Chapter 6 Bianca's Provocation

Freya's POV

"You already have so much branded stuff. What's the point of having a new one?" I couldn't help but roll my eyes.

"That's just not possible," she replied. "They are all old and outmoded. Everyone else has the latest fashion item. I'll be laughed at if I go out with the old stuff. Please lend me your bag for a while, dear sister." Bianca spun her words around and gave me a smile.

"Of course, dear Bianca. Your new job demands a certain image, and that old stuff just won't cut it. Besides, it's about time you upgraded," my father then turned to me and said, "You can ask your husband for a new one. He's wealthy, and he won't hesitate to buy you a new one."

Theo looked at me, then set down his utensils and gave me a serious look.

posture of a father scolding his child.

my irritation palpable.

me.

"You're just an intern. Why do you need an expensive bag?" I couldn't help but glance at Bianca and say.

Had I come here just to be his errand person? And now, they wanted my bag, too?

with your own money. What's with the stinginess?" Theo immediately sat up, slammed his hands on the table, and stood up, assuming the

"We're family, what's wrong with lending your sister your bag? It's not like you bought it

"Sorry. This is all my fault. I shouldn't have brought up the bag. I don't want my sister's bag anymore."

Bianca acted as a peacemaker, gently patting Theo's back with a reassuring hand. She put on a kind and understanding expression.

"Hmph, what an ungrateful brat," Theo muttered under his breath, then turned his face away.

Since the meal was ruined, I decided to leave.

At this time, Bianca, who had been comforting Theo, suddenly spoke in a cold and

dismissive tone, "It seems people these days turn up their noses at even slightly used stuff,

let alone one bag that's been used for three years. Even the owner would be bored, wouldn't you agree?" Perplexed, I turned to face her and met her sweet smile. "What do you mean?" I demanded,

"Nothing much," she replied coyly, fiddling with her bangs. "I just think even Kingsley would prefer a brand-new thing to a three-year-old one." With that, she winked playfully at

Her words ignited a flame of anger within me, and my wolf roared in anger to tear her apart, but I managed to keep my composure in front of Theo.

Without a word, I stormed out of the room and slammed the door behind me. I strode determinedly towards the garage, refusing to look back even when I heard Theo's voice trailing behind me as he rushed out with a gift for Kingsley's mother.

heed, and as soon as I reached the car, I revved the engine and sped away. Soon, I returned to Novia's house, carrying the gift box.

Theo put the gift into my car and told me to bring it to Kingsley's mother, but I paid him no

Novia noticed it and commented on my father's efforts to please the Shadowmoon Pack.

Exhausted, I sat down and turned on the TV, only to find Tracy's drama playing on every channel. Frustrated, I switched it off.

In truth, I had no idea myself.

Novia asked, "So, what do you plan to do with the gift?"

My father didn't trust me, and every time he sent something, he had to confirm through

Kingsley if it was received. "Maybe you can give it to Kingsley and ask him to pass it on to his mother," Novia

suggested. As I pondered the events of the day, I regretted not restraining myself a bit. What if Kingsley

Despite my concerns, I mustered the courage to dial Kingsley's phone number.

After a short ring, someone answered, but the call abruptly ended before I could speak.

I called him multiple times but he disconnected every call. What a vengeful man!

I decided to send Kingsley a text message: "Alpha Kingsley, are you available?"

refused to help?

Two minutes later, Kingsley coldly replied with just two words—"Not in."

your company tomorrow. Could you please take them to your mother?"

This time, Kingsley did not reply for half a day. Just when I was torn with uncertainty, the phone rang. It was Kingsley calling.

Ignoring his curt response, I continued: "My father gave me a box of caviar. I will send it to

I picked up the phone.

Kingsley's clear voice slowly reached my ears, "Join me tomorrow to welcome Joyce."

months ago, she went on a graduation trip with her classmates and only returned yesterday.

also fostered her arrogant and domineering personality.

relationship with her, and I made various efforts to improve our mutual bond, but Joyce

When I was first accepted by Kingsley as his mate, I genuinely wanted to establish a good

remained unresponsive. I could feel that she didn't like me, or more precisely, she hated me

Since she had lost her father shortly after birth, she was greatly indulged by the elders, which

Joyce was his younger sister, who had just graduated from college earlier this year. Two

actually. "No--" Just as I was about to decline, Kingsley's voice intervened once again, "Then I'll help you."

Ever since the day I moved out, this was the first time we conversed so calmly. Truth be told, Kingsley was undeniably a suitable mate.

cold demeanor and occasionally harsh words. Despite our contrasting status, he had always treated me with the appropriate respect,

girlfriend. Did that really warrant a divorce?

Reluctantly, I had to agree.

In comparison to those of similar status, who were entangled in daily scandals and the cacophony of wealthy families, Kingsley merely maintained a vague connection with an ex-

providing for my needs and never subjecting me to cruelty, except for not loving me.

He possessed striking looks, excelled in his profession, and carried no vices except for his

As this thought crossed my mind, I opened my mouth to express my concerns, but before I could utter a word, a familiar female voice emerged from the other end of the phone, "Kingsley, who's calling?"

ending the call.

It was Tracy's voice.

Why must I choose between the lesser of two bad options? One ambiguous ex-girlfriend was sufficient to dismantle our life, which was visibly doomed from the start.

At that moment, I chuckled at myself and replied coldly, "See you tomorrow," promptly