

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King #Revival 71 – 80

Read Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King Revival 71

Chapter 71

Darius pov

GO

By the time we arrived at the dungeon, Ethan, along with his Beta and Gamma, had already gathered, accompanied by a few others. The girl was nowhere in sight. As I walked in, everyone stepped aside, lowering their heads in respect.

My expression remained emotionless. When I stepped fully into the dungeon and saw the rogue's body lying before me, I didn't react, I simply stared coldly for a brief moment, my gaze narrowing as I took in the scene.

"My king." Ethan's voice sounded from behind me, but I didn't acknowledge him as he continued, "I have no idea what might have happened, but I **swear** to the goddess that the Emberlang Pack had nothing to do with this. I gave orders that no one should interfere, especially since you personally requested the rogue but-"

Before he could finish, I raised a brow and stepped closer to the corpse, causing his words to trail off

"My king... Cassian whispered from behind me as I reached out toward the body.

The rogue's eyes were wide open, a horrified yet oddly blissful expression frozen on his face, with drool gathered at the

corner of his mouth.

Without hesitation, I took his hand and turned it over, revealing **black**

veins snaking up his arm and disappearing beneath

his skin.

"Ashvein..." Drake muttered, and my frown deepened. I took the rogue's other hand and saw the same blackened veins.

For a brief moment, silence settled over the room as we all stared at the body. Then Ethan stammered in disbelief.

“Ashvein... but how—how is that possible? How is Ashvein in my pack?” he asked, as if to no one in particular

My gaze narrowed. I dropped the hand and stood, stretching out mine. Cassian immediately handed me a handkerchief, and I wiped my hands clean.

“You tell me, Ethan,” I said, turning to him with a calm, unreadable expression. “Why would the rogue die of an Ashvein overdose?”

“I—I don’t know what’s going on...” he stammered, his voice shaking.

His beta and gamma stiffened, tension radiating off them, but they stood tall beside their Alpha.

“You do know Ashvein is illegal,” I said, eyes narrowing. “So why would it be in your pack?”

His **eyes** widened—tense, but not with guilt.

Still, I narrowed mine, and they flashed a sharp shade of silver. Almost instantly, Ethan dropped to the ground and lowered his head in submission. Realizing just how serious the situation was, he finally spoke, calmly this time.

“I swear to the goddess, I have no idea how this happened. I know how suspicious it looks, but I truly don’t know how that drug made its way into my pack. Please, **believe** me, my king”

His beta and gamma dropped to their knees beside him,

“Believe us, my king,” they echoed.

My gaze swept over them lazily, my head tilting slightly. I said nothing, I simply watched for a moment before turning to Cassian, who was already staring at me, worry etched on his face.

“Cassian,” I called, and his eyes snapped to mine as he bowed.

“Yes, my king”

“Handle this. Find every clue you can. Report back to me when you’re done.”

“I **understand**, my king”

Without sparing another glance at anyone, I walked out of the dungeon, the air behind me thick with tension.

As I stepped outside, I heard Silas's voice in my head.

"Why did you do that, Darius? You know Nyssa's father didn't do it. He'd be a fool to try something like that while you're here."

He was right but that only meant someone else in the pack had a hand in this and that was what I had intended to warn him about indirectly.

"Ooh, then shouldn't you find the person who did it before we leave tomorrow?" Silas asked, reading my mind.

I responded with only three words.

"Not my business."

I didn't care what happened to this pack or whether they had a traitor among them. The only thing that held my interest now was finding the leader of the rogues and eradicating them from the root and that was exactly what I intended to do.

"Geez, you've turned so ruthless, Darius," Silas **hissed**,

The corner of my lips curved into an amused smirk as I replied,

"And you've turned weak, Silas."

I walked into my chambers, and for a brief moment, my gaze flickered upstairs, lingering on her chamber before I stepped

inside.

Nyssa pov.

"Hal" I scoffed as I flopped onto the bed, arms and legs spread wide, still fuming over how Darius had blatantly ignored me back at the dining area.

I mean, I know I shouldn't care, he's been ignoring my existence since the day he arrived at the pack **but** for some **reason**, it still managed to get under my skin.

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"Perhaps it's because after getting a taste of the Lycan King, you can't resist anymore and you want more," Sheila snickered in my head.

I rolled my eyes, resisting the urge to curse her out.

“Will you please shut up? I’m trying to think here,” I snapped, turning over and burying my face into the pillow as I let out a muffled scream.

This was so annoying. Even more annoying was how affected I clearly was

“You know what might cheer you up?” she asked.

I was just about to tell her to zip it, that I didn’t want to know but her next words made me freeze.

“Want to hear the plan I have to get rid of Kieran and Aria tonight?”

My eyes widened at her words, and I quickly sat up from the bed, a wide smile blooming on my face as I asked.

“Yes! Tell me the plan!” I said eagerly, excitement bubbling in my chest.

I had wanted to ask Sheila before, but I assumed she didn’t really have a plan yet. Now it seemed she was finally *ready* to share.

“It’s quite simple,” Sheila laughed, almost evilly, clearly sensing my excitement. “In order for everything to go smoothly, so you can leave for the Lycan King’s pack tomorrow, we’ll have to kill Kieran and Aria.”

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Chapter 72

Nyssa pov

“**Are** you sure this is going to work?” Lasked for the fifth time, skeptical as I sat on the bed. It was already night, and I had just finished dinner, brushed my teeth, and taken a shower.

Now, I was on the bed, sipping a glass of water that Serena had brought for me.

“Why are you asking me that? I thought you’d do anything to have Kieran and Aria gone. So why the hesitation now? Don’t tell me you still care about them?”

Sheila’s voice was thick with annoyance, and I couldn’t help but scoff at her words.

“Care about them? Stop joking. I just think we can handle Aria, but Kieran... he might be harder. Isn’t he stronger than us?” I asked, frowning in confusion.

Before Sheila could **answer**, Serena, who had been quietly standing beside me, spoke up.

“Miss, are you okay?” she **asked**, snapping me out of my daze.

My gaze shifted to her, finding her staring at me in confusion.

“W–

what?”

Her eyes dropped to my hands, and I followed her gaze, only to realize I had been gripping the glass so tightly in my palm

the entire time.

I blinked, loosening my grip before letting out a quiet sigh and placing the glass back on the tray Serena was holding.

“Yes, I’m okay. Sorry, I got carried away. Thank you for today. I’ll sleep now. Tomorrow is a big day for you too, so you should rest,” I told her with a small smile.

She returned the smile and lowered her head politely.

“Okay, my lady. Please rest well. If you need me, just call.”

With that, she stepped out of the room. As soon as she was gone, I sighed and flopped back on the bed, staring up at the ceiling as a thousand thoughts ran through my head.

Tomorrow, I’d be leaving this pack to go to the Lycan King’s and honestly, I wasn’t sure how I felt.

I guess you could say I was nervous. Nervous about leaving Kieran and Aria behind without doing anything without getting my revenge.

But at the same time, if Sheila really did take care of them like she said she would... then maybe I wouldn’t have anything to worry about.

Still, I couldn’t help but wonder, what would my life be like in Darius’ pack?

And I hadn’t forgotten the rogue’s words from my past life, that someone else had ordered them to take me. But how true

was that? I couldn’t be certain.

If there really was someone else... then who?

Was there a hidden enemy I wasn’t even aware of?

"Ught Everything is just so confusing." Thissed, grabbing my hair in frustration. But I knew I didn't have time to dwell on that right now... not yet.

First, I had to take care of Kieran and Aria.

"Whatever you have planned, I don't care what means you use. As long as you're able to kill them, do whatever it takes, finally said to Sheila,

I heard her chuckle darkly at my words, but she agreed.

"Don't worry, I know what I'm doing."

I waited until it was really late and the guards had already rotated their posts before climbing out of bed and changing into the clothes I had picked out earlier—a pair of joggers, a crop top, and a face cap. Once I had them on, I walked to the window and looked down. Without a second thought, I leapt from the window, landing on my feet before quickly ducking behind a large tree. I scanned my surroundings, making sure no one was around.

Once the coast was clear, I started running out of the packhouse, taking the path I knew the guard's rarely patrolled. It was harder this time, my father had increased security after the rogue attack but I still managed to slip past them. When I finally made it out, I let out a breath of relief and glanced back at the towering mansion behind me.

Then, without wasting a second, I turned around and pulled my phone out of my pocket, checking the time to see that it was 1 a.m. I had two hours before the next rotation.

After this rotation, the guards wouldn't rotate again, they'd remain on duty for the rest of the night. If I missed this window, I wouldn't be able to return tonight, and it would be obvious that I had snuck out.

"I can do this. I have only two hours left, so I have to make it count," I muttered under my breath, inhaling sharply before running toward the woods.

As I ran, I realized why Sheila had said we should do it today. It was because, in my past life, this was the day Aria had been at Kieran's house.

Kieran lived alone. He didn't have parents, and he never really talked about what **had** happened to them, just that they were killed by someone ruthless when he was younger. He'd been on his own ever since.

That day, in my past life, after we'd gotten married, I'd gone to his house to pack up the rest of h some clothes left there since we were both living in the packhouse.

ngings. He still had

I hadn't felt the need to tell him beforehand, so I'd gone with Serena. But when we arrived, Kieran was already inside, shirtless and panting.

He'd looked surprised to see me, but not nearly as surprised as I was. Of all the places he could've been, I **never** expected

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him to be at his old house.

When I asked, he said he was there to pack, and like the fool I was, I believed him. I ignored the small voice in my head whispering that something was wrong—ignored the fact that he wouldn't let me come inside or help him pack his clothes.

As we walked back, Serena had said something felt off. She questioned why he was shirtless if he was just packing. But I brushed her off, telling her he must have **had** a reason and that I trusted him.

But now... **now** it was clear as day.

Aria had been in that house with Kieran that day.

If the past was repeating itself, then Aria and Kieran should be together right now, right this moment—in Kieran's home.

My hands tightened into fists as I ran through the dark woods, my heart pounding in my chest.

I would get my revenge.

Just you wait, Aria and Kieran.

Aria **pov**

"Baby... I know you've been worried **about** everything, but you really need to rest and put your mind at ease and I know just the way to help with that," I said with a smile as I wrapped my arms around him from behind, my fingers moving to his buttons, ready to undo them.

It had been two weeks since all this mess started. Nyssa, that bitch seemed to have changed. She didn't like Kieran anymore. In fact, she hated both of us now, which meant our plan had failed.

And it clearly affected Kieran. His chance of finally becoming Alpha and getting his revenge had slipped away.

To him, that bitch had been his ticket to everything. But now, she'd changed and she seemed to know about Kieran's relationship with me. That's why he'd been in a bad mood these past weeks, ignoring me, snapping over the littlest things

To be honest, I didn't care if Kieran became Alpha or not. In fact, I was even relieved he didn't end up marrying that

woman.

So why was he still this determined?

"Leave me, Aria. I'm not in the mood," he muttered under his breath, hair falling messily around his face as he downed another drink before pouring himself another.

"Why is she acting so differently? I can see it in her eyes... she hates me. She wanted to kill herself... His grip on the glass tightened as he hissed, "To frame me. Nyssa really wanted to kill herself just to frame me."

My eyes narrowed, jaw clenched at his words. Goddess, why did he have to go on and on about her? If I wasn't mistaken, the way he spoke sounded like he was heartbroken, like he was hurt by what she did.

But why should he be? He shouldn't feel anything for her.

My lips trembled, but I held it in and forced a smile as I leaned closer to **his ear**, slowly undoing one of his buttons **as**

i whispered,

*You should stop thinking about her, my love. Just relax."

I let my tongue flick out to slowly trace his earlobe.

"Let me help you... I know exactly how to make you feel good, baby."

A grin stretched across my **lips** when he didn't say anything. Thinking I was finally getting somewhere with him, that this would distract him from Nyssa, even just a little, I reached for the second button, ready to undo it.

But the next second, a surprised gasp escaped me as my hands were suddenly grabbed and pull

Ty from his chest.

I **watched** as Kieran stood up from the seat, staggering slightly from how drunk he was, shaking his head before glancing

at me.

"I said I'm not in the mood. Can't you see there's something more important than this?" he snapped, his **voice** dripping

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with venom. "You still haven't figured out how she knew the truth about us. You don't even seem to care. Don't **you** understand what's at stake here?"

The corners of my lips curved into a frown as I stared at him, my hands tightening into fists.

This man standing in front of me right now—this wasn't the Kieran I knew. He was the strong, composed man who stood

tall without ever being shaken.

That was the man I had fallen in love with.

And yet here he **was**, like this, all because of another woman.

"Why are you not taking this seriously? You should be talking to Nyssa, that—"

I snapped the moment I heard her name again. Before he could react, I grabbed the pillow beside me and threw it at him

in anger. Because he was drunk, he stumbled and fell easily, the glass shattering on the ground as I yelled.

"Nyssa! NYSSA! Stop calling her name! I roared.

Kieran groaned, sitting on the floor as he stared at me in surprise, his dazed expression shifting to shock.

"Can't you stop saying her name for even a second? Why do you care so much about that bitch?! She's all you've thought about these past two weeks, every word out of your mouth is about her. Do you like her?!"

Kieran's eyes darkened at my words and he growled, his voice sharp with warning.

"Don't you spout nonsense!" he hissed, and laughed.

"Nonsense? I know you want to be Alpha so badly and get your revenge on Alpha Ethan, but do you not care about me? I'm your mate, Kieran, your mate! And it wasn't easy seeing you with another woman like that, yet I took it in... but you're taking it for

granted!" I screamed, forcing back the tears as I stood up from the seat and stormed upstairs in rage.

Ugh! The nerve of this man. How could he treat me this way? After everything I've done for him. I fucking let my best friend have him just so he could be happy, yet he was acting like this.

And the worst part? After my father heard that the Alpha was furious at me for being accused of cheating with Kieran, he chased me out of the house, told me not to come back unless I made up with that bitch.

It was infuriating. Really infuriating how Nyssa always had all the good things.

She was the Alpha's precious daughter. She had servants, designer clothes, the best **food**, the best cosmetics. She was so much more beautiful than me. She had Kieran, and even after she ended the engagement, she turned out to be the Lycan

King's mate.

Even though the Lycan King was a scary man, he was still powerful and he ruled the strongest pack in the world. She was lucky,

My hands clenched into fists as I stormed toward the room.

"This **isn't** fair at all!" I hissed, throwing the door open.

But at that moment, Froze

My eyes widened in disbelief as I stared at the person sitting on the edge of the window, shrouded in shadows.

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Nyssa pov

I sat on the window ledge as I listened to the noises downstairs. Aria and Kieran were arguing and it involved me in particular. Apparently, Aria was furious that Kieran was still hung up on the fact that I broke off the engagement. He wanted to know how I found out they were cheating. He wanted to make up with me because losing me also meant losing his shot at becoming Alpha

I already knew all of this, and honestly, I wasn't surprised.

What did surprise me, however, was something Aria said.

What did she mean by Kieran getting revenge on my father? Why would he want revenge against him? And the fact that everything he did in my past life was also part of that revenge—it shocked me.

I

always thought it was just about power. That his ambition to be Alpha had driven him to manipulate and lie. But now, realizing that he had pretended to love and care for me solely for revenge.... it made me sick.

I didn't know what my father had supposedly done to him but I knew my father. He was a good man. He would never hurt anyone without a reason.

My hands clenched into fists as the truth settled deep in my chest:

I had been the reason Kieran got his revenge. I had helped him destroy my father.

"I'll make them pay. Both of them," I hissed under my breath, my nails digging into my palms just as the sound of footsteps

approached.

I took a deep breath, forcing myself to calm down, and unclenched my fists. Sitting straighter, I turned just as the door burst open and Aria stormed in only to freeze when her eyes landed on me.

For a moment, she didn't speak. Didn't even blink.

A soft gasp escaped her lips **as** I tilted my head and watched her silently.

She couldn't see me clearly, but she could feel the killing **aura** I'd let out.

"**W**—who are you?" she stammered, finally snapping out of her daze and taking a step back.

The corners of my lips curved into a smirk as I watched her in silence. That alone seemed to frighten her more, her body trembled, and her breathing grew rapid.

"Me?" I finally hummed, my hand reaching into my side and pulling out the dagger I'd **kept** hidden.

As the moonlight caught the blade, her eyes widened in horror. I leaned in slightly, my voice low and calm as I whispered,

she

“Someone who’s here to end your life.”

As I expected, she opened her mouth to scream, but before she could, I was already in front of her. My hand reached for her face and slammed her against the wall, a muffled groan escaping her as I covered her mouth with my **gloved** hand.

Couldn’t have my fingerprints on her, could I?

She sucked in a sharp breath as I leaned in closer, the brim of my cap casting a shadow over my eyes.

“I’m here to kill you, Aria,” I murmured, bringing the dagger to her neck, Her eyes fluttered shut the moment the cold metal kissed her skin.

“To finally put an end to you and Kieran being a threat.”

At those words, her eyes snapped open in shock. I felt her lips move against my palm, and though it was muffled, I heard it, my name.

A smirk tugged at the corner of my lips. Slowly, I tilted my head up, allowing her to see my face clearly

The second she did, a gasp tore from her lips and her eyes narrowed in disbelief.

“Hello, Aria,” I said smoothly. “How have you been?”

The surprise vanished as quickly as it came, replaced by anger flashing in her eyes. She raised her hands to push me off, but I didn’t budge. Instead, I pressed the dagger closer to her neck, making her hiss and glare at me.

“Mmmmm-”

She tried to speak, but her voice came out muffled as she struggled, still careful not to let the blade cut her skin.

“Aria,” I said calmly, and she immediately froze.

But before she could react, my hand flew to her face, snapping her head to the side. She hit the ground with a soft thud, her hand flying to her cheek as she stared up at me in shock, touching the spot where I’d struck her.

In the next second, I stepped toward her, pulling out the small bottle from my pocket. Without hesitation, I reached for her throat, gripping it tightly in my palm, and before she could scream or move, I forced the contents of the bottle down her

throat.

She tried to resist, her hands flying up to slap the bottle away, but I tightened my grip on her neck, forcing her mouth open instinctively as she swallowed every drop.

“Mmmm!” Her eyes began to water as I finally pulled back, releasing her throat and tossing the bottle to the ground.

She stared at me in horror, hands flying to her throat as she coughed, desperately trying to spit the substance out, but it

was no use.

What I had just given her was a deadly poison that would take effect the moment it entered her mouth. After Sheila told me she would kill both Kieran and Aria, she taught me how to create it. It was actually simple, only two ingredients were needed to make the toxin, and both could be found in the woods I often visited. So after sneaking out of the packhouse tonight, I’d gone there first, made the poison, and then come here.

Sheila had called the poison Moonrot. She said it was **an** ancient toxin. I didn’t question how she knew about it—I didn’t care. As long as it killed Aria and Kieran, that was all that mattered to me.

“What—”she coughed, “what did you do to me?!” she screamed, and I chuckled, stepping back as I stared down at her,

Right then, the door burst open and Kieran rushed in, freezing as soon as his eyes landed on me. I didn’t even glance at him, my grin **was** still fixed on Aria.

“I poisoned you, Aria. And you’ve got ten minutes before you die.”

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Kieran pov

My **father** was killed by Ethan.

When I was a child, I lived in a small home here in the Emberfang Pack with my parents, a hardworking father and a loving

mother.

They were everything to me. They were all that mattered.

I still remember the warm scent that drifted from the kitchen when my mother cooked, and how my father laughed heartily whenever she called him a pig for asking for more portions.

I remember it all.

I also remember the day my father **came** home, not with smiles and a gift like he usually did, but bloody and injured.

That night, I thought my father was one of the monsters he used to tell me about. I had run back into the house, screaming

that a monster had come

I can still see the look on my mother's face when she ran out of the kitchen and saw him like that. She cried as she treated

his wounds.

And as I peeked out from behind the wall, frightened by the sight of all that blood, I heard him speak:

"We've been found out. The Alpha discovered that I've been working with the rogues to overthrow him. He killed my men. I barely had time to escape."

I could still hear **my** father's **voice** as he told **us** we had to run that night.

But **we** hadn't made it far before we were captured by Ethan and his guards

My gaze dropped to the shattered glass on the ground as memories from that night surged back.

The way Ethan didn't hesitate as he raised his sword and slashed my father's neck, severing his **head**.

And the cold, unreadable look he gave my mother and me before turning away.

Instead of killing us too, he banished us from the pack,

After that, our lives became a nightmare. With no shelter or the protection of a pack, my mother used her body so we could survive. She gave herself to the rogues every night in exchange for even the smallest scraps of food and she did that until I was old enough to work.

Back then, I was happy. I was finally strong enough to work with the rogues, even if it meaning from pack to **pack**, looting, killing, and bringing back captives.

I didn't care. Because if there was one thing I had learned living among rogues, it was that in order to survive, you had to trample over others.

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On my first night killing people, I felt nothing. In fact, I felt satisfied when I received my payment.

With that money, I bought my mother's favorite food to surprise her.

But when I returned home, all I found was her corpse.

She had taken her own life.

And next to her was a note she had left behind:

Dear Kieran, this is not your fault. I wanted to take my life after your father died and follow him, but you were the reason I stayed alive this long. I couldn't leave you alone, so I waited until you were strong enough to take care of yourself. I don't want you to live like this anymore, working with the rogues. I want you to do what makes you happy. I know you still blame Alpha Ethan **for** your father's death, but don't. Even though I always loved your father, I'll admit... he was a greedy man, going after Alpha Ethan's position even knowing the risks. Alpha Ethan is not a bad man. He spared both of us, **he** only took your father. He did what he had to do. So please, let go of everything and return to the pack. Be happy

That was her final message.

She had taken the side of the man who ruined our lives and asked me to let everything go. And maybe I could have done that, forgotten everything and started a new life but I refused.

Instead, I met him, the king of the rogues who helped me train and get to this pack, where I swore I'd take my revenge on Ethan. I promised to make him lose everything and everyone he **loved**... especially his daughter, Nyssa.

And when I arrived and found out that my mate was Nyssa's best friend, it only made my plans easier. I used her to get

closer to Nyssa.

But now...

"I've done too much to let everything fall apart now!" I hissed, fury burning through me as I slammed my **hand** down on the shattered glass.

"I can't lose Nyssa. I can't let that cursed bastard take her to his pack!" I muttered under my breath, knowing that if Nyssa left, the leverage I had would be gone too. Ethan, who

had already been suspicious of me might start investigating, and my position in the pack's army could decline, especially if he no longer had a reason to keep me around.

I had to speak to Aria about my new plan.

It was clear now—Nyssa already knew what had been going on between us, which meant I had only one option left: convince Aria to take the blame for everything. If she could tell Nyssa that she had tried to seduce me, but I rejected her

advances...

That might just make Nyssa forgive me.

I had to try.

I drew in a deep breath and stood up from the ground, staggering a bit as I headed toward the stairs. Running a hand through my hair, tried to plaster a smile on my face and began thinking of the words I'd say to Aria, knowing they'd work. Whenever she was upset about me being with Nyssa, a **few** soft words of reassurance **were** enough

to make her **cave**.

This time would be no different. I'd touch her the way she needed, tell her everything I was doing was for her

Yes, that's exactly what I'd do.

"Aria, baby," I called out, reaching for the doorknob. But just as I was about to open the door, the sound of something crashing to the ground made me freeze.

"What—what did you do to me?!" Aria's voice rang out in panic.

My brow furrowed as I quickly pushed the door open and rushed inside... only to find Aria collapsed on the floor, clutching her throat.

And standing before her was Nyssa.

She didn't even glance my way as she spoke.

"I

poisoned you, Aria. And you've got ten minutes before you die."

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Chapter 76

Nyssa pov

I watched carefully, taking in the expression of horror that flashed **across** Aria's **face** as she heard my words. Her eyes were wide in disbelief, her breathing rapid as she blinked repeatedly, while Ethan looked just as stunned, his eyes narrowing in confusion at what I'd just said.

"W-what did you say? Poison? Are you joking?" Aria asked, her voice thick with shock, as if she expected me to laugh and say it was all a prank. But the poison should've already started boiling her from the inside.

This was far from a joke and the way her brows furrowed in growing discomfort and pain told me she was beginning to realize that.

"Joke?" I echoed, chuckling under my breath as I watched her, amusement in amusement. "Do you really think this is a joke, Aria? How's your body feeling? Weird, right? Like it's heating up from the inside?"

She clutched at her chest, coughing as **sweat** started to bead on her forehead.

"I-I feel hot.... I feel-"

"That's the poison, Aria," I cut in with a smirk. "The first stage makes you feel like your insides are being boiled alive. Then comes the second stage, the pain. So intense, you'll beg to die. And then the third stage?" My grin widened "You'll start coughing up blood and losing consciousness. If you're lucky, you'll die from **blood** loss. If not... you'll melt from the inside

out.

I watched as Aria **and** Kieran both stared at me, their eyes wide with shock as they listened, but I simply glanced at the

clock and echoed lightly,

"Oh, we've got nine minutes left. Haha, time really does fly when you're having fun."

"Nyssa!" Aria screamed, but the very next second, the sound that escaped her lips turned into one of agony. She collapsed to the ground, doubling over as a scream of pain tore from her throat.

"Ahhhh! It hurts! Ahhhhh!" she screamed, collapsing to the floor as she rolled across it, tears streaming down her cheeks. The room filled with nothing but the sound of her screams, screams that could terrify anyone who heard them. But me?

I felt nothing. In fact, I almost wanted to laugh at her cries, but I held it in. Instead, I held up two fingers and muttered,

“Stage two. The agonizing pain,” I hummed, placing a hand on my hip as Aria kept screaming,

The sight seemed to shock Kieran so much that, for **a** moment, he just stood there, staring at Aria in disbelief, frozen in place, unable to tear his eyes away from her. He didn’t move. He didn’t speak. He simply stared.

“It hurts! It hurts! Kieran, it hurts so bad!” she sobbed.

That seemed to snap him out of it. He blinked, then turned a sharp glare on me. Before I could react, he suddenly grabbed my arm and yanked me toward him, not that it took me by surprise.

His familiar scent wrapped around me as he leaned in close, his voice low and furious, his eyes flashing red with rage.

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“What do you think you’re **doing**

?” he hissed. “How could you feed your friend poison? Is this a joke? Where’s the antidote?”

For a moment, I met his gaze calmly, unmoving.

“My friend?” I echoed with a mocking laugh, shaking my head. “That’s the funniest thing I’ve heard all night. I can’t believe you just called her my friend pfft.” I laughed **again** and yanked my arm back with all the strength I had.

Kieran looked stunned by it as I stepped away from him, wiping the wrist he had touched on my dress like I was trying to rid myself of his grip. Then I spoke, voice cool and **sharp**.

“And can’t you

see this isn’t a joke, dear Kieran? Look at her—**does** she look like she’s acting?” I asked, raising a brow And as he turned to see Aria still screaming in pain, I added, “And as for the antidote... you’ll have to pay the price for it, if you

want to **save** her.”

I adjusted my cap with a cold expression, then glanced at the time again,

Seven minutes.

That was all Aria had left to live if she didn't get the antidote I had created.

"What do you mean by that?" Kieran asked, frustration clear into his voice. "How could you do something like this, Nyssa? You poisoned your friend and you're acting like you don't care. Is it because you think I cheated?" he questioned, stepping toward me, running a hand through his hair. "Why can't you trust me, Nyssa? I didn't cheat on you. I would never do that. You're the only person I truly love. So stop this... and hand me the antidote, right now."

As I listened to him speak, I wasn't sure if I wanted to laugh or cry at how stupid he sounded.

He wasn't cheating with Aria, yet she was in his house, late at night, wearing nothing but his shirt?

Come on, Kieran. Even my **past** self wouldn't have believed that if she saw Aria like this. But the truth was, I didn't care

anymore.

Time was running out. And I had to do what I came here for.

"I don't want to hear it. Think whatever you want but time is running out, Kieran, and the third stage should begin right about... now."

As soon as I finished my sentence, Aria, who had been screaming, suddenly began coughing up blood, and if I hadn't stepped back, it would've stained my clothes.

It was good that I had.

"K-Kieran..." she stammered out, too weak to scream anymore as blood poured from her mouth.

"Aria!" Kieran yelled in shock, rushing to her side, eyes fixed on me as he held her close.

"Aria, Aria. Can you hear me?" he kept calling, but she didn't respond, just whimpered through the pain.

And I just stood there and watched.

Call me heartless if you want—I didn't care. These were the same people who had caused the deaths of everyone loved my father, his beta and gamma, Serena, half the pack... my life... and my unborn child.

I reached out, wrapping my arms around my stomach as I glanced down.

Because of them, I had lost everything. And in this lifetime, I had promised myself I would inflict the same pain on them.

So no.

This couldn't faze me.

No... it shouldn't faze me.

If karma was a bitch, then I'd be that bitch

E

Chapter 77

"Five minutes

Techoed out, my voice low, almost bored and **lazy** as I stared at both Kieran and Aria on the ground with a wide grin

Oh, how time **had** changed in my past life, I remembered I was the one on the ground, looking up at them in surprise and disbelief

Surprise when Kieran had accused me of infidelity, when he had been the one cheating on me all along And disbelief when Aria had told me this had been their plan from the very beginning, that everyone's death had been orchestrated by them just to get the Alpha's position.

What were their last words to me then? Oh, I remember, Kieran had said:

"Pack your bags and **leave** silently tonight. Don't think of doing anything stupid, or so help me, you'll die by my **hands**."

And Aria had said:

"Hmph, you deserve all of this."

Now that I think about it, I realize when I remember what they did to me, I'm not even angry anymore. All I feel is emptiness...and the urge to get my

revenge

"K-Kieran..... it hurts," **Aria** stammered, her breathing short and rapid as she threw up another mouthful of blood onto Kieran's face. He closed his eyes, then opened them, his grip on her tightening **as**

he held her close, his gaze heavy with worry.

"She has five minutes left, Kieran. If she doesn't take the antidote by then, she'll really die. Is that what **you** want?" I asked, tilting my head slightly with a smile. "It **seems** like you don't **really care** about your mate, do you?"

Of course, my words went silent the moment I said 'mate, and I felt a force slam against me hard. But by now, I was used to it. I simply swallowed the

blood **and** stared back at Kieran.

His confused look vanished, replaced with hardened fury as he stood from the ground and stalked toward me

I didn't flinch or step back, even as he towered over me, his eyes locked onto mine. I could see the rage burning there, his jaw clenched tight as he glared

down at me

Usually, that look might have scared someone, might've scared me but not now.

Not when I was feeling the same kind of rage.

So I just stared back at him, my expression blank.

"Where is the antidote?" he asked, eyes narrowing at me. "Give me the antidote, Nyssa, and we can talk about **this** later but you need to give it to me right now," he hissed, his hand reaching out to grab me.

I pulled my arm back and rolled my eyes at him in disdain.

This was just going back and forth

"if you think I have the antidote on me, you're wrong I hid it outside your house, and if you want it, then you'll have to do exactly what I say."

I didn't waste time spelling it out.

"Four minutes left," added, glancing briefly at the clock.

That was when Kieran snapped

Before I knew it, his hand **shot** to my neck and he grabbed my throat, pulling me toward him as he shouted in cage

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“Stop it!” bellowed. “Stop whatever this is, Nyssal Are you insane? How could you poison Aria? She’s your friend! What’s gotten into you? Why are **you** acting like **this**?”

His voice shook with fury, and he stared at me like he was genuinely trying to understand, his grip on my neck tightening, his face inches from mine.

But I just glanced at the clock again and muttered with a grin,

“Three minutes, Kieran. That’s all the time she has left.”

“Ahhhhh!”

1. ed. As Kieran turned to her in panic, she coughed up blood and cried **out** through her

Right on cue, Aria’s scream pierced the air again, shrill and agonized. / tears,

“D—do what s—she wants, Kieran... please, do what she wants... it hurts so much... it’s unbearable...”

For someone in that much **pain**,

1, she was the only one with a bit of common sense. She got straight to the point

Kieran, on the other hand, kept asking where the antidote was, instead of the more important question how to get it.

“Aria...” he muttered under his breath, but I cut him off with **a** low chuckle

“You heard her, didn’t **you**, Kieran? Or would you rather let her die?”

His eyes narrowed at my words. For a moment, he didn’t say anything, he just stared at me, then finally let go of my neck and **stepped** back.

“What do you want me to do for the antidote?” he asked, glancing at the clock. “We’ve got about three minutes left. Just tell me what you want but swear to the goddess that once you get it, you’ll give Ana the antidote.”

I rubbed my sore, reddened neck, then gave a casual nod.

“Of course I swear to the goddess with my life,” I said, still smiling

Kieran frowned, then clenched his fists and asked

“Tell me what you want for the antidote.”

My eyes twinkled at his words, and I didn’t waste a second. I reached into my pocket and pulled out a small bottle, one identical to the one I had forced Aria to drink.

“It’s simple, really,” I said. “If you want to save Aria, then you’ll have to drink this... and die in her place.”

As soon as I said that, the entire room fell silent. It was as if the air itself had frozen. Kieran’s eyes widened in disbelief, **and** even Aria who had been groaning and coughing up blood, paused at my words.

“W–What did you say?” Kieran asked, his voice breaking. He looked at me he wanted to laugh, like he hoped it was some sick joke but it wasn’t.

Those were the terms. For Aria to survive, Kieran had to die.

If he actually sacrificed himself for **her**, I’d **give** her the antidote. Let her live. She’d be easier to deal with later

Kieran, though he was the real target. The true threat.

And tonight, I wanted him dead.

“Y you’ve got to be kidding me” **Aria** stammered **and** I chuckled at her words as **glanced** at the clock before muttering under my breath.

“You’ve got two minutes leh”

Nyssa **pov**

“You’ve got two minutes left,” I stated, my voice low and emotionless as I stared at Kieran, holding the bottle out to him.

His gaze stayed locked on me, his expression frozen in disbelief until I paused and let out a quiet chuckle.

“Oh... actually, it’s not two minutes” I stood and walked toward the nearby chair, then plopped down into it, crossing my legs as I stared at the people in front of me.

“You really have just one minute left. I’d need at least a minute to go fetch the antidote and bring it back to give to Aria. So you have to decide now, she lives and you die, or she dies and you get to live.”

thold the bottle high in my hand

-The choice is yours, Kieran. It’s all in your hands now.”

Kieran’s eyes were still wide as he listened. He didn’t say a word and I knew it wasn’t because he didn’t want to. He couldn’t

I was asking him to willingly kill himself to save Aria.

And even though I already had a good idea of what he would do next, it was still satisfying, watching him squirm. Watching him break.

But most of all, it was fun seeing Aria like this..

In my past life, when I was at my most vulnerable after being rejected by Kieran and chased out of the pack, Aria had come to my room and boasted about everything. She had made me feel even worse than I already did, especially when she revealed the rogue attack...just to twist the knife deeper

And that wasn’t all Before the **day** I finally uncovered the truth and died, she had spent every moment doing everything in her power to paint me as the

She once daimed I pushed her down the stairs when I clearly hadn’t. Another time, she said I ordered my maid, Serena, to bully her. And every time, Kieran would believe **her**, always taking her side over mine, his own wife.

Back **then**, she must have felt like the **lucky**

one. Like Kieran really cared about her.

But now?

Now, I would show her exactly what kind of man Kieran **truly** was.

“What do you say, Kieran? Would you do it?” asked, tilting my head. “Would you give up your life for the women you love?”

Kieran’s jaw clenched, and his fists tightened at my words, I watched him glare at me, his eyes flashing red. But instead of answering, he turned to Aria, who groaned in pain, her eyes fluttering closed, too exhausted to scream anymore.

Her clothes were **soaked** with sweat, as though someone **had** dumped a bucket of water over her

“Kioran...Kieran...” she kept murmuring his name, barely audible, I wasn’t sure what she was trying to tell him, but when she lifted her head and opened her eyes, I saw it, clear as day.

She didn’t want to die.

Aria didn’t want to die.

Band

And Kieran seemed to realize that too

How hilarious. She didn’t want to die.

THE ET HU

“...I could stop myself, laughter spilled from my lips. I quickly slapped a hand over my mouth to stifle it. Kieran **turned** sharply to me, **eyes** burning with anger, and stepped forward, but I held up my hand to stop him. I already knew what he was thinking. He was too easy to **read**.

“Don’t think about it, Kieran. If you think forcing me to drink this...I shook the bottle in my hand, smirking, “will make me give up the **antidote**, you’re wrong. There’s only one battle. One antidote. And even if you poison me, I won’t use it to save Aria

I held up a single finger in front of him.

“One minute left, Kieran. I see you’ve made your decision—not to save Aria.”

My tone **was** cold, and Aria’s cries grew louder as Kieran’s **shoulders shook** and he lowered his head.

“No...I want to save Aria,” he muttered, almost **helplessly**, as she whimpered in pain,

I scoffed and stood, walking toward him with nothing but **hatred** and disgust in my eyes.

“If you really want to save Aria, then take the poison. It’s goddamn simple, so why can’t you?” I asked. “You know, you’re funny, Kieran. I told you the antidote was outside this place, and if you really cared, you would’ve rushed out to search for it. But instead, you stood here arguing with me about pointless things, trying to convince me that nothing is going on between you and Aria.”

Itilted my head slightly and sneered. “Why didn’t you run out? Why didn’t you take the poison when I first offered it? if you truly cared about her, if you really loved her, your so-called mate, then why are we even still here?”

As soon as I said that, Kieran’s **head snapped** up in shock, his eyes going so wide they looked like they might pop from their sockets

“Mate?” he whispered. “How did you know she’s my mate?”

Now it was my turn to freeze. My eyes widened, and I nearly lost my footing as I stared at him.

Oh, goddess.

He heard me.

He heard the word mate even though he wasn’t supposed to

“Sheila, what’s going on? I thought I couldn’t say anything about the past?” I asked, my voice low and confused, panic slipping in.

But before Shella could respond, Aria’s screams tore through the room again, and Kieran instantly turned his head toward her.

Perfect

Using **that** split second distraction, I slipped my hand into my pocket and pulled out a small white substance, I held my breath, then tapped his shoulder. The moment he turned back to me, I threw it in his face.

His expression twisted into a frown, then realization hit him,

He growled in rage, but it **was** too late.

His knees buckled, and with a groan, Kieran collapsed to the ground.

I almost cheered for myself as I watched him lose consciousness, his eyes fluttering shut from what I had blown in his face

Aria, who **saw** this, instantly turned even paler than she already was. And despite the pain wracking her body, she **reached** out toward Keran

Before she could touch him, I kicked her hand away.

Then I dropped to my knees beside her, **a** wide grin stretching across my lips. Her eyes trembled as they looked up at me, full of fear

Leaning in close, I whispered, just loud enough for her to hear,

“Now, Aria... tell me, do you want the antidote?”

I held up the bottle in my hand, letting her see it clearly.

The same bottle r’d told them was poison.

But it wasn’t

No... It was the antidote.

V

Nyssa pov

Thad **asked** myself so many times after listening to Sheila’s words if I was mentally prepared to take the life of the person had always called my best friend. The same person who had been by my side from childhood until the very day I died in my past life.

The first time I asked myself that question, I hesitated. Don’t get me wrong, I hated both Aria and Kieran to the point where I wanted them dead for what they did to me. But at that moment, I wasn’t sure if I could actually go through with it... especially not with Aris

And I hated myself for that. Why couldn’t I kill her? She was the reason my family and pack were destroyed, the reason my unborn child and I had died,

When the goddess gave me a second chance, I swore to do what had to be done. Because this time, it was either kill or be killed

| over again.

If both Kieran and Aria **were** left **alive**, everyone’s life would be in danger also

Which only meant one!

It was one thing—they

had to

live.

And I had to be the one to kill them.

So the second time I asked myself, there was still a flicker of hesitation. The third time, the fourth, each time, I reminded myself of what they had done to me, how they had destroyed me.

And with every reminder, that hesitation gradually faded...until all that remained was the determination to do whatever I had to do

And I would do it if it meant protecting everyone in this lifetime.

I watched Aria groan in pain, her screams piercing the air, and for a moment, I was actually thankful that Kieran's house was in the middle of nowhere and no one could hear **us** because if they could, people would've been rushing in the moment they heard her screams.

"It hurts, **I can't** take it anymore. It hurts, Kieran!" Aria screamed in terror, her hand reaching out to Kieran to wake him up but that man was out cold. hadn't poisoned him, and I never intended to in the first place.

The only reason I told him to take the poison was to show Aria the truth—that Kieran didn't really care about her,

It was petty. I knew that.

But I didn't care.

"Does it hurt that much, **Aria?**" I asked, my voice cool and collected as I crouched to her level smiling down at her while she wrapped her arms around herself and groaned in pain.

"Does it really hurt to have your insides slowly melt?" added with a taunting smirk, reaching out to grab her chin **and** snapping her attention back to

me

Aria panted, her **eyes** watery and rimmed with red, **and as** our gazes locked, hers narrowed into a **glare**.

What do you think you're doing Nyssa? W—Why would you poison me? And you said ten minutes, you lied. What's **happening?**" she demanded, her voice weak but sharp.

e it to her despite the pain, she still had enough awareness to realize more than ten minutes had passed.

My smirk widened, I had to give i

"I lied," I said, leaning in closer **as** my grip on her chin tightened. "You didn't have ten minutes but then to live." I glanced at the clock. "Well.. exactly four minutes now, anyway"

Aria's eyes widened at my words, but then they blazed with rage

"You bitch!" she screamed, suddenly lunging at me with her nails,

1/2

But I was faster I dodged her easily, slapped her hands away, and brought my palm to her cheek.

The sharp sound of my hand meeting her skin echoed through the air, and before she had time to register the pain, I struck the other side of **her** face

Then, gripping her chin, I yanked her closer and hissed under my breath,

"Who are you calling a bitch? Don't you understand what's happening right now, Aria! You're going to die in three minutes if you don't get the antidote. And guess who has it?" I leaned in, my voice low and venomous. "Me! I have the antidote that can save you."

She cried out in pain, her hands roaming over her body as she trembled, muttering frantically under her breath,

"It's hot...my whole body is burning. Nyssa, **please**... Save me. **Please** save me, I'm sorry. I apologize for everything, just please, save me."

The corner of my lips tilted up into a smirk as I heard her words.

"Apologize for what, exactly?" I asked in amusement. "For betraying me? For sleeping with my ex?"

Her face turned even redder as she **shook** her **head** desperately.

Two minutes. She had two minutes left

"I-I didn't..."

"Or is it for the fact that you're Kieran's mate? That the both of **you** planned to take my father's position, used me to do it, killed everyone I ever loved and then, when you were done with me, you killed me, is that what you're apologizing for, Aria? Or is it something else entirely?"

I hadn't expected her eyes to widen like that. I hadn't expected her to actually hear my words

Those were things that had happened in the past.

Because...

my chest wouldn't tighten from saying them out loud.

And most of all, I hadn't expected that my

"W what?" she stammered. "How did you know I'm Kieran's mate? How did you know we wanted the Alpha's position?"

Her voice cracked as she whimpered from the pain, then shook her **head**.

"I—It doesn't matter. Please... save me, Nyssa I don't understand the other things you've said. What rogue attack? I would never do something he that!"

My smirk faltered as I stared at her in shock.

She had really heard what I just said. What t

hat the hell was happening?

"O—One minute left," she gasped in horror, her eyes flicking to the clock.

Using my stunned distraction, she suddenly lunged forward and before I knew what was happening, her hand shot out and snatched the antidote **from** my grip.

I snapped out of my daze, eyes narrowing **as** I watched her fumble with the lid and bring the bottle to her lips.

But I

inding ti

Nyssa por

Crash!

The bottle shattered against the floor with a loud, deafening sound. Maybe it was the tension of the moment, but the sound seemed louder than it

should have been.

Time froze

Aria and I both stared at the broken glass, wa

watching in silent horror as the blue liquid spilled **out** across the floor

My heart pounded so hard I could hear it in my ears. A second ticked by from the minute we had left and just like that, as Aria's terrified scream tore through the room, time snapped back into motion.

"No! The antidote!"

My eyes widened as Aria cried out, crawling desperately toward the spilled liquid. Tears streamed down her **face** as she choked out broken sobs, muttering "no" **over** and over again, coughing blood as she dragged herself across the floor

And as I watched her, my breathing became **rapid** and the memories from the past began lashing in my mind.

I could let her crawl to the antidote, let her take a sip from what was left on the ground. I was sure, even a single drop might **save** her.

But as I stared at her, I remembered the heartache, the tears... the betrayal.

I remembered everything.

And then, like something took control of my body, I lunged forward, grabbing her leg and yanking her back.

Her scream tore through the air

"Let me go, bitch! Let me get the antidote, I have to drink it or I'll die! Let me go

I bit **my** bottom lip so hard it bled, and dropped to the floor, wrapping my arms tightly around her legs, holding her in place.

"You **have to** die." I shouted, my voice shaking as I pulled her back from the puddle of antidote. "You have to die for them to live... You have to die!"

Tears blurred my vision, hot and endless, and my **body** racked with sobs as I clung to her.

"You have to die, Aria, In this lifetime, you **have** to die. -d you don't, then they will. They'll all die. My father, everyone! They'll all die because of you!"

I cried harder, holding her back with every ounce of strength I had.

"What the fuck are you saying?! Let me go this instant you're crazy!"

Thirty seconds. She had thirty seconds left.

Why was I crying?

Why did it ache so much?

She **deserved** this. After everything..she deserved it. So why-

“Because you’re not like them, Nyssa. You’re not heartless like they **are**. That’s what I’ve always loved about you. You’re kind. You don’t want to hurt anyone.”

Sheila’s voice echoed in my mind.

“But if you want to change your fate, if you want to save everyone and use the chance the Moon Goddess gave you, then you have to be like them, too. have to throw that kindness aside and fight. Don’t let anyone harm you in this “

My eyes snapped open at her words,

Tears streamed down my cheeks as Aria’s screams grew quieter... her struggling weaker... until her breathing turned

Then, barely audible, she whispered,

“...I don’t **want** to die...”

After those words... **silence** settled over the room. My lips trembled as I stared at Aria’s body, now slumped cold on the floor. She had stopped moving

Stopped speaking

And I knew it was because her time was up

Fifteen minutes had passed.

She had died from the poison

I had killed her,

A breathless gasp slipped from my lips.

I slowly released her leg from my grip and sat upright, my **eyes** cold, empty, locked on her lifeless form.

“**Haha...** she’s dead.”

Humorless laughter escaped from my throat

“Hahaha...

... she's dead. She's really dead. I killed her. I got my revenge against Aria. I finally got my **revenge**..." I whispered to no one, my voice cracking as I wrapped my arms around myself and lowered my head.

Damn it, Nyssa, Why are you crying?

You should be happy. Happy that she finally got her karma..

I wasn't sure why, but despite telling **myself** should be glad, my chest ached, and I couldn't stop the tears that kept pouring down my cheeks.

I didn't even know how much time had **passed**, only that I didn't stop crying until there were no more tears left to cry

Thankfully, Sheila didn't say anything. She didn't comfort me, maybe because **she** knew I needed to be alone.

Aber what felt like thirty minutes of silent tears, I finally stopped. I lifted my head and stared into the **distance**

for a long moment before turning my gaze

to Ana's body.

Without wasting any more time, knowing I had to return to the pack soon, I pushed myself up from the floor and wiped the tears from my face.

Then, I walked over to Aria. Her expression was frozen in a mix of horror and pain. I **stared** at her for a moment before reaching down and gently closing her **eyes** with my gloved hand

After that, I turned toward Kieran, who **had remained** passed out this entire time

The substance I'd blown into his **face** was sleep-inducing, strong enough **to keep** him unconscious until tomorrow.

I know this was the perfect opportunity. He **was** vulnerable. I could strike now **and** kill him with the dagger I'd brought.

TUT THUAT

But I wouldn't

And that was for one reason because I needed him alive to take the fall for Aria's death.

Part of it was strategy. Once Arla's body was discovered, there would be an investigation, and they'd find the poison in her system. Sheila said the parson **was** ancient, untraceable. That they wouldn't know it was me. But I couldn't be certain.

There was still a high chance I'd be discovered.

And the other reason?

Killing Kieran would be too easy and would be a mercy

But if he were blamed for Aria's **death**, if he were prosecuted or even banished from the pack...

That would be so much better

I walked toward the dagger I had brought with me. Not the one I'd nearly used on myself, this was a different one.

I returned to Aria and pressed her fingers against the handle, leaving her prints on it. Then, I moved over to Kieran and, without a second thought, sliced his hand before placing the dagger on the ground beside him.

"This is your punishment, Kieran," I muttered under my breath. "You'll be blamed for your mate's death and even if you're banished, I swear to the goddess, I'll find you and make sure you die. Just you wait."

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