

To ruin an Omega #Chapter 249: Hallowed - Read To ruin an Omega Chapter 249: Hallowed

Chapter 249: Hallowed

FIA

The dream came for me again.

I was back in that body. Athena's body. Strapped down with iron thick restraints biting into my wrists and ankles while fluorescent lights buzzed overhead.

The cold metal sheet that pressed against my spine was perhaps the worst of it. That and the sickening feeling the injection the man thrust into me gave me.

The chainsaw roared to life again.

My throat seemed raw from screaming as the blade descended toward my exposed belly, and I thrashed against the leather straps. They didn't give.

Then my stomach lurched.

Bile rose in my throat or would I classify it as Athena's throat. I couldn't stop it or hold it back. I turned my head and vomited.

The chainsaw stopped.

"Odd." The man's voice still had that same clinical and detached cadence to it. He set the chainsaw down on a metal tray where it clattered against surgical instruments. "Why would you be rejecting what I injected inside of you?"

His footsteps echoed on the stone floor as he inched closer. I struggled the closer it got.

A valiant waste of time.

His gloved hands gripped my chin and forced my head back as he peeled my eyelids open wider and studied my eyes like I was a specimen under a microscope. Then he grabbed my hand and examined my fingernails with the same cold precision.

"Huh."

He made a sound that might have been surprise or perhaps it was just plain old curiosity. Still... it was nothing kind.

Then he spoke in a language I didn't recognize. The syllables were harsh. Angular. They scraped against my ears like broken glass.

A spell?

His hand pressed flat against my stomach.

Something moved beneath his palm. Inside of me.

"You're pregnant?"

I woke up gasping.

Cold sweat soaked through my nightdress. The sheets tangled around my legs. My heart hammered so hard I thought it might crack my ribs.

Fuck! That icky dream again.

I hated that room. That stone cold space that kept stealing my sleep. That kept denying me the rest my body desperately needed.

But...

One dream could be stashed as a simple coincidence. A trick of an exhausted mind trying to process trauma.

Two? Two had to be a message.

The goddess didn't do anything by accident. Lady Selene had made that clear. And this revelation that kept hitting me like ice water had to be a sign she wanted something. Perhaps I was grasping at straws. But I didn't think so.

I threw off the covers.

My feet hit the floor before I'd fully thought through what I was doing. The bond hummed gently in the back of my mind. Cian was close. Probably in his room. Probably sleeping. I was glad he was at least resting instead of hyper fixing in the fact that his best friend and brother-in-arms was a fucking traitor.

I opened my door and stepped into the hallway.

The estate was quiet. Most of the pack was asleep. But sentinels stood at their posts throughout the building.

I walked down the corridor until I found one. He straightened when he saw me and immediately bowed his head to show respect.

"Luna," He said, "Do you need me to get the Alpha?"

"No." I shook my head. "I just want to know where the library is."

He gave me directions.

I thanked him and went.

The library door was heavy oak. It swung open on well-oiled hinges and I stepped inside.

The space took my breath away.

Books lined every wall from floor to ceiling. Shelves stretched back into shadows that the moonlight streaming through tall windows couldn't quite reach. The smell hit me first. Old paper and leather bindings. There was also the lingering scent of dust and wood polish that all libraries seemed to carry.

And I'd thought Silver Creek's library was impressive.

This was a cathedral to knowledge.

I moved between the shelves, letting my fingers trail along the spines of books as I passed. Some were so old the titles had faded to nothing. Others were newer. Their leather still supple under my touch.

I was looking for genealogy records. Family histories. Anything that might explain more about this Athena figure.

When I turned the corner into another row of shelves, someone stood there.

I gasped. Stumbled back a step.

Like I hadn't realized there was a possibility that anyone could even be here.

The woman did the same. The book in her hands clattered to the floor.

My heart was still on edge from the dream. From the shock. So it took me a moment to actually see her for her.

Silver hair... With deep blue beads woven throughout and pale eyes that seemed to look straight through me.

I recognized her. She was the elder... my mind did a few flips on what her name was before it clicked.

Elder Moira; the spiritual guide who'd performed our bonding ceremony.

"I didn't see you there." I pressed a hand to my chest and felt my heart hammering beneath my palm. "I'm sorry, Elder Moira."

I bent down to pick up the book she'd dropped.

"I apologize too, Luna Fia." Her voice was gentle. The same tone she'd used during the ceremony. It was calm, as it was steady and it reminded me of still water.

"I heard about the horrid accident," she continued. "It is great to see you are fine now." She then paused. "But that is a given, considering you have awokened."

I handed her the book.

She took it and moved past me to return it to its place on the shelf.

Her words echoed in my head. Considering you have awokened. At first they didn't register. It seemed like just pleasantries and simple concern, until it did not and that was when it clicked into place.

"Did you say awokened?"

Elder Moira slid the book back into its spot before she turned to face me. "Of course." She studied my face. "I knew not to panic because you were my Lady's favored child. She goes above and beyond for us."

My Lady? Was she talking about Lady Selene?

Immediately it came, I scoffed. Who else would she be talking about?

"Lady Selene said that too." The words came out quieter than I'd intended.

The elder walked back toward me. Her footsteps were silent on the library floor. "I saw it the day you wore your sister's veil." Her eyes held mine and they stayed unwavering. "I saw you were the one meant for him. You were this pack's salvation."

The air left my lungs.

"You knew?" My voice cracked. "You knew it was me? Before Cian took off the veil?"

"The goddess shows me what she needs me to know." She said it simply. Like it was the most natural thing in the world. "And I saw you covered in her source. I had to make sure he didn't let you go in blind rage. I had to play my part. Just like my Lady would have wanted."

The pieces fell into place. The way she'd stepped forward during the ceremony. The way she'd spoken with such conviction. The way she'd looked at Cian when he'd been ready to reject me on sight.

"Right." I breathed out slowly. "You are the reason he didn't immediately reject me."

Elder Moira chuckled. The sound was warm and almost fond. "I wouldn't give myself that much credit." She tilted her head. "The Alpha saw reason too."

But she'd been the catalyst. She'd been the one to make him pause. To make him think before acting on rage and perceived betrayal.

Chapter 250: Eyes that see 1

FIA

I stared at Elder Moira, my throat tight. The question burned in my chest, demanding to be let out.

"Why does she favor me?"

The words came out raw. Desperate, even. I hated how much I needed the answer.

Elder Moira's expression softened.

"When I saw her..." I paused, choosing my words with care. "She spoke in riddles."

She gave me the "Of course she did" look. Like it was basic knowledge that the gods would never make anything simple for anyone.

"I do not know myself." The elder's pale eyes held mine. "But the gods give favor to who they will give favor to. Who are we to question it?"

I wanted to argue. To demand a real answer. But what good would that do? Like Elder Moira had said, Lady Selene had her reasons. Whether or not I understood them was apparently irrelevant.

I nodded.

Elder Moira studied me for another moment, then glanced around the library. "You must be here for a reason. I should leave you to it."

"Right. Thank you."

She turned to leave. Her silver hair caught the moonlight streaming through the windows, the blue beads woven throughout glinting like tiny stars. Her footsteps were silent against the floor as she moved toward the corner.

But the question clawed at my throat. The dream. The memory. Whatever the hell it was.

"Do you..." I swallowed hard. "Do you have prophetic dreams?"

The woman stopped. She then slowly turned, and her expression had shifted into something curious. She seemed interested in what I said and I couldn't tell if that was supposed to elate me or not.

"Did you?" She threw back.

I wouldn't know what to call it. The words tangled in my mouth before I could get them out properly.

"I wouldn't know if that is what I would even call it," I admitted. "But it was the oddest thing. Like I was in the skin of another and seeing through their eyes. It was like a memory."

Elder Moira walked back toward me. Not all the way. Just enough to close some of the distance between us. She tilted her head slightly, considering.

"Well..." She drew the word out. "That doesn't feel like a prophetic dream. If anything, it is what you said it was. A memory."

"The memories are not my own though."

I said it quickly. Too quickly. Like I needed her to understand that I wasn't losing my mind. That this wasn't just my head playing tricks on me because of some accident that I magically healed from by the way.

"Have you ever heard of the term blood memories?"

Blood memories. The man from my dream had said something about that. The first time I'd had it. When Athena's body had been strapped to that table and he'd been examining her like a specimen.

"What is that?"

The elder clasped her hands in front of her. The gesture was calm. Measured. Everything I wasn't feeling right now.

"It is believed that like water, blood has memories." Her voice took on that teaching quality. The one that made you want to listen and learn. "It is why children inherit features of those before them. And sometimes those memories can be actual memories."

My stomach twisted.

"Perhaps that was what you felt and saw," she continued. "You did just go through something very traumatic. That could be why your blood recalls something equally traumatic. Even if they are not... your memories."

I wanted to dismiss it. To shake my head and say that was ridiculous. But I couldn't. Because as much as I didn't want to take what she said seriously, I couldn't deny something solid was there. A ruling Nocturne woman... The Luna had said I looked suspiciously like some girl. And now I was having dreams about that girl.

What were the odds?

"Do you have more questions?"

Elder Moira's voice pulled me back to the present. I blinked, realizing I'd been staring at nothing. I was still processing and trying to make sense of blood memories and goddesses and dreams that felt too real.

"No. Thank you."

The elder smiled. It was warm as it was genuine. Then she turned and left, her footsteps still silent as she disappeared through the library door.

I stood there for a moment. Just taking slow and purposeful breaths. Then I looked at the book she'd put back on the shelf. The one I'd picked up for her after we'd both startled each other.

Curiosity got the better of me.

I went toward it and pulled it from its spot. The leather was worn but well cared for. I opened it and immediately realized it wasn't actually some book. It was a guide. A guide she was writing about her spiritual practices. It even contained the uses of certain herbs.

I scrolled through the pages. It had diagrams of plants even I didn't recognize. Descriptions of rituals and ceremonies. Notes written in careful handwriting that sometimes dissolved into rushed scrawl when a thought had clearly hit her all at once.

Then I paused at one.

Mourning Moon.

I wondered why that would be under what she would term a healing herb. The name alone sounded ominous. If you even ignored what it was capable of.

I read what the elder wrote.

Sometimes poison is mercy for the doomed. There are situations where even the best of your herbs cannot fix what is wrong and a peaceful death is the way to go. The Mourning Moon can be a dangerous and painful way to leave the world. But in the right hands, it can bring a painless death.

Something cracked in my chest.

A tear rolled down my cheek before I even realized I was crying. Then another. I pressed the heel of my hand against my eyes, trying to stop them. But they kept coming.

It had been suggested when my mother's rot got worse that she be given something similar. That it would take her out of the world. I had been repulsed by it. Fucking euthanasia. That's what it was. And the only reason my mother had refused to even nurture the thought no matter how much she hurt was simply because I was so vehemently against it.

I thought back now. At the truth that I had cured my mother at the end of the day. And Isobel had still killed her with a fucking pillow.

My hands shook. I wanted to scream. To break something. Reading this reminded me that regardless of the fate that Hazel now has, it still couldn't be enough. Because I had wanted a life for a life. For Cian's sake and my own selfish sake. But that was done now. I couldn't dwell on that. Not now. Not when I had questions that needed answers.

I wiped my eyes and put the book back where it belonged. Then I kept looking for the genealogy section.

When I found it, my breath caught.

The genealogy section took up an entire wing. Row after row of leather bound volumes organized by pack and region. Some of the books looked ancient. Others were newer, their spines still intact and legible.

I moved through the rows until I found the northern ridges area. Then I found the pack called Nocturne. Isobel's original pack.