

# The Lycan King's Cursed Omega Novel

Chapter 5: Moonlit Binding

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It was cold.

I should be used to it—after all, the attic where I used to live was colder. But I never got used to it.

And right now, I knew it wasn't just the weather making me cold.

I shivered and hugged myself as I followed Darius, my footsteps barely making a sound compared to his. I didn't know where we were going. The moon was the only thing lighting our path.

I didn't even want to ask.

I had no right.

I flinched when something warm brushed over my shoulders.

A cape. Dark and soft, it draped over me gently, warmth blooming through me almost instantly.

Before I could turn or speak, Sorin raised a finger to his lips. His eyes met mine—calm and kind—silently telling me: Don't say a word.

And I didn't.

Because the warmth that surged into me wasn't just physical—it was something more. Something... magical. The fabric wasn't thick, yet it felt like a shield from the bitter wind and the heavier storm inside me.

It comforted me more than I expected.

I looked at Sorin Vane.

Aside from Kael... and my father's beta long ago... I couldn't remember the last time someone had shown me kindness without wanting something in return.

Tears burned behind my eyes.

I was scared. Terrified.

Scared of this place.

Of Darius.

Of the life that waited for me here.

But to have someone offer me even this small comfort... it meant something.

Only, it vanished the moment I felt it—his stare. Dark, sharp, and colder than the wind that haunted these stone halls.

My spine straightened, breath catching, as I realized Darius had stopped walking—and was staring directly at me.

"Stop being nice to a lowly omega like her," Darius said. His voice sliced through the silence, bitter and biting like a blade.

Sorin didn't flinch. He only smirked faintly and replied, "Well, that lowly omega will be your wife, Darius."

"Shut up."

Sorin raised his hands in mock surrender, pretending to zip his lips shut, though the teasing glint in his eyes remained.

Darius turned away and continued walking, saying nothing more.

I followed, my fingers curling tightly around the edge of the cape, clinging to the fleeting warmth it gave me—for now.

We walked in silence until I heard it—the sound of water falling.

And that's when I realized where we were going.

Back in our pack, I had witnessed this once when my father's beta married his mate.

The sacred ritual of union beneath the eyes of the moon. The moonlit binding.

This was also what Kael once promised me.

But as we reached the clearing and the waterfall came into view, glowing silver under the moonlight, I almost let out a silent cry.

This was nothing like what was supposed to happen tonight.

Not if Kael hadn't rejected me.

"What are you waiting for? Come here."

Darius stood at the center, right beneath the cascading waterfall bathed in moonlight. Mist shimmered around him like smoke, catching on the edges of his dark coat.

"Come here," he said again—sharper this time—when I remained

unmoving.

I swallowed the lump in my throat as I moved forward, each step echoing louder in my chest.

When I reached him, he didn't even look at me. He raised a hand.

Then, all of a sudden, a woman appeared before us—tall, cloaked in white, her silver hair intricately braided.

"I am Priestess Luna, guide of the sacred vow." Her voice echoed with power and grace. "Tonight, under the eyes of the Moon Goddess, we will witness the union written in blood."

Is this it?

Is this happening?

I wanted to run.

But where would I even go?

"Do you, Elira of Hollow Pack, accept this bond?" she asked.

My lips parted, but no words came.

But as I met Darius's blank stare, I croaked, "Y-yes."

"Do you, Darius Vane of Kingdom Vane, accept Elira Wynter?"

He nodded, saying nothing.

Sorin stepped forward, a ceremonial blade in hand—its handle carved with old symbols, its edge glinting with something far too sharp to be ordinary metal.

Darius offered his palm without hesitation. The slice was quick, his blood red as a dying star.

Then it was my turn.

I bit down a cry as the blade kissed my flesh.

Darius grabbed my hand, pressing it tightly to his. His warmth mixed with mine—his blood with mine.

The moment our palms met, the circle beneath us flared. Symbols burned white-hot for a breathless second.

I gasped as something cinched around my ribs—like chains. It hurt. I couldn't pull my hand away, not even if I tried.

But Darius just stared at me, emotionless.

Then I saw it—the tiara I wore began to float before me, a blinding light pouring from it. As I opened my eyes again, I felt it.

The tiara had turned into a ring, now resting on my finger.

I stared at it, stunned.

It was beautiful.

But it felt like a shackle.

"Bound by the moon. Witnessed by the stars. May your souls endure what your hearts cannot."

As soon as Priestess Luna finished speaking, Darius turned away.

He vanished into the dark.

And I stood there, ring on my finger, already bound and wedded to the Lycan King, Darius Vane.

"Let's go, Elira..." Sorin called out to me.

I nodded, following him.

"Won't you even ask where your husband went?" Sorin asked as we walked.

I shook my head and remained silent.

Husband?

We both know I have no right to call him that.

He said nothing, just sighed quietly until we reached the castle.

The heavy doors creaked open, and I stepped inside the place that would now be my home.

I braced myself for the cold, dust, stone floors, and shadows that swallowed the light.

But I was wrong.

It was... bright.

Light poured from crystal chandeliers above, casting a soft glow across the gleaming marble floors. The air smelled faintly of lavender and polished wood. Not a single cobweb in sight.

This place was beautiful.

And yet, I'd never felt more out of place.

"Are you hungry?" Sorin's voice cut through the silence, gentle like he was careful not to startle me.

I paused, then shook my head.

It was the answer I'd learned to give. I didn't need food, not really. I could go for a day, maybe two. I'd done it before.

Besides, eating was something you earned. Not something you were offered.

Even if I was no longer living in the Hollow Pack... nothing had changed.

I was still Elira Wynter—a cursed omega. The one who lived in the attic.

My gaze drifted across the polished hall. Everything sparkled. The floors were pristine. It all screamed of wealth.

"Oh," Sorin said after a beat. "You're probably tired. Let me take you to your room. I'll ask the servants to bring something up. Just in case."

I nodded, unsure if my voice would betray me if I tried to speak.

He walked ahead, and I followed, my steps quiet against the marble. I kept my eyes on the details—it was easier than thinking. Every surface was polished, every mirror clear. Even the rugs were soft beneath my worn shoes.

The portraits lining the hall watched me with silver eyes. Vane ancestors, I guessed. Their faces were stern, regal, untouchable. As if they already disapproved of me.

It made me wonder why they even let Darius Vane marry me.

Right. I was perfect to use. Perfect to break.

They must have thought that, too.

At the end of a corridor, Sorin stopped beside a large door. "This will be your room," he said, pushing it open.

I stepped forward—but stopped at the threshold.

Was he serious?

The room was... beautiful. Spacious. There were cabinets, a large bed centered perfectly, a vanity near the wall... and a balcony.

This was far from the attic.

This wasn't... mine.

"What's wrong?" Sorin asked, turning toward me.

I swallowed hard. "Are you sure this is mine?"

Sorin's brows furrowed slightly, then he let out a soft laugh. "Yes, this is your room, Elira."

I stepped in slowly. The floor didn't creak. The air didn't sting with mold or dust. It was warm.

Everything in here looked untouched.

The bedspread was soft—pale blue with silver embroidery. The curtains fluttered gently in the breeze from the balcony. A tray of fresh towels sat on a bench near the bath, and next to the vanity, someone had placed a crystal vase filled with white roses.

No one had ever placed flowers for me before.

"You can rest. If you need anything, you can use the telephone on the bedside table," Sorin said.

"O-okay. Thank you."

The door closed behind him with a quiet click.

I turned around, the silence pressing in on me.

This room—this beautiful, expensive room—felt like a cage wrapped in silk. A prettier version of the attic.

Because just like there, I knew I was still in prison here.

I walked toward the vanity and caught my reflection.

For a moment, I didn't recognize her.

The girl in the mirror wore a delicate white dress that shimmered faintly in the light. Her hair was still damp from the waterfall. Her eyes were wide, uncertain, rimmed with fatigue. And on her finger... the ring. The one that had formed from the tiara.

I raised my hand and touched it.

It didn't feel like mine. None of this did.

I sat on the edge of the bed, not quite ready to lie down. I didn't know if I should take off my shoes if I were allowed to touch anything, if

someone would come in and scold me for wrinkling the sheets.

And then... a knock.

Not loud. Polite.

I froze.

The door opened slightly, and a girl, maybe a few years younger than me, with wide brown eyes and a tray in her hands, stepped in.

"Good evening," she greeted, her voice flat, expression unreadable, as she placed the tray on the small table near the balcony.

"If you need anything, just call me."

I nodded. She left quietly, closing the door behind her.

I stared at the food for a long time before finally standing and walking over to it. I sat down, picked up the spoon, and dipped it into the soup. My hands trembled—just a little.

I was about to taste it, but a flash of memory stopped me.

Lorelei. Bringing me food in the attic.

The pain came after I ate it.

The spoon slipped from my hand and clattered against the floor.

I collapsed on the cold marble, and I just stared at the tray of delicious food, having no plan to eat it.

I don't want that pain again...



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