

My Mate Replaced Me on Marking Ceremony

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1

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"Don't argue with me. Follow my plan exactly. The silver injection must be precise - make sure it kills her wolf completely. She can't suspect anything." My mate Alpha Marcus's voice was cold and calculating.

"Once she wakes up, I'll take her to meet Rachel's pup. Without her wolf, she'll have no choice but to cherish the child as her own. No Omega has ever challenged an Alpha's decision."

The healing witch wiped sweat from her brow, her conscience clearly troubled.

"Alpha, please reconsider. Sarah will be covered in burn scars, and now you want to kill her wolf too? This is beyond cruel - it's practically a death sentence. How will she face the pack elders as an Omega?"

"And what about Rachel's pup? The child looks exactly like you. What if Sarah notices the resemblance? Everything will fall apart!"

Marcus reached out, methodically applying healing salve to my cracked lips with surprising gentleness.

His voice carried a note of resigned sadness that made my heart ache despite everything.

"She won't notice anything. Once she becomes an omega, she will have to stay in the pack. She cannot afford any risk of leaving the pack. "

"I promised Rachel I would give her a magnificent marking ceremony. That I would watch our pup grow up together. Even though she's married to another Alpha now, I won't let her worry about our child's future."

The healing witch sighed heavily, looking at my pale face on the hospital bed.

"Sarah is a good wolf. You grew up together in this pack. Why are you choosing that... never mind. If you're determined to do this, then proceed."

"Prepare the silver. Make sure it's done cleanly. No traces. I want it done before she wakes up - I don't want her to feel more pain than necessary."

The witch hurried from the room, her footsteps echoing with reluctance.

Marcus pulled out his phone and sent a voice message to his Beta.

"Has the arsonist kept quiet? Stick to our agreement - two hundred thousand in compensation, help their family relocate outside pack territory. Sarah can't find out."

I couldn't stop the tears from falling, soaking silently into my pillow.

Marcus continued to tend to my burns with warm cloths, his touch gentle even as he plotted to destroy my life.

Despite the warmth of his care, I felt cold to my very core.

So this was the truth - the marking ceremony I'd spent five years dreaming about was nothing but a façade for Rachel's benefit.

The fire wasn't an accident at all.

He was simply removing an obstacle for Rachel, the mother of his secret child.

Everything I believed about our happiness together had been nothing but an illusion.

Lies and betrayal - that was the real foundation of our relationship.

I struggled to open my eyes against the heaviness of sedation.

But before I could fully wake, I felt another needle pierce my skin, this time carrying something far worse than just anesthesia.

Before they wheeled me into the treatment room, Alpha Marcus pressed a gentle kiss to my forehead.

"Be brave, little one. It will be over soon. Sarah, I'll be waiting for you."

The silver burned like liquid fire through my veins. My wolf howled in agony, her cries echoing through my mind as she fought against the poison.

As my wolf's presence began to fade, my heart grew as cold as the silver destroying her.

When I next opened my eyes, I was back in the hospital room. The burns still covered my body, but something far worse had changed.

The familiar warmth of my wolf, the presence I'd known since childhood, was gone. Only emptiness remained where she should be.

Marcus sat vigilant by my bedside. When he saw me wake, his face showed perfect concern, as if he hadn't just ordered my wolf's death.

He took my hand in his, pressing it against his cheek with such tenderness it made the betrayal cut even deeper.

"Sarah? You're awake? Are you in pain anywhere?"

"Tell me if it hurts. I'll have them adjust your medication."

His expression was as loving as ever, but now I could see the emptiness behind his eyes. The calculating coolness that had always been there, hidden beneath the warmth.

It was terrifying to realize how far someone would go for another person's love. How thoroughly they would destroy a life that stood in their way.

I shook my head slightly, reaching up to touch the stubble on his jaw. Playing my part in this cruel charade.

"You haven't slept all night, have you? I'm fine. Get some rest."

Marcus accepted my words without suspicion, finally letting his guard down. Soon he was asleep beside my bed.