

# The Lycan King's Cursed Omega Novel

Chapter 10: Allergic

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I sat there, watching them talk—laugh, debate, exchange ideas. The table was alive with voices, names I didn't know, stories I couldn't place, and topics I barely understood. Politics between northern and southern packs. Trade routes. Defense lines. Even literature.

Their words wove together like threads in a tapestry I'd never been invited to touch.

It made me feel even smaller.

They weren't just wealthy.

They weren't just powerful.

They were educated.

Even Valeria—smiling sweetly, speaking softly—effortlessly added to the conversation like she'd been born to sit at a table like this. She mentioned a book she'd read recently on human-wolf alliances and referenced a historical treaty that made Queen Selene nod in approval.

Me?

I was just lucky I knew how to read and write. Barely.

There was nothing I could contribute to a table like this.

So, I stayed silent. Pretending to eat.

Each bite I moved around the plate felt heavier than the last. I wasn't hungry—I hadn't been since breakfast. The food Dianne brought me had been more than enough.

One meal a day was already a luxury for someone like me.

More than that, and my stomach twisted painfully in protest.

I brought a piece of roasted potato to my lips, barely chewing.

I didn't need to eat.

I just needed to look like I was trying.

"Elira?" Queen Selene's voice cut through the hum of conversation. She was watching me gently from across the table.

I lifted my head, startled. "Y-Yes?"

"Do you not like the food, dear?" she asked kindly, though her voice carried enough weight that the table quieted just a little. "You've hardly touched your plate."

All eyes flicked to me.

Heat climbed up my neck.

I remembered what Darius had told me.

Smile when asked a question.

I smiled. "I... It's good."

Selene's eyes softened, but I could still feel the question behind them.

Valeria tilted her head with a faint smile, "Oh," she said lightly, brushing a strand of hair behind her ear, "she must be one of those girls who eat like birds. Or perhaps you're simply not used to such rich food?"

There it was.

The insult wrapped in silk.

I didn't respond. I couldn't.

Ignore insults.

I lowered my gaze back to my plate.

"That was uncalled for, Valeria," Queen Selene said. Her voice was calm, though there was a warning beneath it.

Valeria blinked innocently, her lips parting in mock surprise. "Oh, but I didn't mean anything by it," she said with a soft laugh. "I'm just curious."

Her gaze returned to me. The smile on her lips never wavered.

"I just wonder—what were meals like for you back then, Elira? When you were still... an omega. Just a small piece of bread? Scraps, maybe?"

Her smile deepened.

"Oh—but forgive me. I nearly forgot. Weren't you the daughter of the Alpha King of your pack?"

Something shifted in the air.

The tone.

The danger.

"Ah, right. I heard you were the reason why your mother—"

"Valeria."

Sorin's voice cut sharply through the table, low and firm like a blade sliding from its sheath.

Her words died on her lips, though her eyes sparkled like she was enjoying the game far too much.

Then Darius spoke. His tone was cool and measured, his eyes still on the wine in his glass. "Is this how you conduct all your research, Valeria? By insulting people to see how they react?"

A flicker of irritation passed over her face before she tilted her head with a laugh, waving a hand. "You know me, Darius. Always too curious for my own good."

But he didn't answer her.

He didn't even look at me.

Of course, he didn't.

This wasn't protection.

This wasn't kindness.

He simply didn't want the attention on me anymore.

I was just... noise.

Queen Selene exhaled softly, and her eyes met mine.

Kind.

Apologetic.

Without a word, she gestured to one of the servants.

A silver plate was brought before me. On it were several slices of apple, freshly cut.

Queen Selene smiled. "These are from Sera's orchard. She picked them herself. They're very sweet, Elira. Would you like one?"

Everyone turned their eyes toward me again.

I could hear the soft thrum of my heart in my ears.

I smiled, small, restrained. "T-thank you, Queen Selene," I murmured.

I picked up one slice of the apple.

Eat it.

Smile.

Be polite.

I took a bite.

It crunched beneath my teeth, crisp and sugary on my tongue.

But in the back of my mind, a shadow stirred.

A memory.

The last time I had eaten an apple.

I was eight, hiding under the dining table, waiting for Lorelei to drop her food. She dropped the red one with a small bite in it. I remember the sweetness on my tongue—then the pain.

The way my throat closed.

The struggle for breath.

But that was years ago. I was older now.

Maybe... that apple was just bad.

It wouldn't happen again.

...Right?

I swallowed.

I smiled at Queen Selene.

And kept chewing.

Even if it did happen again... it didn't matter.

Maybe that would be for the better.

Pathetic.

Darius was right.

That's me.

Why was I even scared to eat the food they served me last night?

If it had been poisoned, they would've done me a favor.

After all, what is the purpose of my life?

Nothing.

I took another bite.

Ah... I'm really not into apples, I guess?

A slow rise of heat clawed its way up my throat, my chest tightening like ropes being pulled tighter and tighter.

I blinked. But still, my hand hovered over the apple slice—I picked up another one.

"Elira," Darius said, stopping me from taking another bite.

My vision blurred as my lungs turned shallow. My throat was closing.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" he hissed.

I coughed.

"Elira?" I heard Queen Selene call me, but I couldn't even look at her.

She was kind. She accepted me. And this—this is what I was doing in front of her?

I closed my eyes as I felt Darius's hand come up to my throat.

"Darius, what's happening?!"

I flinched as his fingers pressed against my neck. I struggled to breathe, my mouth opening instinctively.

"She's swelling!"

"She's having a reaction! Call the healer, now!"

"Why would you call for one... when I'm already here?"

"Valeria—"

"I'm a doctor."

I opened my eyes. Through the blur, I met Darius's piercing glare.

"Of all the idiotic things you could've done," he growled lowly, "you chose to eat something you knew would kill you? Are you that desperate to die?"

I coughed in response.

"You want pity? Try bleeding for it. But not at my table. I won't allow you to die. Not yet."

"Where's Damon? Call him now—"

"She'll be dead before he arrives. Let me help—or bury her."

A tense silence fell.

"Let her do it, Darius."

I felt someone lift me. It was Darius. I knew it was him.

"Swallow this," Valeria said softly. "Even if it hurts. Especially if it hurts."

I opened my eyes. I couldn't see what she was talking about, but I felt it—the liquid at my lips.

I shouldn't have taken it. But somehow, Darius knew what I was about to do. His hand wrapped around my throat again, and it forced my mouth open.

It was ice and lightning—bitter and sweet—like biting into a memory made of snow and flame. I gagged. My eyes watered.

"Good girl," Valeria whispered.

Then it hit me.

A jolt ripped through my chest like I'd been struck by magic itself. My back arched. I gasped. And for a terrifying second—I thought I was dying.

But then—air.

Air finally rushed into my lungs, but the relief was short-lived. My limbs were numb, my vision dimming at the edges. I was slipping again.

Darius leaned closer, his hand still on my throat, his voice a quiet blade against my ear.

"You think death is a way out?" he whispered, his breath cold against my ear. "Try it again... and I'll make sure you wake up wishing you hadn't."

His fingers brushed my jaw—not gentle, not cruel—just a reminder that I was still under his control.

"You don't get to die," he said. "Not until I'm done with you."

Then darkness came.