

The Lycan King's Cursed Omega Novel

Chapter 3: Cursed Omega

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ELIRA

Elira Wynter...

He knows my name. Of course, he knows it—and maybe it's not just my name he knows.

The way he said it felt like a sentence being handed down.

I took a shaky breath, my legs frozen for a heartbeat longer. Then I descended the steps one by one, the hem of my dress whispering against the stairs. I picked up the tiara but didn't bother putting it on.

It felt wrong to wear it.

With every step I took toward him, the air grew heavier, as if even the house itself bowed to him.

And when I reached the last step where I stood in front of the man who would become my husband... or my executioner...

I bowed my head.

Not out of respect.

But because I didn't know how to look him in the eyes without crumbling completely.

"Look at me, Elira," he commanded, his voice cold and sharp, the kind that demanded obedience and left no room for defiance.

I looked up at him and met his golden eyes.

His face was chiseled and cold, unfeeling and unreadable. His presence was suffocating. He didn't need to growl or snarl. Power radiated off him like a second skin. It demanded attention... and submission.

He was one of the few men I had ever seen who wasn't part of our pack. My father didn't even allow me to take a step out of our pack house. I wasn't able to attend school. I only learned how to read and write with Callum occasionally teaching me.

Contrary to how I imagined Darius Vane, ruthless, cruel, monstrous, he didn't look like that at all. Physically, he was... beautiful. Handsome, like the princes I used to read about in the storybooks Lorelei threw away...

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and I secretly picked up.

"At least you can follow orders," he said, snapping me out of my reverie.

I swallowed hard, my throat dry. There were a dozen things I wanted to say, but my voice was gone, my courage buried beneath years of silence and cold walls.

"Bring her," he ordered, turning his back on me and walking out.

I stiffened. Bring me? Where?

Before I could say a word, a man stepped in front of me. He gave a small smile and bowed his head slightly.

"Hi, I'm Sorin Vane, Beta Lycan of Darius. It's nice to meet you, Elira Wynter."

"Enough with the pleasantries, Sorin. Let's go," Darius Vane called out, still walking out of our pack's house.

He didn't even spare my father a glance, and my father didn't bother calling him back either.

I looked around the hall. All the pack members stood still, eyes downcast. Not a single one moved. No one dared speak.

It hit me all at once.

There was no saving me. No one would object. No one would step forward.

Not even to say goodbye.

As Sorin gently touched my elbow, I turned to my father. Our eyes met. His arms were crossed, and in that cold stare, he told me everything—Don't mess this up.

He had already traded me.

His daughter... for power? Favor? Alliance?

I didn't know. Maybe it was all three.

Then there was Lorelei, smirking at me from the side. She brushed her fingers through her hair, and I saw it.

The ring.

The same one Kael gave me.

I looked away and let the numbness take over.

But as soon as the door opened, the cold air greeted me, sharper than I remembered.

I hesitated. Am I really leaving this pack? This place where my mother gave birth to me... where I last saw her alive. The place that held what few memories I had of her and my brother.

"Elira Wynter," Darius Vane said again, his voice drawing my eyes.

He stood beside a luxurious car, sleek, black, and expensive.

I didn't even remember ever riding in a car.

"You belong to me now."

I belong to him?

Right. I am. My father has already decided that.

But I'm still curious...why me?

He was about to open his car when I finally found my voice, thin, barely there.

"Why me?" I whispered.

Darius turned his head sharply. His golden eyes locked on me like a predator catching movement in the grass.

He didn't speak at first. Just stared. Then he moved.

Each step he took toward me was deliberate, slow, and heavy. I instinctively stepped back until I felt Sorin Vane behind me, holding my shoulders, not allowing me to take another step as Darius stopped just inches away from me.

"Oh... so you're not mute," he said, voice cold and mocking. "Could've fooled me."

I didn't respond. My throat had closed up again, strangling whatever answer might have come.

"You want to know why I chose you?" he continued, leaning in just enough for me to feel the heat of his breath against the chill. "Because you're perfect."

Me? Perfect?

What does he mean by that—

"Perfect to use. Perfect to break. Perfect because no one will care for

you."

His smile was razor-thin and cruel. "You're a cursed one. A weak omega, not even her own pack claims. Do you think I'd want someone like you for love? For affection? And that's what I need...someone I wouldn't even dare to like."

I clenched the tiara tighter in my hands, my nails digging into the metal.

"You were chosen," he said, his voice dropping lower, crueler, "because when I'm done with you, there'll be no one left to ask where you went. No one to grieve. No one to care."

Tears blurred my vision. I blinked them away furiously.

Darius closed his eyes briefly, jaw clenching like he was trying to contain something darker inside him. "Your scent... f*ck."

He opened his eyes again and met mine. "Don't you dare cry in front of me, Elira Wynter, or you'll regret it."

I swallowed hard. The lump in my throat burned like acid. "It already came from y-you," I whispered, voice shaking. "I'm a cursed one. A-and you'll still marry me? Aren't you afraid? My curse brings misfortune to anyone who--"

"I'll marry you," he snapped, cutting me off. "But that doesn't mean I'll ever be close to you."

"A curse? You?" He scoffed, then muttered something under his breath, too low for me to catch. "... it doesn't scare me. Nothing does... not even a cursed omega like you."



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