

To ruin an Omega

Chapter 262: Revival 2

CIAN

She moved to the center of the room. Her bare feet made no sound against the hardwood floor. She knelt down and pressed both palms flat against the ground.

Nothing happened for a moment. Then her entire body went rigid.

"There is pain here." Her voice had change, becoming hollow, and distant. "Great pain. Old pain that has soaked into the very foundations of this place."

My chest tightened. What did that even mean?

"I see a woman," the delicate continued. Her eyes were open but unfocused, staring at nothing. "She's screaming. Her lungs burn with it. The sound tears from her throat until she has nothing left to give."

I felt my face harden. QI knew what pain she was talking about. I knew exactly what memory she was touching.

No. No, stop this.

"She's grieving." The delicate's voice cracked. "The grief is so heavy. So consuming. It's crushing her from the inside out. She loved who she's grieving for. Loved them more than anything else in this world."

My hands were shaking. I couldn't make them stop.

"It looks like she received news." The delicate's face contorted. "News that confirmed a truth she wanted to lie to herself about. It broke something inside her. Something that can never be fixed. She's still denying it. Screaming that it can't be true. That it can't be real."

"Stop," I said. The word barely made it past my lips.

The delicate didn't hear me. Or perhaps she couldn't hear me. She was too deep in whatever vision had taken hold.

"I feel hands on her." Tears were streaming down the delicate's face now. "Hands full of love. Hands full of hurt. Trying to comfort her. Trying to hold her together when she's falling apart."

The room was tilting. Or maybe I was swaying. I couldn't tell anymore.

"The goddess lies!" The delicate's voice rose, becoming shrill. Desperate. "I can still feel him. The bond. It's still there. I should still feel him! How can they say he's gone when I can feel him?"

Those were my mother's words. My mother's voice. Coming from this stranger's mouth.

"How can I live without him?" The delicate clutched at her chest, fingers digging into the fabric of her dress. "How can I continue to exist in a world where he doesn't?"

I couldn't breathe. My lungs weren't working properly. The air in the room had become too thick, too heavy.

"Cian!" The delicate turned toward me. Her eyes were still unfocused, still seeing something that wasn't there. "How can I live without him? Tell me how to survive this!"

My mother had asked me that. She'd grabbed my shoulders and shaken me, begging me to tell her how to keep going when her mate was dead and never coming back.

"Control her." Ronan's voice cut through the fog in my head. He'd moved in front of me, blocking my view of the delicate. "Control her now!"

"She's in deep," the handler said. His calm demeanor had cracked slightly. "She's experiencing it too strongly. The emotions are overwhelming her."

"I don't care what's happening to her." Ronan's words came out in a growl. "Control her now or I'll do it myself."

The delicate was sobbing. Full body shaking sobs that made her curl in on herself. "The pain. Goddess, the pain won't stop. It's eating me alive. I can't. I can't do this."

"Handler!" Ronan snapped.

The handler pulled something from his pocket. A small device that fit in his palm. He pressed a button.

The delicate screamed. Her entire body went rigid, back arching at an impossible angle. The sound was horrible and inhuman. It cut off as suddenly as it had started and she collapsed forward onto the floor, gasping for air.

The silence that followed was deafening.

I was still shaking. My whole body trembled like I was standing in a snowstorm instead of a warm room in my own house. The memory of my mother's voice echoed in my head. The way she'd sounded when she'd broken down after hearing of his death. The

way she'd looked at me with eyes that were already dead, just waiting for her body to catch up.

"Get her out," Ronan said. His voice was quiet now but there was steel underneath it. "Get her out of this room right now."

The handler moved quickly. He helped the delicate to her feet, supporting most of her weight as she swayed. She was crying silently now, tears streaming down her face as she stared at nothing.

"I apologize, Alpha," the handler said. He was already guiding the delicate toward the door. "She's never gone that deep before. The emotion in this place must be stronger than anything she's encountered."

I couldn't respond. I couldn't make my mouth form words.

They left the room. The door closed behind them with a soft click.

Ronan turned to face me. His expression was carefully neutral but I could see the concern in his eyes. "Cian."

"She's real," I said. The words felt disconnected from my body. "She's legitimate."

"Yes," Ronan agreed. "But are you okay?"

"That must have hurt."

I looked him in the eye. "It did. But it also means she can help us figure out who tried to hex and kill Fia."

He nodded as my mind went back to it again.

"My mother stood in this spot." I looked down at the floor where the delicate had knelt. "Right here. When they told her my father was dead. She collapsed right here."

"I know." Ronan's voice was gentle. "I remember."

"She asked me how to survive it." The memory was so clear now. Too clear. "Like I had any fucking answers. I was just a kid. I didn't know how to help her."

"You did help her," Ronan said. "You stayed with her. You didn't leave."

"Until I did." The guilt twisted in my gut. "Until I couldn't handle it anymore and I ran."

"You were younger," Ronan said. "It was a lot. You did the best you could."

I finally looked at him. Really looked at him. My friend. My brother. The person I'd trusted with everything for years.

The person I now had to suspect of betraying me.

"Yeah," I said. "I guess I did... Well... get them back in the room. Let's get this shit over with."