

The Warlord's Lovely Prize

Chapter 6

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Gradually, the dancers around her faltered, captivated by the magnetic presence she exuded.

Under the flashing lights, her black dress clung to her figure, accentuating her beauty. Every step, every turn was mesmerizing—a blend of strength and elegance that left the crowd spellbound.

“Is that... Kaelyn?”

At the bar's entrance, Landen stood frozen, his voice barely audible over the music. His gaze was locked on the radiant figure in the center of the dance floor, his tone tinged with disbelief.

He had brought Verena and a few friends to celebrate Claire's return from abroad, never imagining that he would encounter Kaelyn in a place like this.

The usually dull and unremarkable Kaelyn had such an unexpectedly captivating side?

Claire, clinging to Landen's arm, felt his muscles tense the moment his eyes landed on Kaelyn. Her brows furrowed slightly in displeasure.

“Ha, Kaelyn's not even divorced yet and already out here flaunting herself. Look at her, prancing around like a cheap dancer. What an embarrassment to the Barnett family!” Verena spat angrily, stepping forward with determination. “I'm going to teach her a lesson right now!”

“Enough!” Landen's voice was sharp as he grabbed Verena's arm, stopping her in her tracks. “Do you want everyone here to know the Barnett family's private affairs? Look at yourself—you're behaving no better than a common thug. Where's your dignity as a Barnett?”

Verena froze, her cheeks flushing with humiliation.

Being chastised by her younger brother in public stung deeply, and she opened her mouth to retort.

Before she could escalate things, Claire stepped in smoothly, her voice soft and soothing. “Please, don't quarrel. We're here to have fun, not to create a scene. Let's not let something so trivial ruin the night.” Then she sighed, tilting her head slightly as if in

thought. “Kaelyn might just be upset with Landen after last night. Why don’t we apologize and see if she’ll forgive us?”

At this suggestion, Landen’s expression darkened, his jaw tightening in annoyance.

Catching his reaction, Claire lowered her gaze demurely, though a fleeting spark of satisfaction danced in her eyes.

Unaware of the drama unfolding near the entrance, Kaelyn stepped off the dance floor, her energy waning after several songs. Tugging Sebastian along, she began making her way back to their table.

Before they could sit down, a short, stout man with a greasy appearance and a noticeable receding hairline staggered toward her, his breath thick with alcohol. “Miss, why not join us for a drink?” he slurred, his beady eyes roaming over her shamelessly.

Kaelyn’s face hardened with cold disdain. Without a word, she brushed past him, her head held high, refusing to even acknowledge his presence.

The man, undeterred and emboldened by liquid courage, trailed after her, his voice growing louder and more obnoxious. Reaching out, he tried to grab her waist.

“What are you pretending for? A woman like you coming to a bar is only here to seduce men! You should be grateful someone like me even noticed you!”

Kaelyn sidestepped his outstretched hand effortlessly, a sharp, mocking smile curving her lips. “Here’s a hint — keep behaving like this, and you might lose more than just your hair.”

The man’s face turned a deep crimson as he jabbed a finger at her, trembling with rage. “Do you even know who you’re messing with? I’m Kolton Dawson! My family owns this bar. You better come over and behave, or I’ll make sure you leave here on a stretcher!”

From nearby, Landen, who had just arrived with Verena and Claire, caught sight of the confrontation. His expression darkened instantly. No matter what, Kaelyn was still legally his wife, and seeing her harassed by some lowlife in public was a direct slap to his face.

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