

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King #Revival 81 – 90

Read Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King Revival 81

Chapter 81

Nyssa pow

As I walked down the path through the woods, I wrapped my arms around **myself**. My steps were slow and steady, not from the cold, but from the way trembled. The image of Aria's lifeless body kept flashing through my mind, and no matter how hard I tried, couldn't push it away

At this point, I knew I wasn't necessarily feeling guilty about what happened. I had done what needed to be done. But I guessed you could call it a kind of sadness. because I had killed someone, My hands were stained with blood, whether I wanted to admit it or not.

"It's not your fault, Nyssa. You did **what** you had to. She was the **reason** you died before and you know what would happen if she and Kieran were allowed to live. You made the right choice, and I'm proud of you for that."

The corner of my lips twitched at Sheila's words, and I couldn't help but let out a small chuckle. Even my dumb wolf seemed to understand better than dd.

No, what was I saying? Shells wasn't dumb. **She** was anything but dumb

She'd been the one to come up with the plan. Since I couldn't kill Kieran, he was stronger and I didn't have the time to deal with both of them, not with me leaving for the king's pack tomorrow, she had suggested the poison, Poison Arla, kill her, and make it look like Kieran did it.

Kieran killed Aria in a fit of **jealousy** and rage.

It was the best plan we could manage tonight.

In our pack, most murderers were executed. That meant there was a good chance Kieran would die too. But what I didn't want, what I couldn't afford **was** for him to be banished instead. If that man was banished, **he'd** come back. He'd attack the pack again.

So everything had to go according to plan especially Kieran's **death**, tomorrow.

"Thank **you**

, Aria,” I muttered under my breath with a small smile, grateful that in this second lifetime, I **actually** had a wolf Shella was someone I could trust, someone I could tell everything to even if she could already read my mind.

“You’re welcome. But you need to move faster or you’ll be late before the guards start their final rounds,” Sheila reminded me, and my eyes widened in

alarm.

-Shit! Shitt Why didn’t you remind me sooner? How many minutes do I have left?” Lasked, my voice laced with panic

“You have about fifteen minutes before the rounds,” she replied calmly.

I was surprised she even knew the time, more so that she hadn’t bothered to tell m

“Ugh, I take back what I said about you being smart” I groaned in frustration, preparing to bolt toward the packhouse. But just as I was about to run, i

froze.

My eyes narrowed at the sudden sound of branches snapping nearby... and a familiar scent.

jerked my head in that direction, ready to check it out until Sheila’s voice Interrupted me again.

“You have fourteen minutes now if you don’t start running, you won’t make it.”

I gasped Without another word, I took off toward the packhouse.

Oh goddess, I have to get there fast before the guard shift changes.

As I ran through the woods, the moonlight seemed to follow my form, and even though I still felt a little off about what I **had** just done, a strange sense of relief flooded my body.

A single thought echoed through my mind if things went as planned, everything would be okay.

Soon, I managed to arrive just in time before the guards changed shifts, partially because I was about to collapse and die from exhaustion, and mostly thanks to Shella, who kept counting down in my head, making me run like I’d never run in my life.

“Yay, we made it!” Sheila cheered happily in my head, and I would’ve smiled... If I wasn’t doubled over, panting like I’d just escaped death itself

“yes, we made it,” I breathed out, struggling to steady myself between gasps and fighting the urge to collapse to the floor.

“Mhm, but you might want to jump through your window right now. They’re heading this way for the sih,” she warned and my eyes widened.

I turned to the left, just in time to hear the rhythmic march of boots echoing toward me.

“Shit muttered.

I didn’t even know how I managed it, but I leapt straight through the **window** and tumbled into my room with a **thud**.

A sharp groan escaped me **as pain** shot through my body, **but** maybe it was the relief or the adrenaline, of getting back just in time without anyone noticing. Either way, I barely felt it. I sat on the floor and grinned.

“Yes! I made it just in time,” I whispered under my breath, clenching my fists in quiet triumph,

Almost immediately, I heard the march of the guards outside. I pushed myself up from the ground and walked to the window, leaning slightly to peek out and watch the men making their rounds **before** one finally stayed behind to guard the area,

I smiled to myself, pulled away from the window, and walked over to my bed. I sat on the edge, staring at nothing in particular as I tried to process everything that **had** happened tonight, How I had poisoned Ana

And how, tomorrow, I planned to frame Kieran for it.

I flopped onto the bed and took a deep breath, eyes fixed on the ceiling, lost in thought.

After I got what I **wanted**, Kieran’s execution, I would leave for the Lycan King’s pack and **begin** an entirely different journey.

Something unlike my last life

This time, I didn’t know what to expect I didn’t know who my enemies would be or if I should trust anyone at all. But one thing was certain **about**

tomorrow!

Whatever happened, I would not be the girl I was before

I wouldn’t let anyone hurt me again

And I wouldn't let myself be used.

Not by Kieran.

Not by the Lycan King.

"My lady, my lady. **Wake** up!"

I felt Serena's hand on me and could clearly hear her voice, but I ignored her, turning to face the other side of the bed and pulling the blanket over my head in an attempt to **get** a more sleep.

I hadn't slept well last night, mostly because I'd **snuck** out. And even though I'd practically passed out the moment hit the bed, I still needed more rest.

It would be even better if I could just sleep through the entire day...hehe

"My lady, wake up. **Wake** up!"

I groaned as Serena's voice, surprisingly annoying today, rang in my ears. I lifted **a hand and** swatted hers away, not wanting to open my **eyes** or say anything. I just wanted to sleep!

"You should wake up, right?" I heard Sheila's voice echo in my mind. "Today's the day we're heading to the **king's** pack."

"You know **you**!"

I almost rolled my **eyes at** her, like I cared about that right now.

But her next words jolted me wide **awake**.

"And don't forget... you have to go to Kieran's house with Serena

and act like you **just** caught him for **Aria's** murder."

I inhaled sharply and immediately

sat up in bed, my eyes

snapping open.

Oh my goddess, that's right. I had to get to **Kieran's** house with Serena before the drug wore off. I had to frame Kieran for Aria's death!

How could I forget the most important part of the plan

Serena flinched slightly, **startled** by how suddenly shot up. She **stared at** me, **wide-eyed and** surprised, but I didn't **have** time to explain, I needed to get ready immediately.

"M—my lady, are you okay??" Serena asked, clearly worried **as** I rushed toward the bathroom. In my haste, I banged my foot against the stool, but ignored the pain, **grabbed**

my toothbrush, and started brushing **my** teeth as quickly as I could.

"My lady, you hit your foot! Are you alright? Doesn't it hurt?" she asked **again**, trailing behind me with a look of concern

"I'm fine, Serena," I mumbled after spitting out the paste. "Please get a dress ready, I'm taking a shower today, not going to the bath, you don't need to

help me

I quickly returned to brushing as I met Serena's **gaze in** the mirror and jerked my head slightly, **signaling** her to go.

She blinked in confusion at first, **but** sensing the urgency in my tone, she gave a small nod and bowed her head.

"Yes, my lady"

As soon as she left, I brushed faster, undressed, and headed into the shower, turning it on and letting the warm water trail down my skin.

I didn't have time to enjoy it today, so I showered quickly before stepping out, almost slipping and cracking my head in the process, but **thankfully**, didn't.

I rushed back into the room where a pink dress had been neatly laid out on the bed. With no time to **waste**, I dried myself off **and** slipped into the dress. despite Serena's protests. She had wanted to do my skincare and hair, but if **you** asked me, that was the least of my priorities right now.

Finally, after ten frantic minutes of getting ready, I was done. My breathing was ragged as I **pushed** damp strands of hair behind my ear and stood up

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straight, turning to Severa, who had been watching me in silent confusion the whole time

The moment our eyes met, she quickly composed herself, her posture straightening like she was ready to receive an order.

I simply grinned and placed my hands on her shoulders, looking at her with a bright, delighted expression.

"We're going out, Serenia. We'll be leaving for th

ding's pack this afternoon, but before that... I have somewhere I need to be"

I watched her blink up at me.

Time to set everything right.

"Are you sure this is a good idea, my lady? What if we get caught?" Serena asked, her voice tinged with fear as she glanced around, one hand on the car door, clearly debating whether to follow me or report me to my father. But honestly, she had no choice **but** to come with me.

I glanced up at her, starting the engine of my red Mercedes with a sigh.

"Serena, get in the car. You'll get **us** caught standing out there like that. I just want to speak to Kieran before I leave it'll be a quick chat just enough to **let it** all go before heading to the king's pack."

Serena frowned at my words, her expression tight with worry. At this point, after my rebirth, it felt like that look never left her face. She was always worried about **me**, always trying to protect me. But this time... I didn't need her to protect me. **I** would protect her, even if it meant killing anyone who tried to harm her.

"I don't think it's a good idea to go to Kieran's house right now, my lady," she whispered, leaning in slightly. "The Alpha would be furious if he found out

I want to do this, Serena. Don't have the right to get some kind of closure from this relationship? I promise I won't do anything reckless. I just need to speak to him and end things. Is that so much to ask?" I said, my brows drawn into a frown.

Her eyes widened, turning glassy at my words, and I knew I'd hit the right note, she felt bad for me.

The next second, her gaze sharpened with determination, and she nodded before sliding into the car and closing the door behind her.

"You're right, my lady," she said softly. "You deserve closure. I'm sorry for not realizing how badly you're hurting."

I smiled brightly, giving her a gentle pat on the shoulder before turning my attention back to the road and revving the engine

Serena was wrong. I wasn't hurting. But she didn't need to know that

For now, I just needed to do this.

To get there... and finally end it, once and for all.

Θ

Chapter 83

It took at least thirty minutes before we arrived at Keran's house, and when we did, I tuned off the engine and stepped out of the car, using my hand to block the sunlight from my **face as** I stared at the same place had been just last night—the place where everything had happened

My fingers tightened around the key in my hand as I drew in a deep breath, bracing myself for what I was about to see inside again. But I knew I didn't have the time to feel any sort of guilt. I had to toughen up and focus on what I had set my mind on

"My lady, do you want me to go in and call Sir Kieran?" Serena asked. I turned to her, forcing a smile onto my face as I shook my head.

"There's no need. I want to talk to him in private, so I go in First Wait outside for me," I said, not wanting her to see the sight that was

inside the house.

The reason I had brought her here was **so** she could serve **as** an alibi for me, and I knew I wouldn't be suspected but Kieran might say it

was to be expected, after all.

I watched Serena frown, as if she wanted to say something, but the look I gave her made her swallow her words. She sighed and muttered a quiet "Fine" under her breath before stepping back to stand beside the car

"But please don't take too long, my lady, be right here if you need me, just send a mind link."

I nodded and gave her one last smile before walking toward the entrance. As I got closer, I could feel my heart pounding, my nerves starting to get the

best of me.

I stopped at the door and reached out to open it, Luckily, Thad unlocked it last night before left, breaking it down now would definitely look suspicious.

As the door creaked open, I turned back to glance at Serena and saw her stretching her neck, watching me closely.

“The door was open. I think Kieran is home. I’ll check on him, don’t come inside, okay? I want to speak to him alone

I **waited**, and then heard Serena’s response.

“Okay, my lady. Please be careful”

I walked inside and closed the door behind me, and then without wasting time, I walked toward the room and maybe because of what awaited me on the other side, my footsteps seemed to echo loudly with each step.

I stopped at the top of the stairs and stared at the door in front of me, my eyes fixed on it for a brief moment before I closed my eyes and took a deep

breath

you can do this, Nyssa. You did it yesterday, and all that was left now was to go in, scream, act as though you’d seen something horrifying and would come running

And before she could see anything, you’d tell her to look away and call for the guards.

That was all you needed to do

bit my bottom lip and reached for the doorknob, reminding myself once again

“That is all you **need** to do.”

I repeated it one more time before opening the door and stepping inside

Serena

However, the moment I did, all the air seemed to leave my lungs, and the world came to a halt around me as my eyes widened in shock and disbelief

The room the one that was supposed to hold Arla’s corpse and Kieran’s unconscious body was empty. Yes, empty

I couldn't believe it. I wouldn't have believed it actually happened and wasn't just a dream if it weren't for the blood and the mess still scattered around

was seeing.

I couldn't even begin to wrap my head around what I was

Kieran and Aria were really gone.

Before I knew it, my legs gave out beneath me and I sank to the floor, staring at the room,

But how was that **possible**? **Had** Kieran woken up earlier than he was supposed to? Had he taken Aria's **body and** run? What the hell was going on?

My heart felt like it had sunk into the pit of my stomach as I tried to think. After everything had done to make sure those two would never harm my loved ones again, they were nowhere to be seen.

Kieran had taken Aria's body too

"I don't think it was Kieran," Sheila's voice rang in my head. "I can sense a third person who was here last night."

"W-what?" Lasked in **confusion**, and she continued.

"There were only supposed to be three scents here, yours, **Aria's, and** Kieran's. Each werewolf has a unique scent, and that's why you had to come here early, so it wouldn't seem suspicious if anyone caught your scent later,"

As she explained, frowned. I understood what she was **saying** but what she was telling me now was that someone else had been here after me last

night.

My eyes widened as I suddenly **remembered**

what had happened back in the woods when I was walking, the sound of footsteps I'd heard.

Someone had really been there.

"Do you know who it is?" I asked, my **hands** clenching as i stared down at the blood staining the ground. "The scent...is it familiar?"

“No, it isn’t familiar,” Sheila responded. “But I don’t like the scent. It’s rogue and it smells like Ashwin.”

My lips pulled into a frown at her words

Ashvein... that was the hard drug rogues usually took to get high. It was addictive when used, but **also** dangerous, and it had been **banned** by Darius

Slowly, the corners of my lips curved into a smile **as** a realization, dawned on me.

Arealuation that in my past life, Kieran had also been involved with the rogues.

And maybe... he hadn’t been the only reason my pack had been raided and destroyed.

have to find her. The bounty on her head is huge”

“Haha, it’s someone more powerful than them.”

That was what the rogues had **said**.

That someone more important than Kieran and Aria wanted me dead.

My hands clenched into fists, my **nails** digging into my **skin**.

There were more than just two enemies behind my death in that past life. But it didn’t matter.

No, it didn’t because I would find every last one of them and take my revenge myself.

I took a deep **breath**, stood up from the floor, and screamed at the top of my lungs.

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Chapter 84

Nyssa por

“My lady, take this,” Serena said, handing me a glass of water as she gazed down at me with worry, her expression filled with concern. I took it and pulled the blanket she’d given me tighter around myself.

After I had screamed earlier, Serena had rushed in. And despite her shock at the state of the room, she had listened to me, called for the police, and now the police were here, investigating the room where blood stained the floor

We were currently sitting in the living room of Kieran’s home, waiting.

"Thank you, Serena. Are you okay?" I asked, my expression blank as I tightened my grip on the glass.

"Y—you shouldn't be worried about me right now, Miss," she said. I glanced up at her just in time to see her wipe a tear from her eye.

"You must have had such a fright... but don't worry, my lady. I'm sure Sir Kieran will be found soon. He'll be okay," she added, trying to comfort me

But the corner of my lips twitched as I looked away from her and back down at the water in my hand.

You don't understand, Serena. I don't want him to be okay, I want him dead. But I knew he wasn't. **Whoever** had taken him and Aria wouldn't have if he was already dead.

Honestly, I was confused and scared. I had so many unanswered questions, and none of them were getting answered. I was left in the dark, and that frightened me more than I wanted to admit

I was starting to realize just how much had changed since the past... and not knowing what the future held made my mind spiral. What if it all happened again? What if I still couldn't **save** anyone?

I was **really** scared...

My grip tightened around the glass, and I bit my bottom lip, keeping my head down.

"Everything will be okay, my lady." Serena said softly, placing her hand on my shoulder. And even though she didn't know what I was thinking, her touch was comforting

"Thank you, Serena" I murmured with a half-smile.

Just then, the entrance door burst open, and I looked up to see my father and Benjamin walking in. My father's face was etched with worry as he entered. But the moment his eyes landed on mine, that worry vanished almost instantly,

"Nyssa!" he exclaimed, quickly striding over to me. I stood up, setting the glass on the table just **as** he reached me, stopping only to look at me for a brief

moment

For some reason, the moment I saw him, my chest ached, and my eyes began to water as I stared at my father, the man who meant everything to me

He frowned when he saw my expression and, without hesitation, wrapped his arms around me and pulled me close.

The moment his familiar scent surrounded me, my body trembled, and the tightness of his embrace made me feel safe almost instantly.

“Oh, my dear,” he whispered, soothingly patting my back. Before I could stop myself, I hugged him harder, tears **spilling** down my cheeks as I **face** against his shoulder.

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“Don’t cry, sweetheart. I’m sure... he’s fine,” he murmured, clearly **thinking** I was worried about Kieran. But the tears weren’t for Kieran was crying because, after everything I’d done last night after getting blood on my hands, I still hadn’t achieved what I’d set out to do.

I was crying because I was terrified the past might repeat itself.

“it’s all my

y fault,” I sobbed, voice breaking as I clung to him “don’t know if I can do it, I don’t know it can

...save you all in this lifetime.

The words died on my tongue could feel Serena’s and Benjamin’s eyes on her rently pulled back and wiped the tears from my cheeks.

“What do you mean it’s your fault, Nyssa?” he asked softly. “None of this is on you. We don’t even know what’s happened to that boy yet, and whatever it is, it’s certainly not your doing, all right?”

I looked at him for a long moment before managing a fragile smile.

Before I could say anything, the voices of the policemen behind me rang out as they greeted my father in unison.

“Greetings to the Alpha,” they echoed, and everyone turned to face them at once.

I watched **as** they lifted their heads after the greeting, and my father stepped forward before speaking.

“What’s the situation inside? I heard there’s blood scattered **all over**

the ground. Was it Kieran’s?” he asked, though I knew he wasn’t really concerned, it was for my sake.

One of the men stepped forward **and** responded,

“Answering the esteemed Alpha. Yes, our forensic team identified Sir **Kieran’s** blood **at** the scene, but it was only a small amount, likely from a cut made by the dagger we recovered.”

My father’s brow lifted slightly in confusion.

“So if it’s not Kieran’s blood covering the floor, whose is it?”

The man’s eyes flicked to me for a brief second before answering

“We informed Miss Nyssa earlier and, following her instruction, ran a test comparing the blood to Miss Aria’s. **The** results matched.”

A heavy silence fell over the room.

-The blood on the ground belongs to Miss Aria,” he continued, “and the fingerprints on the dagger, which had traces of Sir Kieran’s blood, also match Miss Aria’s

Serena gasped in horror, and I could feel everyone’s eyes slowly shift to me as the same realization dawned on them all at once.

It wasn’t hard to piece together what the officer had just said.

Aria had been in Kieran’s **house**, and her blood was splattered everywhere. It was impossible for anyone to lose that much blood and still be alive. And the fact that the dagger had Aria’s fingerprints on it meant she had most Ekely used it to attack Kieran, though he barely seemed to have lost any blood. And now, both of them were gone, without a trace.

To anyone hearing this, it would seem like Kieran had been attacked, Aria had tried to defend herself, and in the end, Kieran had killed her and taken the body with him.

it was probably what everyone was thinking.

That

That was what I wanted them to think

Nyssa pov

“I had hoped it wasn’t true,” I said, finally breaking the heavy silence. My head lowered as i clenched my hands into tight fists.

“When the cops told me there was blood at the scene that didn’t belong to Kieran, the first person that came to mind was Aria, that she had been here with him last night

when it all happened.” My voice trembled at the edge, breaking just enough to carry the weight of the lie as all eyes remained fixed on

□

“To be honest... I didn’t want it to be her. I don’t want it to be Aria because I just want her to be safe. I don’t care about anything else but that.”

I litted my head, forcing more tears to fall as I looked at the officers.

“Please... is she going to be okay? Just tell me she’s going to be fine.”

I could see the hesitation flicker across their faces as they exchanged glances, and I could feel the rage rolling off my father, his fists clenched tightly at his

sides.

“I can’t give you a definite answer, one of them finally said, “but based on the amount of blood lost, the chances of Miss Aria surviving are... slim. That said, there’s more. We detected a fourth scent in the room, someone else was there. We can’t **say** yet if that person was involved in the attack.”

I nodded slowly, knowing full well they were referring to the rogue even **if** they couldn’t yet identify it the way Sheila had.

“But rest assured,” the officer added, “we’ll **do** everything we can to uncover **what** happened and locate both of them. You have our word.”

I gave a small nod, offering them a grateful smile before turning to my father. I reached for his hand, gently holding it, snapping him out of his thoughts.

When his eyes met mine, he let out a slow sigh and turned back to the officers.

“Make sure this investigation gets your full attention. I’ll be expecting updates,” he said firmly, his voice commanding

Then he turned to Benjamin, who stepped closer and lowered his head slightly in respect **as**

he awaited orders.

-Work alongside them,” my father instructed. “Report every bit of information to me. Whether they’re found dead or alive, I want them located. Understood?”

“Yes, Alpha,” Benjamin responded calmly.

My father then turned to me, resting a firm hand on my shoulder,

“You should head **back** home, Nyssa. You’re leaving for the king’s pack this afternoon. I return to the pack soon—just **need** to check the scene before! leave. But for now, you **go**,” he said, his tone leaving no room for argument.

Honestly, I wasn’t in the mood to argue either, so I simply nodded, wiping the lingering tears from my cheeks before replying softly. “Okay Don’t be late -I want to see **you** before I leave.

When he nodded, I turned and walked out of the house with Serena quietly following behind me.

As soon as I stepped outside, my expression shifted, hardening as i wiped my face with my sleeve on the way to the **car**

“Sheila, I want to know something,” I said through the mindlink **as** opened the car door and slid into the driver’s seat.

“it’s about the fact that both Kieran and Aria heard you **speak** about the past yesterday, shit?” she asked, already reading my thoughts.

Serena opened the passenger door and got in beside me. I could feel her gaze on me and saw her lips part slightly like she was about to say something but one look at my face, and she kept quiet.

Chapter 85

“Yes,” I said, starting the engine and pulling away from the packhouse. “I don’t understand how both Kieran and Aris could

supposed to know about the part?”.

Sheila sighed in my mind before answering.

“That’s the one rule the goddess put in place, **so** I don’t understand it either...” she trailed off her wice thoughtful as Kieran’s house faded in the rearview mirror. “The only reasonable guess i have is that they were both close to death at the time you spoke. Maybe that’s if i’m not certain. But maybe, maybe the other person has to be near death to hear anything about the past.”

frowned at her words. It sounded ridiculous, but it was the only explanation that made even a little sense as to why both Kieran and Aria had heard me

Last night

They'd both been in situations where, if I had chosen to, they might have died, maybe that was enough to break whatever rule the goddess had put in

place.

Goddess, I didn't even know what to think anymore,

Everything **was** a mess, and the more I tried to make sense of it, the more it felt like my head

was going to explode. I was beyond confused.

But I didn't have time to think about that right now, I kept driving, my focus shifting back to the p

ackhouse ahead

I didn't have many choices left. I had to go to **Darius'** pack today, and whether I liked it or not, there was nothing I could do to change that

I'd already accepted it

But I still had one last card to play.

And it had everything to do with that man..

Soon, I arrived at the packhouse, turned off the engine, **and** stepped out of the car before walking toward the entrance, ignoring Serena as she called my

name.

I didn't respond. Instead, I stepped inside and headed straight to Darius's chamber.

Before I could reach the door, I found Cassian, **Drake**, and Zayn standing right in front of it.

They were talking to each other, and my eyes lingered for a moment on Zayn, who I hadn't seen in a few days. He wore a smile as he listened to Cassian

As soon as I approached, their conversation stopped, and all three of them turned their attention to me.

"Oh, good morning, Lady Nyssal Cassian greeted with his usual cheerful smile.

"Morning, m

miss,” Drake added.

Zayn’s smile widened as his gaze met mine, his eyes curving into small sits.

“Good morning, is the Lycan King inside?” I asked.

“Yes, but “Drake began, but before he could finish, Cassian cut in and stepped aside.

“Yes, he’s inside. You can go in,” he said, wearing a mischievous smile,

Something told me he was up to something, but I ignored it. I didn’t have the time to care. I uttered a quick “thank you” and walked **up** to the door.

Maybe it was because of how urgent everything felt, but I didn’t knock, I just opened the door, stepped inside, **and** shut it behind me.

“Good morning, my king. I apologize for intruding, but—”

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My words trailed off and died the instant I laid eyes on the naked, sculpted man standing in front of me

hapter 86

Danus pov

I got out of the shower, a towel wrapped low around my hips, and dried my hair with a smaller towel. My thoughts were scattered, driting in random directions as I walked back to the room.

“Today we’re going back to our pack with our matel if I must say, this journey wasn’t had after all, since we found our mate. Don’t you think?” Stai purred in my mind.

1stopped walking, running the towel through my hair, and spoke as though I hadn’t heard him,

“I have to figure out how she, as a white woll, is able to cause my death. From what the moon goddess said, the only thing that could break her curse was to find a purebred white wolf. Now that I’ve found her, I still have no idea how she’s supposed to break the curse. The goddess didn’t say anything about that

So, I had to find out myself.

"I'll have the shaman ask the goddess when we get back," I muttered under my breath. Almost immediately, I heard Silas's voice in my head.

"Darius: do we have to die now?" he asked.

My hand paused mid-motion, and I stopped drying my hair as I processed what he'd just said. My eyes narrowed.

The air around me grow cold as my voice dropped.

"What did you just say?"

Like I **said**, I didn't care if Silas had found a new toy to keep him entertained. I could manage his attempts to take control. But not this

Not the hesitation in **his** voice.

Not those words

Silas **sighed**, **he** knew he'd angered **me**

but he continued anyway.

"I know this is a curse, one placed on us for our mistake, And I've wished for death all this time. But we've suffered enough, haven't **we**? This time.... this time, before we die, can't we just be happy with our mate? Don't you think we deserve a second chance?

Itilted my head slowly to the

the side, then let the corner of my lip curl into an amused smirk as I walked to the couch and sat down. Silas kept talking, like he was trying to justify himself.

"And I'm not saying we shouldn't break the curse, but what i want is **that** before we do, we should live-"

"A mistake?" I cut him off with a low chuckle. "What I did wasn't a mistake, Silas. Taking their **lives** was not a mistake. Because if I had the choice to do it all over again, I would. So no—it won't a mistake"

Silence followed, before Silas spoke again.

"But Darius-

"However," I continued, "that doesn't make it right either. And I believe that for what I've done, I don't deserve the happiness you *spesiell* don't deserve **a** second chance. And I

don't believe **that** girl the **goddess** paired me with can give me the happiness you're hoping for

it was impossible. I was a man far too gone for something like **that**. After her death, it **hadn't** been possible for me to feel anything again. I should have been dead centuries ago, but in the end, I was forced to live a life without death, to pay for the crime had committed. And the **only** thing that's been **on** my mind throughout the years, as I watched everyone knew die, was the desire to die along with them

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The goddess had given me this punishment to make me value life, but instead, I've only grown to despise it.

"understand your need to be with her. But don't you think it's better to make use of her... and then let her go? Have you forgotten what led to Liana's death? It was because of us. Many people are after our life, and if she stays with us, the past will only repeat itself," I said calmly choosing not to act, choosing instead to speak gently, even though that wasn't what hemed about.

You see. Silas was like a dog who'd gotten attached to its favorite bone. And when you're about to take that bone away, you don't use force, you stay

calm.

Silas didn't respond right away, and I could tell he was thinking about what I'd just said. After a beat, he finally spoke, a hint of sadness in his voice.

"You're right...he echoed, "I can't be selfish and keep her life in danger."

Though I didn't show it, I sighed in rebel. Whether he agreed or not, I would've had to resort to threatening that girl to get him to back down. And honestly, I didn't have time for that, not when I still needed to figure out how to use her.

"It's good you understand," I **said**, rising from the **couch**, ready **to** get dressed and prepare for the day.

But before I could take a single step, the door suddenly burst open and stilled as that girl, Nyssa, walked inside.

"Good morning, my king I apologize for intruding, but-

Her words died in her throat as she froze, her eyes widening in disbelief when they met mine, I watched as they slowly trailed downward... then she licked her lips and swallowed hard.

I lifted a brow, my gaze fixed on her, a little surprised that she had barged in. But when I waited for her to speak and she didn't, only continued to stare at me with those same lust-filled eyes from that night, I felt something stic

For some reason, it made me angry. Because when I should've felt irritated and **annoyed** by her stare... I didn't

Instead, **my** body macted as her scent drifted to
toward me.

That unmistakable scent of lust and need.

I **frowned** as her gaze dropped lower, to the towel wrapped around my waist. And then, just barely above a whisper, I heard her mutter under her breath,

"Holy fuck

I tilted my head slightly to the side. And before she could react before she could even blink, appeared in front of her.

She let out a startled gasp and moved back, but my hand wrapped around her waist and I pressed her against the wall, trapping her there

E

Myxapom

Holy mother of wolves!

One moment I was admiring those sculpted y lines disappearing beneath that towel, and the next, I was pinned against the wall with little to no space between the Lycan King and me

And by no space, I meant I could feel his damp body pressed firmly against mine, his face just inches from mise,

As locked up at him, his wet hair hung slightly over his eyes.

Before I knew it, my breathing had quickened as I stared into his eyes. It felt as though some kind of spell was pulling me toward him, urging me to close the distance and kiss him but I knew if I did that, my head would definitely come rolling off my shoulders

I could still remember the anger in his eyes that day when he stormed out of my room, and I **was** certain that kissing him now would only provoke Him further. So, I swallowed nervously and dropped my gaze to the floor, away from his piercing stare, before

shakily lifting my hands to his chest to try and push him off. But as always, he was like stone—unmoving and unbathed

“M—Myking” stammered, trying to find the right words.

apologize for barging in like that.. but could you move? You’re invading my personal space”

Even without looking at him, I was sure his eyes had narrowed at my **words**. And a second later, he released me and stepped back.

“You speak of personal space, yet you walk into a man’s room without knocking” he said, his voice low

My eyes widened slightly as I looked up at him, surprised he’d actually responded if I wasn’t mistaken, this was a man who usually acted like I didn’t

Even exist

Yet....

My face flushed a deep shade of pink in embarrassment, and quickly lowered my head in apology

“Forgive me, my king, I was in a rush and made a mistake,” I said, hoping I hadn’t annoyed him, But he simply turned away and ignored me completely. slipping right **back** into the usual, like I wasn’t even there.

He walked over to the bed, tossing the small towel in his hand onto it before picking up a button up shirt, I watched silently as he slowly slipped it on, not saying a single word

I licked my lips anxiously but still said nothing, the ticking of the clock now the only sound in the room.

Just when it felt like **the** silence might suffocate us both, his deep voice finally cut through it.

“What do you want with me, she wolf?” he asked, turning his head slowly to look back at me as his hand reached for the towel

towel wrapped around his waist

And the moment he loosened it, my heart nearly dropped to the pit of my stomach. I quickly lowered my head, my eyes darting to the ground just as the

towel hit the floor

Still, I forced myself to speak despite how hard my heart was pounding. This man was insane. How could he be dressing right in front of me? Was he a pervert!

"I wanted to speak to you about something I said, clenching my hands to fists, still refusing to look up at him.

"What is it?" he asked, his tone completely interested. But that didn't stop me

I took a deep breath and let it out, trying to steady my voice despite the nerves crawling all over me

"I wanted to talk about the fact that I know the reason I'm following you to your pack is because I'm a white wolf. You need me, **don't** your 1 abled Bren, with my gear still lowered, I watched his legs as he pulled on his trousers, not even pausing

"You're right."

That was all he said.

frowned and continued

"The reason you didn't reject me is also because I'm a white wolf. It's because **you** have a use for me, isn't it?

"You're right."

He responded again, and the corner of my lips curved into a humorless smile.

He wasn't even trying to deny it. But I guess that was better. At least he made **it** clear where we stood unlike Koran. From what I'd seen, Darkus wanted to use me too, but at least he was being honest about it. Kieran had used me and discarded me without warning

And I wasn't angry, not really because I **already** knew Darkus had a plan for me. I just didn't know what that plan was yet. But that didn't matter anymore. I had made up my mind.

I would let him **use** me and I would use him in return. I didn't care what the Lycan King needed me for as long **as** he gave me what I needed in the end.

"So that means you really need me, don't you, my king?" I asked, finally lifting my head to look at him. Darius was now fully dressed, his hands **tucked** into his pockets as he

stared directly **at** me.” means that **as** long as **you** need me..... – **you have** to keep me alive. Isn’t that right!”

He remained silent **for**

a brief moment before nodding once

“You’re right”

My smile widened **as** I met his gaze head-on.

Hearing him admit I was right was surprisingly refreshing because it meant that even though I was powerless against him, I had the upper hand here. This was good. Really good.

Before I knew it, a smug laugh escaped me. I threw my head back and placed my hands on my hips, staring at him as he watched me with that same unreadable expression, no flicker of emotion, just that cold, deadpan stare.

Still, I pulled out my chest and stepped closer.

This **was** perfect. He wouldn’t kill me. That meant I had nothing to be afraid of

I stopped just inches away from him, tilting my head back to meet the eyes of the towering man.

“So what I’m getting from this is that you want to use me, don’t you, my king said with a grin, “Fine, I don’t care if you do **but** don’t you think it would be unfair if I didn’t got something in return?”

He raised a brow, but I continued.

“I mean, I’m going to your pack just so you can use me. The least you could do is offer me something if you want me to

a toy to a child. What do you say?”

Tent Think t

Fora moment,

his eyes narrowed, and I heard him sigh **before** speaking.

“What do you want, she wolf?” he asked.

I grinned and leaned in closer, **a** confident gleam in

“Your power. I want **your** power, my king

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Chapter 88

Nyssa pov

Darius raised **a** brow at my words. I caught a flicker of amusement in his eyes, but it vanished **as** quickly as it came, replaced once more with his usual emotionless expression. He simply hummed,

“I see,” before walking over to the couch and sitting down.

I watched as he leaned back, crossing his legs casually as he asked,

“Does that mean if I give you what you want, you’ll do anything ask?”

I stared at him for a moment, my grin twitching slightly before I plastered it back on and let out a soft chuckle. Walking opposite him and replied,

“Yes, if you agree to what I want, then I’ll do anything you ask.

isat down on the couch

fully expected him to remind me that I wasn’t in a position to make demands, or at least ask what I meant by his power” But to my shock and disbelief he just nodded nonchalantly and muttered **a** single word:

“Okay”

My eyes widened, surprised that he had **agreed** so easily. Was he serious? I mean, I should be happy **that** I didn’t have to convince him but seriously? He

treed just like that!

Why had he agreed so easily?

“Did you hear what I said? I said I wanted your power,” Trepeated, **just**

in case he hadn’t understood

Because let’s be honest “power” could mean a lot of things. I could’ve meant his pack, or something incredibly important. But he remained nonchalant, as if he didn’t care what I wanted from him.

Him. Was I really that useful to **him**?

i heard you,” he finally said, voice low and flat as his gaze remained foxed on me. “When you’re ready to tell me what exactly you want, you can. But for now, you should prepare to leave with me to my pack.”

His tone made me frown.

I **was** right he really did find me useful

And that was good. Really good.

My grin widened and I leaned forward to the edge of the chair, meeting his gaze **head** on.

“I can tell you now, my king. What I want is your power and that means forming an alliance with your pack.”

As soon **as** the words left my mouth, I finally got the reaction I’d been waiting for. His eyes flickered in **surprise**, clear

me to say.

Forming an alliance with the **king’s** pack... it might’ve sounded simple, but it wasn’t.

wasn’t what he had expected

Lunas Dominion. The **Lycan** King’s pack. The most powerful pack in the **entire** world, closed off to outsiders for centuries, ever since the death of

Darius’s mate.

No one had been allowed in **or** out. No pack had formed an alliance with them in hundreds of years.

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But if the Emberfang pack could?

It would mean we had access, unrestricted to the Limaris Dominion.

It would elevate **us** above all other packs.

Each pack had a distinct scent that identified its members, so if Darius granted us permission, we would be the only packable to freely enter **and** exit his tentory. More importantly, it would mean we had his protection.

war broke out? They'd fight beside us.

If we struggled financially? They might offer a hand,

So no, this wasn't just some reckless demand,

It was my way of protecting my pack—from Kieran, from the rogues... from everything.

Darius watched me for a brief second, and I **could** tell he was thinking it over,

Then, I saw him instinctively reach for the coin placed on the glass table beside him. He tossed it into the air, caught it, and brought it to eye level before giving a casual nod.

"Okay. The Lunar Dominion and Emberfang pack can form an alliance," he said.

As soon as the words left his mouth, let out a breath of relief instantly, all the tension in my body melted away.

He agreed. He really agreed.

Thank the goddess.

Earlier, when I'd barged into his room, I hadn't expected him to say yes. I'd truly believed I wasn't useful enough for him to accept my terms but somehow, it had worked out.

Now, I wouldn't have to worry, at least for a while while I was in the Lunar Dominion

If anything happened... Darius would be there.

And in the meantime, I could focus on tracking Kieran and the rogues working with him.

Since I couldn't tell Darius the truth about the past or ask for his help outright, this was the only move I could make.

"Thank you. I appreciate it," I **said**, my smile bright and sincere

He stared back at me, expression unchanged, offering no response. But I didn't care. I was too happy to care

I stood up and **gave** a slight bow before repeating softly,

"Thank you, my king."

With that, I turned toward the door, still smiling as I reached out to open it.

But just as my fingers touched the handle, I heard his voice behind me

“Don’t you want to know why I decided to spare you... and take **you** with me?

Turning back to face him, I saw no real curiosity in his expression, just cold indifference.

TUTE THU II **NHI**

Still, I answered, shaking my head.

“I don’t need to know. You could still decide to kill me for all care...as long as I get to save them from dying. As long as the past doesn’t report dell

I knew he probably wouldn’t hear that last part, but I said it anyway

And as I turned back to the door and opened it, I caught the brief flicker of confusion on his face—just before stepping out of the room.

The moment I stepped out, I came face to face with Cassian, Drake, and Zayn standing near the entrance, along with Serena, who looked visibly But I shot her a bright smile as I walked up to her and gently took her hand,

“Let’s go get my bags ready. We’ll be leaving soon,” I told **her**.

She raised a brow, clearly confused by my sudden shift in mood, but before she could say anything, I laced my fingers with hers and led her toward my

clothes. room to finish up packing my

Chapter 89

Nyssa pov

Serena and the other maids had already packed most of my clothes, but I had told them not to pack everything, since I believed I’d be coming hon

1. 1000.

But from my conversation with Darius, it seemed whatever he needed me for might take a lot longer than I expected and I might not return, as early as I had hoped.

Even though it was impossible to pack every item in my closet especially with how many clothes I had, I decided to go with just three suitcases

Two

were for my clothes, and the last one held my shoes and heels.

That should be enough to sustain me **for a** while... though I was pretty sure I'd end up shopping in the king's pack eventually

"You're okay, right, miss? Seen asked as we arranged the heels inside the suitcase

I gave her a nod and smiled.

"Mm, Tam. Your bags are ready, right? it looks like they're **leaving** this morning, so we'll take some of the snacks the chef made and eat on the way." I said, placing the last item in the bag before zipping it shut, standing up from the floor, and dusting off my hands.

I walked over to the vanity and took a seat.

"Ah yes, my lady. I've packed my bags...she responded, her tone still slightly confused, but just nodded and reached for the brush, applying some blush and gently dabbing it on my cheeks.

When I was done, I reached for the lip gloss, and feeling her gaze on me, I applied it to my lips.

I knew she was surprised, one second was crying about Kieran, and the next I was doing my **makeup** like nothing had happened.

But honestly, I didn't want to explain. She wouldn't understand, and she wouldn't want to hear it.

Like now.

"Hey Serena, so actually I wasn't really sad about Aria's **likely** demise or Kieran's death because I was the reason for **it**, but rather because I couldn't make Kieran take the fall for Aria's death. But now that the lycan king has agreed to give this pack his support, I'm happy"

Of course, if I said that aloud, my chest would ache and I'd probably cough up blood I had to force myself to swallow

It **really** hurt

"**What** did you **say**, miss?" Serena asked.

shook my head and smiled instead, gesturing her closer. When she leaned in, I brought the brush to her face and gently dabbed blush on her cheeks catching her by surprise.

“M—my lady, what are you doing?” she stammered, but I held her still, keeping her head in place as I narrowed my eyes playfully.

“What do you think I’m doing? I’m applying makeup on you,” teased, brushing the **color** across her cheeks.

“This is the first time people from Lunaris Dominion will **be** seeing outsiders. We have to show them that Emberlang pack members are attractive.”

I grinned as applied the blush carefully, letting my voice dip into something teasing.

moment now. And if you do, you can finally

“Besides...who knows? Maybe you’ll meet your mate there You’re already eighteen, you could meet him any monte leave your troublesome mistress, get married, and have adorable little children.”

Her checks flushed a deeper shade of pink, and it had nothing to do with the makeup. couldn’t help but chuckle as she dropped her gaze and

stammered.

“W—what are you talking about? Even if I met my mate, I would never leave you, my Lady. Even if I have to reject—”

Before she could finish, I gently squeezed her cheeks, cutting off her words and making them come out as mumbles. Smiling. I picked up the poss and applied it to her lips.

“You shouldn’t say that, Serena. Don’t forget, rejection is a sin before the goddess. And don’t forget... you deserve to be happy. You deserve to have a family of your own, too. That’s the only thing I want for you to live,”

Because I knew she wasn’t bluffing

But I didn’t **want** that for her, not in this lifetime.

I could only h

hope she met her mate in this one, and that he would love and cherish her the way she deserved.

Serena’s eyes sobtened **as** she looked at me, and after a brief moment, she nodded gently with a small smile.

“I understand, my lady.”

That **was** all she said, and whether she truly meant it or not, I had **no** idea

Soon, we were **done** with the makeup **and** made our way toward the main packhouse. The maids helped carry my bags, while Serena went to get **hers**.

As we walked, I noticed the workers lined up along the hallway and by the staircase.

Their eyes were on me, some filled with sadness, others with worry, and a few wore forced smiles.

I understood why. They probably thought I didn't want to go to the Lycan King's pack, that I **was** only doing it because I had no other choice.

But that was then....not now.

So as I walked, I smiled at every one of them.

Some lowered their heads, looking away. Others did their best to smile back.

I kept my head held high as I reached the main packhouse, where my father stood with Benjamin and Calen by his sides, their expressions grave.

Seated on a chair nearby was Darius, staring at nothing in particular. Zayn sat not far from him, while Cassian and Draked behind the king

As soon as my father saw me, his expression darkened further, and his eyes turned glassy almost instantly but he looked away **and** cleared his throat. refusing to meet my gaze

Calen and Benjamin, knowing my father couldn't speak without breaking down, stepped forward **and** pulled me into a **hug**, I smiled at the comfort of their embrace, wrapping my arms around them, my other two dads.

"Everything will be okay, Nyssa, You're a strong girl...**you** are," Calen said.

"Yes, and we'll come visit," Benjamin added, trying not to let his voice crack. "Now that the king's offered us an **alliance**, we'll be able to see you soon,"

I chuckled softly and responded, "Okay, I'll be expecting everyone. Take care of yourselves."

They hugged me tighter before finally pulling away.

Then I stepped toward my father and pulled him into my arms.

"My child..."he whispered under his breath.

Before he could say more or cry, I hugged him tighter.

"I be back, Dad, Soon... when everything is okay."

With that, I pulled away and met his saddened eyes, forcing a smile.

That was when Darius stood from his seat, his gaze flicking briefly to my father. Under his breath, he said:

"Watch your pack more carefully. You have a traitor here.

It wasn't a threat, it sounded more like advice.

Then **he** turned and walked out the door.

I raised a brow in confusion, glancing back at my **dad**, but he simply shook his head.

Cassian stepped up beside me with a small smile.

"Well then, my lady," he said. "

1. id. "Ready to see the most amazing pack in the world?"

I almost said no....but instead, I gave him a nod and **a** small smile.

Well, I guess here goes nothing.

Chapter 90

Nyssa pou

"Do I have to ride with him I mean... can't I go with you and Zayn?" Lasked, shooting a glance at Zayn, who chuckled at my words. Then my gaze drifted. toward the car Darius was in, and I sighed.

Cassian had told me I'd be riding with Danas, with brake driving us, while he, Zayn, and Serena would be going together in another vehicle.

And honestly? I didn't want to go with Darius.

The thought of being alone with that man in the same car for four straight hours sounded like a nightmare.

"I'm sorry, my lady," Cassian said with an apologetic smile. "But those were the king's orders. He specifically asked for you to ride with him. There's nothing I can do about it."

I let out a groan at his words. What was going on in that man's head? Why on earth would he want me in the same car with him? Didn't he have my guts?

Still, I know there was nothing I could do about it. I had to follow whatever Darius wanted—after **all**, I did say I'd be obedient.

"I'm sure sitting with the king isn't as bad as you make it seem, Miss Nyssa," Zayn said with a grin, and I almost rolled my eyes at his words.

"I'm sorry," Cassian repeated, **his** smile still apologetic, though I knew it wasn't his fault.

You and Sir Zayn."

"Beta Cassian, can the lady and I switch seats?" Serena suddenly stammered. "I can sit with the Lycan king, and she can go with you

All eyes turned to **her as** she nervously lowered her head, fiddling with her dress, and couldn't help but smile, she looked so adorably fustared.

If I was uneasy around Darius, then Serena was downright terrified. Anytime he was near, I could practically feel the fear radiating off her. And yet, she still offered to sit with him, for me.

This girl...

"It's fine, Sema. I sit with him," I said softly, then turned to Cassian. "Please take care of her."

Even though I knew nothing would happen, I wanted them to understand just how important Serena was to me

"Of course,"

"Cassian replied with a small smile

I took a deep breath before walking over to the car, opening the door, and slipping inside, **closing** it behind me.

As soon as I entered, the air around me seemed to turn **cold**, and I swallowed nervously before glancing at the man sitting beside me.

To be honest, when I said "car" earlier, I meant a freaking limo. Sure, I'd been in one before but this? This was the biggest I'd ever seen. It even had a mini wine section

with two bottles and two glasses, **which** made me think it had been arranged for Darius and 1.

A tinted glass divider was raised in front of us, separating the back from the driver's seat. Drake couldn't see us, and we couldn't see him either. **Basically**. I was in a closed space with Darius for the next four hours.

The only good part? The lima was wide enough that I could move all the way to the furthest corner from him, which I did.

I took a deep breath and stole another glance at Darius before quickly looking away as the **engine** started and the car began

Almost immediately, I heard **a** voice in my mindlink.

"Take care of yourself, child, if something happens, if you need **your** father, don't hesitate to **reach** out to me

My father's voice rang gently through my mind, **and a** smile tugged at my lips. I turned toward the window, rolled it down, and leaned forward, just

enough to see him, Calen, and Benjamin standing in front of the slowly fading packhouse, watching the car pull away

Without hesitation, I stuck my head out and began waving

"You three better take care of yourselves! Don't worry about me, I'll be fine, come visit, alright?" I yelled at the top of my lungs

I watched as my father and his beta and gamma smiled softly, all waving back

I didn't stop waving, not **even** as the packhouse blurred into the distance, I kept waving until I could no longer see it

My lips trembled. And even though I'd promised myself not to get emotional... I couldn't help it.

I had just reunited with them and now here I was, already leaving again.

I bit my bottom lip, forcing myself not to cry. And in a low, determined whisper, I said,

"Just wait, Father, Everyone will live... I promise!"

Then I leaned back inside the car, closed my eyes, and when I opened them again, they were emotionless.

I could feel his gaze ticker to me for a brief moment, but as usual, he didn't speak.

which was good, you

asked me

Still, I wasn't exactly in the best mood.

Not when everything from the past few days was starting to weigh so heavily on me.

If you asked me, I wasn't sure how I was going to survive this car ride without breaking down...

So I needed a distraction.

And there was only one that came to mind.

Without thinking twice, I turned **to** Darius with a determined gaze

When his eyes flickered to me, he raised a brow, watching silently.

I swallowed nervously under his sharp stare but still braced myself, pointing to the two bottles of wine on the bar as I spoke

i know this might sound rude... and weird," I said quietly, "**but** if you don't mind, may I have one bottle?"

My **voice** sounded steady, but inside, I felt small. Timid.

Sure, I needed it. I didn't want to be sober right now

Darius raised a brow at my words, **and** for the briefest second, I thought I saw the corner of his lips twitch in amusement.

But I must have imagined it, because the next moment, he looked **away** and spoke, his voice

"Do as you **wish**. But do not speak to me. Do not come near me. Maintain your distance."

I blinked, a little surprised that he **actually** responded at all.

He **usually** just ignored me completely.

low and cold.

Even if his words weren't exactly pleasant, the fact that he acknowledged me at all **was...** something

My lips stretched into a grin as I nodded and reached for a bottle **and a glass.**

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"Of course, my king. Thank you," Treplied sweetly, though scowled when he didn't bother to answer.

Whatever

I popped the bottle open easily, pouted the champagne to the brim, and downed it in seconds.

As soon as I felt the burn in my throat, I closed my eyes, and my grin widened as my heart pounded against my chest.

It felt good.

My body relaxed almost instantly.

Whoever said alcohol was best when you felt down was absolutely right.

The rush hit quickly, and I smacked my lips, already reaching for a second round.

I told myself this would be the last. I wouldn't get drunk.

I didn't get drunk often

But then...

The second **became** a third. Then a fourth

I wasn't sure what happened, but by then, my grin wouldn't leave my face as I licked my lips and reached for the second bottle

But before I could touch it, a hand suddenly grabbed mine.

I blinked, caught off guard, my eyes flickering to **Darius.**

He was staring at me, his eyes narrowed, a deep frown carved into his face.

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Comment