

The Warlord's Lovely Prize

Chapter 8

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Kaelyn's lips pressed into a thin line, her mind racing. Her men were here, too, and if they really fought, it was hard to say which side would win.

Before she could decide, a deafening bang erupted near the bar's entrance.

Chaos broke loose as patrons scattered in panic.

"It's a gun!" someone screamed.

"Run! Someone's shooting!"

The frenzied crowd surged toward the exits, but a voice boomed above the commotion, commanding and unmistakably authoritative. "The Military Commissioner is present! Cease your disorder immediately and be quiet!"

The silence engulfed the bustling hall abruptly.

Every gaze was drawn to a single point.

Dozens of soldiers, donned in dark green and fully armed, appeared at the bar's entrance.

They formed two lines, creating an unobstructed corridor.

An involuntary hush fell over the crowd.

A moment later, a young man entered, his steps measured.

Dressed in a military uniform, he stood tall, his posture rigid and his features sharply defined. His formidable presence was a silent warning to maintain distance, his mere look sending a chill through the onlookers.

Adorning his shoulder was a seven-star medal, globally unique and a symbol of unrivaled honor and authority.

Such distinction belonged solely to Rodger Barnett, the celebrated and valorous head of the Barnett family.

One spectator was quick to react. He bowed low and greeted Rodger, “Commissioner Barnett!”

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His action triggered a ripple effect, with everyone in the bar swiftly bowing in awe to Rodger.

Yet, Kaelyn and Landen stood unaffected.

Kaelyn watched Rodger, her eyes widening in astonishment.

Rodger, a figure of legends, had remained elusive. Since her marriage into the Barnett family three years prior, Kaelyn had only glimpsed him once from afar at a family gathering. His presence here was wholly unexpected.

Feeling Kaelyn’s stare, Rodger gave her a fleeting look before diverting his eyes.

“Take him away,” he commanded.

“At once, sir,” came the immediate response.

Promptly, the soldiers moved toward Kolton, who had been sprawled on the floor in shock, and hoisted him to his feet.

Kolton shivered with fear, his voice quaking as he implored, “Commissioner Barnett, I beg of you, show mercy!”

Despite his pleas, they fell on deaf ears, his cries dwindling until they vanished into the silence.

The patrons of the bar, paralyzed with terror, quietly edged toward the exit.

Before long, the once bustling establishment resembled a deserted shore at low tide, with only a handful of onlookers remaining.

Wiping the perspiration from his brow, Landen managed to muster some courage as he stepped forward. “Uncle Rodger, to what do we owe the honor of your visit?”

Rodger gave him a brief glance but offered no reply. He continued forward to confront Sebastian. “I heard you have news about Egret?”

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