

# The Lycan King's Cursed Omega Novel

Chapter 9: Darius' Pack

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We descended the stairs in silence.

Each step echoed beneath my feet, even though the soft soles of my sandals barely made a sound.

My hand still rested on Darius's arm, though I held it there like it might bite me—light and uncertain like I didn't belong in that contact.

Because I didn't.

But I couldn't let go.

Not with what was waiting below.

I saw them before we reached the bottom.

Darius Vane's pack...

Their gazes fixed on us like we were descending from a throne. Their eyes shimmered with something between curiosity and judgment.

My heart pounded.

A single misstep. A flicker of fear. One breath out of place, and I felt like they'd tear me apart without lifting a finger.

The cursed omega offered to their Lycan King.

I could feel their whispers even in their silence.

Why me?

What am I doing beside their Lycan King?

How long until I'm discarded?

I swallowed hard, keeping my head level and my spine straight, trying to mimic Darius's posture even though every instinct in me screamed to shrink.

But I didn't.

I didn't cower even if I wanted to.

Darius remained stone beside me, and I was like fragile glass, walking beside someone who could shatter me without even trying.

As we reached the final step, all those eyes seemed to grow heavier.

I felt naked beneath their scrutiny, even though Dianne had helped me dress this elegantly to be someone worthy of notice.

I knew this wouldn't change my identity.

I was still that lowly cursed omega.

I glanced sideways at Darius, but his jaw was clenched, and his expression unreadable.

There were six of them waiting at the bottom of the stairs.

All stood tall, like carved statues, dressed in elegant formality. Even from here, I could smell how different this pack was from ours.

They were powerful and untouchable—something most packs would have wanted to be a part of. Far from the impression I got from the hearsay.

Among them was Sorin Vane; he looked at me. His eyes were unreadable, but it was as if I could still hear his words from earlier, repeating as our eyes met.

I removed my gaze from him, only to meet a woman's eyes.

She was a Luna, I assumed. Her aura said so.

The woman stood slightly apart from the others—not with distance, but with presence.

She wore a gown of deep violet, her silver hair cascading like moonlight over her shoulders. Her expression was neither cold nor curious.

It was kind.

Warm.

Too warm.

She stepped forward, and the others instinctively made room for her, parting in silent respect.

Then she smiled.

"Welcome to our pack, dear," she said, her voice clear and graceful.

I froze.

What?

I had braced myself for a nod, a stare, a formal acknowledgment laced with silent scorn—something that would match Darius's bitterness.

But instead—

She opened her arms.

Darius let go of my hand before I could even think of what would happen next.

She hugged me.

Her arms wrapped around me with a gentleness I didn't know how to process. She wasn't hesitant. She wasn't testing me. She just... embraced me.

I stood there stiffly, frozen in disbelief. Her perfume was soft, like lavender and pine. Her warmth soaked through me in a way that made my throat tighten.

What... what is this?

"I'm Selene Vane," she said, pulling back just enough to look at me. "Darius's mother. You must be Elira."

I stared at her, lips parted, unable to speak.

Not because I didn't want to—but because the words didn't exist.

I had been prepared for disdain. For polite cruelty. For veiled disgust.

For how Darius looked at me.

Not this.

Not warmth.

Not kindness.

Not a mother's touch.

Why did this feel more dangerous than any insult?

"You're trembling," she said gently, brushing a strand of hair behind my ear like I was something fragile. "You don't have to be afraid, dear. No one's going to hurt you here."

No one?

I doubted that.

I was afraid—not of her. Not exactly.

But of what kindness like this could cost.

What it might be hiding.

Because I knew better than to believe in comfort.

But I gave her a nod and forced a smile. "Thank you."

Her eyes searched mine for a long, quiet second. She looked at my face like she was seeing someone she had known for a long time.

Then she smiled again, and this time, something sad was behind it.

"You'll find your place here, Elira," she said.

I barely had time to recover from Selene's unexpected warmth when I felt it—that familiar press of eyes on me again.

There were still four others since I already knew Sorin Vane.

They stood behind Selene, forming a subtle crescent around Darius like they'd been raised to protect him. Or maybe to remind the world of who he belonged to.

His bloodline.

His pack.

His wolves.

I stepped forward, even though I wanted to run upstairs. But I remembered what I'd told myself repeatedly—I have to survive this.

The first was a tall man with salt-and-pepper hair slicked back, his tailored suit dark and unforgiving. His gaze wasn't unkind but sharp like he'd spent his whole life assessing threats.

"I'm Caelan, Darius' uncle," he introduced himself.

"Former strategist for the Northern Front," Selene added with a proud smile.

Caelan gave me a single nod. "You stand straight," he said. "That's a good start."

I wasn't sure if that was approval or a warning, so I said nothing.

Next to him was a woman who looked like she belonged in a magazine spread—elegant in a cream pantsuit, long black hair slicked into a braid that looked like it could slice through silk. Her lips were painted a deep wine red, and her eyebrows arched in amusement.

"That's Aunt Revina," Selene continued.

Revina's eyes flicked over me slowly, top to toe. "She's prettier than that

picture of hers," she murmured. "Delicate in a tragic sort of way. Like a ghost in silk."

"Revina, stop it."

The third was a younger man—maybe a few years older than me—dressed in a casual black shirt with rolled sleeves, exposing inked runes along his forearm. He looked me over with blatant curiosity.

"He's Lucan, Elira—our Gamma."

He grinned. "The infamous omega," he said, not unkindly. "You're braver than most would be, standing next to him."

He nodded toward Darius, who still held no emotion beside me.

Then, finally, there was a girl. Her features were delicate, her eyes piercing silver like Selene's. She wore combat boots with her dress and crossed her arms as if daring anyone to call her out for it.

"My youngest," Selene said, brushing a hand through the girl's shoulder-length waves. "This is Sera."

Sera Vane.

Her gaze narrowed. "Do you even want to be here?" she asked me bluntly.

"Sera," Selene warned gently.

I should smile. That's the rule.

No. Don't you dare, Elira.

"No," I said honestly.

Elira!

I felt Darius's dark stare, but he didn't move beside me. He didn't hurt me.

Maybe... later.

Sera laughed, joined by Aunt Revina. "Oh my, she'll quickly adjust here. Welcome to our pack, Elira."

I stood in the middle of them—a cursed omega pretending to belong.

And somehow... not one of them tore me down.

Not yet.

Selene touched my arm again. "Come, Elira. Lunch is ready."

And just like that, I was being guided toward a dining room I wasn't sure I had the stomach for—surrounded by werewolves who shared Darius's blood, his power, and maybe even his... cruelty.

But not one of them looked at me the way he did.

And that was almost worse.

I was guided to the seat beside Darius, though I would have preferred the furthest corner—unseen, unheard.

Selene sat at the head of the table, her calm presence filling the space effortlessly. Caelan, Revina, Lucan, and Sera had already taken their places.

Sorin sat across from me, unreadable. For a moment, I thought maybe—maybe I could eat in silence. Perhaps I could pass as invisible.

But then the doors opened again.

"Am I already late for this?"

The voice was gentle—soft-spoken, almost airy. A woman stepped in with a warm smile, dressed in pastel pink, her blonde hair tied in a neat braid over one shoulder.

"Oh, I hope I'm not interrupting anything," she said as she moved toward the table.

"Valeria," Selene said, rising slightly. "We didn't know you were visiting."

"Sorry, I had to invite myself. I heard about Darius's wedding—how could I miss the chance to meet his Luna?"

How she said that word—Luna—sounded like something bitter, she was forcing herself to swallow.

Her eyes found me across the room.

Her smile widened—gentle, curious, kind. It made my stomach twist.

"Hi. You're the one, I suppose. I've heard... fascinating things about you."

She circled behind Darius, her fingers brushing the back of his chair before she took the empty seat across from me.

She looked around the table. "I hope I haven't ruined anything by arriving late. I was simply dying to see what sort of someone could stand where my sister once did."

The room fell quiet.

Her sister?

I blinked.

I'd only married Darius yesterday. I had no idea about his past and knew I had no right to ask him about that.

I was just here—sold off, sitting beside a stranger who owned me, surrounded by wolves who watched my every move.

I kept my expression carefully blank. I didn't ask. I didn't react. I remembered what Darius told me:

Don't speak unless spoken to. Smile if asked a question. Ignore insults.

But I could feel the shift in the room, the subtle tension that clung to the air like static.

I forced my eyes down to the table.

Their reactions... I knew what they meant.

Whatever had existed here before me still lived in their memory.

And I was just an outsider, wearing someone else's title.

No...

I didn't even have that title.

Darius Vane married me. I'm his wife.

But I would never be his Luna.

Never.

