

## To ruin an Omega

### #Chapter 283: Mirrorball - Read To ruin an Omega Chapter 283: Mirrorball

*Chapter 283: Mirrorball*

#### **MADLINE**

I walked back down the corridor. My footsteps echoed against the walls and each one felt heavier than the last. The weight of what I'd just done pressed down on my chest until it was hard to breathe.

I'd turned him away. I'd looked Cian in the eyes and told him no.

The hurt on his face burned itself into my memory. The way his voice had cracked when he'd said he didn't know me anymore. The desperate plea for help that I'd refused.

But what choice did I have? The moment I touched that delicate, she would see everything. Every secret. Every lie. Every choice I'd made to protect the people I loved. She would see Aldric's hold over me. She would see the things I'd done for him. The information I'd passed along. The ways I'd betrayed Cian without him ever knowing.

And then Cian would know too.

He would look at me with more than just suspicion. He would look at me with hatred. With disgust. With the kind of loathing that came from being betrayed by someone you'd once trusted completely.

I couldn't do it. I couldn't watch that happen.

So instead I'd chosen to let him think I was selfish. Petty. So hurt by his words that I'd let an innocent person suffer rather than help him.

Better that than the truth.

My throat tightened and I blinked hard against the burning in my eyes. Not here. I couldn't break down here in the middle of the hallway where anyone could see.

I turned the corner and nearly walked straight into Aldric.

He stood there in the corridor like he'd been waiting for me. His hands were in his pockets and that familiar expression of mild amusement played across his features. Like he'd just witnessed something entertaining.

"That was fun to watch," he said.

The cruel monster had been listening in on us.

His voice carried that casual tone that made my skin crawl. Like we were discussing a play we'd both attended instead of my relationship crumbling to pieces.

My hands curled into fists at my sides.

"A blinded delicate," Aldric continued. He tilted his head slightly and something gleamed in his eyes. "That is certainly interesting."

The disgust rose in my throat like bile. Hot, acidic and all the more impossible to swallow down.

"Fuck you, Aldric."

The words came out low and vicious. I didn't care anymore about maintaining the pretense. About being careful. About playing his games.

Aldric's eyebrows rose. He looked almost surprised by the venom in my voice.

"Fuck me?" He spread his hands in an innocent gesture. "What did I do?"

I stared at him. At the false confusion on his face. At the way he stood there like he hadn't orchestrated this entire situation.

"You could have said yes to him," Aldric said. His voice stayed light and conversational. "But you did not. That is not on me."

I turned away. I couldn't look at him anymore. I couldn't stand the sight of his face or the sound of his voice or the casual cruelty that dripped from every word.

But I only made it a few steps before I stopped.

Something inside me snapped. Some fragile thread of control that I'd been holding onto finally broke.

I turned back to face him.

"Do you enjoy it?" I asked.

My voice came out quieter than I expected. Almost wondering.

"Do you enjoy making me suffer?"

Aldric's expression shifted. The amusement faded and something else took its place. Something that might have looked like sincerity on anyone else's face.

"Of course not," he said.

He took a step toward me and his hands remained in his pockets. He wanted to look relaxed and as unthreatening as he could manage.

"I want us all to win. I get the Alpha seat and you get Cian."

The laugh that escaped me sounded hollow. Empty of anything resembling humor.

"I don't think that will ever be possible," I said.

The truth of it settled in my chest like a stone. Heavy, as it was cold and undeniable.

"I don't even think I want that anymore."

Aldric watched me. His eyes tracked every micro-expression that crossed my face.

"The only reason I am even fucking stuck here..." I closed the distance between us until I stood close enough to whisper. Close enough that my words wouldn't carry down the hallway. "Is because of my family."

"I know," Aldric said. His voice matched my low tone. "I know you well."

He paused and his gaze held mine.

"But you're here to wreck Fia and get back Cian as well. Do not forget that."

I wanted to laugh again. Or scream. Or maybe both at the same time.

"Look at what I just had to do," I said. "It's never happening."

Aldric smiled then. Not the cruel twist of lips I'd come to expect. Something closer to genuine amusement.

"A wise woman..." He paused and his smile widened. "Well, I wouldn't call her wise. She should have known better than to have an heir and two spares with no girls in the mix. But she did tell me something once."

He leaned in slightly and his voice dropped even lower.

"There is nothing a baby can fix."

My stomach turned.

"Heat season is coming soon," Aldric continued. He said it so casually. Like he was mentioning the weather forecast. "Most werewolves aren't in control of their needs then. Animals will be animals. Anything can happen."

The implication hit me like a physical blow. My breath caught in my throat and for a moment I couldn't speak. I couldn't form words around the horror that flooded through me.

"You are so disgusting," I managed finally.

Aldric shrugged. One shoulder lifted and fell in a gesture of complete indifference.

"Well, you will do it."

"I will do no such thing." The words came out sharp and hard. "There are limits to the monster you can make me."

Aldric laughed. The sound rumbled low in his chest and echoed in the empty corridor.

"We both know that is not true," he said. His eyes locked onto mine and all traces of amusement vanished from his face. "I will bend you however I want and you will bend."

He reached out. His hand moved toward my hair and I froze. Every instinct screamed at me to pull away. To step back. To put distance between us.

But I stood there.

I stood there while he adjusted a strand of hair that had fallen loose. His fingers brushed against my temple and the touch made my skin crawl.

I could kill him. Right here. Right now. My hands or even my magic could be around his throat before he even realized what was happening. I could squeeze until the life left his eyes and he stopped breathing and stopped talking and stopped ruining everything.

But then what?

Then all my family's sins would come to light. Everything we'd done. Everything we'd hidden. It would all be exposed and they would suffer for it.

My father. My brother. My mother. Everyone I'd been trying so desperately to protect.

So I stood there and let him fix my hair like I was a doll. Like I was something he could arrange however he pleased.

"Do you want to know how I know?" Aldric asked. His hand dropped away from my hair but he didn't step back. "How I can still exert so much power over you despite the fact that I know how dangerous you are?"

I didn't answer. I just stared at him and waited for whatever poison he was about to pour into my ears.

"Because I am still breathing," he said. "And that... That is your greatest weakness."

My jaw clenched so hard it hurt.

"I'm sorry," I said. Each word felt like pulling teeth. "I am nothing like you and I cannot play my family like a fucking ball or use them as trash."

Aldric studied my face for a long moment. His expression shifted into something that almost looked thoughtful.

"I don't like giving people smart advice because it can come to bite me in the face," he said. "But sometimes you need to realize a lot of the people you carry so high are dead weight and need to be let go. Family even."

He paused and tilted his head slightly.

"If it wasn't for them, wouldn't you and Cian be married currently? Wouldn't you be happy?"

The tears came before I could stop them. Hot, unwelcome and impossible to hold back. They blurred my vision and slipped down my cheeks and I hated them almost as much as I hated him.

I wiped at them roughly with the back of my hand.

"My father is flawed," I said. My voice came out thick with emotion. "But he is not the reason I am unhappy right now."

I forced myself to look at Aldric. To meet his gaze even through the tears.

"I have a lot of hand in it myself."

Something flickered across Aldric's face. Something that might have been sympathy on anyone else.

"You look so tired," he said. His voice softened in a way that made my skin prickle. "It makes the paternal side of me come out."

He stepped closer and his presence filled the space between us.

"Confess what you did and I will be kinder for a few days. I promise."

I looked him dead in the eye. The tears still fell but I didn't blink. I didn't look away.

"Confess what?"

"That you got into my room."

A laugh bubbled up from somewhere deep in my chest. It sounded slightly unhinged even to my own ears but I couldn't stop it.

"I didn't," I said.

I wiped at my face again and straightened my shoulders.

"Now if you will excuse me, I will go eat and continue to fucking suffer."

Aldric leaned back against the wall. His posture relaxed like we'd just finished a pleasant conversation.

"Suit yourself," he said. "But I will figure it out because what could you need that book for?"

I stopped walking and turned back to face him one more time.

"Unless you have a fucking powerful grimoire that could change the hands of time, no," I said. "I don't need anything from you. Especially not a fucking book."

Then I walked away.

I walked away before he could say anything else. Before he could dig any deeper or make any more threats or twist the knife he'd already buried in my chest.

My footsteps carried me down the corridor and back toward the dining room. Back toward the breakfast table where Elara probably still sat picking at her food.

Back to the performance I'd have to continue giving. The smiles I'd have to fake. The pretense I'd have to maintain.

And with every step, I felt the weight of it pressing down on me. The choices I'd made. The person I was becoming. The distance growing between who I used to be and who I was now.

Cian was right.

He didn't know me anymore.

But the worst part was that I didn't know myself either.

*Chapter 284: The golden cage*

## **LYSANDER**

The hot water beat against my skin. I stood under the shower spray and let it wash away the remnants of the dream. Steam filled the bathroom. It curled around me like a living thing. I braced both hands against the tile wall and dropped my head forward.

The water ran down my back in rivulets. It should have felt cleansing. It didn't. Nothing could wash away the feeling of her weight on top of me. Nothing could erase the phantom taste of her lips.

I stayed there longer than I needed to. The water started to run lukewarm. Only then did I finally turn it off and step out. I grabbed a towel and dried myself mechanically before getting dressed in the clothes I'd laid out which happened to be dark trousers, a white shirt and a cest that matched the trousers. The uniform of an heir apparent.

My reflection stared back at me from the mirror. I looked the same as always. Put together. Composed. The perfect son.

None of it felt remotely real though.

I left my room and made my way through the halls of the estate. My footsteps echoed off the marble floors. Morning light streamed through the tall windows. Everything looked golden warm and suffocating.

I hated it all so much.

The dining room doors stood open. I walked through them to find the long table empty. The chairs sat vacant. I went to my usual spot and pulled out the chair. The wood scraped against the floor. I sat down.

Father liked me here early. He said it taught me to manage my time. What it really taught me was how to wait. How to sit perfectly still while my mind wandered to places it shouldn't go.

I stared at the table. At the empty plates. At the polished silverware that reflected the chandelier overhead.

Footsteps approached from the hallway. Multiple sets. Light and quick.

Three of my sisters walked in together. They were talking amongst themselves. Their voices soft and musical. They saw me and their conversation died. Smiles appeared on their faces instead.

"Good morning, Lysander."

"Morning."

They took their seats, arranging themselves prettily. They fixed their hair and their skirts. I watched them without really seeing them. My mind was still in that meadow. Still holding that scrap of bloodstained cloth.

The doors to the kitchen swung open. The Omegas rushed in. They carried heavy trays laden with covered dishes. Their faces were pinched and worried. Their eyes darted to Father's empty chair.

When they saw it was vacant, their shoulders dropped. Relief washed over them so obviously that it made my stomach turn.

They bowed low. First to me. Then to my sisters.

"Good morning, Alpha Lysander. Good morning Lunas."

I nodded. My sisters murmured their greetings. The Omegas straightened and began to serve.

Father's plate came first. Always first. They set it at the head of the table with careful hands and made sure the placement was perfect. That everything was exactly as he liked it.

Then they came to me. My plate appeared. Steam rose from the food. It smelled good. I didn't care.

The Omegas moved on to my sisters. The sound of dishes being set down filled the room. Cutlery clinked. Glasses were filled with juice and water.

The main doors opened again and that was when Father walked in. His footsteps were heavier than my sisters'. More deliberate. He surveyed the room with a single sweep of his gaze. His eyes landed on the empty chairs. The ones that belonged to my brothers.

He scoffed.

The sound cut through the quiet like a blade. Sharp and dismissive. I'd heard it a thousand times before. It never meant anything good.

His jaw tightened. His mouth pulled into a line. Disappointment settled over his features like a familiar mask. He expected better. He always expected better. And they always let him down.

Then his eyes found mine.

His face changed. The hard edges smoothed out. The disappointment faded. Something that might have been satisfaction took its place.

He walked to his chair and sat down. The movement was fluid, as it was controlled. He picked up his napkin and spread it across his lap.

"Good morning, Lysander."

"Good morning, Father."

My sisters chimed in with their own greetings. Sweet voices saying the same thing. Father lifted one hand and waved it in their direction. A casual gesture but dismissive nonetheless.

He didn't even look at them.

My stomach twisted. I kept my face blank. My sisters fell silent. They picked up their forks and focused on their plates. Like they hadn't just been ignored.

This was normal. This was how it always went. I was the center of his attention. The heir. The chosen one. The son who did everything right.

My siblings hated me for it.

Some of them were better at hiding it than others. My sisters smiled at me, spoke kindly and sometimes even included me in their conversations. But I could see it in their eyes sometimes. That flash of resentment. That bitter edge.

My brothers didn't bother to hide it at all. They wore their disdain openly. It showed when they refused to sit at this table when they knew Father would be here. That I would be here too. They simply refused to play that game.

I appreciated that, in a way. At least they were honest. At least I knew where I stood with them.

"Your brothers disappoint me again."

Father's voice cut through my thoughts. I looked up. He was staring at the empty chairs. His expression had gone cold.

"They could be busy."

The words came out automatically. A defense I didn't even believe. I reached for my cutlery and picked up my fork and knife and started cutting into the food on my plate.

"Busy with what?"

His tone suggested he knew exactly what they were busy with. Nothing important. Nothing that mattered. Nothing that could excuse their absence from his table.

I didn't answer. There was no good answer to give.

Father sighed. The sound was heavy. Weighted with disappointment and frustration and something that might have been anger.

"You know what? Forget them."

I chewed my food. It tasted like ash.

"I did want to tell you something."

My head came up. I looked at him. Something in his tone had shifted and became lighter. He seemed almost pleased.

So this had to be good.

"What?"

"Your betrothed will be coming today to stay here in preparation for your marriage."

The fork slipped in my grip. I caught it before it clattered against the plate. My heart was suddenly beating too fast. Too hard.

"What?"

The word came out sharper than I intended. Father didn't seem to notice. He cut into his own food, took a bite and chewed thoughtfully before answering.

"I think it will give both of you the time to know each other better."

No. No, this wasn't right. This wasn't how it was supposed to go.

"Father, It's an arranged union. There is no need for the—"

"I know. But I do think it will help you both."

He said it so simply. Like that should settle everything. Like the fact that it was arranged meant we didn't need time and all we needed the most was familiarity.

"I don't hate the thought. Because I don't want it to feel like duty for you. You'll be married for a long time, after all. It's easier when you have familiar ground to stand on. Without that, resentment will only grow."

My hand tightened around the cutlery. The metal bit into my palm. I wanted to argue. Wanted to tell him this was unnecessary. Wanted to say that having her here, in this house, sleeping under the same roof, would be torture.

But I didn't. I kept my mouth shut. Kept my face neutral. I was... the perfect son.

Then the words spilled out anyway.

"Are you worried because of the conversation we had? If that is it, you know I just had a moment of blindness, right?"

Father's eyes met mine. He smiled. It didn't reach his eyes which told me a lot of it did have to do with our late night discussion.

"Of course. I know you would never defy me."

The words should have been reassuring. But they felt like a threat.

"This is just what the bride to be and her family wants."

Oh. So it wasn't even entirely his idea. That made it worse somehow.

"I would love to be a host, but I have business outside the territory to attend to. So just stay home instead of following me and welcome them. That's fine, right?"

It wasn't a question. Not really. He was telling me what I would do. Framing it as a choice when we both knew it wasn't.

I nodded.

"Perfectly fine."

"Good."

He took one more bite of his food. Then he dropped his cutlery. The fork and knife clattered against the plate. He pushed his chair back and stood.

"I'm full. See you later."

His hand landed on my shoulder as he passed. A heavy pat that might have looked affectionate to anyone watching. It felt like a brand.

Then he was gone. The doors closed behind him. The sound echoed through the dining room.

I let out the breath I'd been holding. My hands started to shake. Just slightly. Just enough that I had to set down my cutlery before anyone noticed.

"I really feel sorry for you."

I turned my head. One of my sisters was looking at me. Her expression was soft and pitying. It repulsed me a little.

Did I really look that pitiful?

"I get jealous a lot. With the care Father shows you. But his love is restrictive a lot of times. At least with how blind he is to our existence and how disappointed he is with our brothers, we get to actually live our lives."

Something hot flared in my chest. Something that felt like anger, hurt and bitterness all mixed together.

I looked at her. Really looked at her. At the way she sat at this table. At the way she'd arranged herself just right. At the way she'd murmured her greeting to a father who barely acknowledged she existed.

"If you enjoyed living your life for yourself, you wouldn't be here begging for scraps of his affection."

Her face went white. Our other sisters stared at me with shock written across their features.

"We're all the same. Dogs who want to be loved. I am just the one who wanted it bad enough."

I stood. My chair scraped back. The sound was too loud. Too harsh. But I didn't care.

I left my food mostly untouched and left my sisters sitting there in stunned silence as I walked out of the dining room with my spine straight and my head high.

I was the perfect son...The golden child... The heir apparent.

I couldn't be pitied and looked down upon.

The facade held until I turned the corner and I was out of sight.

Then I leaned against the wall and closed my eyes, pressing my palms flat against the cool surface as I tried to breathe.

Fuck. I hated this so much. I hated myself most of all.

But still... I wanted them to think I was lucky. That I had the love they wanted badly.

They didn't need to know that the love came with rules. That the love came with conditions and that it was a love that could disappear the moment I stopped being perfect.

*Chapter 285: The Discovery*

## **FIA**

Maren moved with the kind of efficiency that came from habit and exhaustion. She slid open the drawer, pulled out her tools, and settled beside the bed like she had done this a thousand times before. The girl pushed herself upright, straighter than before, and her eyes followed every movement Maren made with unsettling focus.

"Look straight ahead for me," Maren said.

The girl did not argue. She fixed her gaze forward, still and obedient. Maren flicked on a penlight and guided the beam into the girl's left eye, then the right. She leaned so close that a strand of her hair slipped forward across her cheek. Her brow tightened as she studied what she saw.

"Pupillary response is normal," she murmured. "No photophobia. No inflammation."

The penlight clicked off and disappeared into the tray. She picked up the ophthalmoscope next, adjusting the lens with careful fingers before pressing it to her eye. The room fell quiet except for the faint rustle of fabric and the hum of electricity in the walls.

"The retina looks completely intact," she said softly. "No scarring on the cornea. The optic nerve shows no signs of damage whatsoever."

She lowered the instrument and stared at me. Then at the girl. Then back at me again, as if hoping one of us would contradict what she had just seen.

"This should be impossible," she said. "Her medical chart said she had third-degree burns across both eyes. The corneas were completely opacified. There was thermal damage to the retinal tissue. I documented all of it myself less than an hour ago."

Her hands hovered over the tray for a moment before she grabbed another tool, one with a curved mirror that caught the light and threw it back in a sharp white arc.

"Follow my finger."

The girl's eyes moved left, then right, then up and down with perfect coordination. Not a flicker of hesitation. Not a single delay.

Maren set the instrument down too carefully, like it might shatter if she moved too fast. Her hands trembled in a way she clearly did not want anyone to notice.

"There's no residual damage," she said. "Not even minor scarring. Her visual acuity appears completely normal. It's like nothing ever happened to her at all."

The words sat in the room and refused to move. They pressed against the walls and the ceiling until the air felt heavier than it should have.

Then someone knocked.

"Hey," a male voice called through the door. "I want to check on my delicate."

My body reacted before my brain could catch up. I crossed the room in quick strides and started tearing the curtains open one by one, letting the daylight pour in until the room no longer felt like a secret. When I pulled the last curtain aside and looked down, Ronan stood directly below the window.

He had a phone in his hand. His head tilted up as if he had felt my gaze. Our eyes met. For a second, surprise flickered across his face before it smoothed into something pleasant and harmless. He lifted the phone slightly, like he wanted me to notice it, like he wanted me to believe he had a reason to be standing there.

I smiled back, polite and empty, even though I knew exactly what he had been doing. Watching. Waiting. Listening for anything unusual.

I turned away from the window and walked back to the door. The sweater lay crumpled beneath the crack, and I bent to retrieve it, shaking it out before tugging it over my head. The fabric smelled faintly of dust and something sharper beneath it.

My hand closed around the door handle.

"Wait."

The girl's voice stopped me mid-motion. I turned.

She was already moving, reaching for the discarded bandages Maren had left behind. Her fingers worked quickly as she wrapped the cloth back over her eyes, careful and precise, covering every inch until the bandages sat exactly where they had been before.

"What are you doing?" Morrigan asked.

The girl adjusted the knot at the back of her head, testing the tightness like she had done it a hundred times.

"You can open the door now," she said.

Something in her tone told me not to argue. I unlocked the door and pulled it open.

The man from the hallway stepped inside immediately. Up close, he felt even larger, his shoulders filling the doorway and his presence swallowing the room. His gaze moved across everything in slow, deliberate sweeps. The curtains. The equipment. Maren's shaking hands. My face. Morrigan. Finally, the girl.

He walked toward the bed, searching for something that did not belong.

"I was being examined," I said, keeping my voice steady. "And I'm not yet done with those examinations. So is there a reason why you are bothering us?"

Mother-in-law stepped forward beside me, her chin lifting with quiet challenge.

"Who are you and why are you here?"

Ronan appeared in the doorway then, as if the moment had summoned him. The timing felt too neat to be coincidence, like threads pulling tight in a pattern I could almost see.

The man pointed at the girl.

"I'm her handler," he said.

Ronan stepped inside like he owned the space, all easy confidence and false politeness.

"I apologize, Grand Luna," he said, directing the words to Morrigan before glancing at the handler. "This is just how these brutes behave."

The handler's jaw flexed hard enough that I noticed the muscle jump beneath his skin.

"Who are you calling a brute?"

Ronan did not answer right away. He walked straight toward him, unhurried, until they were standing almost chest to chest. The air between them tightened in a way that made my shoulders stiffen without me meaning to.

"There is your delicate," Ronan said, gesturing toward the bed. "Blinded and being treated. What now?"

The handler held his ground for a few seconds, long enough for the silence to start feeling sharp. Then he stepped around Ronan and moved to the bedside.

"Are you alright?"

The girl nodded.

"The pain is not as bad as before," she said softly. "I do feel significantly better."

Ronan turned back toward the handler, already shifting into something smoother.

"Come," he said. "Let me write you the check so you can be out of our hair as soon as possible."

He glanced at the girl, and for a moment his expression changed. It looked like pity. Or regret. Or maybe I only wanted it to be one of those things.

"Your eyes might be gone," he said. "But I assure you, you will be paid in full."

She swallowed hard. "Okay."

The handler watched her a moment longer before turning and following Ronan toward the door. Ronan paused at the threshold and let his gaze sweep the room one last time. When his eyes landed on me, they stayed there a beat too long to be accidental.

"I apologize," he said. "You can continue your examination."

"Thank you."

They stepped out. The door shut.

I exhaled slowly, realizing only then that I had been holding my breath the entire time. My chest felt tight and my hands would not stop trembling. I crossed the room and locked the door again. The click sounded louder than it should have.

"It felt like you were hiding from Ronan," Morrigan said.

"Well, I am."

"What?" Maren blurted.

Morrigan turned toward me, eyes wide. "What?"

"Ronan is also not an ally of ours."

"What?" Maren repeated, her voice rising.

I did not try to explain. There was too much happening, too many threads tangling together in my head. I walked back to the bed instead.

The girl was already unwrapping the bandages, fingers careful as the cloth loosened and fell away. She blinked, and her eyes looked impossibly clear.

"Is there a reason you're pretending not to be fixed?" I asked.

She studied me in a way that made my skin prickle.

"When I touched you," she said quietly, "I saw a lot of things."

My stomach dropped.

"What things?"

"Your memories. Including how you feel about that Beta."

I felt Morrigan's gaze snap to me. Maren's too.

"He didn't want me to touch him when the Alpha wanted to test my capabilities," she continued. "So I know how a sudden miracle would look, considering how interested he was in how you survived the accident."

The words hit hard enough to steal my breath. She saw that much. Whatever gift she carried felt less like a gift and more like something dangerous.

"I promised the Alpha I would do something," she said. "And before my handler comes back, I need to do it now. I need a pen and paper."

I looked at Maren. She hesitated for a heartbeat before hurrying to the cabinet and returning with a notepad and pen. The girl took them and placed the pad on her lap.

Then she started drawing.

Her hand moved fast, sure, like she already knew every line before the pen touched the paper. There was no hesitation or second guessing. Just steady strokes building shape and shadow.

I moved closer without thinking. Morrigan stepped beside me.

A face began to form. I noticed the strong jaw. The high cheekbones. The eyes that seemed to stare even though they were only pencil lines.

My breath caught in my throat.

I knew that face. Not from real life. From the dream. The horrible one where I had been strapped down in that dark, freezing room, forced to watch things done to me that I never wanted to remember.

She kept going, adding detail after detail until the likeness felt undeniable.

It was him.

The man from my nightmare. The image that had clung to me after waking, leaving that sick weight in my stomach that never quite faded.

The girl set the pen down and looked up.

"Do you know who this is?"

My hands felt cold as I stared at the drawing.

"No," I whispered. "But I've seen him before."

Her expression darkened. "Yes. I saw him when you touched me as well. The thing is, I also saw this man when I connected to whoever tried to kill you."

Morrigan and Maren spoke at the same time.

"Valentine?"