

The Warlord's Lovely Prize

Chapter 10

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Rodger's calm reply to Kaelyn's requirement stunned the room once more.

Even Kaelyn found herself momentarily surprised.

She had inflated the price to push him away, never anticipating Rodger's swift acceptance, which now left her cornered.

"Fine, how can I contact you? I'll reach out once I've spoken with Egret."

Rodger gave a subtle nod, and his assistant promptly approached, presenting a business card to Kaelyn.

"Here is Commissioner Barnett's personal card. All his contact details are listed."

Sebastian and Claire looked on, green with envy.

Owning one of Rodger's business cards was a coveted honor many only dreamed of!

Even family members like Verena and Landen felt a sting of jealousy watching.

They nearly lost control when they saw that Kaelyn just casually stuffed the card into her pocket.

Rodger's gaze sharpened as he ordered in a commanding tone, "Nolan, escort them out."

"Yes, sir."

Nolan Finch, Rodger's assistant, signaled for Kaelyn and Sebastian to follow him.

Sebastian was visibly thrilled, a grin spreading across his face at the unexpected privilege.

Kaelyn, on the other hand, maintained her composure, offering a simple thank you as if the exchange were nothing out of the ordinary. Witnessing this, Landen only felt his annoyance surge.

To receive personal attention from Rodger's assistant was considered a high honor, yet Kaelyn dismissed it as trivial—how ostentatious she seemed!

He balled his hands into fists, ready to seize the moment to forge a connection with Rodger, but Rodger departed swiftly, not sparing him a glance.

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Claire saw the frustration on Landen’s face and offered soothing words. “Landen, remember, Mr. Barnett acknowledging you as a family member shows he holds you in high regard. However, since you and Kaelyn aren’t officially divorced, any scandal she causes could reflect poorly on you as well.”

At her words, a shadow passed over Landen’s features. “You’re right. I need to have a serious conversation with her.”

At the suburban villa, Kaelyn awoke late the next day, drained from the events.

Turning on her phone, she was bombarded with notifications — dozens of missed calls from Landen, alongside a text message: “Meet me at Rosebush Café at 1 PM. Failure to appear will have repercussions.”

Understanding the urgency behind Landen’s request and considering their unfinished divorce proceedings, she agreed to meet him at the designated café.

Upon seeing her enter the secluded room, Landen wasted no time. “Kaelyn, I see through your charade. You concocted the story about Egret to draw my uncle’s favor and align him against me. Here’s my advice — give up this ploy. Claire is the love of my life, and your schemes won’t change my feelings. Resolve this before it escalates — apologize to my uncle and confess your lack of information about Egret.”

Kaelyn faced him, a wave of nausea washing over her at his words.

How had she never noticed Landen’s narcissism before?

“Stop seeing me as someone who can’t live without you. Since I’ve decided to divorce, I’m not looking to reconnect with you. My arrangement to contact Egret is purely for the generous rewards, unrelated to you.”

Landen’s expression hardened, and he scrutinized Kaelyn intently. After a pause, when he was convinced she wasn’t lying, frustration swelled within him.

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