

Chapter 5 My Sister Bianca

Freya's POV

I drove off in a fit of anger, my mind consumed with Kingsley's smug expression. I felt furious, as though he believed I was only playing games with him to gain something.

To him, it seemed like everything in the world had a price, even if it was hidden in the darkness. If someone claimed that money couldn't buy everything, Kingsley would merely scoff and say that the sum offered wasn't enough.

Therefore, once something happened between us when we got along, he was always calculating how much it would take to keep me happy. But this time, I was determined not to compromise. I swore to myself that I wouldn't let him get the better of me again.

Just as I made my vow, my phone rang.

"Hello?" I said, my voice sharp.

"My dear daughter, what's wrong?" My father's voice sounded cheerful on the other end of the line.

"What do you want?" I asked, unable to hide the irritation in my tone.

"I found some high-quality caviar that your mother-in-law enjoys. Come and pick it up, and remember to bring your husband along too."

I rolled my eyes at the mention of Kingsley's mother. My father knew her tastes better than he knew mine, even though I had lived for so long.

I couldn't help but sneer at the irony of the situation. I'd lived my whole life and he didn't know what I liked, but he knew everything about what Kingsley's mother liked.

My life was just as ridiculous. When Kingsley had asked to accept me as his mate, my father had agreed without asking any questions. I knew that my father was only interested in furthering his own agenda.

But despite everything, he was still my father. I sighed heavily, resigned to the fact that sometimes we were trapped by our circumstances, no matter how much we wanted to break free.

I went to the nearby mall to purchase some symbolic gifts before heading to the garage to pick up my Porsche.

The mere thought of this car brings a pang of pain, for it was a gift from Kingsley's mother.

I knew then that I was not the perfect daughter-in-law in her eyes, but I couldn't afford to hurt the image of the Moonlight Pack. She asked me to choose a car of my liking, but I feared they might view me as a vain woman, so I settled for a car that cost barely a million.

But now, if I were to be rejected by Kingsley, the car would be the only possession I could claim as mine. I should have known better and purchased a more expensive car.

The mere thought of Kingsley's arrogant demeanor filled me with indignation. On the way home, I nearly ran a red light and struggled to arrive at the house I had hardly visited these years.

Standing at the door, I took a deep breath, forced a smile, put on a polite expression, and rang the doorbell.

Bianca, my father's adopted daughter, answered the door.

She had always stolen my father's affection from me since childhood. She had impeccably applied makeup and wore a flattering smile, which vanished the moment she saw me alone. She cast a quick glance around and showed a look of disappointment.

"What's the matter? Am I not welcome?" I asked.

"No, no. I just wanted to see if my brother-in-law had brought me any presents," she said with a lack of interest and returned to the house.

Theo emerged from the kitchen expectantly upon hearing the commotion. His beaming smile turned into a frown when he saw me alone.

"I thought I told you to bring Kingsley back," he said.

"Well, he had an urgent meeting and couldn't make it," I explained.

"It's alright. The busier he is, the more prosperous our pack will become. Come and sit down. I've prepared your favorite dishes," he said, attempting to lighten the mood.

Theo smoothly continued with his hosting duties and gestured for me to take a seat at the table.

As I observed the luxurious spread in front of me, I couldn't help but feel a twinge of cynicism within me.

Did Theo prepare this feast, thinking that Kingsley would be accompanying me? And now that he wasn't here, did Theo suddenly remember my favorite dishes?

The smell of the grilled lamb chops was overwhelming, and I felt a wave of nausea. But what really made me uncomfortable was witnessing the bond between Bianca and Theo.

Since my mother's accident, the warmth in my relationship with Theo had turned cold, while Bianca continued to bask in my father's affection. I couldn't help but wonder who his real daughter was sometimes.

At the dinner table, Theo asked me to put away the caviar he had prepared for Kingsley's mother and then turned his attention to serving Bianca with a dish.

Her response was a plastered-on smile that I found insincere as if it was a mask she put on just to please her father. I watched this all with a detached air, mechanically eating the food and occasionally glancing at the clock, hoping for the right time to leave.

Kingsley's absence turned out to be a blessing in disguise, sparing us from having to maintain the illusion of a happy family.

Suddenly, Bianca spoke up, "Dad, I've found a new job recently, and the working environment and compensation are good. But..."

She shot me a furtive glance before resuming her sweet smile at Theo.

Concerned, he asked, "What's wrong? Are your colleagues giving you a hard time?"

Bianca hesitated for a moment before replying, "No, everyone is treating me well. It's just that everyone there looks fashionable, and I'm afraid I'll be slighted. I was thinking of having a branded bag to avoid that."

Bianca's eyes widened, and she put on a pitiful expression, looking at the bag beside me. I could see the desire of wanting it in her eyes.

That was the bag that Kingsley gave me. It came from a famous brand and was handmade and customized. There were only ten in the world.