

## To ruin an Omega

### #Chapter 281: Blessed be thy hands - Read To ruin an Omega Chapter 281: Blessed be thy hands

*Chapter 281: Blessed be thy hands*

#### **FIA**

Morrigan stared at me. Her mouth opened and closed like she was trying to form words that wouldn't come.

"I don't understand," she finally said. Her voice pitched higher. "What does that mean? Someone needs your help? Fia, your hand is... I don't know if you can see it. But it's glowing."

The blue light pulsed under my skin again. It moved like water caught beneath glass.

"This has happened before," I said.

"What does that mean?" Her hands were still on my shoulders. Her grip tightened. "Before when?"

I looked down at my palms. The light flickered and dimmed but didn't disappear completely.

"I'm a healer," I said. The words felt strange in my mouth. I was after all speaking a truth I'd only just learned myself. "It's how I survived that night. I fixed myself. And I think..." I paused. The hum thrummed through my bones. "The Goddess wants me to fix someone else now."

The light blinked in and out. Once. Twice. Then it died completely.

My hands looked normal again. But I could still feel it there under the surface. Waiting. Pulling me toward something.

"I need to help them now," I said.

I turned and scanned the room. There was a sweater draped over the back of the couch. I grabbed it and pulled it on. It was too big. The sleeves hung past my fingertips which was perfect.

The light flickered back to life under the fabric. I could see it glowing faintly through the knit. It was not obvious at all if you didn't know where to look.

I tugged the sleeves down further and folded my hands together to hide the glow.

Morrigan was still standing there. Her face had gone pale. Her eyes were wide and glassy like she'd seen something that broke the world she knew.

Then she took a breath. A long one. She straightened her shoulders and lifted her chin.

"I'm coming with you," she said.

I nodded.

We left the Luna suite together. The hallway was quiet. Too quiet. My footsteps sounded too loud against the polished floor.

The hum grew stronger with every step I took. It wasn't painful anymore. At this point, it just felt insistent. It pulled me forward like a rope tied around my ribs.

I followed it down one corridor. Then another. Morrigan kept pace beside me. She didn't ask where we were going. She just followed.

The hum led us to a part of the estate I knew very well. The Infirmary.

We turned the corner and I saw the Infirmary ahead. The door was closed and a strange man stood outside, pacing back and forth. He was tall and broad-shouldered. His arms were crossed over his chest. He stopped pacing for a second and leaned against the wall like he was guarding something.

His eyes flicked to us as we approached. He didn't say anything. But his eyes did linger on us like he was trying to figure us out.

I didn't stop. I walked straight past him and pushed the door open.

Inside, the Infirmary smelled like antiseptic and something faintly sweet. Lavender and a sharp hint of chamomile.

Ronan stood near one of the beds. He was tall and lean. His dark hair was pulled back from his face. He looked down at some figure on the bed with an expression I couldn't quite read.

The figure in the bed happened to be a girl who had bandages wrapped around her eyes. Her hands rested on top of the blanket. They were small and pale. Her breathing was shallow.

The hum exploded in my skull.

It wasn't just louder. It was everything. It filled my head and my chest and my lungs. It pressed against my ribs from the inside.

This was her. She was the one my gifts were calling me to

I shoved my hands behind my back. The glow was getting brighter. I could feel it.

Ronan looked up and saw me. His face broke into a smile.

"Luna Fia," he said. His voice was warm. "It's nice to see you are well."

He turned to Morrigan as well and bowed. She waved at him in response.

I forced a smile onto my face. It felt stiff and wrong. But I held it there.

Maren appeared from behind a curtain. She was wiping her hands on a cloth. Her eyes found mine immediately.

"Is anything the problem?" she asked.

"There is," I said. "I feel something is off with me."

Maren's expression shifted. "Oh." She walked closer. "Let us have you checked out."

"It's more of a very personal matter," I said quickly. "I don't think men should be in the room."

Ronan's eyebrows lifted. Then he nodded.

"Oh, no problem," he said. "I'll be on my way."

He walked toward the door. Slow. He hesitated at the threshold. His hand lingered on the frame. Then he stepped through and disappeared into the hallway.

I waited until his footsteps faded. Then I moved.

I crossed the room in three strides and locked the door as quietly as I could manage. The click sounded too loud in the silence.

I pulled the sweater off and crouched down. I tucked it under the crack at the bottom of the door to block the light from spilling out.

When I stood and turned around, Maren was staring at my hand.

Her mouth fell open. Her eyes went wide.

She gasped.

I moved fast. I pressed my finger to my lips and stared at her hard.

Maren clamped her mouth shut. Her eyes were still huge. But she nodded.

"What the heck is wrong with your hand?" she whispered.

The light pulsed brighter. The hum cranked up another notch. It was so loud now I didn't understand how they couldn't hear it.

I walked toward the girl on the bed. Each step made the light flare hotter.

"Who is she?" I asked.

Maren didn't answer at first. She was still staring at my hand. Then she looked at Morrigan. Her expression screamed "Are you seeing this too?"

Morrigan just stood there. She was... the only right word for it would be shell shocked as she stays silent while watching.

"Maren!" I said.

She shook her head like she was snapping herself out of a trance.

"That's the delegate that Cian brought over here," she said. Her voice was thin. "She... She had an accident when she peeped into a memory."

I looked down at the girl. Her face was turned slightly toward the ceiling. The bandages covered her eyes completely but I could still see red burns around them.

The hum was deafening now. It wasn't just in my head. It was everywhere. It vibrated through the floor and the walls and the air itself.

I moved to the windows. I grabbed the curtains and yanked them shut. One after another. The room dimmed.

"What are you doing?" Maren asked. "And more importantly, you have to tell me, what is going on with your hand?"

I turned back to her. The glow had spread up my wrist now. It crawled under my skin like veins of liquid fire.

"Whatever you see here," I said, "you cannot talk about it."

Maren opened her mouth. Then she closed it. She looked at Morrigan again.

"Luna Morrigan," she said. Her voice cracked. "You're not saying anything."

Morrigan finally spoke. Her voice was calm, as it was steady.

"Let her do what she needs to do," she said.

I turned back to the girl. She stirred. Her head moved slightly. Her lips parted.

"Who is that?" she said. Her voice was weak and raspy.

"I'm here to help you," I said.

I stepped closer. The light was so bright now I could see it reflecting off the walls. It bathed the room in a cold blue glow.

The girl's breathing quickened. She tried to sit up but Maren moved forward and gently pressed her back down.

"It's okay," Maren said softly. "You're safe."

I reached out. My hands hovered over the bandages. The light pulsed in time with my heartbeat.

I placed my palms over her eyes.

The moment I touched her, the glow exploded.

It didn't just brighten. It fucking erupted. It spread from my hands and up my arms and across my shoulders. It poured over my chest and down my torso. It covered my legs and my feet.

I was drowning in light.

The hum roared. It was so loud it drowned out everything else. I couldn't hear Maren. I couldn't hear Morrigan. I couldn't hear the girl gasping beneath my hands.

All I could hear was the hum. All I could see was the light.

It moved through me like a river. Like something alive, wild and uncontrollable. It didn't hurt. It didn't burn.

It felt... just right.

I pressed down harder. I poured everything I had into the girl. I didn't know what I was doing. I didn't know how this worked. But it was like my body knew. Like my hands knew.

Whatever I was doing, it came as easily as breathing.

The light flowed from me into her. I watched it seep through the bandages and sink into her skin. It wrapped around her skull like a crown. It spread down her neck and into her chest.

She arched her back. Her mouth opened in a silent scream.

"Fia!" Morrigan's voice cut through the hum. "What's happening?"

I didn't answer. I couldn't. The light was too bright. The hum was too loud.

I kept my hands pressed to her eyes. I felt something shift beneath my palms. Something changed. Something broke and then knitted back together.

The girl's body went rigid. Then she went limp.

The light started to dim. Slowly at first. Then faster. It pulled back into my hands. It crawled down my arms and disappeared into my skin.

The hum faded. It didn't cut out all at once. It just got quieter and quieter until it was nothing more than a whisper in the back of my mind.

I pulled my hands away.

The bandages around the girl's eyes were glowing faintly. Then they stopped.

I stepped back. My legs felt weak. My hands were shaking.

Maren rushed forward. She leaned over the girl and checked her pulse. She lifted one of her eyelids gently.

"What in Selene's name," Maren whispered. "Her eyes... They are back."

The girl's hand twitched. Then her fingers curled. She turned her head toward me even though her eyes were still covered.

"What did you do?" she whispered.

I didn't know how to answer that.

Morrigan was beside me now. Her hand gripped my arm. Not hard. Just enough to steady me.

"You... you healed her," she said quietly.

I looked down at my hands. They looked normal again. There was no glow and there was no light. Just skin and bone.

But I could still feel it there. Waiting while it slept.

*To be loved by a god...* What this what it was like?

Maren was unwrapping the bandages now. Her hands moved carefully.

When the last layer fell away, the girl blinked.

Her eyes were clear, bright and, most importantly, alive.

She looked at me. Really looked at me.

"Thank you," she said.

I nodded. I didn't trust myself to speak.

Maren stood there frozen. Her hands still held the discarded bandages.

Morrigan squeezed my arm.

"We need to talk about this," she said softly.

"I know," I said.

*Chapter 282: The Dreamer*

## **LYSANDER**

The bed dipped with her weight. I felt it before I saw her. The shift of the mattress and the whisper of fabric against skin. My eyes opened to find Fia moving toward me through the dim lamplight of my room, her dark hair falling loose around her shoulders.

She climbed on top of me, straddling my hips. Her hands pressed against my chest.

"Miss me?"

Goddess yes. Every waking moment and all the sleeping ones too.

"I dream about you every night," I said.

The words came out rough and honest. I couldn't help the chuckle that followed, couldn't stop my hand from reaching up to trace the line of her jaw. "It's nice to really have your envisioned face perfectly molded this time around."

Her eyebrow arched. "Dream?"

"I know I'm dreaming."

"Well." She leaned down closer, her breath warm against my mouth. "It would be a pleasant dream, wouldn't it? Given you can never have me in the waking world."

Her fingers found the buttons of my shirt. One by one, she worked them open. The fabric parted. Her hand grazed my bare chest, fingers spreading across my pecs, and I felt the touch down to my bones even though I knew none of this was real.

Her eyes stayed locked on mine. Dark, knowing and sad in a way that made my chest ache.

I smiled anyway. "Who says I can't?"

"I am a creation of your mind." Fia tilted her head, studying me like I was a puzzle she'd given up trying to solve. "I would like to think that I would know."

I grabbed her hand before she could pull away and drew her closer until there was no space left between us. "Most marriages don't last, you know."

Dream Fia, my Fia, the version of her that lived only in these stolen moments of sleep, looked at me with something that might have been pity. "I think we both know mine will last."

The certainty in her voice cut deeper than any blade. I wanted to argue, wanted to tell her she was wrong, wanted to shake her and kiss her and make her understand that what we had, even here in this false world, was more real than anything waiting for us when we woke.

Her eyes held mine. "You should focus on more important matters. You will be a married man yourself soon."

I knew that. Goddess, I knew that better than anyone.

"It's time you stop dreaming of other girls."

Other girls. Like she was just one name on a list, one face among many. Like I hadn't scoured half different territories looking for her. Like I didn't carry the memory of her touch, her voice, her blood from that one time in the meadows with me everywhere I went.

"Why didn't I find you sooner?"

The question came out broken and goddess was it desperate. I hated the sound of my own voice in that moment. I hated the weakness in it even more, but I couldn't take it back.

Fia's expression softened. She held my face in her hands, and the tenderness of it nearly destroyed me. "It isn't like you didn't try."

"Perhaps I didn't try enough."

"Lysander." She said my name like a prayer that had an ending. Then she leaned down and kissed me.

Her lips were soft against mine. It was sweet, as it as sad and final. I kissed her back like I could keep her there, like I could make this moment last forever, like the force of my wanting could somehow reshape reality itself.

She pulled away too soon. Always too soon.

"It's time you stop dreaming now." Her thumb brushed across my cheekbone. "We can't always have what we want."

The words hung in the air between us. A truth and lie all at once. We couldn't have what we wanted, but that had never stopped me from wanting it anyway.

I opened my mouth to respond, to argue, to beg her to stay just a little longer.

And that was when the sunlight hit my face.

I blinked against the brightness, disoriented. The drawn curtains let in the morning in full glory. The sun was harsh and unforgiving. My room materialized around me in sharp detail. The heavy furniture. The tapestries on the walls. The empty bed.

But there was no Fia.

Of course, there was no Fia.

I sat up slowly, running a hand through my hair. The sheets had tangled around my legs during the night. I kicked them off and stood, naked in the cool morning air. My skin prickled with goosebumps, but I didn't reach for a robe. Not yet.

My feet carried me across the room without conscious thought. I'd made this walk so many times before that my body knew the path by heart. Three steps to the left. Two forward. Stop at the drawer.

The gold-plated box sat exactly where I'd left it. Small and unassuming. But to me, worth more than all the treasure in my father's vaults.

I picked it up. The metal was cold against my palms. For a long moment, I just held it, feeling the weight of it. Then I lifted the lid.

The hinges creaked softly. Inside, nestled against the velvet lining, lay a scrap of cloth. Old and stained. It was evident that it had been torn from a larger piece of fabric that had long since been lost to time and distance.

The staining which was blood had dried into the fibers years ago. It was brown now instead of red. But I remembered what it had looked like fresh. I remembered the meadows. I remembered how the sun had kissed her skin and eyes even if she was in pain.

I'd torn off a piece of my sleeve to use as a bandage and it was all I had left of her when she disappeared.

I reached into the box now. My fingers closed around the fabric. It was rough and stiff with old blood, nothing like the smooth silk of the clothes she'd worn in my dream. But this actually had her essence in it.

I brought it to my face and breathed in. The scent had faded almost completely, but I could still catch the faintest trace of her beneath the copper smell of blood. Lavender and something sharper. Medicine, maybe. Or just the particular smell of her skin.

I stood there for a long time, breathing in that ghost of her, letting myself remember. The way she'd looked at me in that meadow and thanked me.

And when I had gone to get my personal sentinels to get her all the help she deserved... She had vanished.

I'd spent weeks after that trying to find her. Sending out inquiries. Offering rewards. Following every lead that came my way. Some of them might have been legitimate. But most had been people looking to profit off a Alpha's obsession and father eventually got convinced it was all in my head. A byproduct of grief.

And what had it gotten me?

To let go of my obsession.

Only for that shit to come back and bite me in the ass. She had been real. She was still as beautiful. And now she was married. She belonged to someone else.

I placed it back in the box carefully. Like it was made of glass instead of cloth.

Then I closed the lid.

The click of the latch sounded loud in the quiet room.

I set the box back on the drawer and turned away and started getting dressed for the day.

I had responsibilities. Meetings to attend and eventually, wedding plans to finalize. A future to prepare for that didn't include the woman who haunted my dreams.

Dream Fia had been right about one thing. I was going to be a married man soon. It was time to stop dreaming of other girls.

But even as I pulled on my clothes, even as I tried to focus my mind on the day ahead, I could still feel her weight on top of me. I could still taste her false kiss. I could still hear her voice telling me we couldn't always have what we wanted.

She was right.

We couldn't.

But I'd wanted her anyway. I still wanted her. I would probably always want her, in the secret places of my heart where reason couldn't reach.

I finished dressing and moved to the window. The sun had fully risen now. The sight from where I stood of Lily of the valley was beautiful but it also reminded me that I was just another piece in that machine. An Alpha with duties, obligations and a marriage alliance to uphold.

But in my dreams, I was still just a man. And she was still just a woman. And the space between us was something I could cross with nothing more than reaching out my hand.

The dreams were all I had left of her.

I wasn't ready to give them up yet.

Even if I should.

Even if it would be easier.

Even if holding on to something I could never have was slowly tearing me apart from the inside.

I pressed my palm against the somehow cool glass of the window and watched the world wake up around me, already counting the hours until I could sleep again.