

The Warlord's Lovely Prize

Chapter 1

Chapter 1:

“Hmm... Landen...”

The sultry voice from behind the firmly closed door froze Kaelyn Barnett's hand mid-knock.

A shiver raced down her spine, the chill creeping from her fingertips to her core, as though she had been doused in icy water.

For years of marriage, she and her husband, Landen Barnett, had never shared intimacy. But now, hearing the voice from inside the room, she knew all too well what was happening.

Her breath hitched, disbelief clawing at her chest. Landen—he wouldn't... no, he couldn't.

When they married, Landen had confessed that he had a condition—something that made intimacy impossible. So, she refused to believe the person inside could be him.

Kaelyn pressed a trembling hand to her temple, desperate to convince herself otherwise. But when deep male groans followed, the shaky comfort she clung to shattered into a thousand jagged pieces.

That voice was his. She knew it too well.

Her legs wobbled, her back pressing into the cold wall for support. Tears blurred her vision, spilling freely as she cupped a hand over her mouth to stifle the sob threatening to escape.

Three years ago, after Landen's car accident left him in a coma, Kaelyn had thrown herself into his care, tending to him with unwavering devotion for two long years, completely ignoring the sneers and dismissive stares from others. She had done it solely because he had once saved her when she had an accident.

On the surface, she had simply looked after him, but secretly, she had used her excellent medical skills to bring him back from the brink. She still remembered the day he woke up—the warmth in his hand as it wrapped around hers, the weight of his promise to marry her and cherish her forever.

That day was etched into her heart, as was the love she thought they shared.

Explore the world of fiction at gVlnovels.com

She had sacrificed everything for him, pouring her heart and soul into becoming his caring wife. And yet, what had she gained in return?

Kaelyn clutched her chest, her breath shallow and jagged, as though a knife was carving into her heart. Everything she had sacrificed, everything she had done for him, felt like a cruel joke.

She turned, ready to run from this nightmare, but her feet froze at the words drifting from the other side of the door.

“Landen, today is your wedding anniversary with Kaelyn,” the woman purred, her voice dripping with mock concern. “She’s probably sitting at home right now, waiting for you like the devoted wife she is. Isn’t it bad for you to be here with me instead of with her? What if she finds out?”

“Don’t worry, Claire. I’ve told you before, my heart only has room for you. As for Kaelyn, she’s just a placeholder. I’ve never touched her!” Landen’s voice was soft, almost tender, but his words struck like a dagger, cold and merciless.

Kaelyn couldn’t take it any longer. Her chest burned with betrayal, and with trembling hands, she pushed the door open with a loud bang.

“Landen, what did I do wrong? Why did you deceive me?” The sudden outburst froze Landen mid-motion.

He hastily grabbed a coat, throwing it over himself and the woman beside him. His frown deepened as he looked at Kaelyn, irritation flickering across his face.

“Why are you here? Didn’t I tell you to wait at the Barnett Mansion?”

Kaelyn’s knees felt weak. His indifference was like a slap in the face.

So this was it? He wasn’t even going to pretend anymore?

Her lips curled bitterly, tears blurring her vision as they poured freely.

“If I hadn’t come, how long were you planning to keep lying to me?”

.
. .
.

