

Chapter 183

Kylan

"Welcome back, Your Highness!"

People bowed as I passed. The same words were called out over and over, but I ignored them. Back in the day, I enjoyed the attention, and the power. It made me feel like, despite the way the king treated me, I actually was something. Someone.

After winning the throne battle, those words just fed my ego even more, but now, they meant nothing.

Don't get me wrong, I still wanted to be—no, I was going to be—the king of Lyperia. That was set. I didn't go through everything to end up like a nobody.

My jaw was tight as I walked the royal halls to give my respects to the king. The moment I didn't see him outside, I already had a good idea of where that man might be, and I was right.

The king usually followed the same routine. He was a man of habits. He liked to eat around this time, and it was usually with...them.

Crazily enough, I didn't care this time. As long as Puppy would not have to interact with that monster too much during our stay, I was good. He didn't want to be around her, but I knew she wasn't exactly jumping up and down to look at that betraying piece of shit either. Not after what he had done to Adelaide.

All of this, greeting the king, was a waste of time. All I could think about was getting back to her.

My Puppy.

I must've lost my damn mind, letting her go off with the queen like that. I knew the queen wouldn't lay a finger on her because I knew she would see herself in her. She saw the king as a monster, saw me as a monster, and saw herself, and Violet, as the damsels in distress.

Because of that, I had already expected her to at least show her some warmth. But what I hadn't considered was what the woman who hated me could do with her words. She could try to turn Puppy against me, and that was really not what I needed right now.

Still, I couldn't deny, between the queen and the king, she was clearly the better choice.

My blood had already started to boil once the dining hall came into sight. The guards at the doors straightened as I approached. What can I say? I had a lot of memories tied to that room, and none of them were good.

"Your Highness—"

I raised my hand before they could finish, already tired of the formality. They took the hint and reached for the door without another word.

I took a breath the same moment the heavy door scraped against the palace floors, and then I stepped in.

My eyes immediately found the king, but he didn't bother to look up.

No, why would he?

His attention was on the woman he called his everything, Lady Mona. She was glued to his lap, laughing like a love-struck teen while he whispered something into her ear. His hands dug into her waist like she

belonged to him, like he feared she would run if he let go for even a second.

I knew Lady Mona, the woman who loved his attention more than anything. And I knew she wouldn't run.

Although, she definitely should.

My eye twitched slightly as I stared at the woman who had made my life a living hell for as long as I could remember, simply for existing. She was the reason I was broken. The king's first mistress and the mother of five of his children, his favorite children.

I scanned the dining table and counted them, her little demons. Kahlia, Khaedric, Kiyenna, Kristina...and Kayden wasn't there. Surprising, considering he was the king's little lapdog. His ultimate favorite.

I scoffed under my breath, and that's when they finally noticed me.

My four siblings stood in unison and bowed, stiffly, annoyed, like I had just ruined their lunch. And I probably had. I nodded back, just enough to acknowledge them, and then they sat back down.

I knew they hated me.

Not that I cared. I hated them too.

And if they ever found out what I had done to Kayden, their beloved brother, the so-called light of the kingdom, they would hate me even more.

Including Mona.

"Your Highness," she sang, flashing me that same tight smile as always.

"You're here!"

She made a move to get up, but the king pulled her back down.

"Stop it," she squealed, giggling. "Let me greet the crown prince, Your Majesty!"

"Don't bother," the king mumbled, tugging her back down. Lady Mona responded with a loud gasp, then looked at me with that fake, soft expression. I could only wonder how much her throat hurt, addressing me as the crown prince.

I glared at the blonde woman, that smug smirk still sitting on her lips. It was no secret Lady Mona had a beauty that could turn heads, which was probably why the king had fallen for her in the first place. It was only a shame her beauty didn't match her heart.

"Your son came to greet you," I said, tearing my gaze away.

"Where is she?" The king ignored my words.

I frowned, knowing exactly who he meant. "Who?"

"The girl."

"Oh, that girl," Kahlia said in a mocking tone. She twirled a strand of hair around her finger. "You mean the wolfie, Daddy?"

Kiyenna and Kristina burst out laughing.

I didn't blame them. They were only ten and fourteen, still young, still brainwashed.

Khaedric just sat there like he always did. Poor kid had nothing going for

him, not even a hint of spark in his eyes.

I glanced at Mona, smirking like she was the mastermind behind that pathetic little nickname. Wolfie.

Kahlia must've forgotten her place. Forgotten who I was. And really, it takes a special kind of stupid to mock my Violet right in front of me.

I didn't know if she had a death wish or not, but I did know that I would deal with her later.

"Violet is with the queen."

The king hummed, then lazily motioned toward the table. I was utterly repulsed as Lady Mona reached for a piece of bread from the table, then fed it to him. Yes, fed.

"I heard the Bloodrose will be here soon," the king said. "Sit."

A wide grin was plastered on his lips. One I didn't quite trust because that man had no reason to smile.

What was he planning?

"Come on," he repeated. "Sit!"

I hesitated, then walked over and sat at the far end of the table, as far away from him and Mona as I could manage. One of the maids rushed over right away, her head bowed and a pitcher in her hand.

She was shaking as she poured a drink into my glass, which was understandable. I had never really cared much for the emotions of others, had been too occupied with my own issues, but now I could see it clearly. Almost no one with a clear mind liked being here. It was

suffocating.

Despite growing up as the king's son, and the crown prince for a few years, I had lived it. I knew.

Those that worked in the palace, especially the maids, would've been better off as simple omegas in any pack, for that matter.

We were not good people. It was as simple as that.

"Thank you," I said quietly.

It was something Violet would've said. She always thanked people, even when it wasn't expected. At first, I had thought it was strange and couldn't understand why she would thank people who were just doing their job and getting paid to do it, but now it had stuck with me. It made people feel appreciated, seen, and that was something I had been lacking in my life until I met her.

Now that I knew what it felt like, it felt important to let others experience that feeling as well.

The maid looked up and gave me the smallest smile. "Y-You're welcome —"

"Hello?" Kahlia snapped her fingers in the air. "Less talking, more working! My mouth is dry."

The same girl rushed over quickly, lifting the pitcher to pour. Kahlia smirked at her sisters, and then, at the last second, moved her cup just enough for the drink to spill across the table.

"Useless bitch!" She snapped, grabbing the girl by the back of the head. The maid winced as Kahlia pushed her head closer to the table. "Look at

what you did, you stupid wench!"

Kiyenna and Kristina giggled at their sister. Khaedric was still as useless as he had always been.

"Lick it," Kahlia ordered.



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