

## To ruin an Omega

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*Chapter 401: The question "why" 2*

**CIAN**

My fist tightened further, nails biting into my palm.

"So Aldric knew," I said.

"He knew," Gabriel confirmed. "And he used it."

Of course he did.

Rage burned low in my chest.

"It was to his advantage of course," Gabriel went on. Nocturne wanted to keep their failing a secret and my dear brother wanted to keep something else hidden."

I looked up sharply. "What?"

His gaze didn't waver.

"The fact that he was the one who fed information to the rogues."

The words landed heavy.

For a second, I just stared at him.

Then something cold dragged its way down my spine.

My shoulders tensed before I could stop it, a sharp shudder running through me like my body had reacted before my mind could catch up.

"Why?" I asked.

The word came out rough. Stripped down to its bare bones.

"Why was he like that?" I pressed, my voice rising slightly despite myself. "We did nothing to him. Nothing. We trusted him. We... we loved him."

The last word sat wrong in my mouth, like it didn't belong there anymore.

Gabriel watched me quietly.

There was no immediate answer. No quick justification. Just that same steady look, like he had already gone through this question a hundred times and come out the other side with something that didn't feel any better.

"I guess..." he said slowly, "he just wanted to see how easy it was."

I frowned.

"What?"

The words didn't make sense.

He shook his head lightly, like he was brushing something off.

"Forget that," he said.

But I didn't.

I couldn't.

"What do you mean?" I asked again, leaning forward slightly. "What does that even mean?"

He exhaled through his nose, his gaze drifting for a second before returning to me.

"After years in that place," he said, quieter now, "you start to think about things differently."

Something in his tone shifted.

"I had a lot of time to think about Aldric," he continued. "About the things he did. The way he moved. The choices he made."

His fingers tapped once against his knee, absent, like he wasn't fully aware he was doing it.

"And the more I thought about it," he said, "the more I realized something."

I held still.

"He didn't always do things because he had to," Gabriel said. "Or even because it gave him something in return."

My brows pulled together.

"Then why?"

His gaze met mine again.

"Because he wanted to know if he could," he said simply.

The words settled in my chest and refused to move.

"If he could what?" I asked.

"Manipulate people," Gabriel replied. "Turn situations. Break things that didn't need breaking."

His voice stayed calm.

"And get away with it," he added.

Something in me twisted.

"That's..." I stopped, the words catching somewhere in my throat. "That's insane."

"Yes," Gabriel said. "It is."

I leaned back slightly, dragging a hand down my face.

"That doesn't make sense," I muttered.

"People don't just... do things like that for no reason."

"They do," Gabriel said.

I looked at him.

He wasn't looking at me anymore. His gaze had gone distant again, fixed somewhere past my shoulder, like he was seeing something that wasn't in the room.

"Some people don't need a reason that makes sense to everyone else," he continued. "Sometimes the reason is simple."

His jaw tightened slightly.

"They want control," he said. "Or they want to prove something to themselves."

I swallowed.

"And we were just... what?" I asked. "Part of some experiment?"

His eyes flicked back to mine.

"For him?" Gabriel said. "Maybe."

I shook my head again. I had about had enough of this. So I changed the topic.

"What do you plan to do now?" I asked.

The question came out before I could stop it.

He blinked slightly, like he hadn't expected it.

"Now?"

"Yes," I said. "Now that you're back. Now that he is out of the way... What do you plan to do?"

He leaned back, exhaling slowly.

"A lot of my life has been taken from me," he said.

There was something quiet in his voice.

"I intend to make up for lost time."

I watched him carefully.

"How?"

He shrugged lightly.

"Maybe I stay here for a week," he said. "Recover properly. Then I leave."

My brows pulled together.

"Leave?"

"I want to see the world," he said. "A lot has changed and I didn't get to see it."

Something in his expression softened slightly.

"I've spent too long trapped in one place."

I nodded slowly.

"That's... fair."

He glanced at me, then smiled faintly.

"Cian."

"Yes?"

"You did good."

The words landed heavier than I expected.

"You put him on his toes," he continued. "If that bastard ever gets another chance, he'll think twice before being so careless."

I let out a breath.

"I didn't do anything. We... 'we' did it," I said again, quieter this time.

He tilted his head slightly.

"Did we?"

Something in his tone made my chest tighten again.

I frowned.

"What do you mean?"

He exhaled softly, like he was letting something go.

"I'm just being real."

"Well I am too, uncle. If you hadn't been there. Perhaps I might not have gotten shit done."

"Hmmm." He managed before saying, "I'm going to need a phone."

The shift was abrupt.

"I have calls to make."

I studied him for a second, then nodded.

"We'll get you one."

He nodded once.

"And I'm tired of staying in here," he added, glancing around the infirmary. "I'd rather not spend another night staring at these walls."

"This is your home," I said. "You don't have to stay here. You can take one of the guest rooms."

His gaze flicked back to me.

"Thank you."

I nodded. "You're welcome, Uncle."

For a moment, neither of us spoke.

The quiet didn't feel awkward. It felt... full. Like everything that needed to be said had already been laid out between us, and anything more would just circle back to the same place.

Gabriel shifted slightly on the bed, his hands bracing against the edge as he pushed himself up. The movement was steady.

"I should let you go," he said, brushing his hands down the front of his shirt like he was settling into himself again. "You've got other things to attend to."

I watched him closely.

There was something in the way he carried himself now. Subtle, but different. Not enough to raise alarm. Just enough to make me pay attention.

"I'll get myself acclimated," he continued, glancing toward the door. "Find a room. Get used to being here again."

Again... The word lingered.

"This place hasn't changed much," I said.

His lips curved slightly.

"Good," he replied. "Some things shouldn't."

He stepped forward, closing the distance between us, then paused just short of where I stood. For a second, it felt like he was going to say something else. Something more.

Instead, he nodded once.

"But don't forget," he added, his tone shifting just slightly, something more deliberate settling into it. "I need to speak with your mate."

My chest tightened at the mention of her.

"To thank her," he finished.

Of course.

I inclined my head.

"Of course."

His gaze held mine for a second longer than necessary.

Then he stepped past me.

I turned slightly as he moved toward the door, watching the way he walked.

The door opened, then closed behind him with a soft click.

Something about the conversation sat wrong with me.

Not enough to name. Not enough to act on.

Just... there.

I exhaled slowly and ran a hand through my hair, pushing the thought aside.

Later.

I would deal with that later.

Right now, there was only one place I wanted to be.

I turned and headed for the door.

*Chapter 402: It costs nothing to be cruel 1*

## **ALDRIC**

I walked down the corridor and let the silence settle around me, not as something empty, but as something that belonged to me now.

Gabriel's body moved differently than mine ever had, lighter in a way that bordered on fragile, the muscle softer and less defined, shaped by years of confinement instead of

discipline, but it was still functional, still responsive, and more importantly, still mine to command.

It would do.

It had to.

I turned the corner and slowed near one of the tall windows, where light spilled in from outside, warm and golden, stretching across the stone floors in long, quiet streaks that felt almost too gentle for a place like this that had experienced violence just hours ago.

For a moment, I simply stood there.

Then I looked down at my hands.

Well... Gabriel's hands.

They were clean now. Scrubbed free of the dirt and neglect that had clung to them for years. The skin was pale but no longer sickly, and the faint tremor that had once lived in them was gone, replaced by something steadier, something that answered to me.

I flexed my fingers slowly, watching the tendons shift beneath the surface, testing the responsiveness, the control, the ownership.

I did hate that I could still feel him, buried somewhere deep, Gabriel's presence scratching at the edges of my consciousness, frantic and animalistic, like something trapped in a space too small to contain it, but he was contained nonetheless.

And I was in control.

That was the only part that mattered.

To be safe, I would have to get that witch to fix what was messed up by Fia, and her services were not cheap. Touching money like that at a time like this would raise eyebrows.

I hated uncertainty and walking on eggshells, even with a new life.

I let my hand fall and turned away from the window, continuing down the corridor as my thoughts moved ahead of me, already organizing and dissecting everything I had gathered in the last few hours with the kind of precision that came from habit, not effort.

Cian had been careful, deliberate in the way he spoke, giving nothing freely and revealing only what he chose to, but even restraint left gaps, and gaps could be filled.

He had told me enough.

Fia was a healer.

Not the diluted kind that still lingered in small pockets of our world like Moira and Thorne. Those ones could only use herbs to close shallow wounds, dull pain, and connect with the goddess at a personal level, which happened to be just enough to be useful.

This however... This felt like something older. Something that should not have existed anymore. Something that belonged to an era that had already been buried.

A true healer.

The kind that could pull someone back from the edge of death with nothing but touch and light. The kind whose existence had once been tied directly to the goddess herself.

I thought about the blue glow Ronan had described and had been keen to find out about. It had to be the exact same way Fia's hands had lit up, and the room had shifted under the weight of something divine.

I could not believe we had missed it.

Not because it had been hidden, but because we had been looking in the wrong direction, too focused on the Pauline, and on the immediate threats that demanded attention, and in doing so, we had ignored the one detail that should have stopped everything.

The blue light... Not just any blue by the way, but that specific, unmistakable shade of celestial blue... it was the color of the goddess.

I stopped walking, the realization settling fully now, no longer a passing thought but something solid, something undeniable.

My hand rose to my chest, pressing lightly against the fabric of my shirt as if grounding myself in something physical would sharpen the clarity of it.

The rune scars on Gabriel's back still burned faintly, a constant, low reminder of what had been done to this body and what I had done in return, but even that sensation felt secondary compared to the weight of this realization.

Because that blue light should have been the first sign that gave away how the Omega had survived the accident that Pauline had orchestrated that night.

Healers from the age of legends were not simply rare; they were connected to the source itself, and in a werewolf, that source was the well.

It was the deep living reservoir of power that flowed directly from Lady Selene, shaping what they could become and how far they could go.

The gifts varied, of course, depending on the depth of that connection.

Most healers barely scratched the surface, limited to mending wounds, resetting bones, and easing sickness just enough to keep someone alive.

Some reached further.

Precognition, fragmented but useful, glimpses into what might come.

There was also the gift of small miracles that blurred the line between healing and manipulation, the ability to move objects without touch, to bend the physical world through nothing but focus and will.

I found myself wondering, not idly but with growing intent, how much of that Fia possessed, how far her connection extended, and more importantly, how much of it remained untapped.

Because untapped power was never neutral.

It was volatile.

And then, inevitably, my thoughts shifted.

To Valentine.

The files I had built on him were not incomplete, not careless, but thorough to the point of obsession, gathered over years, layered with detail, each piece of information placed deliberately until I understood not just what he did, but why he did it.

Valentine had engaged in fleshcraft.

It was no rumor, nor was it speculation. This was confirmed as I had proof and photos of repeated experimentation on living subjects, driven by a single, consuming objective.

He believed he could bring healers back.

Not imitate them, not replicate fragments of their abilities, but recreate them entirely, as they had once existed before the goddess had stopped allowing them into the world.

That had been his goal.

His fixation.

And until now, I had believed he had failed.

The subjects had died, or worse, survived in forms that could not be called success, twisted remnants of what they were meant to become, broken in ways that could not be corrected.

Failures.

Every single one.

Failures that he had to take out in an act of mercy.

Except now that certainty no longer held.

Because Fia existed.

Because Fia was real.

And because the power she carried did not belong in this era.

Which left me with two possibilities, neither of them comfortable.

Either she was natural, an anomaly, a genetic echo from a time that should have stayed buried, something the world and perhaps even the goddess had produced on its own without interference.

Or she was created.

A success hidden among failures.

My chest tightened, not from uncertainty, but from the implications that followed.

If Valentine had succeeded, even once, then everything I thought I understood about him needed to be adjusted, because a man who achieves what should be impossible does not stop at one success.

*He refines it.*

*He repeats it.*

*He expands it.*

And if Pauline knew, if she had even a fraction of that information, then her position in all of this was no longer passive. She was no emotionally disregulated Luna who threw her husband's conquests to the wolves, or in this instance... the mad warlock.

It was deliberate.

I shifted my focus to her then, retracing what I knew, what I had seen, what she had done.

The attack on Fia had not been impulsive. I had thought it had been an attack against me. But it was clear that Cian made that move to put me on my toes.

But Pauline did it for something. For some reason.

She could be impulsive. But this seemed like she was being calculated.

She clearly planned, and she acted only when the outcome was already leaning in her favor, as she had shown with how confident she was with the medium that she had used to attack Fia and the fact that it would leave no trace.

It had not been a witch.

That much was certain.

Witches always left something behind, a residue, a signature that could be followed if you knew where to look, and Pauline was clearly not careless enough to risk that.

She had even beaten a delicate's foresight.

So what had she used?

The answer did not come all at once, but when it did, it settled with a kind of quiet certainty that made everything else align around it.

One of Valentine's experiments...

Yeah... It made sense.

Not the successes, though. But the failures. The ones that had survived just enough to be useful, altered in ways that made them unstable, unpredictable, and above all, disposable. The ones that Valentine had peddled the lie that he exterminated.

That was what she had sent.

That was what had attacked Fia.

Because Pauline had access, whether directly or through leverage, and she had chosen to use it.

Which meant she knew.

She knew what Fia was, or at least enough to understand that Fia could not be allowed to exist unchecked.

And she had acted before anyone else could piece it together.

I let out a slow breath, the kind that came, not from surprise, but from the recognition of a move well played.

Oh, I had been played.

Not clumsily, not by chance, but with precision, with patience, and with a level of foresight that I could almost respect.

Pauline and Valentine had been working together. Or at least in parallel. Both of them were moving pieces on a board I had not even known existed.

And I had missed it.

Because I had been too focused on Cian. On the pack. On maintaining control.

*Chapter 403: It costs nothing to be cruel 2*

## **ALDRIC**

I had not looked deep enough.

Had not asked the right questions.

Had not connected the dots that were sitting right in front of me.

But now I saw it.

Now it was clear.

And it gave me exactly what I needed.

A way to take out my enemies.

All of them.

At once.

Fleshcraft was a sin.

A crime against the supernatural society.

The kind of crime that carried consequences so severe that even mentioning it in certain circles could get you killed.

And Fia.

A whole Luna of Skollrend was hiding the fact that she was a healer.

It would only make sense if she were not a creation of the goddess.

If she were something else...

Something unnatural...

Something *made*.

It did not even matter if she actually was.

If I sold the story correctly, it would be bought.

I was a returned Alpha with plenty of secrets to tell. Secrets I had learned while imprisoned. Secrets about Valentine. About Pauline. About the experiments they had conducted in the dark.

I was a saint right now.

A victim. A perfect victim.

Someone who had suffered and survived and come back to tell the truth.

People would listen to me.

They would believe me.

And when I told them that Fia was a product of fleshcraft, and there had been some conspiracy to create her, that she was an abomination walking among them, they would act.

The supernatural council would move.

The royal family would intervene.

Cian would be stripped of his position or worse.

Fia would be taken.

Studied and dissected before being exterminated.

And I would be there to watch it all burn.

But first, I needed those files.

The leverage I had kept on Valentine and Pauline.

The proof of their crimes.

The evidence that would make my story undeniable.

Without those files, it was just my word against theirs.

And while my word carried weight right now, it would not be enough on its own.

I needed proof.

Concrete, undeniable proof.

Which meant I needed to get back into my office.

Into the hidden compartment where I had kept everything. It had one of my secret key.

I turned another corner and started heading toward the wing where my old chambers had been.

The hallways were quiet.

Most people were still recovering from the trial. From the executions. From everything that had happened.

Good.

The fewer people who saw me moving around, the better.

I reached the door to my chambers and stopped.

My hand hovered over the handle.

For a moment, I just stood there.

This room had been mine for years.

Decades.

It had been where I planned. Where I schemed. Where I built my empire piece by piece.

And now I was walking back into it wearing someone else's face.

The irony was not lost on me.

I pushed the door open.

The room was exactly as I had left it.

Dark wood furniture. Heavy curtains. A desk positioned near the window with papers still scattered across its surface.

No one had touched anything.

No one had dared.

I stepped inside and closed the door behind me.

Then I moved toward the desk.

My fingers traced along the edge of the wood. Searching. Feeling for the small indentation I had carved into the underside years ago.

There.

I pressed down hard.

A soft click echoed in the quiet.

A panel in the wall beside the desk slid open.

Inside was a small compartment. Hidden, secure and... empty.

I stared at it.

My chest tightened.

The key was gone.

The missing piece that would lead me to every piece of leverage I had spent years collecting.

Gone.

I stood there for a long moment.

Then I let out a slow breath and closed the compartment.

Someone had taken them.

Cian, maybe. Or one of the sentinels acting on his orders.

It did not matter.

It did actually, considering I had fortified the room against magic and reinforced the entirety of that room with titanium.

But Ronan's version was still out there, and I had a feeling I knew where it was. If it was not there... I could rebuild.

I always did.

I turned away from the desk and walked back toward the door.

That was when I heard it.

A soft sound.

Quiet and almost imperceptible.

It sounded like someone was crying.

I stopped.

The sound was coming from just outside the door.

I opened it slowly.

And there she was.

Elara.

My daughter.

*Fuck!*

She was sitting on the floor with her back against the wall. Her knees were pulled up to her chest. Her face was buried in her hands.

Her shoulders shook with quiet sobs.

I stood there for a moment.

Just watching her.

She looked so small.

So broken.

*Pathetic, really.*

But also useful.

I stepped forward.

The movement must have caught her attention because her head snapped up.

Her eyes were red. Swollen. Tears streaked down her cheeks.

"Uncle Gabriel?" she said.

Her voice was thick. Choked.

I forced my expression into something softer. Something kind.

"Elara."

She dragged the back of her hand across her face quickly, trying to wipe away the evidence, trying to gather herself into something more presentable, though the tremor in her shoulders betrayed her.

"What... what are you doing here?" she asked, her voice quieter now, cautious in a way that suggested she was already trying to make sense of my presence.

I let out a small breath, letting just enough uncertainty slip through to make it believable, tilting my head slightly as though the answer was not entirely clear even to me.

"I'm not sure," I said, my tone softer, almost reflective. "I just... wanted to check on my room."

Her gaze flickered past me briefly, toward the door I had just stepped out of, before returning to my face, studying me with a kind of careful attention that felt older than she was.

"Oh," she murmured.

Silence settled again, though this time it was different, heavier, threaded with something unspoken.

I took another step closer, closing some of the distance between us without crowding her, letting my presence feel intentional but not threatening.

"You shouldn't be sitting out here like this," I said gently, my eyes lowering slightly as if in concern. "What happened?"

Her lips parted, then pressed together again as though she was debating whether to answer, whether to trust what she saw in front of her.

"I guess it is all true," she said. Her voice cracked slightly. "My father did imprison you."

I looked at her.

At the tears. The guilt. The self loathing written all over her face.

It disgusted me.

This weakness.

This need to wallow in emotions that served no purpose.

But I pushed the disgust down and let something paternal rise to the surface instead.

Because she would have use.

Her phone, especially.

Because I knew that even now, Cian would not trust me. Not fully. Not yet.

He would have traumatized himself thinking about family. About who could be trusted and who could not.

Whatever phone he gave me would be monitored. Tracked and restricted.

But not hers.

Not the grieving daughter who had done nothing wrong.

I moved closer and knelt down beside her.

"Elara," I said gently. "You have grown."

She sniffled and wiped her eyes again.

"I am sorry for what my dad did."

I reached out and placed a hand on her shoulder.

"It is not your fault."

She shook her head.

"But I did not notice," she said. Her voice broke again. "I should have. With how epileptic his personality was. But I just thought we were all like that. It never clicked."

Tears spilled down her cheeks again.

"Not even when my mom withdrew and started to fear him. I thought it was just a bad breakup. But it is all coming to light now."

She looked up at me.

"My father is a monster," she whispered. "And I am probably just like him."

I squeezed her shoulder gently.

"You are not like him."

She blinked.

"You are good, Elara. I can see that."

Her lip trembled.

"You think so?"

"I know so."

I let the words sit for a moment.

Let them sink in.

Let her believe them.

Then I pulled her into a hug.

She went stiff at first. Then she collapsed against me. Her arms came around me and she cried into my shoulder.

I held her and said nothing.

I just let her cry.

Let her break.

Let her think I was someone safe.

Someone who cared.

After a while, her sobs quieted.

She pulled back slightly and wiped at her face again.

"Thank you," she said softly.

I nodded.

Then I hesitated. Like I was uncomfortable asking.

"I hate to ask," I said slowly. "But I was trying to find Cian. I still don't have a lot of things and I sort of... I need a phone to call a friend. Can I use yours, Ela?"

Her eyes dimmed slightly.

The brightness that had started to return faded.

But she nodded.

"Of course."

She reached into her pocket and pulled out her phone.

Then she handed it to me.

"I am sorry," I said.

"It is fine," she replied. "You can use it."

I took the phone from her hand.

"Thanks."

She nodded and looked away.

I stood and stepped back.

"I will return it soon," I said.

She did not respond. She just sat there, staring at the floor.

I turned and walked away.

The phone felt light in my hand.

*Unrestricted.*

*Unmonitored.*

*Perfect.*

I turned the corner and stopped.

Then I unlocked the screen and started scrolling.

Time to make some calls.

Time to finish what was started.

*Chapter 404: Heated 1 (M)*

**CIAN**

I pushed open the door to my room and stopped.

Fia stood near the bathroom doorway, wrapped in a robe. Her hair was damp, falling in dark waves over her shoulders. The fabric clung to her in places where she hadn't dried off completely. She looked up when I entered, and something in her expression shifted.

A slow smile curved her lips.

"Preparing for me, I see," I said.

She tilted her head slightly. "How's your uncle?"

"He's fine." I moved further into the room and closed the door behind me. "Better than fine, actually. You healed him completely."

Her eyebrows rose. "Completely?"

"Not even a scar." I crossed the distance between us. "He wanted to thank you even."

"He doesn't need to—"

I reached for the tie of her robe and pulled. The knot came undone easily. The fabric parted and I pushed it off her shoulders. It pooled at her feet.

Now she stood before me completely bare.

My hands went to my shirt. I didn't bother with the buttons. I just grabbed the fabric and pulled. Buttons scattered across the floor with soft pinging sounds. The shirt joined her robe.

"Cian," she breathed.

I captured her mouth in a kiss. Hard and demanding. She responded immediately, her lips parting, her tongue meeting mine. I walked her backward until her legs hit the bed.

I broke the kiss and pushed her down onto the mattress. She fell back with a soft gasp, her hair spreading across the pillows.

I knelt between her legs and looked at her.

She was perfect. Flushed and wanting and mine.

I leaned down and pressed my mouth to the inside of her thigh. She shivered. I kissed my way higher, taking my time, savoring the way her breath hitched with each touch.

When I finally reached her center, I didn't hesitate. I licked a long stripe through her folds, and she cried out, her hips lifting off the bed.

I gripped her thighs and held her down. Then I went to work.

I explored her with my tongue, learning what made her gasp, what made her moan, what made her fingers tangle in my hair and pull. I circled her clit with the tip of my tongue before sucking it into my mouth.

"Cian," she moaned. "Oh goddess, Cian."

I loved the way she said my name. Loved the desperation in her voice.

I slipped two fingers inside her while my mouth continued its assault on her clit. She was wet and hot and perfect around my fingers. I pumped them in and out, curling them to hit that spot that made her see stars.

Her thighs started to tremble. Her breathing became ragged. I could feel her body tensing, and could immediately tell she was close.

So I stopped.

I pulled my mouth away and removed my fingers. She made a frustrated sound and looked down at me with wide, accusatory eyes.

"Not yet," I said.

"Cian, please—"

I climbed up her body and captured one nipple in my mouth. I sucked hard, and she arched into me with a cry. My hand found her other breast, and I rolled the nipple between my fingers, pinching just hard enough to make her squirm.

I switched sides, giving her other breast the same attention. My teeth grazed the sensitive peak, and she moaned.

Then I moved higher. I kissed up the valley between her breasts, over her collarbone, up the side of her neck. I found the spot where her neck met her shoulder and bit down gently.

She shuddered beneath me.

I licked the spot, soothing it, then moved to the nape of her neck. I knew she was sensitive there. I had learned that the first time I'd touched her.

I kissed the spot softly. Then I scraped my teeth against it.

"Cian," she gasped. "Please. I need—"

"What do you need?" I murmured against her skin.

"I need you to mark me again."

The words sent a jolt of possessive satisfaction through me. My wolf howled its approval.

"Please," she begged. "Mark me. Claim me. Make me yours again."

I didn't need to be told twice.

I bit down on the junction of her neck and shoulder. Hard enough to break skin. Hard enough to leave a permanent mark.

She cried out, her whole body arching beneath me. I felt her blood on my tongue, warm, metallic and most of all, somehow perfect.

I licked the wound, soothing it, then pulled back to look at her. Her eyes were glazed with pleasure and pain mixed together.

I leaned down and kissed her. Let her taste herself and her own blood on my lips. She moaned into my mouth, her tongue tangling with mine.

When I finally pulled back, I looked at her seriously.

"Your turn," I said.

Her brows furrowed. "What?"

"Bite me." I tilted my head, exposing my neck to her. "Mark me as I marked you."

"It doesn't work like that," she said. "My bite won't leave what you leave on me."

"I don't care." I met her eyes. "I want you to anyway."

She stared at me for a long moment. Then she leaned up and pressed her mouth to my neck. I felt her teeth scrape against my skin, teasing, before she bit down.

The pain was sharp and immediate. But it was followed by pleasure so intense I groaned.

She pulled back, and I could see my blood on her lips. The sight of it sent heat straight to my cock.

I kissed her again. Harder this time. Our tongues battled for dominance, and I could taste both of us mixed together. Blood and desire and need.

She broke the kiss and whispered against my ear. "I need you, Cian. I need you inside me."

"Yeah?"

She nodded, her breath hot against my skin. "Yeah."

I stood and stripped off my pants and briefs. My cock sprang free, hard and aching. Fia's eyes dropped to it—

*Chapter 405: Heated 2 (M)*

## **CIAN**

—And I saw her lick her lips.

I climbed back onto the bed. But instead of positioning myself between her legs, I lay down on my back.

"What are you—"

"Turn around," I said. "Face my feet."

Understanding dawned in her eyes. She moved to straddle my chest, then shifted until she was facing away from me. Her pussy was right above my face, and my cock was within reach of her mouth.

Perfect.

I gripped her hips and pulled her down onto my face. At the same time, I felt her mouth close around my cock.

We both groaned.

I licked through her folds while she sucked me deep. The dual sensations were overwhelming. Every time I did something that made her moan, I felt the vibrations around my cock.

I focused on her clit, circling it with my tongue before sucking it into my mouth. She gasped around my cock and took me even deeper.

Her mouth was hot and wet and perfect. I could feel myself getting close but I forced myself to hold back. I wanted to draw this out. Wanted to make it last.

I slipped two fingers inside her while my tongue continued its assault on her clit. She was soaking wet, practically dripping onto my face. The taste of her was intoxicating.

She pulled off my cock with a wet pop. "Cian, I'm close."

"Me too," I growled against her. "Come for me, Fia. Come on my face."

I pumped my fingers faster and sucked harder on her clit. She went back to sucking my cock, and I felt my control starting to slip.

Then she came.

Her whole body convulsed above me. Her inner walls clenched around my fingers, and I felt wetness flood out of her. I licked it all up, not wasting a single drop.

The sight and taste, and feel of her coming undone pushed me over the edge. I groaned as my own orgasm hit me. I came in her mouth, and she swallowed it down, not missing a beat.

We stayed like that for a moment, both of us trembling and trying to catch our breath.

Then she lifted herself off my face and turned around. She looked down at me with heavy-lidded eyes and swollen lips.

"I'm not done with you yet," she said.

I smiled. "Good. Because I'm not done with you either."

She positioned herself over my cock. I was still half hard and getting harder by the second just looking at her.

But instead of facing me, she turned around again. This time, she straddled my hips with her back to me.

Reverse cowgirl.

I gripped her hips as she slowly sank down onto my cock. The angle was different like this. Deeper somehow. We both groaned as she took me inch by inch.

When she was fully seated, she paused. Just sat there for a moment, adjusting to the feeling of me inside her.

Then she started to move.

She lifted herself up slowly before sinking back down. The pace was torturous. I could see everything from this angle. Could see my cock disappearing inside her, could see her ass bouncing with each movement.

"Fuck, Fia," I groaned.

She picked up the pace and started bouncing on my cock with more urgency. I gripped her hips harder, helping her move, guiding her rhythm.

The sound of skin slapping against skin filled the room. She was moaning with each thrust, her whole body trembling.

I reached around and found her clit. I rubbed it in tight circles and felt her clench around me.

"Yes," she gasped. "Right there. Don't stop."

I didn't. I kept rubbing her clit while she rode me. I could feel another orgasm building in both of us.

"I'm close," she panted. "So close."

"Come for me," I commanded. "Come on my cock, Fia."

She threw her head back and cried out as her orgasm hit her. I felt her inner walls clamp down around me, and it triggered my own release.

I came with a roar, my hips bucking up into her as I emptied myself inside her. She kept moving, riding out both of our orgasms until we were both spent and trembling.

Finally, she lifted herself off me and turned around. She collapsed on top of me, her body boneless and satisfied.

I wrapped my arms around her and rolled us onto our sides. I pulled her back against my chest, spooning her, my arms wrapped securely around her waist.

We lay there in comfortable silence, both of us trying to catch our breath. My hand rested on her stomach, right where our child was growing.

"I forgot to mention something," I said softly.

"Hmm?" She sounded half asleep already.

"My uncle wants to see you. To thank you properly for healing him."

"Hmm."

I smiled and pressed a kiss to the top of her head. "We can deal with that tomorrow."

She made a soft sound of agreement.

I held her closer, breathing in her scent. The smell of sex and sweat and us mixed together.

This was perfect. This moment right here. Just the two of us, tangled together, safe and content.

Tomorrow we would deal with Gabriel. Tomorrow we would start planning for the future. Tomorrow, we would figure out what came next.

But tonight, we had this. We had each other. And that was more than enough.

I felt Fia's breathing even out as she drifted off to sleep. I stayed awake a little longer, just holding her, making sure she was really okay.

My hand moved in slow circles over her stomach. Our baby was in there. Growing. Becoming.

The thought still felt surreal.

But it was real. It was happening.

And I would protect them both. No matter what it took. No matter what threats came our way.

They were mine. And I would die before I let anything happen to either of them.

I closed my eyes and let myself drift.