

Chapter 4

Lily

The door creaked open suddenly, and my heart sank as two shadows emerged. The room was dim until one of them flicked the switch, flooding the space with light. Standing before me were two figures I recognized all too well. I panicked, stepped back, and landed on my butt again. Ryan rushed down happily with a bride behind him.

“Oh look! The useless, nasty slut is awake.” Hearing those words from Ryan was terrifying. He had disguised his disgust for me so well that it left me in shock.

“Hmm! She’s all messed up, but strange, she didn’t die,” Rose rolled her eyes.

“Don’t—don’t come any closer,” I pointed at them, shaking in fear. My begging didn’t stop Ryan, and he lunged at me to grab my arm and pull me up on my feet to face my sister.

His grasp around my arm was so painful.

“Um, we don’t really need you. See! My character of ‘Perfect Goddess’ doesn’t need the costume anymore. We’re continuing with season 2, where I will be fighting less and having more of a romantic storyline, and they are revealing my face, so—no more masked, musty, crusty Lily needed. As for Riley, come on, she got your diary. The diary that you’ve been writing songs in? Huh! She’s good for at least ten years,” the more she spoke and counted out the reasons why they didn’t need me, the more I began to believe I was never getting out of here.

“Did you not wonder how parents could do something like that to their children?” She squeezed her eyes until they were little, cocking her face and reading my expressions.

“That’s because you were never our sister, you dumb, stupid bitch,” she finished, slapping my face, but her husband didn’t let me fall.

“I’m not?” I gasped, my hand over my cheek.

“Of course not. I’m the eldest one, but we had to keep you with us for some good fortune. You see, Dad had stolen you—from a wealthy couple. They were at the top of the game, and Dad needed them to lose something to lose their sense for a while,” she continued to shock me with how brutally they had planned all of this.

Their game plan started when I was born.

“And now—your rich parents are looking for you. Now—we cannot let them find you, can we?” she clicked her tongue, pouting.

I’ve been living with strangers all these years?

My breath caught. My real parents... They’re looking for me? A glimmer of hope sparked in my chest. “Rose, who are they? Please tell me! I’m begging you!” I cried, my voice breaking.

Rose smirked coldly. “Knowing who your parents are has only made things more complicated. I can’t let you live now, Lily. You’ll have to die today. ”

Ryan’s eyes were cold and filled with disgust. “Lily, looking at your face makes me sick. You’re nothing but an eyesore. If Rose wants you dead, then so be it.” A cruel smile spread across his lips. “You’ve always done what I asked, haven’t you? Then do it one last time—be a good girl and die.”

Rose laughed and wrapped her arms around Ryan, kissing him on the lips. “I love you so much,” she purred.

He smiled down at her, stroking her forehead lovingly. “Let’s finish this quickly. I can’t wait anymore.”

Blushing, Rose turned to me, her expression a twisted mix of joy and malice. “Well, Lily, It’s time to say goodbye.” She gestured to Riley, who began pouring kerosene across the room and onto Lily.

“No! Please, Rose, don’t do this! I’m begging you!” I cried, struggling against the ropes binding her.

Rose smirked, holding Ryan’s arm as they stepped back. “Why should I tell you anything? You’re about to die. What’s the point in knowing? Goodbye, Lily. Have a happy death.”

Their laughter echoed cruelly as Rose flicked open a lighter and tossed it into the room. Flames erupted instantly, casting an eerie glow as they closed the door, sealing my fate.

The room quickly became an inferno as the fire spread relentlessly, consuming everything in its path. Flames danced across the walls, and the thick smoke filled the air, making it hard to breathe. I struggled desperately against the ropes binding me, my heart pounding with fear and determination. I shouted for help, my voice hoarse and strained, hoping against hope that someone might hear my cries.

I couldn’t believe that was the end of me. Even being a good person didn’t do anything for me. And then, I could no longer breathe, and my eyes closed.

How absurd! Everything that I had was ultimately belongs to my sister. My fiancé was meant for her, my designs were meant for her, and my so-called parents were actually her biological parents, not mine, and I—after losing all my value—was burned alive by my parents, my lover, and my best friend.

"If I get another chance, I will make everyone pay!" I swore to myself. There was nothing more intense than the blazing fire in the room—it was my hatred.