

To ruin an Omega

Chapter 301: Da rules 2

HAZEL

"Oh." He laughed, an easy sound that made it clear he found this entertaining. "You haven't been told yet. I guess you're still fresh. They want you to feel good first."

He waved a hand in the air as though dismissing me, or blessing me, or maybe both. It was hard to tell with him.

"We'll meet again, I guess. Maybe then you'll be more receptive to me."

He brushed past me on his way down the corridor, his shoulder bumping mine just enough to feel deliberate. The smell of pot grew stronger for a second and then thinned out as he disappeared around the corner.

"Weirdo," I muttered under my breath once he was gone.

I kept walking without much sense of direction. Every hallway bled into the next, the same marble floors stretching beneath my feet, the same dark wood paneling climbing the walls, the same endless line of paintings filled with

people I did not know doing things I did not care about. It felt like walking through a museum built for someone else's memories.

The realization settled slowly and uncomfortably that I had no idea where I was going. Every turn looked like the last one. Every corridor stretched out with the same quiet confidence, as if the estate expected people to simply know their way around. I did not.

An Omega appeared from a side hallway before I could decide whether to turn back and admit defeat. She slowed when she noticed me, her expression shifting into a polite smile that felt practiced and careful. She dipped into a small bow, respectful but not exaggerated.

"The bride to be?" she asked.

I nodded, still trying to decide how strange it felt to hear the title spoken aloud by someone who had never met me before.

"I don't know where my room is," I admitted. The words felt awkward leaving my mouth, like I was confessing something I should have figured out already.

Her smile did not falter. If anything, it softened. "Of course. You're still settling in. Your temporary room is at the end of this corridor, then the second turn to the right. You'll see a black door. That one is yours."

A black door. The detail stuck in my head immediately, sharp and specific against the blur of everything else.

"Thank you," I said, meaning it more than I expected.

She bowed again before continuing down the hall, leaving me with directions that finally felt like something solid to follow.

Door after door passed by on either side. Each one looked more elaborate than the last, decorated with ornate handles and intricate carvings. Some had little alcoves carved into the walls beside them, complete with chairs or tables or vases that looked too fragile to survive real use. Everything about those doors said importance, said ownership, said someone mattered enough to claim space like this.

Then I saw the black door.

It was smaller than the rest and painfully plain. No carvings, no decorative handle, nothing to make it fit the grandeur surrounding it. It stood out precisely because it did not belong.

I slowed as I approached, curiosity pushing past the unease already sitting in my chest. The handle felt cold when I touched it, and it creaked when I pushed the door open. The sound scraped against my nerves, loud enough to make me wince.

I glanced back down the hallway, half expecting someone to appear and demand an explanation.

No one came.

I stepped inside and let the door close behind me, the creak echoing again before the sound faded into quiet.

The room was fine in the most forgettable way possible. Not terrible, not good, just there. A bed pushed against the wall, a dresser with clean lines, a small window that looked out onto a courtyard I did not recognize. It felt less like a bedroom and more like a place someone had assembled quickly and then forgotten about.

Delta was not there.

"Delta?"

My voice carried across the room and bounced back at me, hollow and unhelpful. Silence answered.

I turned toward the door again, already thinking about stepping back into the hallway to find her. That was when I noticed the lock.

It sat on the outside of the door. Not inside, where it would keep people out. Outside, where it would keep someone in.

I stared at it for longer than made sense. My hand lifted before I could talk myself out of it, fingers brushing the metal just to make sure it was real. The surface felt cold and solid beneath my skin.

Why would a bedroom door have a lock on the outside?

I leaned into the hallway and tried to remember the last door I had passed. Had it looked like this? Had it carried the same quiet threat?

No. I was certain it had not. That door had been normal.

I stepped back inside and shut the door behind me, the hinges creaking again in protest. The sound made my teeth ache.

A folded note rested on the bed beside a small pamphlet. The paper looked too white against the dull fabric of the blanket.

I picked up the note first. Delta's handwriting stared back at me, neat and precise even though she must have written it in a hurry.

Had to go to sensitivity training. Be back later. Don't worry.

Don't worry? As if that were an option. As if worry had not already taken root in my chest and started spreading.

I let the note fall back onto the bed and reached for the pamphlet instead.

The Rules of the Estate was printed across the top in elegant script, the kind that tried very hard to look welcoming. Beneath it, in smaller letters that felt far more honest, were the words 'Disobedience Has Consequences'.

My gaze drifted back to the door, to the lock waiting on the wrong side like a quiet promise.

Then I looked down at the pamphlet again.

"What the fuck."