

# The Lycan King's Cursed Omega Novel

Chapter 8: His Rules

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I was stunned when the spray of water from the shower caught me off guard.

It wasn't what I expected. It wasn't icy like it had always been at the pack house.

Warmth flowed over my skin like a soft, unfamiliar touch.

It made me freeze—not from the temperature... but from what it meant.

Warm water.

For me.

What kind of joke was this?

I stood under the stream, motionless, as if moving might break the illusion.

Then, slowly, I reached for the soap and began to scrub myself, watching as the dirt and old bruises washed down the drain, circling away like pieces of the girl I used to be.

And then it came back to me—Sorin's voice.

His words.

Did I want to escape this kingdom? To be free?

Of course I do.

But why would he ask that? Why would he even offer it?

Darius was their Lycan King. Sorin was his beta.

And speaking those words... it sounded like betrayal.

Willing to burn bridges.

Willing to let me—the cursed omega—go.

Get him to like me?

Make him fall for me?

I let out a bitter, sarcastic laugh. Impossible.

What kind of twisted suggestion was that?

And absurd, too—how could I possibly make someone like Darius Vane fall for me?

He saw me as a lowly omega—his perfect, breakable, cursed omega wife.

I was property to him—a stained one, at that.

Something to own, to silence, to mold.

The idea of him feeling anything like affection?

Impossible.

But... if that were even possible, would I want it?

Would I want to drag someone else into my curse?

Into the storm that had already taken everyone I loved?

My brother.

My mother.

Even Kael.

The soap slipped from my hand and hit the floor with a dull thud as my fingers trembled from the memory.

I had asked Sorin not to be kind to me or get close.

Because he didn't deserve to get hurt.

And Darius Vane... even if he hated me, cursed me with words, threatened me—

He didn't deserve that either.

No one did.

If my curse were real, then I'd rather carry it alone.

I closed my eyes.

But I wondered...

What would it feel like to be the one who chose the ending?

What would it feel like... to be free?

I guess...

I would never find the answer to that.

I looked at the clock.

Five minutes to twelve.

Then my eyes drifted back to the mirror, and for a moment, I didn't recognize the girl staring back at me.

The dress Dianne had laid out shimmered faintly in the light. It was soft, elegant—too elegant for someone like me.

The fabric hugged my waist just right, the sleeves were sheer and embroidered with delicate thread, curling like the vines my mother used to stitch into her old handkerchiefs.

The hem fell just above my ankles, swaying gently whenever I moved.

It didn't look borrowed or worn.

It looked like it belonged to someone important.

And I... I didn't know how to feel about that.

My shoes were silver-buckled sandals and perfectly fitted to my feet. They looked almost identical to the ones Lorelei used to wear back in the pack house—ones I used to stare at from the corner of the room, knowing I'd never even touch a pair like them. She always made sure I knew they were too good for me.

But now... here I was.

Wearing them.

I reached up and touched the pearl headband nestled gently in my hair. Dianne had prepared it for me like she knew I wouldn't choose something for myself. It gleamed softly in the light—simple, delicate, a quiet kind of beautiful. It held my hair back neatly, revealing my pale face.

Still pale. Still thin.

But...

Maybe it was the bath. Perhaps it was the food. Maybe it was just the soft fabric against my skin.

I didn't look sick anymore.

I looked... alive.

Not like someone ready to run.

Not like someone cursed.

Just a girl in a mirror, dressed in a way she never imagined she'd be.

My gaze dropped to the ring on my finger.

I turned it slowly, letting my thumb graze the cold metal. It had felt heavy when I first wore it—a shackle more than a symbol. But now, it had warmed to my skin.

I hated that.

I hated how easy it was to get used to... this illusion of care. Of gentleness.

This wasn't love. This wasn't even kindness.

This was ownership. A display. A performance.

A curse.

I was still his. Darius Vane's. A thing he could use. A wife by title, by force—not by choice.

Still, I couldn't stop the way my stomach knotted, like something was about to happen.

Like I was walking into something I couldn't name.

I took a step back from the mirror and breathed in.

Straightened my spine. Let my arms fall loosely at my sides.

"Just survive this," I whispered.

That was all I had to do.

I took one final breath, preparing to hear Dianne's soft knock at the door and her voice telling me it was time.

But it never came.

Instead, the door burst open.

I flinched as Darius Vane stepped into the room without so much as a knock.

He didn't speak.

He didn't even blink.

His sharp gaze landed on me—and stayed.

A slow sweep from head to toe and back again.

His jaw tightened just slightly. Then his lip curled—not into a smile.

Something crueler. Something that made me feel suddenly bare in the most dangerous way.

"Did you dress up hoping I'd change my mind about what you are?" he said flatly, his voice a blade cloaked in silk.

I didn't. Dianne prepared this for me, and you told me to fix myself.

But I just swallowed hard, lips pressing together. I didn't speak.

"But I suppose even a cursed thing," he added, voice dropping as he studied the pearl headband, "can look... halfway decent when cleaned up."

I felt it again, that dull ache in my chest; why am I not getting used to these cruel words?

He turned around without another word. "Let's go."

I followed him, but I still didn't know why he had to pick me up personally.

I stared at his back as he walked to the hallway, his black coat swaying with the movement of his steps.

He walked with that quiet confidence like the world bent when he moved.

Like nothing could touch him.

Just before he reached the top of the stairs, he stopped.

Slowly, Darius turned to face me.

And then, to my surprise, he extended his arm out to me, offering it in a way that should have been gentlemanly.

Except there was nothing gentle about him.

I stared at it, blinking, dumbfounded.

What is this?

I didn't move, unsure of what to do with the gesture—until he moved for me.

Without a word, he reached forward, took my hand, and placed it firmly on his arm.

His touch was brief and impersonal, but I still felt it echo through my bones.

I almost spoke. I almost asked why—why the gesture, why the illusion of courtesy when cruelty was easier for him. But before I could, he spoke first.

Cold and sharp.

"These are the rules," he said, voice low. "You will sit beside me, speak only when spoken to, and smile if you're asked a question. If anyone insults you, you'll ignore it. You'll not embarrass me or make a scene."

His eyes locked on mine.

"And one more thing—do not ask questions. Not to them. Not to me. Not even with your eyes."

I froze.

Not even with my eyes.

I nodded once stiffly, my throat dry.

This wasn't a lunch.

It was a performance.

And I was the cursed prop seated beside the king.



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