

The Lycan King's Cursed Omega Novel

Chapter 6: Tied by Curse

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I was back.

This dream... again.

The forest was dark yet oddly lit by the pale shimmer of the moon. I was smaller—barely seven, barefoot. I had lost my shoes from running. My favorite dress, which my mother had sewn for me, was already torn.

"Stay behind me, Elira," my mother whispered, clutching my hand.

Her silver hair clung to her cheeks as she turned to look back at me. There was blood on her dress.

Beside her, my brother, Elton, stood tense, trying to be brave.

Growls echoed from somewhere in the trees. Low. Hungry.

"Don't come any closer!" my mother shouted, pushing me behind her.

The shadows moved.

Something lunged.

And then—

I screamed.

Power surged through my veins like fire I couldn't control. A blinding light exploded from within me.

The dream fractured.

My mother's arms were around me. My brother's voice—gasping, coughing. The smell of burning flesh filled the air.

"R-Run, Elira... d-don't look back, baby."

"No," I whimpered in the dream, clawing at the vision as it faded.

"Wake up, Elira!"

I jolted awake, soaked in sweat, my breath caught in my throat. My body trembled against the soft sheets—sheets that were now tangled beneath me, as I lay on the cold marble floor.

"Elira..."

That was the moment I realized I wasn't alone.

Sorin's voice was soft—careful.

I turned my head, and my heart nearly stopped.

Darius Vane was sitting in the chair near the balcony, his eyes like polished ice, watching me without a trace of emotion.

I gasped and scrambled to stand, but my legs gave out beneath me. Panic tightened in my chest, making it hard to breathe. I stumbled, falling hard to the floor with a dull thud.

I braced for laughter—for scorn—for something cruel.

But there was only silence.

Sorin stepped forward, but Darius raised a hand, stopping him.

"Why were you sleeping on the floor?" Darius asked, his voice low and sharp.

I didn't answer.

I couldn't.

Because what could I say? That the bed looked too clean? That it was too soft compared to where I've been sleeping for years? That I was afraid I might ruin it, and he'd punish me?

"Was the room not to your liking?" Sorin asked gently.

"N-no, it's fine. I-I just fell asleep here accidentally."

Darius scoffed. "What a liar."

"You look pathetic," he added, his voice sharp enough to slice through bone.

I flinched. My hands pressed tighter against the floor, fingers curling inward.

"Are you starving yourself to death?" Darius asked coldly. "Is that how you plan to end this marriage? A slow, pitiful suicide by hunger?"

I lowered my head. I had no intention of answering.

If hunger could really kill me, I would've died a long time ago.

"You didn't touch the food," he continued, rising to his feet. His presence felt suddenly towering, suffocating. "Or maybe you're waiting for someone else to taste it first? Afraid it's poisoned?"

I sucked in a sharp breath.

His words hit too close. Too precise.

"I don't need a wife who plays dead in corners," he said. "If you're going to waste away, at least do it quietly."

I kept staring at the floor.

"I'll have someone bring more food," he added with cruel indifference. "You'll eat it. Or I'll have Sorin force it down your throat. Your choice."

He turned and strode toward the door.

"Fix yourself. We're eating lunch with the pack. Don't show yourself as that lowly omega. You belong to me—so don't you dare embarrass me."

And then he was gone.

The door clicked shut behind him.

For a long moment, I didn't move.

I couldn't.

"Elira?" Sorin's voice came soft, cautious, like he was afraid I might shatter if he spoke too loudly. "Is it true what Darius said? That you didn't eat the food because you were scared it was poisoned?"

I didn't answer. I couldn't lie. But I couldn't nod either. My jaw tightened, and I finally looked up.

Sorin's expression wasn't mocking or judgmental.

He looked... sad.

For me?

Why would he?

"Is this what your pack did to you? They abused you?"

He lowered himself slowly to one knee. "If you want... we can eat together. I'll taste it first. That way you'll know it's safe."

My breath caught.

It felt foreign—this kindness. It was rare, like what Kael once did for me.

I didn't know what to say.

"Elira—"

"Why?"

His brows furrowed. "What do you mean, why?"

I swallowed hard. "Why are you being... nice?"

Sorin didn't answer right away.

Instead, he studied me with eyes that didn't look away, didn't flinch from the rawness I couldn't hide anymore.

"I don't think kindness should need a reason," he said quietly. "But fine, if you want one—maybe it's because I see my little sister in you. The two of you were quite alike."

"Your... sister?"

He nodded. A small smile appeared on his lips, though I could still see the sadness in his eyes. "Yes, my sister. I lost her when we were young. I wasn't able to protect her."

I blinked, startled by the ache in Sorin's voice—the pain he kept tucked behind that small, sad smile.

He was a nice guy. Too nice. And something about that made a sharp twist in my chest.

What if... my brother had lived?

Would he have been like Sorin? Gentle, understanding, kind in that quiet, steady way?

My throat tightened at the thought.

We both lost a sibling.

Maybe that's why I felt this strange pull toward him—this invisible thread tying us together.

Maybe... maybe I could treat him like a brother.

But the thought froze in my mind, iced over by something colder.

No.

I can't do that.

I shouldn't accept his kindness.

I shouldn't let myself get close.

Not to him. Not to anyone.

Someone like Sorin...

He doesn't deserve for something bad to happen to him.

Because I'm cursed.

And the people around me—the ones who try to protect me, who care, who dare to love me—

They get hurt.

They get unlucky.

They get cursed.

My mother. My brother.

I felt the sting in my eyes and quickly blinked it away.

No. I won't let that happen again.

I had tried to forget it before—to believe that maybe my father was wrong. That I wasn't cursed.

But after what happened to Kael's mother... after that made him reject me...

It was true. I was cursed.

"Look, Elira, you need to eat. You need strength to survive here."

"I'll get your food. I'll taste it first—"

I stood up, shaking my head. "It's okay. You don't have to do that. I'll eat it on my own."

He stared at me for a moment before nodding and standing up. "Okay. That's good to hear."

I hesitated, then spoke before I could stop myself. "Sorin... you know who I am, don't you?"

He looked back at me, puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"You've heard it. I'm sure you have. It's not even a secret anymore." My voice trembled. "You know what they call me. The cursed omega."

His face shifted—just barely—but enough. He did know. Of course, he did.

"You should stop being nice to me," I said, forcing the words out like they were knives scraping my throat. "If you don't want something bad to happen to you, then stay away. That's the pattern. That's what always happens."

"Elira..." His voice was soft. "It's okay. I don't believe that—"

"Well, you should." I cut him off, sharper than I meant to. "The Alpha I was supposed to marry rejected me after experiencing the result of choosing a cursed omega like me."

The silence stretched between us, heavy and brittle.

I took a shaky step back, hugging my arms to my chest. "You're too nice, Sorin. You don't deserve that. You don't deserve to be punished just for trying to be kind."

He opened his mouth, but I rushed on before he could speak.

"I don't want to be the reason something happens to you. I don't want to be blamed. Again. Please."

Sorin didn't speak for a while. The silence between us stretched like a taut wire, and I could feel something changing in the air.

Then he asked quietly, "Do you want to escape this kingdom? To be free, Elira?"

The words hit me like a wave.

Did I?

My lips didn't move. But my eyes did. They betrayed me.

He saw the answer written there, even if I couldn't say it out loud.

I swallowed, voice barely above a whisper. "I-I don't have the means to do that... I'm sure Darius Vane won't let me—"

"If what you're saying is true," Sorin interrupted, his tone suddenly hardening, "that you are cursed... that something bad happens to anyone who gets close to you, who's kind to you... or who loves you..."

His eyes met mine, steady and unreadable now.

"Then why don't you use that?"

I blinked, confused. "W-what?"

"Use it on him," Sorin said flatly. "Get him to like you. Make him fall for you. And if your curse is real—if it really destroys the people who dare to care for you—then let it destroy Darius Vane."

His face was expressionless now. Cold. Calculated.

"If he's affected," he continued, "you'll have your freedom. You'll be free of him. Of this kingdom. Of everything."

I stared at him, stunned. My heart pounded so loudly that I was afraid he might hear it.

Was he serious?

Was he really telling me to curse Darius Vane...their Lycan King?

"You said you didn't want anyone else to get hurt because of you," Sorin said quietly. "So why not choose who gets hurt?"

