

## Chapter 36: Too Good

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I stilled.

Darius's eyes met mine.

But they weren't really... his eyes.

They were different.

It was wild. It was dark and furious red.

He was angry.

At me?

No... there was no recognition in his gaze.

This wasn't the brutal stare he usually gave me.

It was like he was looking at something else.

Something far away. Something haunting him.

I opened my mouth to speak—but I never got the chance.

In a blink, he moved.

The next thing I knew, I was pinned to the bed, my back hitting the mattress with a thud. His body loomed over me, one hand clamped around my throat, not tight but firm enough to freeze every breath in my chest.

"D-Darius—!" I gasped, eyes wide.

But he wasn't seeing me.

He wasn't hearing me.

His face was twisted in pain. His breathing was ragged.

Sweat beaded at his temple. His teeth clenched like he was locked in battle with something invisible.

This wasn't the Darius I knew.

This was someone else.

A man trapped in a nightmare.

A soldier haunted by something I couldn't see.

My hands reached up instinctively—not to push him away... but to hold him. To remind him.

He was trembling.

His grip tightened slightly, and fear bloomed in my chest like wildfire. My vision sparked at the edges.

But when I looked at him, I didn't see cruelty.

I saw torment.

He was hurting me.

But it felt like he was the one in pain.

"Darius," I choked out, barely a whisper. "It's me... It's E-Elira..."

His jaw twitched.

I gently placed my hand on his arm—not to fight him, just to touch.

To offer warmth.

A lifeline.

"You're dreaming..." I whispered, struggling to breathe, forcing the words past my lips.

For a moment, nothing changed.

And then—

His grip faltered.

His breath caught.

His eyes blinked rapidly, the red glow flickering like a dying flame. Confusion washed over his features—and then his gaze shifted, sharpening into something cold.

"F\*ck!"

His hand dropped from my neck like it had burned him.

He stumbled back as if waking from a nightmare he couldn't remember—eyes wide, chest rising and falling in quick, harsh breaths.

He rubbed his face as if trying to calm himself, then looked at me angrily.

"Who gave you permission to come into my room?" he growled, his voice low and venom-laced. "Do you just wander wherever you want

now?"

I opened my mouth, still stunned, still gasping, but the words caught in my throat.

He moved closer before I could climb out of his bed.

"What now? Still not satisfied?" he sneered. "From what I gave you last night?"

My chest tightened.

He wasn't yelling.

That made it worse.

His voice was low and cold—each word sharp enough to cut through bone. And his eyes... they weren't just angry. They looked like they disgusted me.

Then his gaze dropped, landing on my neck... then down to my body. I was only wearing my nightwear, so I instinctively clutched the sheets, trying to cover myself.

His jaw clenched. Something flickered in his eyes again.

"I-I'm sorry—"

But I didn't get to finish.

He suddenly pinned me back to the bed, his weight pressing me down.

"D-Darius—I"

He wasn't strangling me. Not this time.

But his hand gripped both my wrists and pinned them above my head, holding me there. His breath was shaky, his lips just inches from mine—but not touching.

His eyes searched my face, and his voice dropped to a harsh whisper.

"Is this what you came for, omega? Another release? You want more?"

His face inched closer, smirking. Mocking.

"And you even came here wearing just your nightgown? Trying to seduce me... or is it just me? Do you walk around like this for everyone? Did my brothers see you too?"

Tears stung my eyes. I shook my head, trembling. "P-please..."

"Please what? You want more? Then I'll give you that."

He leaned in, about to kiss me—but I turned my head away.

"What now?"

"I was w-worried," I whispered, my voice cracking. "T-that's why I came here."

Silence.

I looked up at him just as my tears fell. His grip on my wrists began to loosen.

"I... I thought you were hurting," I added, softer. "You saved me. I just... wanted to make sure you were okay."

He stared at me for a long while.

Then, finally, he released my wrists.

"You should just worry about yourself, Elira. Why would you even care if I'm hurt? You should be happy if I'm in pain..."

"I-I would never be happy knowing someone is in pain because of me."

His gaze sharpened hard.

"You're too good... too good for your own damn self. You're such a fool, and that kindness of yours will kill you someday. Don't you know that?"

Too good?

That... wasn't true.

Not really.

If I was so good, then why am I cursed one?

Also, I wouldn't have made so many mistakes if I was so good. I wouldn't have ignored the warnings, wouldn't have lost my medicine, wouldn't have brought both of us to the edge of something dangerous.

I'm not too good.

I'm just... someone who still cares. Even when I shouldn't.

Even when it's the very thing that might destroy me.

And he's right.

Someday, it will kill me.

This stupid, stubborn heart that keeps reaching out, keeps worrying, it'

It be the end of me.

But before I could say a word, the door creaked open.

I flinched, eyes widening as light from the hallway spilled into the dark room.

Darius's room was massive, but his bed faced directly toward the door—and in that moment, I felt more exposed than ever.

"D-Darius..." a familiar voice trembled.

Valerie.

She stood frozen in the doorway, her eyes wide, lips parted in shock. She looked pale and hurt as she took the sight before her.

But Darius didn't even spare her a glance.

He didn't flinch.

Didn't move.

Lucan appeared behind her a second later, his tone light and laced with amusement. "Oops. I told you, Val. You shouldn't open doors without knocking."

My breath caught.

In an instant, Darius grabbed the sheets and yanked them up, harshly covering my body.

The motion was sharp, angry.

He stood from the bed, towering and tense, his muscles rigid with fury. I shifted, instinctively trying to sit up, but his eyes snapped to me.

"Stay there," he growled. "And don't you dare remove those sheets."



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