

The Lycan King's Cursed Omega Novel

Chapter 7: First Meal of Elira

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I looked at Sorin, trying to comprehend the words that had just come out of his mouth.

Choose who to hurt?

Who am I to do that?

"Why—"

Before I could finish what I was about to say, he pressed a finger to his lips, gesturing for me to stay quiet.

Then came a knock at the door.

The young maid who had brought my food earlier stepped inside, her eyes lowered respectfully. She moved quickly and quietly, balancing a silver tray in her hands.

"Your meal, miss," she said, barely above a whisper.

She walked straight to the small table near the window and set everything down with practiced grace.

The scent hit me before I could even move closer—roasted meat, warm bread, something spiced and rich. My stomach twisted, painfully aware of how long it had been since I'd had a proper meal.

But my feet wouldn't move.

"You should eat, Elira. Dianne, taste the food first," Sorin said.

My eyes widened. I immediately waved my hands. "No, it's okay. I—I'll eat it."

Sorin nodded. "Don't leave until she finishes everything," he instructed the maid, who only nodded silently.

He gave me one last look before turning and walking out of the room. The door clicked softly behind him.

I looked at the young maid—Dianne.

"You can go. I'll finish it."

But she didn't budge. She remained where she was, still holding last night's tray of spoiled, cold food.

I sighed, realizing she wouldn't listen. I didn't want to be more burdened, so I slowly approached the new tray.

The food looked... normal. Real. Even delicious. Nothing like the watery soup or stale crusts I'd grown used to. My fingers hovered over the edge of the plate.

I sat down and picked up the fork with a trembling hand.

It's okay, Elira... no one would spoil your food here—

How sure are you, Elira?

Before I could bring the fork to my mouth, Dianne stepped forward.

With calm, practiced motions, she picked up a fork and took a small bite from each dish—meat, vegetables, even the bread. She moved with a quiet certainty that left no room for argument.

"Wait—" I started, my hand half-raised to stop her.

But it was too late. She had already tasted everything.

She set the fork down and stepped back, folding her hands neatly in front of her apron.

Her gaze met mine—not defiant, not impatient. Just steady. Steady and calm, like she was telling me without a single word: See? Nothing happened. It's safe.

I stared at her, heart pounding in my ears. My mind scrambled for a reason to hesitate and be afraid. But there was none.

She didn't speak. She didn't have to.

I looked down at the food again. Still warm. Still real.

I didn't know whether I felt comforted or ashamed.

With a quiet breath, I picked up the fork again.

My hand trembled less this time.

I lifted the fork to my mouth and took a cautious bite.

Warm. Tender. The meat nearly melted on my tongue, seasoned with herbs I couldn't name. It wasn't just edible—it was good.

And suddenly, I forgot how to breathe.

This was... my first proper meal in a long time.

Not since the pack house. Not since I learned to shrink myself into corners, waiting for someone to leave scraps. Not since I knew that food wasn't mine unless they had already eaten their fill and tossed the rest aside.

I wasn't just scared of being poisoned.

Most days, there simply wasn't anything left for me to eat.

I'd gotten used to the gnawed edges of someone else's bread. Soup that had long gone cold. Bones picked clean before I even touched them.

That was how it was for me—for the cursed omega.

I blinked quickly, pushing the thoughts back, refusing to let them turn this moment bitter.

Because right now, I have a plate of food in front of me.

It was mine.

A soft sound left my throat as I took another bite. I hadn't realized I was crying until a single tear dropped onto my lap.

I wiped it away quickly, embarrassed, even though no one said anything.

Dianne was still there, watching silently, not judging. Just... waiting.

And for the first time in years, I let myself eat without fear. Without shame.

Maybe I'd pay for this later.

Maybe kindness always had a price.

But just for today—I would take the bite.

I would finish the meal.

And pretend I wasn't still that girl who used to wait in the shadows for someone to leave her scraps.

I was almost finished—just a few bites left—when Dianne finally spoke.

"I'll prepare your bath and lay out your clothes," she said quietly, her voice as calm and even as before.

I looked up, startled by the sudden break in silence. "You don't have to—" I began, not used to being served.

But before I could even finish my words, she had already turned away from me.

Dianne crossed the room without hesitation and walked to a door I hadn't even thought to open. It was tucked in the corner, almost blending in with the wall.

I sat there, fork in hand, watching her push it open.

A soft creak echoed, and then she disappeared inside.

I could hear faint sounds—water rushing, metal clinking gently. The sound of taps being turned, a cabinet opening and closing. The quiet rhythm of someone who had done this a hundred times before.

I looked down at my near-empty plate, my stomach now full and warm.

What was this?

A meal. A bath. Clean clothes.

Didn't I come here to be enslaved?

Then why would Darius Vane give me a room, a bath, food... even a servant?

He's cruel with his words and how he treats me, but...

My fingers tightened slightly around the fork. I shouldn't get used to this. I knew better than to believe any of it would last.

Still, when Dianne reemerged, her hands lightly dusted with steam, I didn't speak.

She walked past me again, this time to the large closet I hadn't dared to open. She pulled it open—revealing more clothes than I could process. Dresses, casual pieces, even delicate gowns—neatly hung and untouched. Shoes lined the bottom. Jewelry boxes glinted in a nearby cabinet.

My breath caught in my throat.

None of it felt like it was meant for me.

But Dianne didn't hesitate. She simply began laying out what I assumed would be my outfit for the day.

Like this was normal.

Like I was someone worth taking care of.

I wasn't.

But still, I sat there, unable to move, watching her glide gracefully through the space.

"Do you need help washing yourself?" she asked after laying out the complete outfit on the bed.

"N-no, I can manage. Thank you," I answered quickly before she could do anything else.

She nodded, then glanced at my plate.

"I-I'm full—"

"Sorin said you should finish everything."

She looked at me in a way that made it clear—she only followed orders, and if he told her not to leave until I finished, then she wouldn't.

So, I quietly ate the remaining food on my plate, even though I wasn't used to being this full.

If this was what prison in this kingdom looked like... then maybe it wasn't that bad.

But Sorin's words kept echoing in my head.

Why would he say those things?



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