

To ruin an Omega

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HAZEL

I blinked.

"But you are right. You are my daughter, and I know you well." She tilted her head slightly. "Why would your tricks work on me?"

Heat crept up my neck. I stepped back.

"Eat." Mother gestured to Delta. "Delta will stay with you and help you dress."

"For what?"

"I wasn't joking yesterday. You are leaving for the Lily of the Valley today."

I scoffed, the sound harsh in the quiet room. "I do not want to marry now. I will stay unmarried for at least a year. You will not force me because you believe I humiliated you a bit too much last night."

"Hazel..."

"Everybody makes mistakes. I was in my feelings yesterday and I know what I did was low. But I was just in a heightened state." The words came faster now, tumbling over each other. "Pushing me to that random pack knowing damn well that fucker is in love with Fia will not fix it."

"Giving you the chance to wreck the mess of personality and standing you have left will be even worse." Mother's voice remained calm, which somehow made it worse. "What will happen if Lily of the Valley decides you are too much to handle?"

"Grandmother promised them something they want really badly. They will not."

"Everybody has their limits. I will not let you test it."

She turned toward the door.

Panic flared in my chest. "Well, you cannot force me. You can lock me in my room for as long as you want. But you cannot get me out of Silver Creek."

Mother stopped. Then slowly, she turned back to face me.

"I hold power over everybody in this pack, including you." Her eyes held mine. "You will clean up, eat and get ready to go. I will go have a discussion with my mother to get Lily of the Valley ready for your disappointing ass."

"I will stand my ground." I lifted my chin. "All you will do is bark."

Something flickered across Mother's face. This was nothing like the flashes of anger she usually had. My hackles food because this was something colder.

"My love has really blinded you to reality. But no more."

She walked to the door and opened it wider. "My daughter wants it the hard way. Come inside and make sure what I want is done."

Four Omegas filed into the room. I recognized two of them. Girls who used to bow their heads when I passed, who used to scramble to do my bidding.

Now they looked at me with something that made my blood run cold.

"You have my permission to be rough." Mother's voice was steel. "I want her cleaned and dressed when I come back."

Then she left. She literally just walked out without looking back.

Delta moved to the door, shut it, and pocketed the key. The click of the lock sounded unnaturally loud.

My eyes widened. "What are you doing, Delta?"

"It's no hard feelings, Hazel." Delta's expression was almost apologetic. Almost. Not when she said my name without a title before it. "I'm just doing what my Luna wants."

She pointed to my ensuite bathroom. "You can do it yourself, or we can do it for you. And trust me, we would love to."

I stared at her. At all of them. "Oh. The veil has dropped. You do think you are better than me now."

No one answered.

"But newsflash, you useless cunts, I still hold power."

Delta's mouth curved into something that wasn't quite a smile. "What power?"

"You want to know what power is? Let's show you." She turned to the other Omegas. "Looks like this Omega will make our life difficult. Let us not anger our Luna. Undress her. Be rough if she makes it hard and do not hold back."

I took a step back. "You wouldn't dare."

They did dare. They rushed at me.

I tried to slap the closest one, but someone grabbed my wrist. Another girl appeared on my other side, and before I could react, she dealt me two hard slaps across the face.

The world tilted. My ears rang.

Hands grabbed at my nightgown. I heard fabric ripping and I felt the cool air on my skin.

"No!" I twisted, trying to break free. "Stop it!"

But there were too many of them. Too many hands, too much strength. When had Omegas gotten this strong? When had they stopped being afraid of me?

I tried to fight. I clawed at someone's arm, kicked out at another. But for every move I made, they countered with practiced efficiency. Like they'd been waiting for this. Like they'd been planning it for years.

A fist connected with my ribs. I gasped, the air leaving my lungs in a rush.

"Stop! Stop it! Unhand me, you fucking Omegas!"

Someone laughed. The sound was bright and cruel.

They dragged me toward the bathroom. My feet scraped against the floor. I tried to dig my heels in, tried to grab onto the doorframe, but there were too many of them and I was too weak.

When did I become so weak?

"What do you think you are now?" one of them asked, her voice almost conversational.

The tears came then. Hot and humiliating, streaming down my face as they hauled me into the bathroom. One of them turned on the bath. The sound of rushing water filled the space.

They held me there, their grips iron-tight on my arms and legs. I couldn't move. I couldn't fight. I could barely breathe through the sobs wrenching themselves from my throat.

All I could think about was Fia.

Fia, the fucking Omega who has turned the universe against me to make me this lowly creature. Fia, who had turned Mother against me. Fia, who had stolen everything from me without even trying.

This was her fault. All of it. Every humiliation, every loss, every moment of powerlessness. She'd done this to me.

And if I ever got the chance again, if I ever had even a sliver of power back, I would kill her.

I would watch the light leave her eyes and feel nothing but satisfaction.

The water kept running. The hands kept holding me. And I kept crying, because what else could I do?

All that dominated my mind now was revenge and how bloody it needed to be.