

Chapter 90

Everything was going according to plan. She couldn't believe it. Nicole had fallen straight into her trap, and soon it would be over for her. She would win in the end. And everything she deserved would come to her.

Only for all that to be destroyed in a second as Nicole slashed her throat with a silver blade. She had been so close. She had been very close to achieving her one goal. And Nicole, like always, thwarted it. She had been deceived, her carefully woven plan unraveled by Nicole's silver blade. It was always Nicole.

As Lilian's lifeblood drained from her throat, her eyelids fluttered open and closed as her life flashed before her eyes. She gasped and struggled for breath as memories flooded back with agonizing clarity.

She recalled the moment she discovered her own Alpha wolf, the exhilaration coursing through her veins as she believed she had finally found her rightful place within the pack. But her parents, the very ones she sought validation from, had dismissed her claims as nothing more than a joke.

"It wasn't possible," they said jokingly, "Liam was the firstborn son, and his wolf was a formidable beast."

But she was Alpha too. She wanted to prove it to them all her life. She tried researching how to show them the truth. She finally discovered that when there were two Alpha wolves in a family, the one that found its mate first took over the pack. So she began her journey to find a mate.

Lilian hungered for power in a way no one had ever done. It led her to the deepest and darkest parts of the forest. It led her to tombs, caves, and places age shouldn't go. But then she was determined.

She learned things ordinary werewolves wouldn't know. She learned about magic and how it worked. With a bit of cunningness, she found what she was looking for. She found a mate. Of course, to do this, she made sacrifices. Some people died in the pack, but she believed that it was for the greater good.

She recalled the first day she set eyes on the mate she was to claim as hers. It was a thrilling experience. But the pain of rejection seared through Lilian's heart as she recollected the events that followed.

She had been thrilled, convinced that this would solidify her position as Alpha. Yet, her hopes were shattered when her mate denounced their connection, denying her the validation she so desperately craved.

To make matters worse, he said politely, "I think there must be a mistake," and went along to become friends with her brother. At that same time, her parents discovered her tricks and burnt all her spell books.

At that moment, a deep-seated hatred for her brother Liam had taken root within Lilian's soul. She blamed him for the favouritism shown by their parents, the preferential treatment that seemed to follow him wherever he went. She believed that he had orchestrated her mate's rejection, fueled by a belief that her parents valued him above all else.

Now, as death's grip tightened around her, Lilian's vision blurred, her thoughts consumed by the venomous hatred that had consumed her for far too long. She had meticulously crafted a plan to end her brother's life, to tear down the pedestal on which he stood and expose his weaknesses for all to see. It was why she had to kill a witch to gain powers.

But then the innocent and traumatized came along. Lilian hadn't known that he had already marked her when he met her, but she knew that she was his mate. And she did everything to destroy their bond the way they did to hers, yet nothing worked.

Frustrated, she approached Asha once again. She manipulated and deceived, using Asha as a pawn in her twisted game of power and control. The lies she had woven, pretending to be Garrett and driving a wedge between Nicole and Liam, now crumbled into dust.

As the darkness closed in, Lilian's final breaths carried the weight of regret. She didn't win. Everything she had done was in vain.

Then she heard footsteps, her brother's scent followed and she knew what she must do. As far as she was concerned, no one would win. She still had the chance to rid the world of her brother.

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Liam stumbled upon the lifeless form of his sister, Lilian, and let out a growl. Shock coursed through his veins, numbing his senses as he dropped to his knees beside her, his hands trembling with desperation and disbelief.

"Find him! Find Garrett! Find that bastard! And Nicole!" He screamed. He could sense that Nicole had been there, too. "James, find them!"

His heart thrashed with betrayal. He didn't believe that Garrett could betray him. The sight of Lilian with a slit throat sent shockwaves through his entire being.

Without a moment of hesitation, he reached for her neck desperately, attempting to staunch the flow of blood and save her life; he tried to stem the flow of blood, his hands covered in crimson.

"Lilian! Stay with me! I can help you," Liam pleaded, his voice trembling with a mixture of anguish and disbelief.

"Someone, get me a medic!" He growled.