

The Lycan King's Cursed Omega

Chapter 1: Rejected

ELIRA

The smile never left my lips as I packed the last of my clothes into my worn-out luggage. I set it down on the wooden floor, it was light since I didn't really have many things to bring. I only packed the clothes that once belonged to my late mother and my journal.

My fingers gently brushed the necklace I never took off, and I looked around the small attic room that had been my home for the past eighteen years after my father put me here when I was five years old.

The attic was cramped, with wooden floors full of holes, and the slanted ceilings made it impossible for me to stand straight in some corners.

There was only a small window on the wall. In the summer, the heat was unbearable, like I was trapped under a stove. And during winter, the chill would seep through the thin walls, biting into my bones no matter how many layers I wore.

But despite its discomfort, I learned to love this little space. It was the only place where I could breathe freely, where silence wrapped around me like a fragile blanket, and no one could tell me I didn't belong.

But today, I'm leaving this place because I've found a man who won't just take me away from this pack that branded me a curse but one who makes me feel like I belong.

A soft laugh escaped my lips as I remembered Kael's words before he left a week ago. He said—

"Pack your things, Elira. When I return, you'll never have to spend another night in this attic again. You'll be mine, and I'll make sure the world knows it."

His voice still echoed in my memory, full of promises I never thought someone would make for someone like me.

I snapped out of my reverie when a loud knock came at the door. I was just about to open it when someone beat me to it.

It was Gina, one of my father's servants, standing there with a judgmental stare, eyeing me from head to toe.

Her gaze made me uncomfortable, as always.

The dress I wore was a gift from my stepsister, Lorelei.

I was genuinely surprised when she handed it to me last night, claiming it was her way of apologizing for everything she had done to me. I didn't know whether to believe her, but I accepted it nonetheless. It was the first time she'd given me something without sneering.

"Is... Kael already downstairs?" I asked quietly, clutching the hem of the dress.

She smirked and gave a slight nod. "Yes, he is, Elira. He's been waiting for you."

Gina's tone was drenched in mockery, as always.

The servants in this house never treated me with kindness, especially ones like Gina. They wore their disdain-like armor, never missing a chance to look down on me, to whisper insults just loud enough for me to hear.

Even though I'm the daughter of their master, to them, I was never more than the cursed omega, the shame of the family. They took pleasure in reminding me of it every chance they got, from cruel jabs to petty acts of sabotage.

But not today.

Today, I wouldn't let their scorn reach me.

Because Kael was waiting, and I was finally leaving.

I turned my back on Gina, grabbed my luggage, and looked at my room for one last time.

Goodbye...

As I walked down the hallway following Gina, I didn't know why I suddenly felt nervous. The way my pack people looked at me then whispered to each other. It didn't sit well with me.

I was used to it, but it was different this time.

But I calmed myself, of course, they would be talking about me.

Branded as a cursed omega after my mother and brother died because of me, I was shunned and bullied by them since my father hated me.

So, it was really a surprise when Kael, the future Alpha king of the Ashgrave pack, took an interest in me and asked for my hand to be his Luna.

It happened during the last full moon run when I secretly joined it despite my father's warning to me.

That night, under the silver light of the moon, I met Kael. Our eyes met, and in an instant, the air shifted, thick with tension and something unspoken. My body reacted before I could even understand what was happening.

We were a match.

I had found my mate.

The very thing Lorelei said I would never have, because I'm a cursed omega.

But I never really expected anything from it. I thought he would reject me the moment he found out who I was.

That I am Elira Wynter—the cursed daughter of Alpha Marik of the Hollow Pack.

A once-respected pack known for its healers and seers has now fallen into disgrace after a series of tragedies tied to me. I became the reason some packs see us as a “broken pack.”

But Kael didn’t believe any of it. He accepted me. He promised I would be his Luna, and he refused to believe the things they said about me.

He fought for me. He didn’t care what his pack thought. Everyone expected him to choose Lorelei as his Luna, but he chose me.

And now... I thought I was finally going to be free from this pack.

Or so I believed.

How could I forget that I was cursed? That I was meant to lead a lonely, miserable life. That I was destined to be hated, to be bullied for being a weak omega who brings tragedy to anyone who dares to care for me... or love me.

I was already halfway down the stairs when I saw Kael... with them.

My father, Marik. My stepmother, Laura. And my stepsister, Lorelei, whose arms were looped around Kael’s, practically hugging him.

What's happening?

The way Lorelei looked at me, as if she had won some twisted prize, and the coldness in Kael's eyes as he stared at me made me want to turn around, run back upstairs, and pray that this was all just a nightmare.

"What are you doing standing there? I told you, he's been waiting for you," Gina snapped, yanking me down the stairs so hard I nearly stumbled.

My hands trembled, too weak to hold the weight of my luggage. It slipped from my grip and tumbled down the steps, bursting open when it hit the floor. My clothes spilled out, my mother's clothes scattered like forgotten remnants of a life I thought I was about to leave behind.

I pulled my arm from Gina's grip and rushed down the stairs. Dropping to my knees, I gathered my scattered belongings, clutching them as if someone might take them away from me.

Then I saw a pair of shoes stop in front of me.

I looked up—and there he was.

Kael. Staring down at me, his eyes void of emotion.

So different from the man who once looked at me with warmth, with the kind of love I had always longed for.

I tightened my grip on the last piece of clothing I owned. My lips trembled, but I still managed to smile up at him.

“Kael... j-just wait a second. I—”

Lorelei’s laugh cut me off.

“Wait for you? Why would Kael wait for you—”

“Enough, Lei,” he said sharply.

“But Kael—”

“Let me handle this.” His voice was cold, unreadable.

Then he looked at me again. “Stand up, Elira. I have something to say to you.”

Kael's jaw clenched as I slowly stood, still holding the dress in my hands like it could somehow hold me together.

He stared at me like I was a burden he had to address.

"I came here to tell you... I won't take you as my Luna. I won't marry you."

My heart thudded painfully. "W-What?"

His eyes reddened. "You're a curse, Elira. I should've listened to everyone from the start—"

Tears pricked at my eyes. I dropped the dress and reached for his hand. "Kael, no. Please. W-we... we're a match. I'm your mate—"

"That was a mistake!" he snapped, yanking his hand away as if my touch repulsed him. "I should've rejected you right then! You bring misfortune, Elira. My mother... s-she's dying after being attacked by rogues—something that has never happened to our pack until now!"

I gasped, my eyes darting to my father, who looked at me with the same coldness that haunted me since childhood. It reminded me of the past—how he blamed me for my mother and brother's deaths.

"I-I... I'm sorry, but Kael, I—"

"And why didn't you tell me you wouldn't be able to bear a child? Were you trying to make me lose my throne by hiding the fact that you couldn't give me an heir?"

"N-No... what are you talking about?"

Kael gripped my chin tightly. "Your sister told me you're infertile—"

"No! T-That's not true. I had an accident, but the doctor said it would just be hard for me to carry, not impossible—"

"Oh, come on, Elira. Enough with your lies!" Lorelei said, stepping forward, her hand possessively wrapping around Kael's arm. "You poor, delusional thing," she said, tilting her head as if she pitied me. "Did you really think someone like you deserved someone like Kael?"

I trembled, my mouth slightly open, but no words came out.

She smirked. "You're pathetic. Always clinging to people who never wanted you. You should pity Kael, Elira. He almost ruined his life because of you."

"Lorelei, stop," I whispered, my voice shaking.

But she didn't. She leaned closer to me. "If you really loved him, you'd know when to let go. You'd walk away. You'd disappear from his life before your curse drags him down even further."

My heart cracked open, every word slicing deeper. I turned to Kael, hoping, praying, for even a flicker of doubt in his eyes. Something that would tell me this wasn't really him.

But he looked away.

I couldn't breathe.

My knees gave out, and I found myself on the cold floor.

"You said you loved me... you promised you'd fight for me... but I was wrong."

I looked up at them and smiled despite the pain, despite the tears flowing down my cheeks.

"If you t-think rejecting me will lift some curse off your shoulders, then fine. But y-you're not the only one who made a mistake here, Kael. I did, too, by t-trusting you."

"Oh, shut up! Just reject her, Kael!" Lorelei snapped.

Kael looked at me, and I closed my eyes as he said the words I never thought I'd hear from him.

"I, Kael Draven, Alpha of the Ashgrave Pack, reject you, Elira Wynter, as my mate."

I stood slowly, shoulders squared despite the ache in my chest. "I, Elira Wynter, daughter of Alpha Marik of the Hollow Pack, accept your rejection."

A searing pain bloomed in my heart, sharp and immediate, as if the bond between us had been violently severed.

I gasped, clutching my chest as a guttural sob escaped my lips. My wolf whimpered inside me, her cries echoing through my mind, lost and broken.