

To ruin an Omega

#Chapter 261: Revival 1 - Read To ruin an Omega

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CIAN

The main house came into view as we rounded the last bend. I imagined the delicate and her handler would be waiting impatiently in the lounge. My mind was already running through the questions I needed answered.

Who had put that hex on Fia? Who wanted her dead?

We climbed the front steps together. Ronan reached the door first and pulled it open, holding it for me. The gesture was automatic. Something he'd done a hundred times before.

I walked through without acknowledging it.

The lounge was on the first floor. We made our way down the familiar hallway, our footsteps muffled by the thick carpet runner. The morning light filtered through the windows, casting long shadows across the walls.

Ronan pushed open the lounge door.

Two figures sat in the center of the room. The delicate was easy to identify. She wore a veil that covered her entire face, the fabric so sheer I could make out the vague outline of features beneath it but nothing distinct. Her hands were covered in white gloves that went past her wrists. She sat perfectly still, her posture rigid and formal.

The handler stood beside her chair. A man in his late thirties who somehow now had a full hair of gray and sharp eyes that tracked our movements the moment we entered. He wore a simple suit, nothing flashy, but the way he carried himself spoke of someone used to being in control.

"Alpha Cian," the handler said. He dipped his head in a respectful nod. "Thank you for allowing us into your home."

"Thank you for coming on such short notice," I said. The words came out smooth, practiced. "I understand your services don't come cheap."

"This delicate's abilities are rare," the handler replied. "And invaluable, better than most of her peers when properly utilized."

I studied the veiled figure. She hadn't moved since we entered. Neither had she spoken. The stillness was unnerving.

"So I've heard." I moved further into the room, keeping my distance from them both. "You can read memories through touch. Objects. People. Is that correct?"

"Yes, Alpha," the handler said when the delicate remained silent. "Physical contact allows her to see what has been. The stronger the emotion attached to the memory, the clearer the vision."

"How do I know she's the real deal?"

The question came out colder than I'd intended.

"How do I know she's truly better than her peers, like you claim? Delicates don't always see clearly. Sometimes they only catch fragments. Sometimes they see nothing at all."

I held the handler's gaze.

"The reputation they carry didn't come from nowhere. There's a reason people call them glorified liars and I know it's usually because they cannot afford to not see nothing, especially after a large sum is paid. But..."

My jaw tightened.

"... tell me, how I can be certain she isn't going to feed me what she thinks I want to hear. Research about me and what happened must have been done after all. You know my enemies... The people I want it to be badly."

The handler's expression didn't change. "The delicate sees what is there. Nothing more. Nothing less."

"That's convenient," I said. "But I'm not paying that kind of money without proof she can actually do what you claim."

Ronan shifted beside me. I could feel his attention sharpening, focusing on where this was going.

"What did you have in mind?" the handler asked.

I turned to Ronan. "Let her touch you."

His entire body went tense. "What?"

"Let her read something from you," I said. The words came out light, almost casual. Like I was suggesting something completely reasonable. "Something personal. Something only you would know. If she can pull a real memory, then we'll know she's legitimate."

"No." The word might have come out flat and final to anyone. But not me.

His no told me a lot of things. None of them good.

"Why not?" I kept my tone curious rather than accusatory. "It's just a test."

"I'm the Beta of Skollrend." Ronan's jaw was tight. "I hold pack secrets. Information that could compromise our security if it fell into the wrong hands. I'm not letting some stranger root around in my head just to satisfy your paranoia." He smiles then. "Cian, I know for a fact she is the real deal."

The response was reasonable. Logical even. But the speed of his refusal, the tension in his shoulders, the way his hands had curled into fists at his sides, all of it screamed something else entirely.

He was afraid.

"Jeez, you sound terrified," I said. The observation hung in the air between us. "It's just a memory. Unless there's something you're hiding?" I chuckled too. So he wouldn't see it as anything other than a joke.

"Well that is the point. I am hiding things." Ronan's voice stayed level but his eyes were hard. "Not from you of course. But I'm being practical. These people are paid professionals. Which means they can be bought. They can be swayed with money. Giving them access to anything is dangerous. It's bad security."

"Fair point." I held up my hand, fingers spread. "Then I'll do it."

"No." Ronan stepped forward, positioning himself between me and the delicate. "The same logic applies. You're the Alpha. You have even more sensitive information than I do. We can't risk it."

I let my hand drop slowly. "So how exactly are we supposed to verify she can actually do this?"

Ronan turned back to the delicate and her handler. His shoulders were still tense, his posture defensive. "Can you.... ehm... make her feel the room?"

The handler raised an eyebrow. "Excuse me?"

"This room." Ronan gestured around us. "Painful memories must linger in places. Joyful ones too. If she's as powerful as you claim, she should be able to pick up on something that's happened here. Objects and walls hold echoes of the past, don't they?"

The handler looked at his charge. The delicate still hadn't moved. Still hadn't spoken. The silence stretched out for several long seconds.

"She can try," the handler finally said.

The delicate rose from her chair. The movement was smooth, as it was graceful. She reached up and removed her veil first. Her face was young, maybe early twenties, with pale skin and dark eyes that seemed too large for her face. There was something haunting about her features. Something not quite right that I couldn't pinpoint.

But it was something I had consistently heard about delicates.

Her hands went to the gloves next. She peeled them off slowly, revealing thin fingers and skin so white it looked like she'd never seen the sun. She folded both the veil and gloves carefully, placing them on the chair she'd vacated.

"Yes," she said. Her voice was soft, barely above a whisper. "I can feel this place."