

The Warlord's Lovely Prize

Chapter 2

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Landen said nothing. The silence between them was suffocating, his annoyance so blatant that it stole what little composure she had left.

The woman beside him broke the silence, her voice trembling as she spoke. "Don't blame Landen. It's my fault. If anyone's to blame, blame me."

Kaelyn's gaze shifted to the woman. Something about her face struck a chord.

Ah, of course. She was Claire Hewitt, Landen's childhood friend.

Kaelyn had seen her photo once on Landen's desk when they first got married. Afterward, the photo disappeared, and Kaelyn had foolishly assumed that he'd moved on.

But now, staring at the woman who had replaced her, she realized just how naive she had been.

Kaelyn ignored Claire, her focus locked on Landen. Her voice came out hoarse, barely audible. "If you didn't want to stay with me, you could have just said so. Why do this... why on our anniversary?"

Landen's sneer cut through her like ice. "Humph, fine!" His tone dripped with scorn. "Let's be clear now. I want a divorce. The position of Mrs. Barnett should have been Claire's all along."

Meeting his cold gaze, Kaelyn felt her heart twist painfully, but her voice remained eerily composed. "Fine, divorce then. But I want half of the marital assets. Not a cent less."

Landen's expression faltered, and Claire's jaw nearly dropped. They exchanged a startled glance, disbelief clouding their faces.

Kaelyn, the orphan with nothing, had the audacity to demand half of the Barnett family's wealth? How absurd!

Claire quickly composed herself, lowering her gaze and adopting a tone of false sympathy. "Kaelyn, isn't that a little unfair? Landen has been the one running the family business while you've stayed home enjoying your life. The Barnett family has given you everything — how can you be so greedy and ungrateful? Please, don't turn the whole Barnett family into your enemy."

Kaelyn's lips curled into a sneer, her eyes sharp and unyielding. "A homewrecker has no right to lecture me about fairness. Let me be clear: I'm not asking for permission. I'm making a statement. And trust me, if this goes public, it won't be my reputation that gets ruined."

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Her words were like a whip, silencing the pair instantly. Without sparing them another glance, she turned and strode out of the villa. The cool night air hit her face as she stepped outside.

Kaelyn pulled out her phone, her fingers hovering over the screen. After a brief hesitation, she tapped a number she hadn't dialed in years.

The call connected almost immediately, and the voice on the other end was filled with barely restrained excitement. "Kaelyn? Is it really you? You finally remembered me!"

"Yes," she replied, her voice steady. "I'm outside Landen's private villa. Can you come pick me up? I'll send you the address."

"Of course! I'll be there in no time."

Within ten minutes, the quiet street was disrupted by the roar of engines as several luxury cars pulled up in front of her.

The lead car came to a smooth stop, and the driver stepped out. Seeing the familiar face, Kaelyn felt an overwhelming sense of irony.

For years, she had buried her true self, shrinking into the shadows to support a man who didn't deserve her. How ridiculous.

But now, the veil had lifted, and it wasn't too late to reclaim her life.

"Kaelyn," Sebastian Gill, Kaelyn's subordinate, said, his voice laced with concern as he approached her. "What happened? Why are you crying?"

He hurried over, his eyes widening in shock as they landed on the tear stains streaking her face. Someone as unyielding as Kaelyn... was crying?

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