

## Chapter 37: An Exception

Chapter 37: An Exception

ELIRA

I stayed put, like a loyal dog, just as he told me to.

I didn't move.

I couldn't, either.

Not when I felt the weight of eyes on me.

I couldn't even lift my head. I only gripped the sheets tighter and curled into myself, my back turned toward them. Humiliation burned through every inch of my skin, and the silence made it worse.

Valerie. Lucan.

I could feel their stares—one piercing, the other watching like he was being entertained.

What do I look like right now?

A stupid omega, half-buried in Darius's bed.

Caught.

You should've left.

You saw he was fine. That should've been enough.

You shouldn't have come here in the first place.

I shut my eyes, trying to disappear into the silence.

Then I heard the heavy steps. It was sharp and authoritative, marching across the floor.

Darius.

"What the hell are you doing here?" His voice cracked through the tension like lightning. "And who gave you permission to just open my door?"

Valerie stammered. "I—I was told you were unwell... Lucan said—"

"Oh, come on," Lucan's voice drawled, amused. "I did say that. But you didn't let me finish, remember? I was about to tell you Sera already helped and he's fine, but you ran off before I got the chance."

"Shut up, you bastard," Darius snapped.

There was a long pause.

Then Valerie's voice again, louder this time. "I know you hate it when someone invades your privacy, Darius—"

"You already know, and you still opened my door just like that?" Darius cut her off.

"I—I'm sorry. I've respected that. I've known you since we were kids. Even my sister couldn't step foot in here without knocking—without being invited."

She faltered.

"But her? Her?!" she cried out. "Why is she here?"

I caught my breath.

I tightened my grip on the sheets.

Don't speak. Don't move. Don't exist.

A long silence passed until Darius finally spoke.

"She's an exception."

"...W-What?"

Lucan let out a low whistle. "Damn."

Valerie's voice dropped—cracked like glass. "An exception?"

Her tone said everything she couldn't say out loud. Hurt. Anger.

I'd known it. She liked Darius.

Their conversation when I was in my room... maybe it wasn't even one-sided.

So what Darius had said next must've been true heartbreak to her.

"Have you forgotten? Elira's my wife now."

He continued, cold and certain, "And you don't get to question what I do in my room. Not you. Not anyone."

"But—" she began.

"I told you once, Val. This isn't a place for games or nostalgia. You opening that door like you deserve to be here?" He scoffed. "Pathetic."

Silence.

"You don't get to decide who belongs here. I do."

My heart pounded in my throat.

Why did it feel like I was the weapon he used to hurt her?

"She doesn't even belong here," Valerie whispered, broken. "She's no one. A stray omega—"

I flinched.

But before she could finish her sentence, Darius cut in, cold as ice.

"Enough. Get out."

"Darius—!"

"Now."

His voice left no room for argument.

Lucan muttered something I missed, followed by quiet footsteps... and the sound of the door closing again.

They were gone.

But I was still here.

Still holding the sheets like a shield.

I was still unsure if I was meant to feel safe, but what I was sure was I needed to leave this room, too.

I slowly pulled the sheets off me, my fingers trembling as I sat up on the edge of the bed. My feet were just about to touch the floor when—

"What are you doing?"

His voice sliced through the air.

I froze. My spine stiffened as I slowly turned my head toward him. Darius was standing near the foot of the bed, his eyes unreadable but sharp as glass.

"I'm sorry for coming here," I said quickly, looking down and avoiding his gaze. "I'll leave now so you can rest—"

But before I could even get off the bed properly, Darius crossed the space between us with a speed that caught my breath.

His hand pressed firmly against my shoulder and forced me back onto the bed, the mattress dipping beneath my weight.

"You don't get to decide when to come here and when to leave, Elira."

My eyes widened. My heart pounded against my chest as he leaned down—closer than he should've.

And then I smelled it.

His scent.

It was intense—overwhelming. No longer just clinging faintly to his coat or the sheets.

He was releasing it.

Deliberately.

I felt it sink into my skin like a slow poison.

He smirked, and I knew.

He was doing it on purpose.

To punish me?

My lips parted. "D-Darius..."

But just as our lips were about to meet, as the tension pulled so tight, I thought it might snap—

He pulled back. Cold. Detached.

"Stay here," he said flatly.

"And you will not roam around outside wearing that piece of sh\*t."

His voice cut deeper than I wanted to admit.

Then, without another word, he turned his back to me and walked across the room. He opened a door and disappeared inside—probably the bathroom.

I didn't move.

I lay there, stunned.

The scent he left behind still wrapped around me like chains. I pressed my hand over my nose, but it didn't help. I could still smell him, feel him—everywhere.

I bit down hard on my lip, trying to stop the heat in my body from stirring again.

I should leave. I should get up and run out that door before he came

back.

But my body didn't listen. I couldn't disobey him.

My mind screamed at me to go.

And yet...

I found myself curling back into the bed, clinging to the warmth he left behind like it might protect me from the mess I had just made.

I sighed, hugging my arms to myself, my heart still racing in my chest.

Just for a while.

Just until this ache calms down.

But it didn't calm.

And before I knew it...

Sleep claimed me.

Right there.

In the Lycan King's bed.



Subscribed



8 Likes