

Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King #Revival 91 – 100

Read Rebirth: Fated to the Lycan King Revival 91

Darius pov

I wanted to ignore her.

Ignore her scent, ignore the way she smiled despite the obvious pain in her eyes, ignore the way my gaze kept tickering to her despite not wanting to.

I wanted to ignore it all.

But I couldn't

And that was what frustrated me

The fact that during this entire ride, my **thoughts** had been mainly filled with her

I'd been surprised earlier today by her request.

Even though she knew the reason I kept her **alive** and why I wanted her to come with me to the pack, might not be anything good, she still agreed..... just for an alliance with her pack.

I thought she'd **ask** for something else

Anything else.

But **all** she wanted was an alliance.

Sure, it wasn't a small thing

An alliance meant protection and support, something most, if not all, would kill for from my pack, But there hadn't been an alliance in centuries. Not since the death of my mate.

That **was** why I was curious

About her reason.

About what she meant when she said those words:

I

"I don't need to know. You could still decide **to** kill me for all I care... as long as I get to save them from dying. As long as the past doesn't repeat itself"

What did she mean by the past repeating itself?

That was what had me confused.

“Hehe. I finished a bottle! I want another, another one,”

My eyes shifted to her, just in time to see her tilt the bottle to her lips, drops of champagne spilling down to her mouth. She smacked her lips before setting it down with a light chuckle, her eyes locked on the next bottle in front of her.

Then she muttered under **her** breath,

“I want another one. One’s not enough to get my drunk... I can’t get drunk from this alone.”

And then she turned sharply to the bottle in front of me. Her grin widened even more as she **reached** for it and before I could even think, my hand shot **out and** grabbed her wrist, stopping her in place and pulling her toward me

Our faces were.

re just inches apart.

Almost instantly, her gaze flickered to mine, her eyes going wide with surprise. Her breathing turned soft and rapid as she stared at a

For a brief moment, neither of us spoke.

I felt like that silence would stretch on forever until

“What do you think you’re doing?”

sally broke it, my voice low and land withi

We were on our way back to my pack, and she was already drunk. Was this really the first impression she wanted to give?

Not that I cared.

Thad no intention of taking her as my mate, and her image meant nothing to me

But what irritated me, what truly bothered me was that she’d broken one of the very rules gave her

Do **not** come near me.

And yet, here she was.

And the sight of her right now only made that irritation burn hotter.

At my question, she blinked and the next moment, a **slow laugh**

escaped her lips

My eyes narrowed **as** she leaned in even closer, until our **lips** were just a breath apart.

At that moment, my gaze flicked to her full, plump lips, and I watched as she ran her tongue across her bottom one and for some reason, the urge to feel those lips on mine hit me **hard**.

I remembered how soft they were the last **time** we kissed, and I nearly followed through with that urge

Until she lightly slapped my shoulder, breaking the moment.

“What am I doing? I’m not even sure **at** this point,” she said with a pout. “Everything is so **intense** and frustrating right now...I don’t know what the fuck

I’m doing

I could feel her hot breath **fan** against my lips **as** she spoke.

“But

night now... right now, all I want to do is drink. I don’t want to be sober...

Her voice dropped into a whisper.

“I don’t think I can...not right now,” she added, her voice cracking slightly at the end, her lips trembling

itted my **head** slightly as I watched her.

That look—That same look of pain in her eyes.

It surprised me that someone like her, someone who seemed like she grew up wealthy and pampered, could have that **look**, she’d been through hell.

Something... far too familiar.

Having lived for centuries, despite avoiding people, I had grown used to reading them.

And this girl, she was hiding behind walls made of pain, Just like I did.

“Can I drink the other bottle?” she asked, voice **low**, eyes watery and when a tear slid down her cheek, my breath hitched

“Please,” she whispered.

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I frowned but said nothing.

Instead, I released her wrist and turned away, staring out the window.

She seemed to understand I'd given her permission, because she bowed her head slightly in gratitude before reaching for the second bottle

“Thank you...she mutinured, popping the cork.

The sound of slurping followed, along with a satisfied sigh.

When I turned to look at her, my brow twitched.

She was drinking straight from the bottle, eyes **shut** and a smug little grin on her lips,

“Hehe... tastes good,” she said softly, and I couldn't help but scowl in disgust before checking the time on my phone.

Thirty minutes had passed since we left the Emberfang Pack, and we still had almost three hours left before reaching my territory and that's if Drake

drove faster.

Not wanting to spend more time confined in the same space with her, I sent a mindlink to Drake,

“Drive faster. I want us there within two hours. Do

you

understand

His response came quickly.

“Yes, my king”

I sighed and tried to block out her mutterings and drunken laughter, deciding to close my eyes-

But the next second, they snapped open

And I found myself staring right into her eyes.

She had knelt on the seat and was now close to me, eyes trained on mine with a pout.

The world seemed to blur around us as we continued staring at each other.

And then she spoke, her words slurred, yet I heard them clearly.

“Why are you this attractive... yet your personality sucks? It’s **unfair.**”

AD

Chapter **92**

Nysa pov

I

I was tips....well, drunk if I was being honed. Brunk out of my mind.

I wasn’t sure how I’d gotten to this point but then again, maybe I did, tine drink turned into another, and then another. So yes, i guess i knew early how I ended up the this

Did regret it!

No. Not really

Did I want to keep drinking?

Yes Yes, I did.

The alcohol lett a burning, lingering taste as I drowned another mouthful and placed the half-empty bottle on my lap, taking **a** deep breath as I stared up at the roof of the car. A sudden fit of laughter escaped me, though I didn’t **feel** any **real** joy.

Just...emptiness.

As **the** laughter died down, I turned slightly and glanced to the side, my gare landing on Darius. His eyes were closed, and even then, he looked drop- dead gorgeous without even trying. Like a god who had descended to earth,

How could someone be so attractive!

From his eyes to **his** nose to his lips, he looked like the goddess herself had taken her time sculpting him.

A thought crossed my mind as I stared at him,

Maybe...if I had met him before Kieran in my past life, I would've been a **naive** girl, fangirling over the fact that a man like him was my mate, even if he

clearly disliked me

I chuckled at the thought.

I probably would've believed I could change him, the cold, cursed, and ruthless **Lycan** King and **we'd** live happily ever after

But something I learned the hard way in my past life... something I'd promised myself never to do again

Was love someone.

I would never let **anyone** into my heart like I did last time, because that was my biggest mistake,

let someone in and in the end, they destroyed my family and everything I cared about

So even if this man... this man

in who sometimes **made** my heart beat faster than I'd like.

ould never talk for him.

I would

I'd let myself be **used**, and then cast aside when he was done.

Sul... I couldn't help but pout.

Because this man.....

He **was** walking temptation.

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I couldn't all for him.

But resting him? That was the hard part

How is he so attractive?" I muttered to myself, then pushed up on the seat, nearly wing off in the process inhaled sharply, deaded myself, and imaty crawled toward his side, leaning in just a little closet,

as those piercing white eyes locked on mine, making my breath hitch and a shiver run down my

Almost immediately, his eyes snapped open, and Hinze **as th**

spine.

Oh Goddess, how are his eyes so beautiful?.

I swallowed nervously, different thoughts running through my head at that moment but the one that made my lips curl into a smart was thic

So what if he was attractive? What if he **had** a face no one else on this earth could rival when his insides were udy?

To truly be attractive, you had to be good, inside and out. But this man...

"Why are you this attractive... yet your personality sucks? It's unfair," I muttered under my breath, my eyes narrowing into a glare, lips curling into a pout

His gaze sharpened at my words, but before he could process it, I slowly closed the distance between us, so close our lips nearly touched, but didn't

"Even if you have such **an** attractive face, you're still ugly on the inside, so what's the point?" asked, clicking my tongue, watching how he just stared at me without a single change in expression. But I kept going. I wasn't even thinking about what was spilling from my lips at this point

"You're the handsome Lycan King, the powerful ruler of all werewolves...so what? You're still mean and cruel."

This time, my voice grew louder—I **was** agitated now, and the more I thought about it, the angrier I became

"And you're not just mean and cruel, but a coward! admit that I was the one who pulled you in that day, but how could you kiss me and touch me, then pull away at the last moment like that?" I scoffed, watching his eyes darken at the mention of the day in the bathroom, the day he let me.

Don't get me wrong, I swear I wasn't upset because he didn't go through with it. I swear I wasn't

And yet... I didn't even know what I was mad about anymore. I just couldn't stop.

at I'm saying is, **you** should at least have the decency not to be so rude-

"Do you think I wanted to continue that day? What I'm

My words cut off, my eyes flying wide.

The car jerked violently, **gliding** and bumping over something, sending me flying out of my seat and toward the floor

and

Everything happened in slow motion. My mouth opened, then closed, repeating the process, but no words escaped, only air as I watched Darius let out a quiet sigh. **Just** as i braced for impact, eyes squeered shut, his arm wrapped around my waist and he effortlessly pulled me back toward him.

A gasp o escaped me.

The next thing

I know, I **was** sitting on his lap

We were so close, his arm tight around my waist, our noses nearly touching. But that wasn't even the worst part

This position.

Oh goddess.

My legs were spread, straddling his, and I was basically witting right on his.

Was that his bulge

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Maybe it was the alcohol still in my system or maybe not but I was definitely sitting on something hard

Fuck.

The alcohol wore off so last.

1-1...“I stammered, completely flustered, my face burning red in an **instant**.

I caught the slight curve of Darius’s lips as he held me tighter, pulling me even closer. My breath hitched as I felt him press into me more firmly

“Apologies, my king. Are you okay?” Drake’s voice came from the driver’s seat.

Before I could respond or even process what was happening, Darius answered smoothly.

“Yes. Keep driving. Don’t worry about it.”

Nyssa pow

My heart pounded. My body stiffened. The breath caught in my **throat** and stared at the man before me.

I wasn’t sure how my hands had ended up on his shoulders, or how I ended up sitting on his lap... how

I could feel that hard thing poking through my panties, thanks to my dress having ridden up from earlier.

I couldn’t breathe. I couldn’t even blink. All I could hear in my head was the soft, delighted purring of Sheila

But all I could think about was one thing.....

There was no way this man was reacting sexually to me right now, right?

Yot the slight amusement in his gaze made my entire body fuster, and I opened my mouth, forcing out words despite the obvious tremble in my voice.

“Mmy king..... I—I must have a death wish. Please forgive me. This **was** a mistake-

My words were cut off the moment I felt his hand tighten around my waist. And then, in the most shocking moment of my life, his hand slid from my waist down to my butt, putting me closer, pressing me firmly against his hard bulge.

My eyes nearly popped out of their sockets **as** I bit my bottom **lip to** stifle the moan threatening to **slip** out. But that wasn’t even the worst of it.

Because then, Darius tilted his head slightly and, in a deep voice, his hot breath brushing my lips, he spoke.

“You really are amusing she—woll,” he hummed.

For the first time, I caught a wicked glint in his eyes, something entirely different from his usual stoic expression

It was like staring at a completely different man...and for some reason, that look sent a shiver crawling down my spine.

“You have the same scent as her when **you’re** needy...when you look at me with those greedy eyes”

Linhaled sharply as he reached out and brushed his fingers across my cheek, fucking a strand of hair gently behind my ear.

To be honest, I had no clue what he meant, but I **was** too overwhelmed to think, too consumed by the way his touch made my skin burn and the aching need deep inside me to pind against him and feel some kind of fiction. Still, Theld back, trying to snap out of it.

Don’t fall for it, Nyssa. Sure, he’s attractive, but remember what’s inside—ugly and cold and..

“**You** remind me so much of her,” he murmured, reaching for my chin and titing it up, **his** gaze burning as he **hissed**, “And I hate it, Thate how you have her eyes. Har scent, the one that drove me insane. It makes me want to get rid of you completely for daring to exist”

My heart skipped a beat.

that was he even saying? Why **was** I scared. and turned **on!**

Before I **could**

stop myself, the words slipped out, breathless.

“But you can’t get rid of me... can you?”

The glint in his eyes darkened, that sinful sink stretching wider as he leaned in, our lpralmost **brushing**

“Correct, she well,” he murmured, **voice** rough can’t kill you. And I can’t ignore you, either. The bond makes me crave you.”

“So...” I swallowed hard, his words setting my entire body on fire, heat pulsing between my legs.

And he knew it, of course he knew it because his eyes narrowed with purpose as he whispered

“So if I can’t ignore you... then have to have you”

I gasped as he moved my hips against him, dragging a low moan from my throat.

beit

“Get a taste of you. Because if that’s what will end this madness... then so be it

Fuck. I know I should be angry at what he was saying. I should tell him I wasn’t the kind of girl who would throw herself at him just because he said so. I should snap and ask who the hell he thought he was but all those words seemed to get stuck in my throat the moment I remembered how soft his lips had felt

How good it had been to kiss him that day

The rush, the **adrenaline**

, the heat.

I, I wanted to feel that all over again.

God, I

Seignored the reasonable voice in my head and listened to Sheila instead, the reckless, impulsive one.

I shouldn’t have listened. But like I sai

I said, I wasn’t in my right mind anymore.

And **so**, the words escaped me again.

“Don’t think for one second that you’re the only one who wants to stop this madness.”

That was all I said before leaned forward and closed the distance between us.

My hands moved to his shoulders as I kissed him deeply, my eyes fluttering shut as he returned it, grabbing my waist tighter and pulling me closer

I moaned into the kiss as his other hand slipped to the back of my neck, holding me there, kissing me like he meant it.

Like he wanted me, and that made my head feel fuzzy.

Goddess, why did you pair me with this man? A man this irresistible? Just **when** I had promised myself a second ago and now here was, kissing him.

That no reasonable explanation for it... but maybe there didn't need to be one, other than the fact that I wanted him.

My arms tightened around his shoulders, sliding up to wrap around his neck as I kissed him harder. Moans spilled from my lips as he ground my hips against his, the friction of his hard length making my panties soaked.

"Ah," I gasped when he pulled away from the kiss, only to trail his lips along my neck. His teeth grazed my skin, sinking in just enough to leave a hickey before his tongue flicked over the sensitive spot.

Hollowed my hips against him again, chasing the tingles shooting down my **spine** as my whole body came alive beneath his touch,

In that moment, as we kissed and the car glided down the road, one thing became clear, this journey to the Lycan Kings **pack** wasn't going to be easy.

It wouldn't be

But at the same time... it didn't seem so bad

Agasp escaped me as Darius continued to move me against him, his hands firm on my waist as he tried kisses along my neck, making breathless moans spill from my lips as I clung to him, trying not to be loud.

We **were** in the car right now, with **Drake** driving, and even though I knew there was a tinted glass divider between us and the front, I wasn't entirely sure he couldn't hear us. And hell, it would be so embarrassing if I ever found out he knew what we'd been doing back here.

I hit my bottom lip as the friction between Darius and I grew maddening it felt so good grinding against him like this but at the same time, it was too much of a tease. This entire situation was a tease, but fuck...I didn't want to stop.

"Darius..." I moaned, breathless, as I felt him sink his tooth into my skin, leaving another hickey while he kept up his slow, torturous pace.

For some crazy reason, I had the feeling he wanted me to **beg** to say it out loud, to tell him I wanted him.

at was saying, the

Maybe it was the slight tilt of his lips, the way I shivered in his arms as he kept rubbing me against him. But before even realized what was words spilled out of me, desperate and pleading..

“Danush please.”

I

That **was** all I said, but it was enough. He understood. He leaned back from my neck, stopping only inches from my face, his breath brushing over my lips.

As I stared into his eyes, my heart pounded loudly in my chest and I was certain he could hear it, feel it. The world around us seemed to blur, and **all** could hear was our ragged, muffled breaths.

I spoke again

****Please, Danus.**I whispered, pulling one hand away from his shoulder and reaching for one of his hands at my waist. Slowly, guided it downward,

from my hip to beneath my dress and inhaled sharply as watched **him**.

His face remained unreadable, **but** his eyes flickered with a hint of lust, dark and intense as I placed his hand right in front of my panties, already soaked, without a doubt

“I want you **here**,” I said, before my brain could fully process the words. **But** before I had the chance to feel any sort of embarrassment, I gasped, shocked as he moved his hand and pressed his thumb against me, applying just enough pressure to make me twitch

“Right here?” he asked, his voice low as his gaze flicked back up to mine. And when he began rubbing his thumb in slow, deliberate circles, I let go of his hand and bit down on my bottom lip, my core throbbing as I nodded—almost too quickly.

“Yes...there. Touch me there,” I whimpered, pleasure rushing through me as inhaled sharply, arching my back while Darius continued to rub slow circles over my panties, feeling exactly how wet already was.

“You’re soaking your panties, little she wolf. Do you feel that good?” he murmured, and I swore I could hear the amusement in his **voice**. Before I could get a word put, I felt him shift my panties to the side, leaving my bare clit exposed.

Almost instantly, my heart felt like it was about to burst from my chest as I stared **at**

him, eyes wide. But in the very next second, a man spilled from my lips as his fingers traced a slow, teasing pattern over my clit

“Sa wet...just from this?” he asked, and I could only watch, stunned **as** he lifted his fingers to his mouth and licked them t

My breathing turned ragged as I **stared** in disbelief

Oh my goddess. Did he really just do that?

A man who thought was disgusted by my **just** licked n

i my..

ated with my lick

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My face flushed a deep shade of pink as I stared at him. Even Kieran had never done anything to this with me:

When we were together in the past, our sex life was simple, if not outright boring

Back then, it always felt like Kiran touched me only because he wanted me pregnant. Like it was a chore, something he couldn't wait to be done with. I had told myself it was because I wasn't attractive enough. That he couldn't stand me

But should've realized it wasn't me

It was because he didn't actually like me. He had a mate.

And now, seeing this man, Darius, do something so intimate, so shameless, made my cheeks burn and a tingle race down my spine

But what surprised me the most was how different he seemed from his usual stoic self.

Right now, he felt like a completely different man

*Fuck... The word left my mouth in awe, and this time, the corner of his lips curved into a smirk as

Before I could even react, I felt him part my pussy and slip a finger **inside**.

smirk as he leaned in, suddenly capturing my lips in a kiss.

My eyes went wide, and I realized the reason he **had** kissed me was so I wouldn't be loud. But as I moaned into the kiss, my body besed, his finger pushing in and out of me, steady and unrelenting while his mouth never slowed against mine.

Not that I could focus on anything else.

Not when his finger was buried so deep inside me.

Oh my goddess.

My body trembled **as** I wrapped my arms around Darius's shoulders, gripping him tightly as he moved faster, his pace building until was panting, my breathing turning shallow

He curled his finger inside me, and just then, he pulled away from the kiss. My hand shot up to cover my mouth, trying to stifle the loud, needy sounds spilling from my lips as he kept going

"Nongh..." whimpered, surprised by just how good it felt.

Kieran had only used his fingers on me once.

Since then, I'd mostly done it to myself with my own fingers... but Darius's fingers?

They were different.

Thicker, Larger. More skilled.

It felt good, so good that as he picked up the pace, my head fell to his shoulder and closed my eyes, allowing myself to unravel in the pleasure he gave

apter 95

Кула пет

"Nongh." I moaned out, my breathing rapid as my grip on Darius tightened as he continued slamming his thick fingers inside and turn deliciously hurty

naking my head swirl

And Darius? Oh, he know exactly what he was doing. He had that slight curve to his lips, the kind that told me he was enjoying every second of seeing me like this for the brielest moment, I caught a flicker of something softer in his expression a trace of happiness that made me freeze

But then his fingers thrust deeper **inside** me, snapping me right out of it and I couldn't stop the loud moan that spilled from my lips.

"Oh goddess gasped.

Darius leaned in close, his mouth brushing my ear as he whispered, his voice so low it was barely a breath,

“Shhh.....you’re making so much noise, she woll Do you want to be heard?” he **asked**, amusement dripping from every word.

Something about the way he said it sent a jolt of electricity straight down my spine, and my eyes fluttered shut as I shook kmyh

yhead, panting heavily.

“N–no... I’m sorry...I–I’m just so close,” I whispered back, my voice trembling, just as low as his

And I wasn’t lying. With the way he **kept** moving in and out of me, his pace relentless and perfect, was already right there. I could feel my walls beginning to tighten around his fingers, the pressure building fast, too fast. The urge to come undone in his hands was overwhelming.

Then i sawit, his eyes flashing a brighter white, twinkling with something foral

He liked watching me like this.

“Do you want to cum for me then? Ha?” he murmured. “Would you cum all over my fingers, just for me?”

He picked up the pace, and had to shut my **eyes**, the sensation dragging **the** closer and closer to the edge.

Fuck, why did it feel so good?

Lasked myself that over and over, especially when I couldn’t **stop** my hips from moving, grinding down onto his fingers, trying to meet every thrust.

“Wes. Yes, I want to cum, please...” I whispered, my voice breaking as I chased the high, feeling my walls tighten around his fingers, I couldn’t help but close my eyes and throw my head back.

Almost instantly, I felt Darius lean toward my chest, slowly placing soft kisses on my exposed skin, his lips trailing lower until he pressed **a** kiss to my

breast

nhaled sharply, and then he stopped, his voice low and thick with lust.

“Then cum for me. Let me watch you unravel for me, Liana”

My **eyes** snapped open to look down at him as the world seemed to pause, his voice echoing in my head, Liana.

The same name he had mentioned that **day**

.

But before I could think about it, a loud moan tore through my throat as I shut my eyes again, cumming hard just as his finger slipped inside my g-spot.

“Oh my **goddess**” | gasped, resting my head on his shoulder, gripping him tighter as wave after wave of pleasure crashed through me.

For a brief moment, neither of us spoke.

He pressed me against the perfect

I trembled on top

on top of him, the silence thick between us, broken only by the sound of my heartbeat pounding in my ears.

Then slowly, I opened my eyes, my breathing ragged, coming out in shallow pants, just as he gently pulled his fingers out of me.

Even then, I didn't lean away from him or lift my head from his shoulder, not just because I was embarrassed that I had been so easy and had just done something like this... but also because he had called someone else's name while his fingers were inside me.

I wasn't dumb. Even though I didn't know the name of the late king's mate, I knew he **had** just called her name because Darius had only ever loved one woman, even after her death. His first mate.

Honestly, as I sat there on his lap, I knew I shouldn't care. We didn't have any real feelings for each other. But I couldn't help the sharp sting in my heart.

And I was sure anyone in my situation would feel that too.

If someone you were intimate with regardless of what kind of relationship you shared, called out someone else's name in the middle of it anyone would feel bad. Right?

The ache in my chest wasn't weird. It was normal. It had to be

"I'm not sure if you really believe that or are trying to delude yourself, Sheila's voice echoed in my head. I frowned at her words, but before I could respond, the familiar cold **voice** I was used to broke through

"Are you going to **just**

sit here until we arrive?" he asked.

My eyes widened, my heart skipping a beat.

Oh shit, that's right, **I** couldn't be selfish right now, thinking only of myself after he had made me cum. I had to return the favor, **since** we had agreed that maybe bring sexual with each other would help ease the pull between us

"I apologize, my king 1—I got distracted stammered, leaning back and avoiding his gaze as I licked my bottom lip, reaching for the zip of his

trousers.

"Let me return the favor," I said, my voice breaking but not with lust this time, with nervousness.

However, before I could even unzip it his hand reached for mine, stopping me in **place** and pulling me toward him, making megaspi surprise

My eyes flickered up to meet

this calm gaze, devoid of emotion

The smirk that had tugged at his lips earlier was gone, along with any trace of amusement. Then again, a thought flashed through my mind, maybe they were **never** real in the first place. Maybe this man before me never looked at me that **way** because he **had** only ever seen me as his dead mate

"Don't," he hissed, and I swallowed nervously, watching in confusion as he sighed and let go of my hand before speaking again.

"You don't need to do that. Not now, at least," without another word

he said calmly, then wrapped his arms around my waist, liking me slightly **and** placing me back beside him

I watched as he reached for a tissue and wiped his hands, then turned away from m

"Oh...okay, my king." I whispered under my breath, my gaze falling to my dress as I adjusted it, then turned to the

I wasn't sure how long we stayed like that, but no one spoke for the rest of the ride.

And as I watched the gradual change

of the surroundings, I knew we

were getting closer to the Lunar Dominion

Chapter 96

Nyssa pov

I think I had dozed off at one point without meaning to and woken up again, only to do so a second time.

I wasn't sure how many times I had forced my eyes open, but sure enough, this was my punishment for actually drinking in broad daylight while in the car, headed to a far off destination.

I mean, what was I even thinking? I hadn't even gotten to the king's pack yet, and I was already setting myself up to be hungover

But do you want to know the worst part of it all?

As I kept dozing off and waking up, **I kept snoring and** every time I woke, there was drool at the corner of my lips.

It was embarrassing Really embarrassing.

I tried to stop it the first time. And the second. But I must have been truly exhausted, because no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't stop myself from dozing off... snoring... and drooling

So at one point... I gave up.

"Zzzz," I snored, my head falling to the side as the car glided down the road. But when it bumped against the window, I snorted, peeled my eyes open, and blinked away the drowsiness.

Instinctively I wiped the drool from the corner of my lips and yawned, shaking my head, trying to see if this time would stay fully awake. But when I still felt sleepy, I sighed and got comfortable at the head of the car, leaning my head against the seat before closing my eyes and falling asleep once again, letting the exhaustion take over.

These past few weeks had been really draining from planning to kill myself at the beginning, to framing Aria and Kieran, to trying to hide that was a white wolf...**only** to eventually get caught by Darius

Then there was him declaring he wouldn't reject me, but that I'd have to follow him to his pack.

And then...actually killing Ana.

And letting Kieran slip away from my **grip**.

It was really exhausting.

This time, I wasn't sure how long I had slept, but **it** must have been longer because of the comfortable pillow beneath my head

comfortable. Much more comfortable than the car seat had been **leaning** against.

The corners of my lips couldn't help but curve into a smile as I smacked my lips and curled up in the seat, adjusting my head on the pillow beneath me

I snored.

I could hear distant **voice** around me, but for some reason, I assumed it was just Serena walking into my room to wake me up

So, I ignored her

I moved closer to the pillow and murmured under my breath,

"I've heard you, Serena be up soon...just give me a few minutes."

I refused to open my eyes, knowing **full** well that once I did, I wouldn't be able to fall back asleep.

"My lady..."

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Serena's voice became clearer, and I pouted, rolling my face further into the pillow to ignore her. But then, I couldn't help but frown

Why did the pillow feel **so** soft and hard at the same time?

If I had to describe it... it felt like

Bones?

A human lap

“Goddess, I never thought I’d see this day. A woman is **actually** using the king’s thighs as a pillow!”

Cassian’s amused and **excited**

voice sliced through the air, making me freeze instantly

All the drowsiness flew out the window in one second.

Oh My Goddess.

It wasn’t just a human’s **lap**

It was the king’s lap!

I shot up faster than ever had in my entire life and, in the moment, stumbled off the seat and hit the ground **but** the pain that shot through me was nothing compared to the sheer embarrassment I felt as I stared at the white haired man before me.

He fucked his emotionless gaze toward me, his eyes narrowed—blank, unreadable, and cold.

Just a blank stare.

My heart pounded. No, my heart dropped to the pit of my stomach as I held his gaze for goddess knows how long until Serena’s soft voice brought me crashing back to the present

“M—My lady,” she called out gently

I shifted my gaze and found not only her but everyone, standing at the door of the car, all eyes fixed on me..

Serena looked worried as she stared at me

Cassian looked amused... and smug

Drake couldn’t even meet my eyes as he looked away, the car earlier.

Zayn tilted his head, his gaze flickering

ears clearly pink and something told me it was because he'd heard exactly what had happened in

between the Lycan King and me, his eyes narrowed with curiosity or maybe **suspicion**.

At that moment, my face flushed a deep shade of pink, and I wished for nothing more than for the ground to **open up** and swallow me whole especially when **Cassian** chuckled, his gaze flickering down toward Darius's pants.

"You must've had a really great **nap**, miss,

" he said with a mischievous grin. "Especially since you were drooling all over the king. Hehe

My eyes widened as I followed his gaze, only to see that the cheeky bastard wasn't joking

I **had** actually been drooling... all **over Darius**

I gasped and slapped a hand **over** my mouth.

"Oh my goddess! -I thought **you** were a plow. I'm **so** sorry, my king!" I stammered, more horrified than embarrassed.

This only made Cassian chuckle more

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"Wow, the king's lap must really be a comfortable pillow" he joked, but quickly cleared his throat and lowered his head.

"I apologize for teasing you, miss. We've actually arrived at the pack about two minutes

I narrowed my eyes at his words.

They had been trying to wake me up for two whole minutes and I still wouldn't wake up?

Just how deep into sleep was!!

"That is enough. Let's go, Darius **finally** spoke, and I blinked, watching

As he walked away, Cassian smiled and handed him a handkerchief,

trying to wake you up since the

he stood up and gave me a quick glance before

hich Darios com

Cassian didn't seem to care though, because he turned back to me and quickly:

"I'll see you soon, miss. A maid will show you to your room."

With that, he walked off after Darius, and Drake gave a small bow before following a

Zayn shot me a kind smile and lowered his head slightly before turning to leave too

Serena sighed softly and reached out her hand for me to take.

I wiped the drool with the sleeve of my dress and accepted her hand.

But as soon as I stepped out of the car

The breath seemed to leave my lungs as I stared at the large mansion in front of me

Nyssa por

If the Emberlang packhouse was large, then the Lunaris Dominion was enormous

It wasn't even exaggerating when I said my jaw almost hitt

ost hit the ground **as** I stared at the building in front of me

You'd think that an Alpha's daughter wouldn't be amazed by these kinds of things anymore, considering I'd seen a lot of extravagant things that money could buy but never in my life did I think I'd see a packhouse that was three times the size of the one back home,

What the hell... How rich was this **man**?

As I stood there with Serena beside me, I wasn't the only one thinking that.

Serena's mouth had practically reached the ground **as** she gawked at the mansion **before** us.

"Miss—Miss, this is so huge Is this only the packhouse, or is it also used for something else?" Serena asked, breathless.

I couldn't answer **because** I didn't know either.

But judging by how many guards were stationed at the entrance and the maids who welcomed Darius, **Cassian**, Drake, and Zayn as they stopped inside. I'd say it was just the packhouse.

Then again, I shouldn't have been surprised.

Darius was the **Lycan** King, a man who had lived longer than anyone could remember. Of course he didn't only have power... He had immense wealth

boo.

But strangely, something felt off.

I felt nervous for some reason, **and** my heart beat faster

More than anything, it was the sudden, intense sense of **déjà vu** that made everything feel... wrong

-Serena... Have I been here before?" I asked, muttering under my breath.

Serena turned **to** look at me, confused

"Here?" she asked, just **as** my eyes fixed on the massive building ahead.

My vision began to blur, slowly distorting and for the briefest moment, I saw a hazy figure—of a woman in a yellow sundress running out of the building. laughter echoing behind her as a man chased after her.

The man's laughter...

I felt both foreign and familiar at the same time.

Like I had heard it before and yet hadn't.

"No, Miss. You haven't been here before You've been to a lot of packs, but over here. The king hasn't allowed anyone in.. you okay, my lady?"

Serena's voice was laced with concern **as** blinked and the vision vanished, returning everything to normal

I turned to her, blinking out of my date.

But before I could say a word, another voice cut in

pack in centuries...

turies... Are

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Aut turned toward the sound, I found an elderly women dressed nearly in a formal gown, lowering her head in respectE 1)

Beside has stood two younger gis, their headshowed in the same respectful manner, mirroring the woman

“Good afternoon, Miss. My site is Sandra, I am the head muid of the ty
e lycan King’s packhouse,” she said, slowly lifting her head to meet my eyes.

And when she did, I was momentarily taken aback because the woman had white eyes. She was blind.

Yet the corners of her mouth lugged into a warm smile, her gaze fired on mine as though she could see me clearty

“I am in charge of keeping the packhouse in order and attending to the king, and everyone’s needs. So you ever require anything. Miss, am the one to

I didn’t respond immediately, still shaken by the earlier vision and the overwhelming déjà vu

My mind felt scattered.

Then Serena leaned in and whispered into my ear.

Ms... she’s speaking to you.”

I quickly snapped out of it and offered Sandra a polite smile.

“Good afternoon. Forgive me—the ride here laft me a bit tired. My name is Nyssa. It’s a pleasure to meet you, Sandra“

From the corner of my eye, I noticed the disdainful look the two maids beside her threw my way.

But I chose to ignore it as **Sandra’s** smile **only** widened.

“Lunderstand, Miss. You must be exhausted. Please, follow me so I can show you to your rooms,” she said kindly

Serena and I exchanged a quick glance as Sandra tur

and then we followed her inside.

As we walked, I shifted my gaze to the guards stationed silently around the packhouse.

Their eyes were fixed straight ahead, their posture rigid and disciplined.

Even just looking at them, in their precise formation, I could easily tell they were far stronger than the guards back home.

Which was a good thing, if you asked me

It meant that if something ever happened at the Emberfang Pack, we might actually stand a chance with the Lunaris Dominion behind us.

I pulled my gate away from the guards as we stepped into the packhouse, and if the outside had already left me stunned and breathless, then the inside was no exception

Everything screamed wealth, from the décor to the artifacts on the tables, to the artwork on the walls.

If I had to **describe** Darius's packhouse in three words, they would be gold, ancient, and modern

As I stood there, eyes wide with awe, I never imagined that an ancient style and modern design could blend so well b

my utter surprise, it really did it looked amazing,

I looked **classy** and rich at the same time.

"Wow, this is amazing." I blurted, completely in awe. **Serena** nodded beside co, just as amazed

ithout looking tacky butto

Almost immediately, theard a mocking sport from one of the maids before she quickly hid it, turning to her companion with mockery in her eyes,

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I frowned at the sight, and Serena noticed it too—her lips curled into a sard, and the looked midy to say something,

but I shook my head, silently stopping her.

We had just arrived. It wouldn't look good if we started an argument with the maids right away.

“Mily, Josy. I assume you know **what** you’re doing. Dehave, if you don’t want to be punished,” Sandra suddenly sad stopping in her tracks as she reprimanded the two maids.

I watched their expressions shift to panic as they quickly bowed their heads in apology

“W—we’re sorry, Miss Sandra,” they both echoed

I narrowed my eyes, observing their demeanor

It was

s surprising, no, impressive, how frightened they looked of her, despite the fact that she **was** blind.

The head maid must really be someone to lear

Mental note: do not get on her bad side while I’m here.

“Miss, please follow me,” **she** said, and I resumed walking behind her.

Even blind, she seemed to know exactly where she was going. The maids didn’t offer her any support, and soon, we stopped in front **of a** large door

“This is your room, Miss Nyssa,”

“Thank you,”

she said, turning to me with a smile.

“I replied before glancing **at** Serena. “But what about my-

Before I could finish, Sandra seemed to already know what I was going to say.

“**Josy**, show the lady’s maid to her room.”

She turned to one of the maids **and** instructed,

Josy nodded stiffly, “Yes, Miss Sandra,” she said, before turning to Serena with her chin slightly raised, then walking ahead.

“Let’s go.”

Serena glanced at me, concern written all over her face, but I shook my head and gave her a reassuring smile.

“Go to your room for now I’ll call for you later,” I said.

She sighed in frustration, then gave a small nod and followed after **Josy**.

“Now,

Miss, Please, follow me,” Sandra said again,

le room.

With that, she opened the door to the

Nyssa pov

As I stepped inside the room, once again I was amazed by how large and beautifully decorated it was

was even bigger than my room back in the Imberfang Pack. A large queen sized bed sat in the mitte, dressed in pink and white theets and a matching duvet To the side, there was a walk-in closet and a big vanity with various makeup tools already neatly arranged.

Across from the bed, a large television was mounted on the wall above a cozy couch and table—something I definitely hadn’t had in my room back at the Emberfang Pack,

if I wasn’t being delusional, it felt like the room doubled as both a sitting area and a bedroom.

“Miss, do you the it?” Sandra’s voice snapped me out of my dare, and I turned to see her standing by the door with a warm smile on her face.

“The king asked me to pay special attention to your bedroom and make it nice,” she said, and my eyes nearly popped out of their sockets.

What?! Darius really went out of his way and told her to make my room nice? That was like hearing hell had frozen over. There was no way he was being

nice to me

“Really? Did he really ask you to do that?” I asked in confusion, and Sandra nodded.

“Really, Miss. The king instructed me to ensure your room had every essential so you wouldn’t need to go out often seems the king buly cares about

I blinked at her words, and before I could stop myself, the corner of my lips curved into a humorless smile,

Right. Care about me,

More like he didn't want me wandering around **and** running into him,

Pit, no wonder

However, I plastered **a** smile on my face and nodded. It didn't matter, **at** least i got a nice room and even a TV i got bored, so it was a win-win situation for both olus

"I do like it, Sandra. You've really put a lot of attention into this. Thank **you**,

I appreciate it," I said with a bright smile, and Sandra lowered her head with a gentle one of her own.

be ready in twenty minutes. While you're eating, I'll ask "It is my job, Miss. I'm happy you like it. You **should** relax and get some sleep before dinner, it the maids to bring in your belongings and arrange them for you, But for now, get some rest," she said, and I nodded.

"Thank you, Sandra

Sandra turned around and walked to the door with steady, confident steps, not bumping into a single thing. The other maid, who must've been Mily closed the door behind her as Sandra stepped out, leaving me alone in the room.

As soon as they left, I immediately walked over to the bed and flopped onto it, closing my eyes as I let myself relax.

My body almost sank into the bed with how so was, and I couldn't help but settle deeper into it reaching for the duvet before staring up at the ceiling.

iling over myself

Sigh. It was really comfortable.

1 adjusted **the** duvet around me property and feeling a little drowsy and still somewhat tipsy, I closed my eyes, hoping to get some rest. But at the seconds stretched into minutes, I realized

couldn't fall asleep

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The reason was the discomfort in my chest. I didn't know why, but Helt, off, Like something about this entire place, this pack was unsettling, hot dangerous exactly, just uncomfortable, like something wasn't quite right.

But even though I could feel it couldn't figure out what it was

"It must be the stress of everything and moving into a new environment that's making me feel this way," I muttered under my breath as I closed my eyes, trying to get some sleep.

It wasn't long before I drifted off and began dreaming once again.

Except this time, it was different

This time. I had a dream.

For some reason, as I tossed and turned on the bed, hugging the duvet to my chest, it didn't feel like I was fully **asleep**

I was semi awake.

My breathing was ragged, and my eyes fluttered shut, yet I **could** still feel my surroundings, hearing the ticking of the **clock**

, which gradually grew dull as my blurred vision **began** to shift and take on color

And then, before I knew it, I opened my eyes, only to see a hand holding **a** spoon near my mouth.

I blinked confused, staring at the spoon... which had porridge in it.

Huh? What **was** going on?

Who was feeding me porridge in bed?

"You should really eat, little mate," a soft voice broke through my daze, and I narrowed my eyes before **lifting** my head to find a man sitting in front of me on the bed

"You haven't been feeling well, **and** you need to eat something, okay? Just **a** couple of spoons," he said gently

I stared at him, my breath hitching as I froze in confusion.

What the hell...

His face was blurry.

Why was his **face** blurry?

Where were his eyes, nose, lips?

Was I seeing things right now?

“

You still don't want to eat? Are you worried you'll throw up again? Either way, you need to eat,” he said again, his voice laced with quiet concern

My mouth fell **open** in shock as I reached out and poked his cheek with my finger, feeling the warmth of his skin

He was real.

So... this wasn't a **dream**?

Had I actually gone crazy?

Before I could act further, he gently slipped the spoon into my mouth, making me eat the porridge.

I gasped when I did because I could actually taste it.

I $\Pi\Omega$

I could really taste the porridge, and to my utter disbelief. It was warm and slightly sweet,

“Good girl,” the man chuckled softly, reaching out to pat my

head.

His hand was warm—so warm that my heart skipped a beat as he stroked my hair gently

“Good girl. One more spoon,” he murmured. But just as he was about to pull his hand away and reach for another, I quickly swatted it and rubbed my **eyes**, trying to clear my vision.

Maybe I was just imagining this.

Maybe my vision would change.

But when I looked again, the blurry man was still there, sitting in front of me, his head now tilted slightly as he watched me

“Are you okay he asked.

I opened my mouth, trying to speak, but before I could, a sharp, jarring force slammed into me—like something was trying to rip me out of my body.

I groaned in pain, clutching at my chest as a voice echoed in my ears.

“My lady, My lady... please wake up. It’s time to get dressed for dinner.”

As soon as I heard it, I felt my body lighten, and everything around me started to fade into darkness.

But just before it vanished completely, the blurry man’s face shifted.

It became **clear**

And as I stared at him

one last time... I saw him.

The Lycan King.

Darius.

hapter 99

“My lady, my lady...”

I groaned, my eyes trembling as I turned my head slightly to the side, trying to foren myself awake.

As the tapping on my hand grew more insistent and the ticking of the clock grew louder, that same force slammed into me again-

causing my eyes to snap open as I jelted upright, clutching my chest with a grow

Fuck

What the hell-

My chest...it adn’t exactly hurt, but it felt suffocated, like **a** heavy weight had just been lifted off of it.

“My lady, are you **okay?**” **Serena asked** quickly, rushing toward me with a worried expression.

I nodded **and weakly** pointed toward the jar of water I’d seen on the cabinet before I fell asleep.

Her **eyes** Ricked to it, and she immediately nodded in **understanding**, grabbing it and pouring the water into a cup before handing it to me.

I took the **glass** with shaky hands and drank deeply, my eyes fluttering shut as I downed it.

Once I'd finished, handed the glass back to her and closed my eyes, taking a deep breath as I tried to **steady** myself

After **a** few minutes, I was finally able to take calm, steady breaths.

"Miss..."Serena called softly, worry in her voice.

I opened my eyes and turned to look at her, offering a small smile as I wiped the sweat off my forehead.

"Don't worry, I'm fine. It was just a nightmare. Must be the new surroundings that's **making** me have that kind of dream."

Serena blinked in confusion at my words, but I knew she wouldn't understand even if I explained, so I simply shook my head and glanced at the clock.

It was a little past five—that must've been why she came to wake me for dinner.

"You must be hungry and haven't eaten all day. Let's go for dinner," I said as I stood **up** from the bed.

But Serena quickly shook her head.

"I ate the **snack** you gave me before we left the Emberfang pack, **but** you haven't eaten anything my lady.

But before we go downstairs, let me prepare you for dinner."

I raised a brow in confusion.

Prepare met

I looked down **at** the dress I was wearing. I was **decent** enough... wasn't It

However, **as** though she could read my mind, Serena shook her head firmly, her face twisted in determination,

"My lady, you cannot wear this! You have to wear something really pretty for dinner and dazzle the king and everyone," she said, then scoffed mockingly "Those rude maids,

who do they think they are? How dare they think they can disrespect the **lady**? Can you believe that when that **maid** showed me to

my room, she actually said she was sure we'd never seen such things in our poor pack? That **we** should stop looking **to** amused and she even said you weren't worthy to stop foot into this pack, much less be the lycan king's guest" Serena ranted, her teeth clenched in frustration

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I wanted to smack her, but I knew it would only ruin your reputation it was so infuriating she hissed.

Before I knew it, the corner of my lips curved into a smile as I watched her.

"So, my lady," she exhaled and composed herself, "we have to show them that women from our pack are stunning Hperially thei let's freshen you up."

I couldn't stop the soft chuckle that slipped out

"That girl **must've** really gotten on your nerves," I said, amused:

Her cheeks flushed a light pink as she cleared her throat and grinned.

"Yes, my lady but don't worry. You'll show them not to take us lightly. Forgive my rudeness, but let's get you started" she said, grabbing my hand and pulling me toward the bathroom, I tried to stop her.

-w-Wail Even i

ven if I freshen up, there are no clothes. They

They haven't brought up my luggage yet," I said, and she paused, realization **dawning** on her face

"Ah yes, I should go and ask for it," she said with a frown, stepping toward the walk-in closet, curious, as if inspecting t

I chuckled and shook my head. Serena was obedient, yes but when it came to me or the pack, she was force. She never hesitated to put people in their **place**, like she always did to Aria in my **past** life.

“Wow, my lady. Now that I notice, this room is really more spacious than the one back home

She trope.

Her words died on her lips as she stopped in front of the open walk-in closet.

“Oh my God...” I heard her whisper, breathless.

I narrowed my eyes, my gaze flickering to her before stepping closer in confusion.

“What is it? Why are you—”

My words were the ones to die down as I stared into the walk in closet in disbelief.

But my

What the actual...

The closet was **as** big **as** my room back home—maybe even bigger and it was filled with all kinds of clothes dresses, tops, skirts, jeans, leggings, heels,

and shoes.

It basically **looked** like a mini **mall**

“Are you s

you seeing what I’m seeing, Serena? Are these all for me?” I asked, still stunned.

“I think so, my lady Y—Your clothes haven’t even arrived yet, and your closet is already nearly full. These clothes look really expensive too,” she **added**, equally shocked,

I **blinked at** her words, still processing, as she stepped in and carefully picked up a white fluffy **dress**, **walking** back with it. She checked the tag and smiled brightly.

“It’s even your spe! This is really good, my lady. The king is so kind and accommodating!” she squealed excitedly. wear to dinner! My lady, let’s get you freshened up so you can be ready in time”

Before I could even say a word, Serena grabbed my hand and bugged me toward the bathroom.

I wasn’t exactly sure what happened after that, everything moved in a blu

the perfect dress for you to

At some point, **my** clothes were off, I was in the bath... then out of the bath... and finally dressed, with a bit of makeup and my hair done by Serena,

After everything, I stared at the mirror, unable to hold back a smile as I admired the reflection staring back at me.

My hair was let down, and the **makeup** looked soft and natural. Paired with the white dress, I **looked** really pretty Fresh

Hehe. I had forgotten just how pretty I actually was.

I hadn't had time to focus on myself lately, not when I'd been so caught up scheming against Kieran

But now, in this moment, I couldn't help but appreciate what I saw

I turned to Serena with a warm smile.

"Thank you, Serena, Now, let's go eat! I'm starving." I **said**, standing up from the vanity and Aria.

Sure, I looked pretty... but I hadn't eaten all day, and if I didn't get something in my mouth soon, I might actually faint.

So—dinner, here I come.

Chapter 100

Danus **pov**

"I bet the lady will be really surprised when she sees her room and her closet. Hehe," Cassian laughed heartily as he moved into a piece of crisp vanilla with his teeth, grinning wide. "I told Sandra to add a TV since the king asked me to tell her to arrange the room so she wouldn't have to go out often. So sad. put a TV and buy the most expensive clothes for her!"

"Really? That's kind of you, beta Cassian. I'm sure the lady will be happy," Drake responded with a smile.

Zayn nodded in agreement as he reached for his glass of wine.

"That is indeed nice."

My eyes flickered from the pig in front of me back to Zayn, narrowing slightly.

Zayn was a doctor from my pack. People called him the prestigious high pack doctor, praised for both his calm aura and striking appearance. At first, I hadn't paid him much attention—he was like everyone else, fading into the background the moment I laid eyes on them.

Even when Cassian recommended he stay at the packhouse and said I should reward him for his talent, I hadn't cared.

But now... as I watched him, I remembered that she-wolf asking about him during the last dinner at the Emberfang Pack, and for some reason, I couldn't help but find him irritating to look at.

However, as I narrowed my gaze on him, I couldn't help but frown. He was unlike most men I had met before and that was surprising coming from me, especially with how many I'd encountered over the centuries.

As he silently ate, I found myself noting again how quiet and composed he always was... and how skilled he was with medicine.

He seemed like a talented man, someone who deserved to stay in the packhouse, just as Cassian had said.

But what truly made him stand out to me... was his aura.

Even now, as I stared at the calm green hue swirling faintly around him, I could feel it—brimming just beneath the surface. It was nearly as strong as Cassian's... as Drake's. And yet, somehow, it felt even stronger. Like it was being suppressed. Restrained. As though there was more power hidden than what met the eye.

Werewolves had auras, each with distinct colors, varying from white and purple to green. The strength of the aura often signified the strength of the individual.

Most couldn't see them unless the aura was intentionally released to assert dominance or force submission. But for someone like me—who had lived for hundreds of years, I could see them clearly, always. I could measure strength with a glance.

Cassian's aura was fiery red flames dancing around him.

Drake had deep blue.

That she-wolf from earlier—hers had been pure white, which made sense considering she was a white-blooded breed.

Before, I hadn't paid much attention to his aura. I'd avoided looking too closely, mostly because I didn't like seeing those flames on people.

But now that I was paying attention...

His aura was definitely being restricted. And the question was—why? Why would he suppress it, and for what reason?

My aura was black. I restricted mine because if I didn't, it made those around me uncomfortable. After centuries of living, my aura had grown **strong** enough to dominate others even without me trying.

"I did good, right, my king? I really want the lady to feel comfortable here and get closer to you. You know, something tells me that strar **sin** erarni you this packhouse will finally feel lively again," Cassian said, turning to me with a bright smile, clearly expecting praise,

But I simply ignored him. I didn't even spare him a glance. Instead, I directed *my* words at Zayn.

"You're not originally from this pack, are you?" I asked, my voice devoid of emotion.

Yet it was enough to silence everyone and bring the room to a halt as I fixed my gaze on Zayn.

He looked up at me, blinking in confusion—clearly surprised that I had addressed him. But after a brief moment, he composed himself, set his **spoon** down on the table, and nodded.

"Yes, my king. I was not originally from this pack, but Beta Cassian brought me here after discovering my

lent, he explained with a *calm*, **petite** sme

As I glanced at the aura swirling around him, I noticed how gently it moved. It wasn't fiery or aggressive like the ones I was used to seeing, it was calm Subtle.

I tilted my head, saying nothing, narrowing my gaze on him.

"Yes, he's right, my king," Cassian cut in with a note of mild confusion, likely surprised that I was paying attention to Zayn at all.

"Even from our pack, I had already heard *about* him. I got your permission that day to bring him here as a doctor. Is... is something wrong?"

I flicked my gaze toward Cassian and frowned.

I gave him my permission?

I didn't remember. But *then* again, I rarely cared enough about such things to remember them. I forgot easily.

The only reason I even recalled awarding Zayn a medal for his talent was because I had done it personally. I would have forgotten that too, if he weren't living in the packhouse.

"I see," I murmured under my breath, nonchalantly, before tilting my head slightly, still studying him.

He lowered his head respectfully, but there wasn't even a flicker of panic in his expression. He looked calm. Steady.

I opened *my* mouth to speak, to ask him why he was suppressing his aura but the sound of approaching footsteps stopped me mid-sentence.

"*Oh* my goddess," Cassian whispered in shock, just as the sharp clatter of a spoon striking a plate echoed through the room.

As I shifted my gaze toward the stairway, I froze—my eyes locking with a pair of warm brown ones.

And as she stood there at the top of *the* stairs, staring down at me, my heartbeat quickened.

All the breath seemed to leave my lungs as I *found* Nyssa standing before me, dressed in white, a radiant smile gracing her lips.

For a split second, my vision blurred—and I saw Liana.

My late mate.

Smiling at me in the exact same way.