

The Warlord's Lovely Prize

Chapter 3

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Kaelyn's face remained composed, her hand brushing away the remnants of her tears as she said, her voice steady, "It's nothing. I've just decided to divorce that scumbag."

"Divorce him?" Sebastian froze, the weight of the word hitting him like a bolt of lightning. It took him a moment to process before a wide grin spread across his face, followed by a hearty laugh. "That's fantastic, Kaelyn! You've finally seen the light! Welcome back to being your true self!"

Half an hour later, in the suburban villa,

Sebastian set down a steaming plate of spaghetti on the table, his voice laced with frustration. "That bastard Landen! If it weren't for you treating him all these years, he would have died long ago! But instead of showing gratitude, he actually cheated on you. He's just—"

"Enough," Kaelyn interrupted, her tone flat but firm. She massaged her temples, her exhaustion evident. "I don't want to talk about him anymore."

Sebastian softened at the sight of her weariness, his anger ebbing into concern. "Alright, alright. Let's change the subject." He paused before adding with a spark of interest, "By the way, during the three years you were out of medical care, people were practically losing their minds trying to track you down for treatment. Now that you've divorced Landen, are you planning to make a comeback?"

Kaelyn leaned back, her gaze thoughtful. After a moment, she replied, "Spread the word. It's time for the renowned healer, Egret, to return."

Sebastian's face lit up with excitement, his voice almost cracking. "Finally! That's the best news I've heard in years!"

He couldn't help but smirk at the irony. The Barnett Group had been scrambling for any information on Egret lately, desperate for her skills. And yet, Landen, married to her for three years, had been too blind to realize who she truly was.

The next morning,

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Kaelyn was sound asleep when the shrill ring of her phone abruptly pulled her from her dreams. Groggy and disoriented, she fumbled for the device, pressing the answer button with a sigh.

On the other end, the sharp, scolding voice of Landen's mother, Kathy Barnett, blasted through the line. "You ungrateful wretch, where have you disappeared to this time? Get back here and do the housework!"

In the past, Kaelyn would have instinctively apologized, meek and submissive under Kathy's wrath. But today was different. Things were different now.

She replied coldly, her voice void of emotion, "Landen and I have decided to divorce. I have no obligation to do anything for your family anymore."

"What? Divorce?" Kathy's sharp tone bristled through the line, followed by a mocking laugh, as if she had just heard an absurd joke. "I bet it's just your decision."

"Kaelyn, don't forget your place! You have no right to throw tantrums at me! Be back here within half an hour, or I'll throw all your things out!"

The line went dead with Kathy's decisive hang-up.

Kaelyn stood motionless for a moment, her lips pressing into a thin line.

Then, with deliberate calm, she got out of bed and dressed. There were still some important belongings left in her room in that house, and today seemed like the perfect day to retrieve them—once and for all severing ties with the Barnett family.

A taxi dropped her off at the Barnett Mansion. As soon as Kaelyn stepped inside, a shrill voice greeted her from the living room. "Well, look who dares to show her face! Didn't come home all night? Must've been up to something shady!"

Kaelyn's gaze flicked to the sofa, where Kathy and her daughter Verena Barnett sat side by side, elegantly dressed yet exuding the petty arrogance of common shrews.

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