

The Lycan King's Cursed Omega Novel

Chapter 16: The Day's Not Yet Over

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ELIRA

The car ride was quiet. Uncomfortably quiet.

I sat with my hands clenched in my lap, but somehow, one always ended up near my mouth, my thumb pressed between my teeth before I even realized it.

I kept biting.

Not hard. Just enough.

Enough to feel something.

Enough to ground myself from the image that refused to leave my mind.

Her.

That girl.

On fire. Screaming and burning like paper soaked in oil.

It wasn't normal.

It wasn't natural.

And I'd seen it before.

Kate.

The name echoed in my thoughts like a bitter whisper.

Lorelei's friend.

I still remember how she sneered at me and accused me of stealing her necklace.

Then, the next morning, I heard screams coming from her room.

She ran outside, fire engulfing her hands—climbing up her arms.

Just like what happened to that woman today.

"Miss Elira?"

Dianne's voice snapped me out of my reverie.

I blinked and looked over at her. She was sitting beside me, her brows

furrowed, eyes filled with concern.

"You're biting your nail again," she said gently. "You'll make it bleed."

I glanced down. Sure enough, my nail bed was red and raw.

I pulled my hand away, squeezing it tightly with the other to stop myself from doing it again.

"Sorry," I mumbled. My voice came out softer than I meant it to.

Dianne was quiet for a few moments. I could feel her watching me, even as I fixed my gaze on the window.

"Are you... still thinking about what happened to that girl?" she asked carefully.

I didn't answer right away. My throat felt tight again.

"It's hard not to," I admitted after a pause. "People don't just... burst into flames like that. Not unless—"

"Unless it's black magic," Dianne said bluntly.

I turned to her, eyes wide. "Black magic?"

She nodded, her expression grim. "It's a forbidden form of magic. Old, dangerous... and cruel. If someone cursed that girl using it... fire would be the least of her problems."

My heart gave a hard thump.

Dianne leaned back against the seat, arms folded. "That wasn't a freak accident. I heard there were no candles, no explosion, nothing flammable near her. She just went up in flames. That's not normal."

"But... who would do something like that?" I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

She shrugged, but her face was serious. "Someone with a grudge. Or someone who wanted to send a message."

I swallowed hard.

That unease in my chest grew heavier.

Because this wasn't the first time I'd seen something like that.

And I was starting to wonder... if it wasn't just a coincidence.

No, don't overthink, Elira.

Even if she bullied me the way Kate did, it wasn't just them who hurt me—but aside from small accidents, none of the others caught on fire like that.

I don't have the power to do that to them.

That thought calmed me. I should stop thinking about it.

When the car pulled up in front of the house, I felt like every part of me had gone numb from exhaustion. But it was a good kind of tired.

I never thought I'd say that about school.

Honestly, I was surprised, relieved, even at how well I managed to keep up with most of the lessons.

Except for mathematics. That part was... brutal. The numbers didn't seem to like me, and the feeling was mutual. Still, I held my own. And that was enough.

I glanced at the small food container beside me.

Dianne had given it to me this afternoon, insisting I eat during the break. I didn't want to at first, not after what happened, but the taste of warm rice and seasoned vegetables reminded me that maybe I did okay. Perhaps I deserved to eat today. To breathe.

To be proud of myself, even a little.

I slowly stepped out of the car, the late afternoon sun dipping behind the trees. I imagined myself in a warm bath already, soaking until the soreness in my back faded. My knees still ached, bruised and swollen, but I could live with that.

I limped toward the front steps, already picturing the steam curling around the tub when—

"Elira."

His voice was like ice.

I froze.

Darius Vane stood just inside the doorway, arms crossed, lips curled into a smirk that didn't reach his eyes. There was no welcome in his stance, only cold amusement like he'd been waiting.

"Change your clothes," he said, taking a step forward, his eyes sliding down to the limp in my step. "You have another class."

I stared at him, the fatigue in my chest rising like bile.

He was enjoying this.

The glint in his eyes was unmistakable.

There's mockery, maybe even satisfaction. Like he'd known, I'd return like this—limping, aching, tired. And he liked it.

My stomach twisted.

He still thinks I manipulated the Queen, doesn't he? That I begged her to send me to school just to gain favor.

But if he hated the idea so much if it truly disgusted him to see me there...

Then why did he let me go?

The answer struck me like a slap.

To make me suffer.

Of course.

I remembered his words. His punishment to me.

He wouldn't kill me. No. That would be mercy.

He'd make me ask for death.

And then he'd refuse me that, too.

A chill curled down my spine and settled deep in my bones.

"Elira," he said again, this time with a tilt of his head and a condescending smile that made my skin crawl. "You wouldn't want to keep your instructor waiting, would you?"

He turned his back before I could answer, walking away like I was nothing more than another task checked off his list.

I didn't move.

Not until Dianne stepped beside me, her voice soft.


"You have combat training, Miss," she said, avoiding my eyes. "And... it seems like King Darius will be present to see how you perform."

Of course, he would.

Because this wasn't just about training.

This was entertainment.

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And I was the show.



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