

The Lycan King's Cursed Omega Novel

Chapter 11: Kill me

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The sound of glass breaking jolted me from sleep, the sharp crack echoing through the stone walls like a scream muffled by distance.

I didn't open my eyes.

My body was sluggish like it had been wrapped in smoke and silence. The memories came slowly—apples, pain, Darius's hand on my throat, Valeria's voice coaxing me to swallow something bitter and strange. Then darkness.

Now, light filtered faintly behind my eyelids.

And voices.

Darius. Valeria.

"Enough," Darius snapped. His voice was colder than ice, and I could picture it even if I couldn't see his face. It was dark, and no emotion was showing in his eyes. "You should go now, Valeria."

Should I let them know I'm awake so they'll stop talking?

This doesn't feel like a conversation I should be hearing.

"I don't understand why you're doing this," Valeria said. "Why her, Darius?"

Her?

That's me, I guess.

I braced for Darius's answer—repeating what he said when I asked him that.

That I was perfect.

Perfect to use.

Perfect to break.

But there was only silence.

"That omega isn't even your equal," she continued, her voice rising. "She's weak. She even tried to kill herself in front of the pack—in front of your mother, the Queen! She's beneath you."

"Stop it. She's my wife. Don't insult her."

Valeria scoffed. "Don't pretend this is about love or fate. You chose her. But you used to look at me, too. You never denied it."

"I didn't need to," Darius replied. "Because you already had your own stories written. I wasn't in any of them."

She stepped closer—I could hear the crack of her heels against the marble floor. "You're lying. I felt it. The pull. The bond. You were mine until Valeen—"

"Until your sister," Darius interrupted. "Yes. Let's speak of Valeen."

Her voice dropped to a whisper. "She loved you. So I let you go. I gave you to her."

A long pause. Then Darius's voice, like a blade drawn slowly:

"You didn't give me to her, Valeria. I was never yours to give."

"R-right, but... we both know I was yours, Darius. I was ready to offer myself to you, but you chose my sister. You hurt me."

"Then I'm sorry."

No remorse in his voice. He said it like someone reciting a line to end a conversation.

"I was supposed to be your mate," she whispered. "I felt it. I still feel it."

He laughed—but there was no humor in it. "You're a doctor, Valeria. Maybe you should treat yourself for obsession."

I heard the sound of her choking back a sob.

"I have my mate now," Darius said. "I have a wife. Chosen. Claimed. Bonded."

"That omega—"

"Elira," he cut in. "Say her name if you're going to speak about her."

I bit the inside of my cheek.

Valeria sounded like she was shaking. "She doesn't even know how to survive in our world. She's frail. Lost. A coward who tried to end her life rather than face it."

"And so?" His voice dropped. "Didn't you come at that time too—when you became a coward?"

"I did!" Valeria sobbed, her voice cracking like shattered glass

moments ago. "When I lost you—when you chose Valeen—I t-ried to end my life...!"

Her voice was wild with pain. "See? There it is. I'm seeing it now. In your eyes! You cared for me, Darius. You wanted me! I still don't understand—"

"Enough," Darius snapped, the command sharp and final. "Just go—"

Another crash—louder, heavier—like a chair being hurled against the wall.

I flinched.

And I couldn't help it—I opened my eyes.

There she was. Valeria.

She was lying on the ground, her hair a dark curtain over her face, her entire body trembling. Her lips were red, too red—kissed.

"You have no right to kiss me," Darius growled, voice low, dangerous. "Leave, Valeria."

Valeria let out a broken sob and scrambled to her feet. Tears streaked her face as she turned and ran out of the room, the door slamming behind her like the final blow in a long, brutal war.

Silence crashed over the room in her wake.

I turned my gaze to Darius.

He stood still as a statue—until he clutched his chest with one hand, his breath shallow, as if something inside him was tearing apart.

A low, guttural growl rumbled from his throat.

Our eyes met.

I swallowed hard.

His golden eyes—those eyes that once watched me with calm indifference—had turned blood-red. Glowing. Ferocious.

And before I could blink, he was there.

Pinning me to the bed.

His hands gripped both of my shoulders, not harshly, but firmly. His body loomed above mine, trembling with restraint. His breath was hot and ragged, hitting my cheek.

"Darius—" I whispered, unsure if it was fear or fury thrumming in my chest.

His eyes bore into mine. Wild. Unreadable.

"Did you enjoy it, Elira? Watching that show? What can you say about it?"

I couldn't speak.

Not when his scent was wrapping around me like smoke.

Not when his pulse thundered through the space between us.

And not when the look on his face was more than rage.

It was desperation.

As if holding me here—touching me—was the only thing keeping him grounded.

And maybe I had lost my mind for a second. I raised my hand, and before I could stop myself, I caressed his hair—as if it were my way of comforting him.

Despite seeing how cruel he could be, I felt it, too.

The way he followed Valeria.

The pain in his eyes.

It wasn't easy for him either.

"I'm sorry.."

The words barely left my lips before his hands tightened on my shoulders—not painfully, but firmly. I could feel the tremor running through him like a storm barely restrained.

"Sorry?" he echoed, his voice rough—mocking. "Sorry for what, exactly, Elira?"

I blinked, unsure whether to flinch or fight. My fingers hovered uselessly in the space between us.

"I—I didn't mean to hear it," I whispered. "I wasn't trying to—"

"Shut up."

His face dipped to my neck, breath searing my skin as he inhaled sharply. My body went stiff when I felt it—his restraint thinning, cracking. He growled low in his throat, then grabbed my wrist and shoved my hand up, forcing it flat against my head like I was a

misbehaving child.

His eyes locked on mine, blood-red, dangerous.

"Do you want me to punish you for what you did this lunch?" he hissed, his grip still on my wrist. "For trying to kill yourself like some helpless little thing in front of my pack?"

A punishment?

What kind of punishment?

It didn't matter.

Pain didn't scare me anymore.

I gave him a twisted little smile. "Okay."

His expression didn't change. If anything, it darkened.

"Okay?" he repeated coldly like I was nothing but a problem to be dealt with.

I nodded. "If that's what you want—then punish me. Hurt me. I'm used to it." My voice shook, but I forced it steady. "Go on. If that's the price I have to pay to be 'owned' by you, then do it. Hit me. Break me."

I looked him straight in the eyes.

"Better yet... kill me."

He was stunned for a while—just a moment.

Until he smirked.

"Oh, so that's what you want?" he said, his voice venom-laced silk. "To die?"

His fingers loosened from my wrist, but his eyes didn't leave mine. Not for a second. "Right. That's what you want."

"Then listen closely," he continued, stepping back just enough to let the words land like lashes. "Your punishment, Elira, will be this—"

He leaned closer, and his breath brushed against my ear like a threat.

"—you'll live."

I froze.

"I'll make you suffer," he said. "You'll stay in this place, in this life. With me. Every breath will be a reminder that death would've been easier—"

but I won't let you have it. Ever."

I trembled.

"You're going to wish for death, Elira," he said, backing away now, slow and certain, "but I'll never give you that mercy. That will be your punishment."

His words were colder than anything I had endured before. I shook my head and sobbed.

"Please..." I gasped through tears. "Please don't do this. Darius, please—I can't..."

I wasn't even sure what I was begging for. Kindness? A quick end? Understanding?

He stood up, leaving me. He didn't look back.

He turned his back to me like I was nothing but air—empty, invisible.

"You should've died before I claimed you," he said flatly. "Because now, I won't let you go."

Then he walked out, leaving the door open just enough for the chill of his absence to settle in the room like frost.

I was alone.

Still breathing.

Still alive.

And suddenly, that felt like the worst fate of all.



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