

The Lycan King's Cursed Omega Novel

Chapter 4: Kingdom Vane

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Perfect to use...

Perfect to break.

Someone he wouldn't even dare to like.

Those words kept echoing in my ears. They were cruel, yet I let out a bitter smile—because even I agreed with Darius Vane.

What he said was the perfect description of me. I guess Kael thinks the same since it was easy for him to reject me, forget all his promises, blame me for something I didn't even do—or maybe I really did. After all, I was the cursed one.

My eyes drifted to the treehouse outside, where I used to play with my brother, where I last saw my father smiling brightly at me, where my mother read me stories.

It grew smaller and smaller in my vision as the car sped away.

Goodbye...

"You're hurting yourself."

I snapped out of my reverie when I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder. I flinched at the simple touch.

Sorin Vane—beta of Darius Vane—glanced at me with an apologetic smile before returning his eyes to the road.

"Sorry, I had to call out to you. You were holding the tiara too tightly. You're bleeding, Miss Elira."

I glanced at my hand as I let go of the tiara I hadn't even realized I was holding so tightly. Blood trailed down my palm where the sharp edge had cut through my skin. It hurt—but not as much as everything else inside me.

"Here, use this," Sorin Vane said gently, holding a crisp handkerchief.

I shook my head. It looked far too expensive, the kind of thing I'd be afraid even to touch.

"Thank you, but it's okay," I murmured. I reached for a torn strip of my old dress—the same one I'd used to tie my hair—and wrapped it around

my bleeding hand.

Sorin sighed, but he didn't argue. "You should wear that," he said, nodding at the tiara on my lap.

"It doesn't suit me," I whispered, eyes locked on the delicate silver piece. It looked like it belonged to someone else. Someone beautiful, strong, worthy. Not me.

"It's yours now," Sorin said. "Darius wouldn't like it if he didn't see you wearing it once we arrive."

I looked out the window at the sleek black car speeding ahead. That was where he was—Darius Vane.

At least he didn't want to ride with me.

At least he let Sorin drive.

At least I could pretend to breathe.

The tiara still sat on my lap, cold and unfamiliar. A symbol of something I didn't ask for, didn't want. I lifted it with trembling fingers, staring at the gemstones that sparkled like frozen tears.

I didn't put it on. Not yet. I just held it.

"You shouldn't take it to heart... what Darius said," Sorin spoke gently as if choosing his words carefully. "He's just... like that. He didn't mean it."

He paused, clearly struggling to find the right explanation as if trying to justify something even he didn't fully agree with.

I cut him off before he could go on. "It's okay."

My voice came out quieter than I intended, almost too calm.

"I don't mind it," I added, still staring at the tiara in my hands. "After all... he was right."

"I wouldn't be here if I wasn't what he thinks I am. My father offered me to him like some bargaining chip. I have no right to complain. Or question his words."

I swallowed the tightness in my throat, forcing a smile that didn't reach my eyes. "It's okay," I repeated, softer this time.

But really, I wasn't saying it to him anymore.

I was saying it to myself. Trying to believe it.

Trying to survive it.

Sorin let out a quiet sigh. "You should sleep. The road ahead is long."

I gave a faint nod and shut my eyes, clinging to a foolish hope—that everything that had happened since yesterday would vanish like a bad dream when I woke up.

But who was I kidding?

Hope was a luxury for the free. And I was anything but that.

It was already night when I woke up.

The hum of the car engine was softer now, slower. I blinked, disoriented, my fingers still curled weakly around the edge of the tiara on my lap.

Tall iron gates loomed ahead outside the window—ornate, cold, and towering, like something pulled from a storybook... or a nightmare.

The gates creaked open, and the car rolled forward.

My breath caught in my throat as the world beyond the gates appeared. Lamps lined the stone path, casting pale golden halos across the fog-drenched road. A castle was far ahead, rising like a shadow against the moonlit sky.

Not a house. Not a mansion.

A castle.

It looked ancient, proud, and terrifying. I'd only ever seen something like it in the books.

Our housepack was grand, yes. It had pride and history. But this... this was something else entirely. Kingdom Vane wasn't just a name.

It was real.

And it swallowed everything.

I instinctively wrapped my arms around myself as a cold shiver ran through me. The air felt heavier here. The night was darker like the shadows were watching.

"Welcome to Kingdom Vane, Miss Elira," Sorin said softly as the car came to a smooth stop. "This will be your home... starting today."

Home.

The word felt foreign now.

Distant. Mocking.

I stared at the castle, unmoving, heart pounding like it knew something I didn't.

Something was waiting inside. Something I couldn't name.

The car door opened with a soft click, and a gust of night air swept in, biting against my skin. I stepped out slowly, my heart pounding hard. The chill wrapped around me like an unwelcome cloak.

Then I saw him.

Darius Vane.

He stood just a few steps away, bathed in the half-light—tall, composed, and terrifyingly regal in a way that made the castle behind him seem less ancient and more alive.

His presence was colder than the night, but his eyes—those deep, unreadable eyes—locked with mine.

He didn't speak at first. He simply looked at me... then down.

At the tiara, I was still holding.

He looked at me with disdain, then stepped forward, each movement slow and deliberate.

"What are you waiting for?" he asked, his voice sharp but quiet. "Why aren't you wearing it?"

I glanced down at the tiara in my hands. My fingers had clenched around it again without me noticing. My chest tightened.

I didn't understand. Why did it matter?

Why did I have to wear something that felt like it didn't belong to me?

As if sensing my hesitation, Sorin stepped beside me, his voice low and laced with quiet urgency. "Wear it, Miss Elira. It's part of the ritual... of your marriage to Darius."

Marriage.

The word landed heavily in my chest, more complicated than I expected.

"What? Do you want me to put that on you?" Darius's voice was

mocking, irritated—as if he wanted to strangle me.

I stepped back a little, sensing danger. His eyebrows knitted together, clearly displeased by my reaction.

I lifted the tiara, my arms trembling just slightly, and placed it atop my head.

Darius said nothing.

He simply turned his back and began walking.

"Let's go," Sorin said when I remained standing still.

I nodded.

I followed Darius Vane.

I had no choice.

This was my fate now.

This kingdom was my... new prison.



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