

Chapter 0005

Jackson let out a sigh of relief seeing me smile. "Alright. Welcome home, Princess Della Campbell."

And with that, he left as well. Now that I had some time alone, I threw myself back into bed and checked my phone. The screen showed 20 missed calls and two texts.

All from Kylian.

I opened the texts that Kylian left me, the first one reading, "Where are you?"

Next one reads, "I've had enough of these games. Return to the packhouse as soon as you read this. I'm ordering you as Alpha."

I could practically hear him say it, accustomed to his cold tone. My heart went soft for a few moments, and I admit that I missed him. Though he wouldn't openly show it, he must have cared about me greatly to go out of his way to message me. I felt a bit of joy spark in my heart, small remnants of a love I had already cast aside. Those sparks urged me to rush to his side once more and do as he asked.

But I already made up my mind and had returned

home. I could no longer stay with a man who didn't love me, not after everything I had done for him and all those years I patiently waited. I would be a fool to crawl back to him.

Not to mention Kylian didn't even realize why I had left him in the first place. Even now, he thought this was some sort of game to win his attention and care. Or perhaps he thought this was my way of exacting petty revenge on him. It could have also been a trick to persuade me to return so that I could take the fall for the accident in Flora's stead.

I turned off my phone and put it down, only for it to begin buzzing on the table.

It lit up with Kylian's name and a pink heart emoji beside it that I hadn't even had the time to remove yet. The caller ID was definitely mocking me, poking fun at the girl I once was, head over heels in love. How dazzling those fantasies once were. I hesitated to pick up for a moment, my finger hovering just above the answer button.

Eventually, I gave in.

"Where are you?" Kylian asked, his voice as steely and detached as ever. If he was concerned, I certainly couldn't hear it.

"I don't think that has anything to do with you anymore, Kylian" I replied, trying to match his indifference. That was the first time I had called him by his name in three years. White noise filled the silence for a while. It was almost as if he didn't know how to deal with me now that I was so cold to him.

"That's no way to talk to your Alpha," he sighed, though his tone made it clear that he was making concessions for me. "Come back home. I've prepared your favorite foods for you."

As if on cue, there was a soft knock on my door. A handful of maids peeked in, and upon seeing that I was taking a call, they silently pushed in a few trolleys lined with silver trays. Each one contained luxurious foods, the aroma nearly making me forget about my woes altogether. The maids set the food on a table on the other side of the room and left as quietly as they had entered.

There was steak and roast turkey, even an ornate bowl of foie gras topped with caviar. And lining the table were all kinds of meat dishes, many of which I didn't even know the name of. I was nearly on the verge of tears because of Kylian, but my hunger quickly got the best of me and my sorrow was dispelled.

As I surveilled the table, I realized that my brother

+15 BONUS

had called for a marked lack of greens. He was committed to plumping me up the moment I came home, and I couldn't help but giggle at his antics.

"What are you laughing at? And why aren't you answering me?" Kylian asked impatiently, the receiver unable to make his tone as intimidating as it would have been in person.

Without answering, I picked up a fork and delicately put a piece of foie gras into my mouth, only answering once I had finished chewing. "So, Kylian, what's my favorite food?"

 Comments

 Vote (794) 