

To ruin an Omega

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FIA

I woke to the feeling of eyes on me.

My lids felt heavy, but I forced them open. The first thing I saw was Cian. He was propped up on one elbow, watching me with an expression I couldn't quite read. Soft but intense. Tender but hungry.

"Like what you see?" I asked, my voice still rough with sleep.

A slow smile curved his lips. "You can sense what I feel through the bond. Have a look for yourself."

I did. I reached out through that invisible thread connecting us and felt the wave of desire hit me like a physical thing. It was warm and thick and absolutely ravenous. My breath caught.

I chuckled and shifted closer to him. My hand found his chest, and I let my fingers trace lazy patterns across his body. "Well, well. Someone's feeling insatiable today."

His eyes darkened. "Can you blame me?"

"Not particularly." I leaned even closer until my lips brushed against his ear. "Especially when I'm feeling the exact same way."

I felt him tense beneath my touch. Felt his pulse jump under my fingertips.

"The day isn't even over yet," I murmured against his skin.

"Well." His voice had dropped lower. Rougher. "A certain someone did say we only live once. And it's not like we don't have a lot to celebrate."

I pulled back just enough to look at him. "I think if we are celebrating, A date would be spectacular."

"Why have one when you can have both?"

Heat bloomed in my chest. I smiled. "I quite like that answer."

Then I kissed him.

Hard.

My mouth crashed into his, and he responded immediately. His lips parted, and I took advantage, my tongue sliding against his. The kiss was hungry and just as desperate. Like we hadn't just spent hours tangled together earlier.

My hands went to his shirt. I worked the buttons open without breaking the kiss, my fingers fumbling slightly in my eagerness. I pushed the fabric off his shoulders, and he helped me, shrugging out of it and tossing it somewhere behind him.

I broke the kiss long enough to pull my gown over my head. Then I was straddling him, my thighs on either side of his hips, nothing between us but his pants and my underwear.

I leaned down and kissed him again. This time slower. More deliberate. I explored his mouth thoroughly while my hands roamed over his chest, his shoulders, his arms. I loved the feel of him beneath me. All hard muscle and warm skin.

His hands came up to grip my waist. His fingers dug into my flesh, and I could feel the restraint in his touch. Like he was holding himself back.

I hated that. I wanted it all. I wanted him all. With all the heat and brashness that came with it.

I pulled away from his mouth and kissed down his jaw, his neck, and even his collarbone. I bit down gently on the spot where his neck met his shoulder, and he groaned.

"Fia," he breathed.

I smiled against his skin. I loved the way he said my name. Like a prayer and a curse mixed in one bottle.

I moved lower, kissing down his chest. My hands went to the waistband of his pants, and I worked them open. He lifted his hips to help me, and I pulled them down along with his briefs.

He sprang free, hard and ready. I wrapped my hand around him and stroked once. I heard him let out a sigh as his body jerked back in response. I did it a second time, and this time, he hissed through his teeth.

I climbed back up his body and straddled him again. This time, I positioned myself directly over his cock. I was still wearing my panties, but the thin fabric did nothing to hide the heat between us.

I started to grind against him.

Slowly at first. Rolling my hips in a steady rhythm that had him groaning beneath me. I could feel him hard and hot against my core, separated only by the thin barrier of lace.

"Fuck, Fia," he moaned.

His hands came up to cup my breasts. He kneaded the flesh, his thumbs brushing over my nipples. The sensation sent sparks racing down my spine.

I ground down harder and faster. I needed him to say my name again in that fucking throaty moan of his. The friction was perfect. Not enough but somehow too much all at once.

Cian leaned up and took one nipple into his mouth. His tongue swirled around the peak before he sucked hard.

Now it was my turn to be in a hard place.

I gasped, my movements faltering for just a moment before I found my rhythm again.

He switched to my other breast. This time, his teeth grazed the sensitive bud, and I cried out. The pleasure was sharp and sweet, and it made me grind against him even harder.

"Cian," I moaned. "Oh goddess, Cian."

His hands gripped my hips, guiding my movements. Helping me find the perfect angle. The perfect pressure.

But it still wasn't enough. I needed more. I needed him inside me.

I reached down between us and shifted my panties to the side. Cian's eyes were locked on where our bodies were about to join.

I positioned him at my entrance and slowly sank down.

We both groaned as he filled me. The stretch was exquisite.

Perfect, I dared say.

I took him inch by inch until he was fully seated inside me.

For a moment, I just stayed there. Adjusting, while savoring the feeling of being completely connected to him.

Then I started to move.

I lifted myself up slowly before sinking back down. The pace was sensual and also deliberate. I wanted to draw this out. I *needed* to make it last.

Cian's hands stayed on my hips, his fingers digging into my flesh. His eyes never left mine. The intensity in his gaze made my breath catch.

I rolled my hips, changing the angle slightly. The new position hit something deep inside me that made me gasp.

"Right there," I breathed. "Just like that."

I kept moving. Kept riding him with slow, deep strokes that had us both panting. His hands slid up from my hips to my waist, then higher to cup my breasts again.

He leaned up and captured my mouth in a searing kiss. Our tongues tangled as I continued to move on top of him. The combination of sensations was overwhelming.

Then something shifted.

Chapter 399: Aye kan 2 (M)

FIA

The slow, sensual pace turned into something rougher. More urgent. I started moving faster, bouncing on his cock with abandon. His hips began to thrust up to meet mine, and suddenly we were moving together in perfect sync.

The sound of skin slapping against skin filled the room. His thighs hit my ass with each thrust, and the impact sent jolts of pleasure through me.

I tried to stay quiet, but it was impossible. Small moans escaped my lips with every movement. I leaned down and kissed him again, trying to muffle the sounds I was making.

Our tongues battled for dominance. He tasted like heat and desire and everything I'd ever wanted. I bit down on his bottom lip, and he groaned into my mouth.

His hands were everywhere. On my hips, my waist, my breasts, my ass. He couldn't seem to decide where to touch me. Like he wanted to memorize every inch of my body all at once.

I broke the kiss to catch my breath. My forehead rested against his as we moved together. The pleasure was building in my core, coiling tighter and tighter with each thrust.

"I'm close," I gasped. "I'm so fucking close, Cian."

He shifted his hips slightly, and the new angle made stars burst behind my eyes. His mouth found my ear, and his breath was hot against my skin.

"Me too," he whispered. "Come with me, Fia. I want to feel you come apart on my cock."

His words pushed me closer to the edge. I could feel my body tensing, my muscles coiling in preparation for release. Just a little more. Just a few more thrusts and I'd be there.

Then came the knock.

Sharp and insistent and completely destroying the rhythm we'd built.

We both froze. My body was still trembling on the edge of orgasm but the interruption had shattered the moment.

"Fuck," Cian whispered.

The knock came again.

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Then he called out, his voice strained.
"Yes?"

"It's Thorne." The voice came through the door. "Alpha Gabriel is awake."

The words took a moment to register. When they did, I felt Cian tense beneath me. Not with pleasure this time, but with something else.

Concern.

Duty.

Gabriel was awake after all.

I lifted myself off Cian slowly. The loss of connection made us both wince. I shifted my panties back into place and pulled my nightgown down while Cian grabbed his pants and started pulling them on.

"I'll be right there," Cian called to the door.

"Understood, Alpha Cian."

The footsteps retreated down the hallway.

I looked at Cian. He was buttoning his pants with jerky, frustrated movements. His cock was still hard, still straining against the fabric. He looked like he wanted to punch something.

"I'm sorry," he said.

I shook my head. "Don't be. Your uncle is important."

"I know. But the timing..." He ran a hand through his hair. "Fuck."

I couldn't help but laugh. The sound was breathless and a little hysterical. We'd been so close. So incredibly close.

"Rain check?" I offered.

He pulled me close and kissed me. Hard and fast and full of promise. "Absolutely. The second I get back."

"I'm holding you to that."

He grabbed his shirt from where it had landed on the floor and pulled it on. His fingers worked the buttons quickly. Then he was moving toward the door.

He paused with his hand on the handle and looked back at me. "I love you."

The words made my chest tight. "I love you too. Now go. Alpha Gabriel needs you."

He nodded and opened the door. Then he was gone, the door clicking shut behind him.

I flopped back onto the bed and stared at the ceiling. My body was still humming with unfulfilled desire. Still aching for the release that had been interrupted.

I could still feel the ghost of him inside me. Could still feel the places where his hands had gripped my hips, my breasts, my thighs. My skin was flushed and sensitive, and I wanted nothing more than for him to come back and finish what we'd started.

But Gabriel was awake. And that was more important than my sexual frustration.

I closed my eyes and tried to will my body to calm down. Tried to ignore the persistent throb between my legs.

It didn't work.

I rolled onto my side and pulled a pillow against my chest. The fabric still smelled like Cian. Like us. The scent made the ache worse.

I wondered how long he'd be gone. How long it would take to check on Gabriel and make sure he was okay. Minutes? Hours?

I hoped it was the former. Because I didn't know how much longer I could wait.

My hand drifted down my body almost of its own accord. My fingers slipped beneath the waistband of my panties and found the wetness there. I was soaked. Absolutely drenched.

I stroked myself maybe twice. The pleasure was good, but it wasn't what I needed. It wasn't him.

I pulled my hand away with a frustrated sound.

No. I wouldn't do this alone. When I came, it would be with Cian inside me. With his hands on my body and his mouth on mine.

I would wait.

Even if it killed me.

I sat up and swung my legs over the side of the bed. I needed to do something. Anything to distract myself from the persistent ache.

Maybe a cold shower would help.

Or maybe I should just go find Cian and drag him back to bed regardless of what was happening with Gabriel.

I smiled at the thought. Cian would probably let me too. Would probably abandon his responsibilities in a heartbeat if I asked.

But I wouldn't ask. Because Gabriel deserved his attention right now.

And later, when everything was settled, Cian would be mine again.

And I would make sure we finished what we started.

No interruptions this time.

I stood, and then I headed toward the bathroom.

A cold shower it was.

But tonight? Tonight, Cian was mine.

And I was going to make him regret leaving me hanging.

The thought made me smile.

Chapter 400: The question "why" 1

CIAN

I did not rush when I left the room.

Every step down the corridor felt heavier than it should have, like something in me was trying to hold me back, like if I delayed long enough, I could stay in that space with Fia just a little longer. The warmth of her body was still on my skin. I could still feel the imprint of her hands, the way she had moved with me, the way she had said my name like it meant something more than just sound.

But Gabriel was awake.

That thought settled in my chest and refused to move. It pushed everything else aside, even the frustration still coiled low in my body.

By the time I reached the infirmary doors, I had forced myself into place. I was Alpha first. Everything else later.

I pushed the door open.

The scent hit me first. The smell of herbs were everywhere. There was also a signature of dried moss in the air and something bitter underneath it all that always lingered in spaces like this. The kind of smell that clung to sickness and healing both.

My eyes landed on him immediately.

He was sitting upright on one of the cots, with blanket draped loosely over his lap.

Maren was standing beside him with a cloth in her hand. She was checking his pulse, her fingers pressed lightly against his wrist, her focus sharp in that quiet way she always had when she was working.

But he wasn't looking at her.

He was looking at me.

And the moment our eyes met, something in his face shifted.

It lit up.

It was not subtle. Neither was it restrained. It was immediate. It was clear something had snapped into place inside him. He pushed himself up before Maren could even stop him, the blanket slipping off as he stood.

"Cian."

My name came out rough, but there was something behind it that made my chest tighten.

"Uncle."

I closed the distance between us quickly. The space didn't feel real, like I was walking through something that hadn't fully settled yet.

He reached me first.

His hand came down hard against my back, firm, as it was grounding.

"We did it," he said.

The words hit me harder than I expected.

I let out a breath I hadn't realized I was holding and nodded, my hand coming up to grip his shoulder.

"We did," I said. "We really did it."

For a second, I just looked at him.

He looked fine. He looked better than he was when I first saw him again after all these years.

There was color all over him. I wondered if it was the sight of the sun and freedom again or Fia's powers did just that.

"How are you?" I asked, the question coming out quieter than I intended. "Really."

He didn't answer right away.

Instead, he reached up and touched his throat, fingers dragging slowly across the skin. Then he turned slightly, angling himself so I could see it clearly.

I got the message that he was passing. He was fine. Better than fine even. The attack that Aldric had made was now non-existent.

"There's nothing there," he said.

I leaned in without thinking.

He was right.

There was no scar or mark. Not even the slightest sign that anything had ever happened to him and he was very proud of that truth.

"I don't know how it's even possible," he continued, his voice low, like he was still trying to understand it himself. "But she healed me."

His eyes flicked back to mine.

"Your Fia healed me."

Something tightened in my chest at the way he said her name.

"She's a healer," he added, like he was testing the words out loud. "Is she not?"

I exhaled slowly.

It didn't matter.

That was the truth I had settled on. It didn't matter what she was, what she could do, what it meant in the grand scheme of everything we were dealing with.

"She's Fia," I said. "And she is my mate. That's what matters."

His brows pulled together slightly.

"That doesn't matter?" he asked.

There was something in his tone. Not disbelief exactly. More like... insistence.

"We don't have true healers anymore," he went on. "Not like that. They disappeared long ago. This... this matters."

I held his gaze.

Maybe it did.

Maybe it mattered more than I was willing to admit.

But right now, none of that felt as important as the fact that she was rooms away and exhausted because of what she had done for him.

"She's resting," I said. "Healing you took a lot out of her."

His eyes shifted past me, like he expected to see her standing somewhere behind my shoulder.

"I need to thank her," he said.

"You will," I replied. "Later."

I let that settle for a second before I spoke again.

"But we need to talk."

Something in his expression changed.

Not completely. Not enough for anyone else to notice, maybe. But I saw it. A small shift. A tightening around his eyes. A pause that lasted just a fraction too long.

Then it was gone.

"Of course," he said.

I gestured toward the bed.

"Please, sit."

He did.

I remained standing for a moment, watching him, then pulled a chair closer and sat down across from him. The space between us felt smaller now.

"You said something before," I started. "About Aldric."

His gaze sharpened.

"You said he was responsible for my father's death."

The words felt strange in my mouth.

Because that wasn't the story I had grown up with.

"Last I remembered," I continued, "my father was killed by rogues following the orders of the Alpha King."

I leaned forward slightly.

"So how is that even possible?"

He held my gaze for a second.

Then he sighed.

"Sit properly," he said, nodding toward the chair like I hadn't already taken it. "This isn't something you rush through."

I didn't move.

"I'm listening."

He studied me for a moment, then nodded once, like he had decided something.

"Your father wasn't supposed to die like that," he began.

My jaw tightened.

"Explain."

He leaned back slightly, his hands resting loosely on his thighs.

"The mission was simple on paper," he said. "The King ordered Skollrend and Nocturne to deal with the rogue factions. Clean it up. End it."

I already knew that part.

"But it wasn't clean," he continued. "It wasn't simple."

Something in his tone made my chest tighten.

"What happened?"

He glanced down briefly, then back up.

"Nocturne's Alpha lost his nerve."

My fingers curled against my palm.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," Gabriel said slowly, "when things got difficult, when it became clear the rogues weren't as disorganized as we thought, and that they might have gotten information beforehand, he chose himself over the fight."

The words settled heavy in the room.

"He pulled back," Gabriel added. "and, left the field."

My stomach dropped.

"And my father?"

Gabriel's gaze didn't waver.

"You know your father. He stayed. He stayed until the bitter end."

Of course he did.

I could see it clearly without needing more explanation. My father standing his ground, refusing to retreat, refusing to abandon the mission.

Refusing to be anything less than what he believed an Alpha should be.

"He fought," Gabriel said. "Against both the rogues and the situation he'd been left in."

My hand clenched into a fist.

"And Nocturne?" I asked.

"They lied," Gabriel said simply.

The words hit like a slap.

"They reported it as a brutal clash," he continued. "Said both sides tore each other apart. That your father and the rogue leader killed each other in the chaos."

I let out a slow breath.

"That's what we were told too."

"Yes. I know. I was there."

Silence stretched between us.

"They can't get away with this," I said, my voice low but sharp. "They can't just—"

"They didn't do it alone," Gabriel cut in.

I stilled.

"What?"

He held my gaze.

"Sure... Nocturne did not directly plan it. But eventually, they allied themselves with Aldric."

The name sat heavy in the air.

"To keep their secret," he added. "To ensure their Alpha's failure and his incompetence did not spill out when I started digging."