

TO RUIN AN OMEGA

Chapter 322: Let it happen 3

HAZEL

She made a sound that was almost a scoff. "You already have a taste of what happens when you step outside the norm here. It is much worse for us. I cannot let that happen to me."

"Good," I said.

She blinked. "Good?"

"Good," I said again. I stepped toward the bathroom.

But she went on. "You aren't secured yet either, So keep your plotting to a minimum."

Two Omegas came in behind her with luggage stacked between them. I paused at the bathroom doorway.

"I'll be in the shower," I said, ignoring her talk about plotting. "Find me something nice. Preferably Blue. Something that shines with innocence."

"A specific color to pull a specific reaction," Delta said flatly. "You only do that when you are plotting. I don't think you should be—"

I walked back to her. I stopped close enough that she had to look up slightly to meet my eyes. I leaned in until my mouth was at her ear.

"I didn't ask for your opinion," I said softly. "Get to work, maggot. Or I'll find another Omega to be useful to me. If you are indeed so terrified of stepping on toes here, better hold me, the monster you know so well, fucking tight. I am the safest thing in this building for you. You know it."

I stepped back and smiled at her. Then I walked into the bathroom and pulled the door shut and stood under the water until the smell of the night washed down the drain completely.

I stepped out to brush my teeth. A new toothbrush sat on the vanity with a fresh tube of paste, laid out with the careful precision of a place that had done this before, welcomed reluctant women before, installed them and cleaned around them and waited. I brushed slowly and stared at my own face in the mirror and took stock of what I had.

When I walked back into the suite in my towel, Laslo was there. He turned away immediately with a fast and practiced pivot.

"My apologies," he said.

"Is it a problem?" I asked. "You will be with me frequently."

"But not when you are undressed. And not in the dining area. I'll be outside."
He said to the wall.

I watched him leave. Then I turned to Delta, who had laid a sky blue dress across the back of the chair. It was a light fabric. The kind that moved when you did. Simple as it was clean and exactly right.

"Perfect," I said.

"Your hair?" Delta offered.

"Low effort. Dry it and comb it. That's all."

She worked quickly and we were done just as swiftly.

Once everything was set, I left the room.

Laslo was waiting exactly where he said he would be, with his hands clasped behind his back and his posture straight like he had been carved there.

His eyes moved over me the second I stepped into view. First on the dress. Then my face.

I noticed the slow lift of his brow.

"You're early," he said. "Record early. Even for breakfast."

"I didn't realize punctuality was competitive here," I replied.

"It is when it concerns the Alpha."

He let that sit for a moment, studying me like he was trying to decide if I understood what that meant.

"The Alpha will be pleased," he added.

"Will he?" I asked lightly. "That's reassuring."

His mouth twitched, though he tried to hide it.

"You say that as if you don't care."

"I say that as if I've learned pleasure is a shifting thing on this grounds. It is best I do not show emotions."

Laslo held my gaze a second longer than necessary. Then he stepped forward and offered me his hand.

"Shall we?"

I looked at it only briefly before placing mine in his.

His grip was firm but not tight.

As we began to walk, our steps echoed softly down the corridor.

"You look prepared," he said.

"For breakfast?"

"For whatever breakfast turns into."

I glanced at him. "That sounds ominous."

"It's not meant to be."

"But it is."

He didn't deny it.

"You don't seem nervous though," he observed.

"Should I be?"

"That depends," he said calmly. "On whether you plan to behave."

I smiled without warmth. "And if I don't?"

His expression didn't change.

"Then I hope you are least enjoyed the little taste of the nice room."

When we reached the threshold of the dining area, he stopped.

"This is as far as I go," he said. "The dining table is private. Family and would-be family only."

I nodded. I let go of his hand. I stepped through.

Three girls looked up at me the second I got in. Their conversation dropped to whispers and then dropped further when one of them gave a small, firm shake of her head. She looked at me with the composed expression of someone who had appointed herself the voice of the room.

"You must be Hazel," she said, pleasantly enough. "You're welcome."

Before I could decide what to do with that, a male's voice came from behind me.

"Cut the cherry disposition bullshit, sister, and just show your teeth already. We don't like her. She is bad branding for this pack and a horrible human being." There was a pause, and then, with unmistakable satisfaction, the voice added: "Remember?"

A chair scraped backwards and he sat.

I turned to look at him and recognized the face immediately. The rude bastard from before. Wearing the same expression he had worn then, the one that said he had already decided everything was mildly amusing.

At least, he wasn't high this time around.

"You," I said.

"Yes, me." He smiled. "Your future brother-in-law." He leaned back in his chair and looked me over with a kind of lazy, open curiosity that made my skin prickle. "I heard the night was rough. And not the good kind." His eyes were bright and interested. "How bad was it?"