

Chapter 91

Lillian's eyes immediately snapped open, and instead of terror or a plea for help, Lillian's eyes burned with a sinister glimmer.

With a strength fueled by her dying breaths, Lillian lashed out at Liam, her hands clawing at his throat. Liam recoiled in shock, his mind struggling to comprehend what was happening. How could his own sister, on the brink of death, turn on him so violently?

"Lillian, stop! It's me, your brother! I'm here to help you," Liam choked out, desperately trying to fend off her frenzied assault. But Lillian's eyes held no trace of recognition or mercy.

"You... took... everything... from me," Lillian hissed through gritted teeth, her voice laced with bitterness and resentment. "You were always their precious Alpha, their golden child. And now... now you have a mate, too."

Liam's mind reeled with confusion and sorrow. How could Lillian believe such twisted lies? He had never asked for the favoritism their parents had supposedly shown him.

He had never sought the position of Alpha or the bond of a mate. It had all been thrust upon him, the weight of responsibility he had carried with a heavy heart.

"Lillian, what are you doing? Stop!" he pleaded, his voice choked with emotion. He couldn't comprehend why she would attack him in her dying moments, a betrayal that cut deeper than any physical wound.

Through labored breaths, Lillian managed to form words, her voice raspy and filled with malice. "You... you don't deserve... to live," she spat, her voice punctuated with a bitter laugh.

"I... I wanted it all... the power... the mate... everything!" Her words were punctuated by gasps as her life force slowly ebbed away.

Confused didn't begin to describe what Liam felt. Lillian swiped at him again using her last ounce of dark magic.

Liam's eyes widened, and he staggered back. "Lillian... You... You're the witch?"

I've found Garrett," James shouted, coming to the scene with a weak Garrett.

"He was tied up to a tree. It seems she used him as an anchor," James announced.

Garrett's memory fragmented, and his body was used as an anchor for Lillian's dark magic. He could only recall the tragic loss of his previous mate, Lola.

"What... what happened?" Garrett stammered, his voice tinged with confusion and pain. "I... I don't remember..."

Liam's eyes met James', his eyes wide. He couldn't believe what was happening.

Lillian's gasping breaths became more labored as she struggled to form her words. Her voice, filled with malice and madness, echoed through the air. "I killed her, Garrett. I killed Lola. You were meant to be mine. I destroyed everything for you, for us."

Garrett's face twisted in horror and disbelief. "No! Lillian, you were never my mate. Lola was my mate, my true love. You've been consumed by darkness."

Lillian let out a hollow, manic laugh, her body convulsing with the effort. "No... No, you're wrong. You were mine... and now, I've destroyed you. Forever."

"Lillian!" Liam's voice quivered with anger and desperation. He knelt beside her, his eyes searching hers for any sign of remorse or truth. "Where is Nicole? What have you done with her?" he demanded, his voice laced with urgency.

A malicious grin crept across Lillian's pale lips as she struggled to speak, her voice weak but filled with venom. "Nicole... is gone," she sneered, relishing in the torment she caused. "I took her away... to ensure your suffering."

The weight of Lillian's words bore down on Liam, his mind racing with a mix of fear and anger. He couldn't fathom losing Nicole, the woman he loved, to his own deranged sister. The thought of never seeing her again threatened to break him.

In a surge of rage, Liam reached for his sister's throat, his grip tightening around her fragile neck.

Lillian's lips curled into a wicked smile, her eyes glinting with cruel satisfaction. "Nicole... oh, sweet Nicole," she taunted, her voice laced with a venomous tone. "She's gone, Liam. Gone forever." Lillian reveled in the torment she was causing, relishing the pain she knew her words inflicted.

"She'll never return... not in this world or the next," she gasped, a haunting certainty in her tone. "You're left with the wreckage of my deeds... and the knowledge that I've taken everything from you."

Fury ignited within Liam, his hands clenched into tight fists. The primal urge to avenge the woman he loved welled up inside him, threatening to consume him completely.

He leaned over Lillian, his voice low and dangerous. "You will pay for what you've done," he growled, his eyes burning with a fierce determination.

But Lillian's weak laughter filled the air, a haunting sound that pierced Liam's heart. "Oh, Liam, dear brother," she mocked, her voice faltering with each breath. "You can't kill me, I'm already dead." Her words hung in the air, a chilling revelation that sent a shiver down Liam's spine.

Lillian continued, her voice strained and filled with vindication and bitterness. "I used them all, Liam. Asha, Garrett... even you," she confessed, her eyes locked onto his, challenging him to deny her claims. "I manipulated their weaknesses, their desires, to bring about your downfall. And it worked!"

The shock and betrayal etched on Liam's face were palpable. How could his sister have orchestrated such a diabolical plan? The truth was like a dagger to his heart, cutting deep and leaving behind wounds that might never fully heal.

Liam's hands trembled, his grip loosening as he gazed into Lillian's fading eyes. He knew she spoke the truth. Her life force was gradually slipping away, leaving behind a chilling void. With a mixture of relief and sorrow, he released his grip, allowing his sister's dying body to crumple to the ground.

As the realization of Nicole's absence sunk in, a torrent of anguish and despair washed over Liam. The world around him seemed to blur, his vision tainted by a haze of grief. The loss of his mate and the uncertainty of her fate shattered his already fragile emotional state.

In the grip of overwhelming pain, Liam's mind snapped. His instincts took over, primal and raw, as he descended into a feral state. His wolf surged to the surface, consuming his thoughts and driving him to seek out the one who had taken Nicole from him.

James, ever vigilant and perceptive, recognized the dangerous transformation in Liam. He had seen this before, the devastating loss pushing an Alpha to the brink of madness. With a sense of urgency, James lunged forward, his powerful arms wrapping around Liam's thrashing form.