

TO RUIN AN OMEGA

Chapter 321: Let it happen 2

HAZEL

I nodded. "I can't promise perfection," I said. "I know that much about myself. But I read the pamphlet." I let my fingers rest visibly on the pages. "I understand what is required of me. What is required of everyone and why Lily of the Valley works the way it is. There are clear cut rules and everyone has a role."

I reached out and took his hand.

I did it gently and just as deliberately. I held it in both of mine and looked at him with something that could be read as gratitude, as trust, as the beginning of compliance.

"I'm sure," I said, "that whenever I make mistakes moving forward, I can count on you to correct me in the proper way."

The smile that crossed his face was slow and completely readable. He was pleased with how good he had done with me.

"It would be my pleasure," he said.

He offered me his hand and I took it.

His grip tightened just enough to pull me smoothly to my feet, steadying me before I could adjust myself. He did not let go immediately. He made sure I was balanced. Only then did he release me.

He turned slightly, with his eyes shifting past me.

"Delta." he called for my Omega.

She stepped forward at once. "Yes."

"Take her to her assigned suite," he said. His tone was relaxed, almost pleasant. "Her luggage will follow. Make sure the room is sorted."

"It already has been prepared," Delta replied.

"Good."

I brushed imaginary dust from my dress. "How efficient. I feel very accommodated."

His gaze flicked back to me, faint amusement in his eyes.

"You are. As long as you follow the rules."

I ignored those biting words that brought undiluted rage to my heart.

Delta came toward me with her chin slightly dipped and her hands folded and a faint trembling in her fingers that she was working very hard to suppress. She stopped and bowed. It was a full bow that was supposed to feel respectful and formal. But all I fucking felt was disrespected.

"This way, Luna," she said, and then it seemed like she corrected herself immediately. "Hazel."

But she had done it in a way where she wouldn't seem like the bitch. It was like she half expected me to explode. It was surprising to me myself that I hadn't blown fucking hot yet.

I took a breath. It wasn't worth it and then I followed her out.

We walked down the corridor and turned a corner and walked further and at some point the sound of Laslo's footsteps faded behind us and there was a stretch of empty hallway with no one in it but us.

I kept my voice very quiet.

"You will pay for that humiliation," I said. "With your blood and your flesh. I promise you that."

Delta's step stuttered. Her shoulders pulled inward. She did not speak. She did not look at me either. She instead kept walking with her hands folded and her jaw set. But I could notice the visible trembling working its way from her fingers up to her arms.

Good. She deserved to tremble.

Then we got to my actual suite.

The suite was beautiful.

The ceiling stretched high above me, tall enough to make the room feel open instead of boxed in. Light spilled down from recessed panels along the edges, soft and golden, brushing over the walls and furniture without leaving harsh shadows. It made everything look warmer than it probably was.

Dark wood floors ran wall to wall, polished to a quiet shine. A thick cream rug broke up the space in the center, plush and dense, the kind that would sink

under your weight and erase the sound of your steps. My shoes felt too loud just looking at it.

A sitting area occupied one side of the room. A curved charcoal sofa, velvet or something close to it, deep enough to swallow you whole. Two armchairs faced it at an angle, upholstered in muted olive fabric. A round marble table sat between them, white stone veined with gray, cool and smooth and heavy enough to outlast whoever placed it there. Every piece looked chosen, measured, placed with care.

Floor to ceiling windows lined the far wall. Sheer curtains filtered the city lights into something softer, something distant. Thicker drapes framed them in warm taupe, hanging straight and expensive. From this height, the world below looked small. Contained. Almost unreal.

A low console rested against the opposite wall. Crystal glasses arranged neatly beside a decanter. A bottle already waiting. Above it hung a large abstract painting in muted tones, cream and slate and faint gold, subtle enough to blend in but large enough to remind you it belonged there.

The bedroom space opened beyond the sitting area without a door, separated by design rather than walls. An enormous bed anchored it, layered in crisp white sheets pulled tight and smooth. A wide padded headboard in soft gray stretched across the wall behind it. Matching bedside tables flanked each side, brass fixtures catching the light. Lamps glowed low, steady, inviting.

A chaise lounge rested at the foot of the bed, upholstered to match the room's quiet luxury. A place to sit and think. Or wait.

The bathroom shimmered through an open doorway. Marble climbed from the floor up the walls. A freestanding tub sat beneath another tall window. Twin sinks. Backlit mirrors. Everything spotless. Everything arranged as if no one had ever disrupted it.

Space like this was not only about comfort. It was a statement. A reminder of money. Of status. Of power measured in square footage and silence.

I loved how quickly it tried to convince me I belonged there.

Because I did.

I belonged to this.

"I need a bath," I said, and started undressing.

"I considered not telling you," Delta said behind me, her voice careful and low. "Since you want to be a danger to my life here. But there is no scenario where this doesn't also land on me." She paused. "This is not the time for one of your princess showers. Get in and get out. You need to be at the breakfast table before Alpha Wenzel gets there. It is not in the pamphlet. I am sure. But it is an unspoken rule on these grounds. The Omegas here call it the privilege of common sense."

I looked at her over my shoulder.

"Well," I said, tilting my head just slightly. "Thank you for that."

I let my gaze drag over her, slow and deliberate.

"I truly cannot imagine what they must be doing to you here. You seem hollow. It's almost impressive."

A faint smile touched my mouth.

"And you didn't even want to tell me that, did you? I could see you fighting yourself. Measuring every word."

I stepped a little closer.

"I kind of love it for you."