

The Warlord's Lovely Prize

Chapter 11

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“Is money your only concern? Understand that if my uncle discovers any deceit, no amount of apologies could save you! Don’t come crying to me for help then!”

“Is that so? Well, I have no need for a scumbag’s help.”

With a dismissive smile, Kaelyn pulled out her phone and dialed a number right before his eyes.

Landen’s unease grew, but before he could intervene, a familiar deep voice answered the call. “Hello?”

“Hi, this is Kaelyn. We spoke yesterday. I’ve managed to reach Egret, and they’ve agreed to proceed with the treatment.”

“Kaelyn, are you out of your mind?” Landen erupted, his hand slamming down on the table in shock and anger.

He was right there.

How could she have possibly made contact with Egret?

Clearly, she was fabricating the whole story! Besides, she completely ignored his warning!

Despite Landen’s explosive reaction, Kaelyn’s smirk only widened. “Fine, if you’re set on self-destruction, I won’t stand in your way.” With a scoff, Landen stormed out.

After a brief silence on the phone, Rodger’s voice returned, cautious yet intrigued. “What are Egret’s terms? Any additional conditions?”

Kaelyn paused, weighing her words carefully. “The consultation fee will depend on the patient’s initial assessment. Moreover, during the treatment, only the patient may be present — no exceptions, not even you.”

Rodger lapsed into silence.

Nolan, unable to hide his skepticism, interjected, “Sir, this arrangement sounds dubious. Without witnesses, how can we be certain that the person treating the patient is actually Egret?”

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Rodger's lips formed a thin line, his decision wavering.

Perceiving their hesitation, Kaelyn responded with cool detachment, "If you lack faith in my arrangements, we might as well not proceed. However, remember you agreed to one hundred and fifty million. Because it's you who wants to dismiss Egret's treatment, you still need to pay the money. I'll send the banking information shortly. Ensure the full amount is transferred."

With a swift click, she ended the call.

Nolan, incensed by her audacity, exclaimed, "She just hung up on you, sir! That's completely unacceptable!"

Rodger stayed silent, his deep-set eyes briefly betraying a surge of contemplation.

At Barnett Mansion, Landen stormed inside, his emotions boiling over. Claire greeted him with a tender smile, "Landen, you're back? Verena invited me to stay over for a few days. That's alright with you, isn't it?"

"Of course! Landen would be delighted!" Verena interjected, catching Landen's distracted demeanor. She gave him a playful wink. "Right?"

"Yeah."

Distracted by the day's events, Landen gave a vague response and drifted toward the sofa, mechanically fixing himself a cup of coffee.

But as he brought the cup to his lips, he scrunched up his face. "Why is this cold?"

The housekeeper, noticing the oversight amidst her tasks, swiftly approached to retrieve the coffee pot. "I apologize, Mr. Barnett. I was caught up with the cleaning and it slipped my mind. I'll brew a fresh pot immediately."

With no further delay, she dashed off to the kitchen.

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