

The Warlord's Lovely Prize

Chapter 12

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Kathy scoffed in disapproval. “Hmmpf, Landen always has his coffee hot when he gets home. It’s a longstanding tradition. Some people know yet neglect their duties, simply lounging around. When Kaelyn was here, we never needed a housekeeper. She managed everything perfectly. It seems some aspire to be Mrs. Barnett but can barely hold a candle to Kaelyn!”

Claire, realizing the jab was directed at her, felt a sting of tears as her eyes met Landen’s, searching for some defense.

Yet, unusually, Landen offered none.

He stared down at the cold coffee before him, lost in thought. No matter the time or day, a hot coffee was always there upon his return.

Kaelyn had always remembered his preferences and handled everything with care.

He had always thought these matters were simple, something anyone could manage, but ever since Kaelyn left, nothing felt right anymore.

Now, he realized just how much Kaelyn had done for him.

Noticing Landen deep in thought and gazing at the cold cup, Claire offered an uneasy smile. “I missed it this time, but I promise to have hot coffee waiting for you in the future, Landen. By the way, how did things go with Kaelyn today? Was she willing to apologize to Commissioner Barnett?”

At the mention of Kaelyn, any fond memories Landen harbored quickly soured into irritation.

“That woman was completely unreasonable. She even had the audacity to call Uncle Rodger in my presence, claiming that Egret agreed to assist with the treatment!”

“What?” Kathy and Verena were taken aback, their expressions darkening.

They struggled to accept that the once-compliant Kaelyn would be bold enough to deceive Rodger.

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Claire bit her lip, a trace of worry in her tone. “It’s unfortunate she made that call. Now, it’s too late for apologies. The Barnett family... if she causes any harm to us, I swear I’ll make her regret it,” Landen vowed, his tone icy, sending a shiver down Claire’s spine.

Elsewhere, Kaelyn was also fraught with frustration.

She pondered why Landen, so concerned about her potentially dragging the Barnett name through the mud, hadn’t agreed to go to the courthouse with her to end their marriage.

With his usually cautious approach, why wasn’t he rushing to cut ties?

Massaging her temples, Kaelyn unlocked her phone.

A new message from Sebastian flashed on the screen.

“Kaelyn, there’s a free race at Pierith Raceway tomorrow night. You in?”

Her spirits lifted at the prospect.

She reminisced about the exhilaration of racing from three years ago, a desire rekindling within her. She responded with eagerness, “Count me in!”

The prospect of racing again seemed like the perfect escape to channel her pent-up frustration.

At 2:00 p.m. the next day at Pierith Raceway, Kaelyn was completing her entry form when she encountered Claire and Landen, two distinctly unwelcome figures.

“Kaelyn? What brings you here?” Claire asked, her smile tight as she clung to Landen, her grip betraying her possessiveness.

Kaelyn silently cursed her misfortune.

“What, it’s fine for you to be here, but not me?”

“You don’t even know the first thing about racing, Kaelyn. Are you here just because you knew we’d be?” Landen mocked, his smirk cutting. “Scared Rodger might call you out, so you came running to me for help?”

“Don’t get ahead of yourself, okay? I’m here to race, not to deal with you,” Kaelyn retorted, rolling her eyes dismissively.

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