

To ruin an Omega #Chapter 419: And He Called It Salvation - Read To ruin an Omega Chapter 419: And He Called It Salvation

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VALENTINE

I worked through the argument I had with my wife before the crack of dawn in the hollow quiet of the house, replaying her words like a curse I couldn't shake.

She had been packing when I found her. Not the slow, methodical packing of someone planning a trip. The sharp, decisive movements of someone who had already made up their mind.

"I'm sick of this," she had said, folding one of Wilhelm's shirts with more force than necessary.

I had stood in the doorway, watching her. "Sick of what?"

"This." She gestured broadly, encompassing the room, the house, and me. "Something is happening to this family, Valentine, and it's because of you."

I had tried to keep my voice steady. "Madeline made her choice."

She had whirled on me then, eyes blazing. "No. Madeline loved this family. She loved us. She loved her magic."

"Then why did she leave?"

"I called her." The confession came out sharp, almost accusatory. "I wanted to know what was going on. Do you know what our baby told me?"

I had waited.

"She said she just wants an ordinary life. Without us. Without magic." My wife's hands had stilled on the suitcase. "My Madeline's magic is beautiful, Valentine. It's a gift. And for some reason, it repulses her now. What her gifts can do repulses her. I cannot allow that. I cannot."

"What do you want me to do?"

She had looked at me then, really looked at me, and I had seen something break in her expression.

"If you won't tell me the depth of your secrets because it will change and burn our relationship, maybe I don't need to know." She zipped the suitcase closed. "But if it's enough to make our sweet girl despise her magic, if it's enough that the only way she can move on with her life is to cut us all off and pretend she is anything but magical, I think I have my answer."

I had stepped forward. "I will fix this."

"No!" The word had come out like a slap. "You promised me it wasn't going to be like this. That you were not disturbed by your family's darkness. But you are. You are disturbed by it, Valentine. The Blossom darkness still covers you, and I will not stand here and let Wilhelm be covered in it too."

She had grabbed the bag and walked past me.

"Wilhelm!" Her voice had echoed through the house. "Are you ready?"

I had followed her down the stairs, watching as she handed Wilhelm her bag in the entryway.

"Put it in the car," she had told him.

Wilhelm had looked at me. I had nodded.

He had taken the bag without a word.

My wife had turned to me one last time.

"I truly wish you the best, Valentine. If you want to be covered in your family's darkness, you are free to do so now. You don't have to hold back on our account."

Then she had left.

And I had stood there, alone in the house that suddenly felt too large and too empty, listening to the sound of their car pulling out of the driveway.

That had been hours ago.

Now I sat in my study, disheveled and still wearing the same clothes, turning the key over in my hands.

I had stolen it from Aldric's room before leaving Skollrend. A precaution. Insurance. Something to give me leverage if I ever needed it.

I channeled a small thread of magic into my palm and watched the key begin to melt, the metal running liquid between my fingers before evaporating into nothing.

The key to his evidence was destroyed now.

Not that it mattered now.

I needed to get my family back. Needed to find a way to undo whatever Madeline had done to this family because of her so-called empathy.

But I had no idea where to start.

I stood and walked toward the window, staring out at the empty driveway.

That was when I noticed the mail.

Someone had left a small stack of letters on the front step. I had not heard anyone approach.

I crossed the room and opened the door, gathering the envelopes in one hand. Most of them were mundane. Bills. Advertisements. Nothing of consequence.

But one envelope stood out.

It was unmarked. No return address. No postage. Just my name written in careful, deliberate script.

I carried it back to my study and set the rest of the mail aside.

The envelope opened easily.

Inside was a letter and several photographs.

The letter contained only four words.

"Your cup has runneth over."

I set it down and picked up the photographs.

The first one showed Number Four. Mid-experiment. Her face twisted in pain.

The second showed another experiment subject. Or what was left of him after the binding had failed.

The third showed Athena.

Young. Healthy. Smiling.

Before everything.

I went through the rest of them slowly. Each one, a piece of my work. Each one damning.

I checked the envelope again, searching for any clue about the sender.

Nothing.

But the message was clear.

This was a threat. Either someone intended to expose me, or they were planning to use this information to control me.

Aldric still had allies. That much was obvious now. People who had survived him. People who knew what I had done.

And they were coming for me.

I set the photographs down and leaned back in my chair, forcing myself to think clearly.

If this reached the Supernatural Council, I was finished. They would execute me. Publicly and just as painfully. And they would hunt down every single experiment I had ever created and destroy them, too.

My only leverage now was Fia.

A living, breathing success. Proof that my work had created something valuable. Something that could be studied, understood, and replicated.

If I could get her, if I could prove what she was, I might survive this.

But I needed her now.

Not later. Not when it was convenient. Now.

I stood and crossed to the center of the room, already weaving the spell before I had fully committed to the decision.

The magic came easily. A projection. A way to reach across distance without physically moving.

I closed my eyes and let the spell carry me forward.

When I opened them again, I was somewhere else.

Not physically. But my consciousness had shifted, stretching across miles until it found what I was looking for.

Number Four.

She was in Skollrend, hidden in the shadows of the estate gardens, watching the main house with careful, patient attention.

She could see me. Hear me. But no one else could.

Not that it mattered. She was skilled at hiding herself. Always had been.

"I need you to take her," I said. "Today."

Number Four did not flinch at my sudden appearance. She instead turned to face me fully and looked at me like I had gone batshit crazy.

"It's too risky," she said quietly. "Something is happening here. The Alpha is tearing the estate apart. There are also sentinels everywhere. They're searching for something."

"I don't care what they're searching for. I care about survival. Mine and yours."

She shook her head slightly. "If I move now, I'll be caught."

"If you don't move now, we're both dead." I let the words settle. "The files are out. Someone is coming for me. When they do, they'll come for you, too. Every experiment. Every failure. Every abomination. We'll all burn together."

Number Four hesitated.

I could see the conflict in her expression. The fear warring with self-preservation.

"You want your freedom?" I pressed. "You want the formula? You want to stop being a slave to those pills? Then do this. Do it now. Or forget the deal. Forget everything. And when they come for me, I'll make sure they know exactly where to find you."

Her eyes narrowed. "You're threatening me."

"I'm telling you the truth. We're out of time. Fia is the only thing that can save us both. Bring her to me. Alive. Unharmed. And I'll give you everything I promised."

The silence stretched between us.

Then she exhaled slowly.

"Fine," she said. "But if this goes wrong, if I'm caught, I'm telling them everything. Every name. Every place. Every secret you've ever kept."

I smiled.

"You won't be caught. You're too good for that."

I pulled the projection back before she could respond, letting the spell collapse and dragging my consciousness back to my study.

I opened my eyes.

The room was exactly as I had left it. The photographs still spread across my desk. The letter was still sitting beside them.

But something had shifted.

I had made the decision. Set things in motion.

There was no going back now.

I gathered the photographs and fed them into the fireplace, watching as the flames consumed the evidence. The paper curled and blackened, the images disappearing into ash.

The letter went next.

Then I returned to my desk and sat down, folding my hands in front of me.

All I could do now was wait.

Wait for Number Four to succeed.

Wait for Fia to arrive.

Wait for my family to come home.

I thought about my wife's words again. About Madeline. About Wilhelm.

About the darkness that still covered me.

She had been right about one thing.

I had not let it go. Had not moved past it. The Blossom legacy ran through my veins like poison, and I had spent years trying to prove I could control it, could use it for something better.

But every experiment had been another step deeper into that same darkness.

Every failure had been another confirmation that I was exactly what I feared.

And now I was gambling everything on one final success.

On Fia.

If this worked, if I could get her and prove what I had made, I could salvage everything. My reputation. My research. My family.

If it failed, I would lose them all.

I leaned back in my chair and stared at the ceiling.

The house was still too quiet. Too empty.

But it would not stay that way for long.

One way or another, this would end soon.

Chapter 420: Girls get it done

FIA

"Run," I told Morrigan, and I meant it. I didn't look away from Aldric when I said it, because I knew the moment I did, he would take advantage of it. "Get out of here. Now."

"No."

It came out flat, like she had already made peace with whatever was about to happen.

I spared her a glance anyway, and that was my first mistake. She had moved closer instead of retreating, her stance shifting as the change started to take hold. It wasn't a full shift, not yet, but I could see it happening under her skin, bones pressing and reforming, fingers lengthening into claws that caught the dining room light. Her breathing had changed too, becoming heavier and deeper as something older and meaner rose to the surface.

"Mother-in-law, you can't—"

"I have a score to settle with this bastard," she cut in, and her voice didn't sound like hers anymore. It had dropped into something rough, something edged with a growl that made the hairs at the back of my neck stand up. "You're the one who should go. You're pregnant, Fia."

Aldric laughed.

It wasn't loud, but it carried, dragging across my nerves in a way that made my stomach turn. He rolled his shoulders like he was loosening up for a spar, casual, almost bored, and when his gaze slid to Morrigan, there was nothing there but contempt.

"You're old, Morrigan," he said, like he was pointing out something obvious. "And you're no Alpha. Take the Omega's advice and run. Even she has a better fighting chance than you."

Morrigan's lip curled, and I saw the flash of fangs where her teeth had sharpened.

"You tormented your own brothers for so long," she said, and there was something heavy in the way she spoke, something that had been sitting in her chest for years, maybe decades. "Instead of dying and going to hell like you deserve, you still linger. Still crawl back to torment him."

She stepped forward, slow and deliberate.

"Die."

Aldric moved first.

He came low and fast, faster than anything that size had a right to be, but Morrigan met him halfway like she had been waiting for it. Her clawed hand snapped out and caught his arm mid-swing, and she twisted hard enough that I heard the crack of bone, or at least something close to it.

But even at that, he barely reacted.

His other hand came up in a brutal uppercut that connected with her jaw. The sound of it made something in my chest tighten. Her head snapped back, her body rocking with the force, but she didn't go down.

I didn't think after that. Thinking would have slowed me down, and slowing down would have gotten us killed.

I moved.

I slammed into his side with everything I had, my shoulder taking the brunt of it, and the impact knocked us both off balance. We hit the floor hard enough that the breath punched out of me, my lungs burning as I tried to drag air back in, but I didn't give him time to recover. I drove my knee up into his ribs, feeling the jolt of it run all the way up my leg.

He grunted, more annoyed than hurt, and then his elbow came out of nowhere.

It caught me at the temple.

For a second, everything went white as if someone had wiped the world clean. Then the stars came, sharp and disorienting, and the room tilted under me as my balance slipped. I felt his weight shift as he tried to pin me, his hand catching at my shoulder, forcing me down.

And then he was gone.

Morrigan had him.

Her hands locked around his throat from behind, claws digging in just enough to hold, and she hauled him backward with a strength that didn't match her frame. I rolled away, coughing as air finally rushed back into my lungs, each breath dragging like it had to fight its way in.

"Stay down," she snarled at him, her grip tightening.

He didn't listen.

His head snapped back, sharp and sudden, and I heard the crack before I saw the blood. It sprayed from her nose, bright and immediate, and her grip faltered for half a second. That was all he needed.

He twisted in her hold, slipping just enough to turn, and then his fist drove into her stomach. Once, then in quick succession, another followed.

Each hit landed heavy, the sound of it dull and solid. She folded forward, her body reacting before she could stop it, and he shoved her off like she weighed nothing.

I was already moving again.

There was a broken chair near my feet, one of the legs splintered clean off. I grabbed it without thinking and swung.

He ducked, but not enough.

The wood connected with the side of his face, and I felt it give slightly on impact, heard the faint crack as skin split. Blood welled up almost instantly, dark against Gabriel's face.

That sight twisted something inside me.

I hated it. I hated that every time I hit him, it was someone else's face taking the damage. Hated that his features were warped into something cruel and wrong and that smile was sitting where it didn't belong.

But I reminded myself that Gabriel wasn't there.

Not right now.

But Aldric was. And that was a deadly place for him to be.

Morrigan recovered quicker than he expected. She came in from the side, quick on her feet, and her claws immediately went in him, dragging across his arm. The fabric tore under her grip, followed by skin, four clean lines opening up as blood followed in their wake.

He hissed, the sound sharp and animal like, and his hand came around in a backhand that caught her across the face.

The force of it sent her stumbling, her shoulder hitting the wall hard enough to rattle it, but she didn't stay down. She pushed off it almost immediately and launched herself back at him with teeth bared.

We didn't need to speak. There wasn't time for it, and even if there had been, we wouldn't have used it.

We fell into a rhythm.

When I went high, she went low. When she forced him back, I stepped in to close the space. We didn't give him a second to breathe, didn't give him the room to reset or think through his next move.

My fist connected with his jaw, the impact jarring up my arm, and his head snapped to the side. Before he could recover, Morrigan's claws raked across his ribs, drawing another line of blood. He reached for her, fingers closing around her wrist, but I was already there.

I drove my knee into the back of his leg.

He dropped.

One knee hit the ground, his balance finally giving under the pressure we'd been piling on, and for the first time since this started, he looked almost off-center.

Morrigan didn't hesitate.

She brought her elbow down hard against the back of his neck, putting her full weight behind it, and his arms buckled. He went forward onto his hands, the impact echoing faintly against the floor.

For a moment, everything stilled.

Not completely, not really, but enough that I could feel it. The shift. The fragile edge of something that might have been victory.

For a second, I thought we had him.