

# Let's Divorce. Mrs. Wright Is Done Playing Nice.

## Chapter 1

A hospital room.

The sharp scent of disinfectant made Stella Rowan feel nauseous as she lay weakly on the bed.

The call connected. Stella spoke first. "I had a miscarriage and would need an emergency abortion. Can you come to me?"

There was a brief pause on the line.

Then the man spoke, his voice low and irritated. "Since when did you get pregnant? Why didn't I know anything about it? Stella Rowan, even if you're being dramatic, there should be a limit."

"Are you coming or not?"

That single word, dramatic, lit a fuse in Stella's chest.

"I really don't have time to argue with you today."

Facing her anger, Evan Wright tried to keep the impatience out of his voice.

A cold numbness washed over her. She didn't say another word and pulled the phone away from her ear.

Just as she was about to hang up, a woman's voice came through the line.

"Sir, the C-section was a success. The mother delivered healthy twins, a boy and a girl."

Stella's world went completely dark.

He was in the same hospital.

But he was there with his sister-in-law through the birth of twins.

And his own child was facing a miscarriage procedure.

Stella pressed the end-call button without hesitation.

A female doctor in black-rimmed glasses walked in and stopped by the bed. She pulled out a pen and began writing on the form, the sound sharp in the quiet room.

Without looking up, she asked seriously, “The operating room is ready. You’ll need someone to watch over you afterward. Is your husband here? ”

Stella held back the anger burning in her chest. “As if he’d ever show up.”

The doctor paused, confused. Her pen stopped midair.

Stella looked at her, her gaze turning icy. “He’s busy accompanying his sister-in-law while she gives birth. I’ll manage on my own.”

The words twins from the call earlier felt like spikes driving straight into her heart.

A flicker of sympathy passed through the doctor’s eyes.

She handed the completed form to Stella. “All right.”

Stella took the pen and signed her name quickly.

The doctor then handed her a pill. “Take this. The procedure will start in thirty minutes.”

Stella accepted it and swallowed it immediately.

She hated medicine. But this time, she let the nasty taste of the medicine spread through her mouth without flinching.

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Evening.

After being kept for post-op observation, Stella drove herself back to the villa she shared with Evan.

Marianne, the housekeeper responsible for cleaning the place, jumped when she saw how pale Stella looked. “Mrs. Wright, what happened to you?”

Stella lifted her eyes at the sound of Marianne’s voice. Her face was still bloodless as she forced a faint smile. “Marianne, I’m a little hungry.”

That morning, Evan had taken her to the Wright family estate.

At the family lunch, she’d barely eaten a few bites when Summer Bailey suddenly went into labor and started bleeding heavily.

The entire estate fell into chaos over Summer’s impending delivery.

Summer was Evan’s sister-in-law, the wife of his older brother, Steven Wright. Steven had died in a plane crash six months earlier, with no remains ever recovered.

Since then, whenever anything happened to Summer or the child she was carrying, one phone call was enough to pull Evan away from anything.

The scenes from earlier that day flashed through Stella’s mind.

When Summer went into labor, the shove she gave Stella had been so forceful that Stella fell to the ground and couldn’t get back up.

But all eyes were on Summer, who was crying and screaming.

Evan carried Summer straight past her.

Stella had grabbed the leg of his pants, her fingers trembling.

“My stomach hurts.”

Evan had only given her a look that said stop it. Then he turned away, carrying Summer without looking back.

Seeing how weak Stella was now, Marianne helped her sit down at the dining table. “The kitchen just made some food. I’ll bring it over.”

A bowl of steaming soup, along with a few small side dishes, was set in front of her.

Stella had only taken a couple of bites when voices drifted in from outside, laughing as they drew closer. The door opened moments later.

Evan walked in with his mother, Dora Lowe.

Seeing Stella, and with the Wright family celebrating a major event today, Dora was unusually restrained. For once, she didn’t throw Stella a disdainful look.

Of course, she didn’t actually look at her at all.

She only said to Evan, “I’ll go grab something.”

“Okay.”

Dora headed straight upstairs.

Evan’s smile faded. He walked over to Stella and sat down across from her.

He crossed his long legs, flicked open his lighter, and with a sharp click, a flame jumped up. He lit a cigarette and took a drag.

Stella kept her head down and focused on her food, ignoring him.

He inhaled deeply, then let out a slow breath, sounding almost helpless. He reached out and rubbed the top of her head.

“You tell me,” he said softly. “Is today really the time for you to lose your temper?”

“My brother’s gone. My sister-in-law is still carrying on his bloodline. What exactly are you making a scene about today?”

“The babies are adorable,” he went on gently. “Two tiny little ones. You’d like them if you saw them.”

As she listened to the way he spoke to her, coaxing, and the warmth in his voice when he talked about the babies, something inside Stella finally snapped.

She raised her hand and slammed her silverware down on the table with a sharp crack, cutting him off.

“So other people’s kids are just that adorable?”

Her eyes were red with rage as she stared at him, her tone dripping with sarcasm.

Evan saw her temper flare again, and his expression darkened. “What do you mean by other people? Those are my brother’s children!”

His voice rose at the end, his own anger spilling over.

Stella let out a short, humorless laugh. “Oh, you still remember they’re your brother’s kids? The way you’re acting, I almost thought they were yours.”

“Stella Rowan!”

Evan completely lost it.

Stella stood up and slapped him across the face.

The sound cracked through the room.

Her eyes were filled with hatred as she looked at him. “Divorce.”

Whose child they were didn’t matter anymore. If he wanted to take responsibility for someone else’s family, he could go right ahead.

She’d had enough of this for the past six months.

Evan’s eyes turned icy. “She gave birth to my brother’s children today. My brother is dead. You expect me to just stand by and do nothing?”

Stella laughed coldly. “Your brother’s children, so that gives you an excuse to cross every boundary? To ignore whether your own child lives or dies?”

What a convenient phrase. My brother’s children.

She remembered what the doctor had said. If she’d been sent to the hospital in time, the baby might have been saved.

But instead—

The pain of having the child torn from her body was still vivid.

She looked at Evan, her gaze frozen solid. “The Wright family had over twenty people surrounding her. Was that still not enough? Was one more you really that necessary?”

Evan’s chest rose and fell unevenly.

He fell silent for a few seconds, forcing himself to calm down. Then he grabbed Stella’s cold hand and touched her forehead. It felt warm.

She always ran a fever around her period.

“Enough,” he said, softening. “I know you’ve always wanted a child, but that kind of thing depends on fate. You can’t force it, okay?”

That resigned, compromising tone made Stella’s blood boil.

“What are you saying? That you think my pregnancy was fake?”

Seeing how agitated she was, Evan pulled her into his arms. “All right, all right. You were pregnant. I was wrong. Okay?”

This was always how he handled things.

For the past six months, every time she got upset because of Summer, he'd respond with this same half-hearted apology, pretending to believe her just enough to shut her up.

But was this really something he could brush off like that?

Dora came back downstairs, holding the item she'd gone to fetch, acting as if she hadn't noticed the tension thick in the air.

As she walked down, she said casually to Stella, "Stella, Summer just had a C-section and can't eat much. She's been craving the chicken soup you make. Get up early tomorrow and bring some to the hospital.

"Make sure you pick a lean one, freshly butchered. She can't handle anything greasy after giving birth."

Then she turned to Evan. "Let's go."

Summer had just delivered twins. That was the priority now. They couldn't let the new mother feel even the slightest discomfort.

Especially with Evan there. He looked exactly like his older brother. Having him around would put her at ease.

Evan really did let go of Stella.

He pinched her cheek affectionately. "I'll be home late tonight. Don't wait up. Be good."

Then he turned and followed Dora toward the door.

Just as they reached the entrance, Stella's fury finally exploded.

She lifted her hand and flipped the entire dining table over.

The crash was deafening. Dishes shattered, food spilled everywhere, glass and porcelain exploding across the floor.

The thunderous noise made both of them freeze mid-step.

Dora and Evan turned around at the same time.

"Stella Rowan, what do you think you're doing?" Dora shrieked, startled at first, then furious. "Our family just welcomed twins today. On such a joyful day, who are you putting on this show for?"

Stella looked at her, her face cold as ice. "Summer Bailey wants to drink the soup I made?"

She gave a sharp, mocking smile.

"Since when did I ever know how to make soup?"