here, they’re still a threat to this pack. And now, with things already different from my past life, like the rogues who died yesterday, it makes me believe that nothing is going to follow the same pattern. What if they launch an attack earlier than expected?” I ranted, clearly stating the obvious.

So many things had changed from the past life I once knew. The Lycan King being my mate, the tattoo on my wrist, me being a white wolf, the rogues who appeared yesterday...

And the scariest part? The knowledge from my past life had always been my greatest weapon, yet now, even that felt

uncertain.

“Oh relax, girl. You’re overthinking,” Sheila said. “So if Kieran and Aria were taken care of... let’s say tomorrow night... would you go to the King’s pack then?”

I raised a brow in confusion. “What do you mean by taken care of?”

As soon as I asked, Sheila began chuckling maniacally.

“Oh, you know... maybe I have a plan to get them off our list.”

My eyes widened at her words, and I sat up straighter.

“Really? You can actually take care of Kieran and Aria?”

My question was met with a snicker.

“Of course. But you have to promise that once those idiots are gone, we’ll go to the Lycan King’s pack. Deal?”

I was skeptical, her tone was too casual for something so serious but if there was one thing I’d come to learn about Sheila, it was that despite her pride and constant boasting, she always told the truth. And right now, she didn’t sound like she was lying.

But right now, it seemed I had no choice but to agree to whatever she was saying. Sheila was my only chance to finally **protect** everyone from both Kieran and Aria and if going to the Lycan King’s pack was the price, then so be it.

“Okay,” I said, my expression firm with resolve. “If you’re able to take care of them tomorrow, then I’ll go to Darius’s pack.”

A small smile tugged at my lips **as** I spoke.

Chapter 63

“**Are** you sure you’re **okay**, my lady?” **Serena** asked **as** I quietly ate the food in front of me. I lifted a brow and turned to her in confusion, only *to* find her worried **gaze** fixed on **me**.

I blinked, then **realized** she was probably referring to the injuries I’d gotten during the rogue **attack**.

But by now, I could barely **feel** any pain at all—a reminder of just how vital a wolf’s healing ability truly **was**.

If I didn't have Sheila, I doubted I would've healed this **fast**. No... I wouldn't have healed at all.

I might've **even** died.

"I'm okay, Serena. Really. I barely feel anything," I reassured her, but she shook her head. Then, before I could **react**, she leaned in closer, nearly making me choke on the food I was chewing.

"It's not that, my lady. I'm just surprised that you seem **so** calm right now, even after finding out that you're going to the King's pack. I thought you'd be acting differently."

I narrowed my **eyes at**

her, swallowed the bite of food, and asked curiously, "How differently?"

She didn't even hesitate before responding.

"I honestly thought you'd be arguing and making a scene-" Her eyes widened as she realized what she'd just said, and I couldn't help the amused smile that tugged at my lips.

"Oh really? You thought I'd cause a scene?" I asked, crossing my arms as I looked at her from the bed.

She quickly shook her head, stammering, her face flushing a deep shade of red.

"I-I... That's not what I meant. Oh, Goddess, I've spoken out of turn! Please forgive me, my lady."

Before she could dramatically fall to her knees, I caught her hand and stopped her, laughing softly.

"Oh my, you're adorable, Serena. I'm just teasing you. You didn't say anything wrong," I said with a warm smile. "And honestly, you're right. I probably would've caused a scene. But it's not worth it. If the King wants me to go to his pack, then **I'll** go."

I said it effortlessly, lying through my teeth without blinking.

If it weren't for Sheila's words, maybe I would've kicked and screamed about not wanting to leave.

But right now, I knew I couldn't lose control or argue because Sheila had promised she could take care of Kieran and Aria tomorrow night.

So, I decided to trust her... and just go with the flow for now. I'd wait until tomorrow night before truly deciding whether I'd **go** to the Lycan King's pack.

"My lady," Serena whispered, her eyes misty as she looked at me. "You've really become more mature. I thought you were **still** holding on to Sir Kieran, that your hatred for the king was because of him but now that the king's decided not to reject you, I'm glad you're thinking about what's best for yourself."

She nodded then, wearing a determined look.

"Don't worry, my lady. You don't need to be afraid of anything. You have me, and I'll make **sure** to protect you when we get to the king's pack!"

I almost **let out a scoff** at her words. There was **never a** moment this girl wasn't thinking about protecting me but I **had to** admit, it was comforting... having someone like her on my side.

"Thank you, Serena," I **said** with a smile, handing her **the** empty plate. "And thank you for the **meal** too. But I'd like **to rest now**

... I'm feeling a bit tired."

Serena's eyes widened in realization, and **she** lowered her head into a respectful bow.

"I understand, my lady. **Please rest** well." With that, she left the room, and the moment the door clicked shut, the **smile** on my **face** vanished. I spun around instantly, aiming my leg at the person who had just appeared beside me but, **as** expected, the bastard caught my leg with one hand, effortlessly, his expression completely unreadable.

Darius.

I frowned **as** I watched him tilt his head at me, his cold eyes narrowing. For a long, tense moment, neither of us moved.

We just stared at each other, the ticking clock the only sound in the room. And just when it felt like the silence would stretch on forever, my lips slowly curved into a smile.

"Oh my goddess, I apologize, my king. I didn't realize it was you. Please forgive me—if I had known, I wouldn't have done that," I said with feigned surprise. For the briefest moment, I caught the twitch in his eye, but he said nothing. Instead, he let go of my leg without a word and walked over to the couch like he owned the room.

I watched as he sat down, fixing his gaze on me casually, still silent. I had to fight the urge to roll my eyes. Since he wasn't going to speak, I didn't either.

Instead, I stretched, yawned, and lay down on the bed. Just as I was about to pull the blanket over me, his cold voice cut through the silence.

“Why did you hide your wolf?”

I froze, brow arching slightly as he continued.

“Or rather... when did you know you were a white wolf all along?”

My gaze instantly darkened. I sat up slowly, turning to face him, expression unreadable, not a trace of emotion on my face. And just as I had practiced, I spoke.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, my king. What white wolf?” I said evenly. “How can I be a white wolf if I don’t even have a wolf at all? And aren’t white wolves supposed to be extinct? You must be mistaken, my king.”

I almost wanted to smile, but I kept my expression perfectly neutral.

The corner of Darius’s lips curved in mild amusement, and he leaned forward, tilting his head slightly as his eyes narrowed

on me.

“**I see,**” he murmured.

And before I could even blink, my eyes widened in terror because the next second, a dagger came flying straight at my **face**.

What the hell!

Chapter 64

Nyssa pov

I wasn’t sure how **I did it**, but just in **the** nick **of** time, I **barely** dodged **the** dagger aimed straight at my head. **It was** as though **the world** had **slowed** down as I ducked, watching in both horror and **disbelief as** the blade sliced through strands of my **hair** and lodged itself into the headboard behind me.

My lips parted in shock, but no words came out. I jerked my body back, staring at the dagger before instinctively reaching up to my head, then slowly turning to look at the indifferent bastard sitting in front of me.

What the actual hell...

For a brief moment, neither of **us** spoke. Silence **settled** thickly in the room, stretching on for what felt like an eternity until I finally snapped.

“Are you freaking crazy?!” I roared, pointing at the deranged maniac in front of me.

“Are you insane?! You almost killed me, oh my goddess! So you didn’t want to reject me, you wanted to kill me **instead**?!”

But even as I screamed at him, his expression didn’t change. He simply tilted his head slightly, watching me with that **same** cold indifference, completely unbothered.

“You’re the crazy one, Nyssa! Do you want to get us killed?!” Sheila scolded in my head. “Do you even know who you’re yelling at? That’s the Lycan King! He could change his mind and kill you just for speaking to him like that!”

I rolled my eyes at her words, scoffing.

“Kill me? Are you blind, Sheila? He was literally just about to kill me.”

Sheila sighed.

“No, Nyssa. he wasn’t...”

“You have a wolf,” he stated—more an answer than a question, the corner of his lips curving into a humorless smirk as he gazed at me.

“W—what?” I stammered in confusion, watching as he leaned forward slightly.

“No wolfless person could dodge that attack, no matter how well-trained they are. If you were truly wolfless like you claim, your head would’ve been rolling on the floor before you even blinked. Yet you narrowly escaped the blade... which means **you’re** not wolfless.”

My eyes widened, not because he figured it out, but because of the terrifying realization that if I had truly been wolfless, I would’ve been dead. Gone.

T—this man **was really** ruthless. No, scratch that. He was something worse. He was a devil.

This only proved he didn’t care whether I lived or died. If I survived, it was only because I had a white wolf.

“So **tell** me...” he hummed, rising to his **feet** and tucking his hands casually into his pockets. “What were you saying about being **wolfless**?”

My heart pounded so violently it felt like it might burst from my chest. Instinctively, I opened my mouth, ready to lie, ready to argue **that** it was all **just** a misunderstanding but before I could utter a word, a startled **gasp escaped** me **as** Darius suddenly appeared in front of me, stopping just inches away.

My eyes widened **as**

I found him leaning **toward** me, his face **dangerously** close **to** mine, his **gaze** locked **on** me without a **single** hint of **emotion**.

“My patience is wearing thin, little she-wolf. If you **don’t** speak the truth right now, I might **as** well end your life here and everyone else’s **for** your **disrespect,**” he **warned**. “Don’t assume I’m easy to **speak** to just because you’re my **mate.**”

For a brief moment, **his eyes** flashed **a** terrifying shade of white, and **I** stared at him, almost breathless.

His **eyes... they were** ancient,

yet they held something in **their** depths. Something that made me want to kneel before him and **lower** my **head** in submission. I knew, almost instantly, that it was his aura at play.

My breathing turned shallow, coming out in light pants, and I lowered my **gaze**, trying to hide the trembling in my hands as I looked **away**.

Oh goddess, why **was** I getting this **scared**?

“You answer me when I speak to you,” he said, and I stiffened **as** I felt him tilt my head up, forcing me **to** meet his **eyes**.

For a moment, I wanted to lean into his touch, to close my **eyes** and give in to the strange pull I felt toward this man but I quickly snapped out of it, leaning back and swallowing nervously as **I** spoke.

“1-1...” **I** stammered, not knowing what to say.

Since he had already figured out the truth, I realized there was no point in lying and Sheila seemed to agree **as** her voice echoed in my mind.

“Just tell him the truth. He already knows. **If** you don’t, you’ll only make him angrier,” she warned, making me frown before I let out a frustrated sigh.

“Well, it’s not like I have a choice, do I?” I mumbled, then lifted my head to look at Darius with a serious expression.

"I apologize, my king. I've been nothing but rude to you, but I was terrified when you threw that dagger at me. Please, forgive me for my impudence," I said.

But his expression didn't change, so I cut straight to the point.

"You're right, my king. I am not wolfless. I only discovered this recently and didn't know how to tell anyone, so I kept it a

secret."

I watched as his eyes narrowed slightly, studying me. He leaned back and folded his arms.

"When did you find out?" he asked.

"This week, my king," I answered without hesitation.

He frowned, his **gaze** locked on me as though trying to determine if I was telling the truth. After a moment of silence, he spoke again.

"So... you're the white wolf from that day. The one who ran away from me."

I nodded, tightening my grip on the sheets, suddenly feeling nervous.

I knew Darius didn't want to reject me and I had a feeling it wasn't just because I was a white wolf. There was something more to it. Something deeper.

And something told me that Sheila knew **exactly** what it was.

2/3

"I see," he hummed, then stepped back, moving away from me. He returned to his seat and sank into it, his gaze never leaving mine.

Then, without a hint of emotion, he said something that made my breath hitch and sent a cold shiver crawling down my spine.

"Strip and shift for me, little she-wolf."

sa pov

My eyes nearly popped out of their **sockets as I stared** at the man before me, my gaze wide with disbelief, hoping **I had** misheard him **or** that he would laugh and **call** it a joke. But then again, Darius wasn't a **man** who laughed or joked. He was being deadly serious.

I **knew** that because **he** tilted his head slightly and narrowed his eyes at me with a cold expression, silently waiting for me to strip and shift in front of him.

What the hell.

“What?!” I blurted in shock, making Darius frown as he repeated his command, as if convinced I hadn’t **heard** him the first time.

“Strip for me and shift.”

A dry scoff escaped me at his choice of words. Strip for him? Absolutely not. But I also knew I couldn’t afford to be rude to Darius right now.

“W—what are you saying, my king?” I stammered, my hands instinctively reaching up to cover my chest as I stared at him like he was a pervert. “I’m an unmated she-wolf, I can’t just strip in front of you. I mean no disrespect, but my dignity won’t

allow it.”

I lowered my eyes and spoke softly, even though I remembered clearly how he had seen me naked back in the woods. Still, I kept up the act.

It wasn’t that I had a problem stripping in front of him... but I knew I couldn’t cause a scene right now.

When Darius said nothing, I looked up to find him staring at me with a blank, unimpressed expression. And without hesitation, he spoke again.

“Then shift. Turn into a white wolf.”

For a second, my eye twitched. If he didn’t care whether I got naked or not, then why the hell had he told me to strip in the first place?

He could have just said that from the start.

Clicking my tongue, I rose from the bed and lowered my head.

“Since I don’t want to rip these clothes, I’ll shift in the bathroom. Is that okay, Lycan King?”

He didn’t even spare me a glance. He just waved a hand in the air, silently giving me permission to do whatever I wanted.

I snarled and opened my mouth, silently cursing him as I stormed into the bathroom, making sure to lock the door behind me. Once I did, I stepped in front of the mirror and

stared at my reflection, my eyes trailing over my features before I let out a deep breath and began undressing, still cursing my luck under my breath.

"If I hadn't shifted and gone into the woods, then I wouldn't have met him there... and he wouldn't have known I was a white wolf," I grumbled, slipping out of my dress and underwear with a scowl.

"But if you hadn't met him in the woods, he wouldn't have known you were a white wolf and decided not to reject you instead," Sheila chimed in, and I scoffed.

Just admit you're **happy** he gets to see how beautiful your fur is up close," I shot back, rolling my eyes.

Sheila let out a dramatic **gasp**. "Of course not! But... how did you know that's what I was thinking?"

I chuckled with a shrug. "Not sure. Just seems like something you'd do."

Sheila huffed as I closed my eyes, just like she'd taught me, preparing to shift. I took a deep breath and exhaled, repeating the motion again and again until I felt the familiar connection between us.

A brief moment passed.

Then I opened my eyes... and found myself looking up at the mirror that now towered slightly above me. I lifted my hand into my line of vision and saw a paw. A small smile curved my lips as I nodded in approval, I was getting better at this. I'd even shifted faster than the last time.

"That's because once you start getting used to it, you'll become faster!" Sheila echoed in my head, her voice filled with excitement.

I couldn't help but smile too as I walked to the door and raised my paw, intending to push it open, only to frown when I realized I had locked it when I came in.

Shit.

I smacked my paw against my head and rolled my eyes internally, glancing up at the door to see the key dangling from the doorknob.

How could I have forgotten I'd need to unlock it later? I couldn't even reach the height of the key, and even if I stood on my back paws, there was no way I could turn the lock with just paws.

Goddess, I was an idiot.

“Maybe you should send a mind–link to the king to open the door for us,” Sheila suggested.

And that’s when I realized, I didn’t just have a dumb moment, I had a dumb wolf too.

If the door was locked from the inside, Darius couldn’t unlock it unless he broke it down. So really, the only option was to shift back to human form, unlock the door, and shift again.

Sigh. I really needed to think ahead next time.

I **was** about to close my eyes to shift back when Sheila interrupted.

“You know you don’t have to close your eyes every time you shift, right? Just imagine shifting—and there you go.”

I did as she said. I envisioned myself changing back to human form, and within seconds, I found myself standing on legs instead of paws.

I glanced down and nodded in approval. I had shifted much faster this time. That was good progress.

“Now let’s get this over with,” I murmured under my breath, reached out, and unlocked the door.

But the next second, I froze as I heard the sound of footsteps just outside my room, followed by Serena’s voice as she murmured,

“I should check on the lady again to make sure she’s okay.”

My eyes widened, and I gasped. I wasn’t sure if I was hearing things or if my hearing had sharpened because of my wolf but before my brain could fully process, my body moved on instinct.

I drew the door open, suddenly remembering that Darius was still in my room.

The moment the door opened, a shiver crawled down my spine and time seemed to freeze.

There he was, Darine standing right in front of my bathroom door, his usual indifferent expression in place.

His eyes dropped from my face to my body, and for a brief second, they flashed a sharp shade of silver.

But I had no time to dwell on that because the door to my room began to creak open.

I cursed my luck for the third time that day, lunged forward, grabbed Darius by the arm, yanked him inside, and slammed

the door shut

Oh. My. Goddess.

Chapter 66

Nyssa pov

What the fuck **have** I done?

No—what the fuck **was** I doing?

Did I **just** pull the Lycan King into my bathroom, lock the door, and then slam him against the wall, leaving barely inches.

between us?

While I was... naked?!

Oh my goddess.

I didn't even know what was happening anymore. My head was spinning, trying to process everything all at once.

But most of all... I was trying to process how the goddess had made Darius so devastatingly handsome, yet beautiful at the same time.

My breath hitched as my eyes traced over his face in awe. Long lashes, piercing eyes, sculpted nose, perfect lips...

Perfect lips.

Fuck.

As I stared at him, I couldn't help but lick my bottom lip, swallowing hard as my body reacted to the proximity, completely outside of my control.

My face flushed a deep shade of pink as my nipples hardened, and my core throbbed almost painfully as his intoxicating scent wrapped around me.

My heart pounded so hard it felt like it might explode.

Before I could stop myself, my gaze dropped to his lips.

And like some invisible force was pulling me in, I parted mine and leaned in slowly, the urge to close the distance and kiss him absolutely insane.

But just as my lips hovered inches from his—

Serena's voice outside snapped me back to reality.

"My lady? Where **is** she? Oh my goddess! She's not in her room... have the rogues attacked again?" she said, her voice rising with fear.

I blinked, my eyes going wide as they met Darius's.

His expression was unreadable... but his gaze was locked completely on me.

"Shit," I muttered under my breath, about to lean away and offer an apology for what I'd just done.

But before I could, his arms wrapped around my waist, pulling me back toward him.

A gasp of surprise escaped my lips, and a shiver shot down my spine as he leaned in closer.

Chapter 66.

He reached out, and I **instinctively closed** my **eyes**, inhaling sharply **as his** fingers brushed my **hair away** from my neck.

Then, he **leaned** in and inhaled **deeply**.

My jaw **nearly** hit the floor.

Oh my-

"Miss? **Is** that you, my lady?" **Serena's** voice rang out, and my **eyes** snapped open in horror as **the** sound of the doorknob turning reached my ears.

I opened my mouth to respond, but instead of words, a whimper slipped out **as** I felt Darius's lips **graze** my skin, sending tingles through every fiber of my body.

My mind was a mess. My heart felt like it was seconds away from bursting out of my **chest**, but worst of all was the ache between my legs. I didn't understand why I was this turned on by the man standing so close to me.

"Miss? Are you okay?" Serena called again, worry lacing her voice. "Please unlock the door. I'm getting worried... or should I call the Alpha?"

I instantly placed my hands on Darius's chest, trying to push him back, but when he didn't budge, I stammered out, forcing myself to speak.

"S—Serena, I'm fine! You don't have to worry. I'm just... in the toilet, so you can go."

The words barely registered in my brain as Darius groaned softly, his grip on my waist tightening as he pulled me even closer and—oh Goddess, sniffed me like a damn dog.

"Are you sure you're okay, Miss? You don't sound like it. Please open the door for just a second."

I gasped as Darius's hand circled my neck, gently turning my face to the side so he could graze the other side with his lips.

I nearly cried when I heard Sheila moan in my head. At this point, I was dangerously close to letting one slip out myself, but I bit it back and pressed my thighs together, trying to suppress the ache building inside me. I forced myself to speak.

"Don't... don't worry about me. I'm in the toilet and I can't get up, so please just leave. You should go to bed. I'll see you tomorrow, Serena."

I hissed her name out, breathless and panting. Knowing she'd still try to argue, I quickly added,

"It's an order, Serena. You're disturbing me right now."

There was a pause, a soft sigh from the other side of the door, before her voice came again.

"I apologize, my lady. I was just worried. I'll be leaving now. If you need anything, please don't hesitate to call."

The sound of her retreating footsteps reached my ears, and as soon as I heard the door close, I let out a shaky sigh of relief. But I didn't even get the chance to recover before a moan escaped my lips, Darius had leaned away from my neck and tilted my chin up with his hand, forcing me to meet his gaze.

My eyes widened at our proximity, he was so close I could practically feel his hot breath brushing against my lips.

In that moment, as I stared at him, it felt as though the world had finally come to a stop. The man before me was so mercilessly attractive I couldn't tear my eyes away. And not only that, the way he **was** staring at me, it felt like I **was** completely trapped.

It wasn't a look of disgust... nor was it the usual hatred he often gave me. This time, it was different.

And if I could sum it up in **one** word, it was lust.

My breath hitched **as** he leaned **closer**, murmuring under his breath,

“Why do you smell like her right now?”

His words made my brows furrow, but my body stiffened when I felt his hand move lower on my waist, sliding down to the curve of my butt.

What **was** happening?!

“M—My King.” I whispered breathlessly, trying to push away from him as my hands pressed against his chest but what Darius did next made my entire world freeze.

“You smell delicious.”

And with that, he closed the distance between us and crashed his lips onto mine.

Darius pov

It wasn't just the pull this time. It was something **else**.

Something I hadn't felt in a long time.

Not since the death of my mate.

It **was** lust.

I had seen plenty of naked women after her death, especially the ones sent by the previous betas, who constantly tried to tempt me by filling my chambers at night, hoping I would choose one to mate with.

But staring at a naked woman never **fazed** me.

My body didn't **react**.

And more importantly, I'd break their hands if they dared to touch me.

But this little she-wolf... she was different.

I wasn't sure if it was because she was my mate or something else entirely but not only was she naked...

She had touched me.

And I wasn't repulsed.

Instead, my body was reacting to hers, and the only thought that filled my head as I held her close and gazed down at her was to listen to Silas

And claim her. Right here. Right now.

I had thought I had control. I truly believed I could ignore that little devil's voice in my head.

But her scent... Her scent tore away every shred of self-control I thought I had.

Vanilla and roses, just like my late mate. And today, those scents seemed even more intense and consuming.

"You smell delicious," the words slipped from my lips before I could stop them.

And like something invisible was pushing me forward, I closed the distance and crashed my mouth onto hers.

One hand tightened around her waist, the other cupped her chin as I kissed her.

She gasped, her body stiffening as I held her firmly against me.

I could feel her, warm, soft, and trembling. The way her nipples hardened against my chest, the rapid thud of her heartbeat.

Fuck.

I wasn't sure what was happening anymore. My head was a mess, and I couldn't think straight.

A soft moan escaped her lips as my hand trailed down her lower back, stopping just inches from her butt.

That seemed **to finally** snap her from her **daze**. Her hands **rested between** us, and just when I thought she **was** going to push **me away**, instead, **she wrapped** her arms around my shoulders, pulling me closer as she returned **the** kiss.

That was

when all the **restraints** in me snapped, **every ounce** of control I thought I had shattered **at once**.

I heard **Silas growl as** I held her tighter, shifting our position and turning her around, pressing her **back against** the **wall**.

I felt her body shudder with pleasure as I gripped her thighs and lifted her into the air, wrapping her **legs** around my **waist** and trapping her between the wall and me.

Her arms tightened around my shoulders, her fingers tangling in my hair, holding me in **place**.

“Goddess, I want her so badly, Darius,” Silas hissed in my head, and a shiver ran down my spine at the intensity in his voice.

“Let’s claim her, Darius. Let’s make her ours. **It’s easy... just** give in,”

he whispered, like the devil he was.

I groaned and pulled her away from the wall, carrying her to the sink and setting her down on the edge.

She whimpered when I broke the kiss and leaned into her neck, pressing soft kisses along her skin as I fought the urge to sink my teeth in and mark her.

Instead, I took my time, trailing kisses down to her shoulder, feeling her tense and inhale sharply as my lips moved lower, brushing over her chest.

“Oh Goddess,” she gasped in pleasure, her head thrown back as my lips found one of her hardened nipples. I flicked my tongue around it, making her reach up and bury her hand in my hair, holding me in place.

“Ah... please,” she whimpered, arching her back as I leaned back slightly, her nipple slipping from my mouth with a soft pop before I turned to the other, giving it the same attention.

My hand drifted downward, gliding over her stomach and lower, toward the heat between her legs.

She spread her legs for me, and the grip on my hair tightened as I found her dripping core and began to rub slow circles over her clit with my thumb.

“I—more, please,” she breathed out, her voice barely above a whisper.

Leaning away from her breast, I claimed her lips once more in a heated kiss, parting her walls with my fingers.

Just as I was about to slide a finger in and stroke her, she pulled back slightly from the kiss and whispered,

“Oh Darius, it feels so good.”

As soon **as** she said that, the world seemed to freeze, and for a brief moment, my vision became distorted. A gasp escaped me as I leaned back and instead of the she-wolf who should be sitting in front of me, she appeared instead.

In our chamber, lying on the bed beneath me as I took her. I blinked, watching as Nyssa's tear-filled gaze was replaced by my mate's, crying and holding me close, begging me to touch her the way Nyssa did. To hold her, to give her pleasure.

I shut my eyes as my vision blurred and a sharp ringing filled my head. The scene from that day flashed before me.

The **flames**.

Her body.

My screams.

As I watched her lying in a pool of her own blood, tears in her eyes, her half-dead gaze fixed on me.

"I'm sorry, Darius... I'm really sorry."

A sharp ringing in my head drowned out her voice, my Liana's voice as her final words echoed in my mind over and over again.

I took a step back, pulling away, almost staggering on my feet as I heard the she-wolf call out to me.

"M-My King? My King, are you okay?" her voice trembled as she reached for me.

But I yanked my hand out of her grip and roared,

"Don't you dare touch me!"

Chapter 68

Nyssa pov

I had no idea what **was** going on. One moment, he was touching me like he wanted me, and the next, he was glaring at me with that familiar anger and hatred in his **eyes**.

But this time, it felt different. Usually, he would look at me with indifference, as if my existence was something he wanted nothing more than to ignore. But now... now he looked like he wanted to kill me. His eyes burned with a fury so intense it sent a shiver down my spine.

Fuck, what was happening? Had I done something wrong? Was it the way I kissed him? Was he angry because I wasn't good enough?

Honestly, I didn't even know if I was a good kisser. Kieran had been the only person I'd ever kissed, and he used to say he loved kissing me but if the man could lie about loving me just to climb his way into the Alpha's position, then I seriously doubted he'd ever told the truth about that either.

So as Darius glared at me, I couldn't help but wonder if it was because I was a terrible kisser.... or maybe because I had accidentally bitten his lip. Oh Goddess, this was embarrassing.

"M—my king," I stammered, watching as Darius staggered slightly, one hand reaching up to his head like he was in pain. That worried me but after how he had screamed at me earlier for touching him, I didn't dare reach out.

Instead, I asked again, my voice soft and cautious.

"My king... are you okay? Is something wrong?"

I slowly closed my legs and looked up at the man standing in front of me.

Darius groaned and shut his eyes for a moment, then opened them again, his gaze narrowed on me as his eyes terrifying shade of silver, and he took another step back as he panted heavily.

"Don't ever touch me again."

flashed a

He hissed the words like venom, making me frown as I watched him walk to the door, unlock it, and leave the bathroom without sparing me a second glance.

I stared at the door for a moment, confused and trying to wrap my head around what had just happened. After what felt like an eternity, my eye twitched, and the corner of my lips curled into a snarl as I cursed out loud.

"What the fuck?! Don't touch him? Don't touch him? As if I want to touch him!" I screamed in frustration, jumping down from the sink and stomping my foot on the floor.

"Ugh, I mean, yeah, I was the one who pulled him in and touched him first, but that was only because I didn't want Serena to find him in my room! I didn't want to cause a misunderstanding! So why is he acting like I was desperate *to* touch him?" I scoffed, rolling my eyes and placing my hands on my hips as I kept ranting to no one in particular.

“And he was the one who kissed me first! He held me, he kissed me, so why the hell did he act like that? Especially—”

I stopped and gestured at my body, remembering the way he’d sucked on my nipples, rubbed my clit... and how good it felt, how close he was to sliding his fingers in me.

“Especially after doing all that to me and still—ugh! Still not even finishing!”

As soon as the words left my mouth, I froze, eyes widening in horror as I processed what I’d just blurted out.

Wait...

“**Ha!** **So** you’re telling me you’re more **upset about the fact** that he didn’t finish?” **Sheila** teased, her **voice** dripping **with** sarcasm. “Is that **it?** **That** you actually wanted him to **keep** going?”

I scoffed, rolling my **eyes at her** words, trying to hide the blush creeping up my cheeks.

“O—of course not! That’s not what I **was** trying to say! Stop twisting my words. I meant something else. I’m **more** upset about **the** way he spoke to me. And how dare he **touch** me!”

Sheila chuckled in amusement, clearly not buying **it**, but I wasn’t in the mood to listen to her. Before she could **say** anything else, I huffed, turned around, picked up my clothes, and walked out of the bathroom with a frown.

What was really happening here? Why did I want a man like Darius to touch me? And why... why did it **feel** so good?

But most of all...

Why on earth did he call out that name?

Liana.

The next day went as usual. Serena came to wake me up and dress me, but by the time she arrived, I had already taken my bath and slipped into a bright yellow dress with pretty ribbons tied at the center. I was already seated on the bed, waiting for her.

Serena had been shocked when she walked in. Her eyes had nearly popped out of their sockets **as** she stared at me like she was seeing a ghost.

“Miss... Miss, what happened? How are you awake at this time? Are you okay?” she asked, clearly stunned.

But honestly, I hadn't slept at all so there was no way I could have woken up late like usual.

Every time I closed my eyes, all I could think about was what had happened yesterday in the bathroom with Darius.

His touch... and how good his lips had felt against mine.

Afterwards, we stepped out of the room and made our way to the dining table.

"Miss, I was really worried about you last night—I could barely sleep. But I guess I shouldn't have been, since you were just in the bathroom," Serena said, and immediately my face heated up. I cleared my throat and smoothed down my dress with my hands.

"Y—**yes**, of course. I was fine," I replied, forcing a smile, though my heart began to pound faster with each step I took toward the dining room, already dreading who I might see.

Soon enough, I reached the top of the staircase, and as I lowered my gaze, I spotted my father, his beta and gamma, along with **Cassian** and Drake.

And him.

Darius.

The very person I didn't want to **see**.

And the moment his eyes flicked up and met mine, it felt like all the air in my lungs had been knocked out of me,

Chapter 69

Nyssa pov

He sat there quietly, **like** he always did. **His** gaze was locked on nothing in particular, his expression cold and unreadable. His hair fell messily around his **face**, like **he hadn't** had the time to take care of it.

Despite that, he looked like he belonged in a museum- dangerously attractive.

As I stared at him, I knew he could sense it, yet he didn't lift his head to look at me, not even for a second. He just **sat** there, staring blankly, **even as** everyone **else** spoke around him.

It made me frown for some reason. Sure, this wasn't the first time he'd blatantly ignored me, but this time... **it** annoyed me more than usual.

After what had happened yesterday, I didn't expect him to talk to me, but for some reason, I couldn't understand why I was

angry.

"Miss,"

I heard Serena whisper as she gently tapped me, snapping me out of my daze. I blinked and turned to find her head slightly lowered, subtly gesturing ahead.

Following **her** gaze, I turned around and realized that everyone at the dining table was staring at me. My father... and everyone **else**.

"Oh! Good morning, my lady. Yellow looks really good on you," Cassian greeted with a grin, raising his hand in a playful

wave.

"Yes, Beta Cassian is right. The lady looks very pretty," Drake added, his voice calm and composed, in contrast to Cassian's playful tone.

Before I knew it, a smile tugged at my lips as I looked at them, especially when I noticed my father, Calen, and Benjamin all smiling in satisfaction at the compliment.

They looked like proud mother geese admiring their chick.

I knew I'd been dressing differently lately, either in black or in clothes that usually upset my father but today, I'd at least made an effort to wear something brighter.

I smiled softly, lowering my head slightly before walking down the stairs, carefully avoiding the gaze of the man who hadn't even spared me a glance.

"You know, the color yellow suits you perfectly. It brings out your eyes," Cassian complimented again as I stepped closer, and I couldn't help but laugh as I took a seat beside my father.

"Thank you, Beta Cassian. Thank you, Gamma Drake. I appreciate the kind words," I said politely, and they both smiled back before returning to their food.

For a brief moment, my father looked at me with a glimmer in his eyes before giving me a small nod, almost as if to say **was** proud of me.

Proud of me?

For what, exactly?

Maybe because I wasn't making a scene about going to the king's pack. Well... not yet, at least. I was waiting to **see** if Sheila would actually do what she said she would tonight.

he

As Serena **began** serving food onto my **plate**, Cassian leaned forward and began speaking to me **enthusiastically**.

"Our **pack**

is really big—**bigger than** any **other pack** in **the** world. It's beautiful too, absolutely mesmerizing. We **have** the best **delicacies**, the finest furniture, **the** most luxurious clothes, and the highest level of security. You'll **be** surprised when you see it. I know everything might **feel a bit rushed** right **now**, but trust me, you're going to love it."

He gave me a bright, excited grin before popping a piece of **pancake** into **his** mouth. I smiled and listened without interrupting, not because I was interested in Darius's **pack**. I really didn't care if his pack was something straight out of a fairytale. **What** amused me **was** Cassian's playful behavior. Even though I didn't know him well, he was actually kind of cute. His energy reminded me of a little brother or maybe a best friend. Either way, it was refreshing talking to him, unlike someone else sitting right **here**...

My gaze flickered to Darius as I prepared to **scowl** at him, but the next second, I snapped my **eyes** away, my heart nearly leaping out of my chest.

He had been staring at me the whole time, his eyes locked on mine with an unreadable, emotionless expression.

Fuck.

"Are you okay, miss? You look pale," Drake asked, his tone laced with concern. Cassian stopped talking and narrowed his eyes before chiming in.

"Yeah, are you good?" he echoed, now sounding genuinely worried.

I could feel everyone's attention shift to me, even my father had paused his conversation with Calen and Benjamin to look

my way.

I quickly nodded and forced a smile.

“Y–yes, I’m okay. Hm... I’ve just noticed that the doctor, Zayn hasn’t been around lately. Is he okay?” I asked, smoothly changing the topic to something that had been on my mind.

The last time I saw Zayn was when I had sneaked back into my room that day. He was usually quiet and kept to himself, but I had still noticed his absence.

“Oh–Zayn?” Cassian repeated. “Yeah, he’s not around. He left two days ago, said he wanted to look for some plant outside since he doesn’t get many chances to leave the king’s pack. He’ll be back tomorrow, before we set out.”

“Ah,” I muttered, nodding in understanding as I reached for a glass of water to drink but in the very next second, I heard his

voice.

“Why are you asking about him?”

My **eyes** widened in horror, and I spat out the water from my mouth as I felt Darius’s heated gaze pierce through me.

Everyone turned to him almost at once, stunned that he had finally spoken after ignoring every other attempt to draw him into conversation.

But his **gaze** remained fixed solely on me.

And like the idiot I was, I looked to the left, then to the right, before pointing at myself in surprise.

“Me?” I asked, then swallowed nervously as he narrowed his eyes at me, a shiver crawling down my spine as my body

stiffened.

Just as I braced for silence **to** swallow the room, Darius said nothing. Instead, he stood from his seat and walked away without another glance.

Everyone’s eyes followed him as **he** left, and the moment he was **gone**, **we all** turned **to** each other, unsure **of** what had just happened.

Cassian tilted his head in confusion and muttered,

Cassian tilted his head in confusion and muttered,

“That was weird.”

Chapter 70

What was wrong with me?

Why had I reacted that way? I was a man who barely blinked if someone died in front of me. I didn't care, didn't **react** to anything, neither did I get upset or happy. I had lost all my emotions, all sense of care for life after Liana's death.

Yet now... what was happening?

Why had I gotten mad just because she asked for another man's name? It had nothing to do with me—especially when I was the one who wanted to reject her.

The only reason she was still breathing was because she was a white wolf. If not for that, she would've been dead, and that would've been the end of it.

I wouldn't care if the goddess punished me for rejecting my mate. I was already enduring the worst punishment imaginable, so I doubted there **was** anything more she could do to me.

So why...

I paused mid-step, my hand rising to my chest in confusion. Why had my heart beat like that yesterday?

For the first time in centuries, it had pounded that fast.

"I'm sure you know why, Darius," I heard Silas grumble in my head. "For centuries, you haven't been turned on by a woman the way you were last night. You haven't even touched one without breaking their bones, yet you kissed our mate. You wanted her. Isn't it time you admitted that you're attracted to her?"

My eyes narrowed at his words, and I frowned, but he went on, knowing full well how much I hated listening to him.

"Darius... I know you're still thinking about Liana. I miss her too, she was my mate as well. But it's been so many years. We were cursed by the goddess for what we did, cursed to live this long. And you know what's worse than watching everyone die around us?

"It's that you've forgotten what happiness even feels like," Silas said, his voice softer now. "I can't even remember the last time you truly laughed."

The corner of my lips curved into a humourless smile as I stared at nothing in particular.

Laughed? I had lost the right to laugh the day she died in front of me. The day she bled out and I couldn't do anything to save her.

I had also lost the right to laugh because of the blood of those I had slain. That day when I lost Liana, I went rogue. I killed everyone who had a hand in her death. The elders who believed he was right, who claimed Liana wasn't a proper mate and plotted to eliminate her.

I took their loved ones just as they had taken mine. And though I spared their women and children, it didn't cleanse the guilt staining my hands.

But I killed him too.

The man who had orchestrated it all.

So, for years, I shut everything out. And after failing to die, I gave up trying to find a white wolf.

Yet now, she stood before me—my mate.

A cruel twist of fate.

“**Goddess**, I bet you're not even listening again. You're **so** damn annoying, Darius. Especially after **last** night, when we were this close to claiming her, you backed out like a coward. A coward,” Silas hissed, his voice laced with disdain.

I scoffed at his words and tucked my hands into my pockets, choosing to ignore him like I always did.

But just as I took another step, a voice called out.

“My king!

”

I turned to find Cassian running toward me, a wide grin on his **face as** he stopped by my side.

“My king, why did you **leave** like that? Is something wrong?” he asked.

For a brief moment, I said nothing, **just** stared at him with a raised brow.

The image of him smiling and talking to the she—wolf flashed in my mind.

Before I could stop myself, I released a mild killing intent.

Cassian froze, eyes wide as he stared at me.

“Oh goddess, **was** that killing intent just now? Did you feel it, my king? It made my skin crawl!” he gasped, turning around in

alarm.

I merely scoffed and kept walking, ignoring him. Cassian trailed beside me, laughing as he spoke.

“My king, didn’t I do well?” he asked eagerly. “I kept talking to Lady Nyssa about our pack—told her all about the beautiful things we have back home. I think she’s even more excited to leave now.”

He rambled on, clearly expecting praise, but I cut him off as I headed toward my chambers.

“Were you able to interrogate the rogue?” I asked, my voice calm as I stepped inside. I walked to the couch, sat down, and reached into my pocket, my fingers mindlessly toying with the coin.

Cassian stopped speaking almost immediately, his expression shifting, turning serious in the blink of an eye as he lowered his head and responded.

“Yes, my king. I’ve been interrogating the rogue, but it seems he refuses to speak, no matter what punishment is given to

him.”

I narrowed my eyes at him, slightly taken aback to hear this coming from Cassian.

Though Cassian often appeared to be a lively kid, he was just as brutal in interrogation as his predecessors.

My Betas came from a single generation, and they had trained themselves to be highly skilled in serving me, especially in extracting information through various torturous methods.

Was Cassian getting soft?

As if reading my thoughts, he quickly added,

“Even though I did everything I could, including cutting off his fingers and toes and inflicting pain on different parts of his body, he still wouldn’t speak. He...” Cassian paused, then continued, “He even tried to bite off his tongue in the process. Forgive me, Alpha, but I don’t think we can get rogues like him to talk.”

I looked away from him and frowned.

It seemed these **rogues** had unwavering loyalty to their master. That **was** surprising.

Not because I didn't have men of my own who would die for me if I asked but rogues were different.

They were wolves without packs, with no care for unity like most packs preached. The only things they **cared** about were themselves... and Ashvein—a drug that got them high.

It was a dangerously addictive substance that, when injected, turned their veins black and made werewolves barbaric. That **was** why it had been banned from all packs.

Yet the rogues had somehow gotten their hands on large quantities over the years, and someone had been recruiting them with Ashvein.

"It seems this person is smarter than I thought."

"My king..." Cassian began, but before he could finish, the door burst open and Drake rushed in, panting heavily as he stepped into the room.

He immediately dropped to his knees and bowed his head.

"My king, something has happened. The rogue we captured... he was just found dead."