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

Chapter 131

Fiona really had never imagined herself trying to win over the family of the man she liked.

But for Felix, she was still willing to give it a shot.

Dora looked at her sternly, “Then you’d better do it right.”

Fiona: “!!”

Summer nodded too. “If you want to be with Felix, then you have to do it right.

Now that Stella had thrown everything into complete chaos, the entire Wright family, including Ruby, was counting on Fiona to get together with Felix as soon as possible.

In their minds, as long as Felix and Stella were no longer involved, the mess they were facing would solve itself.

In the end, under Dora’s hard stare, Fiona nodded. “Fine. Then I’ll do it. I’ll make sure Stella pays for everything.”

So Stella thought she could rely on Felix, did she?

Once Fiona married him, she wanted to see who Stella would run to then.

From last night until now, Evan had not slept once.

He had been searching nonstop for Stella.

But after a whole night, he still had not found her.

And now Summer’s plagiarism scandal had blown up too.

At this point, all of Harbor City was tearing Summer apart online.

Evan could finally see it clearly now. Stella had gone all in, and she was targeting them with everything she had.

As for him, her husband, she no longer had even the slightest bit of trust.

“Still nothing?”

The second Patrick walked in carrying a stack of files, Evan asked the question.

Patrick shook his head. “Nothing.”

Evan pressed his fingers to his aching temple.

He was her husband.

And yet now, when she had been wronged and gone into hiding, he could not even find her.

“She didn’t go to Felix’s biotech company either?”

Patrick replied, “No.

Anywhere Stella had gone before, Patrick had already sent people to watch.

The second there was any news, he was supposed to hear about it.

But so far, nothing had come back.

Evan’s breathing grew heavier.

He could not find her, and her phone would not go through either.

In the end, furious, he grabbed another phone and called her again.

Stella was still half asleep when the vibration woke her.

She grabbed the phone and answered groggily. “Hello?”

Evan said, “You want a divorce, right? Fine. Let’s do it.”

Stella: “”

The moment she heard fine, let’s do it, all the sleepiness vanished.

“You mean that?”

She shot upright in bed almost on instinct.

Evan said coldly, “Yes. Half an hour. Lawyer office.”

“Fine!”

The second she heard that Evan had finally stopped dragging this out, all her energy came rushing back.

God knew she had been waiting for this moment for half a year.

Getting him to agree had not been easy.

But no matter what, the fact that he had finally given in meant her efforts these past few days had not been for nothing.

After hanging up, Stella got up, washed up, and headed downstairs.

When Gray saw that she was already dressed to go out, he froze. “Miss, sir said you’re not allowed to leave for the next two weeks.”

After the hemorrhage at Inkwood House yesterday, Aaron had been deeply worried and furious.

Back when she had still been living at the mercy of the Wright family, he could at least understand why she had pushed herself so hard.

But now?

Why was she still putting herself through this?

The moment he learned about the hemorrhage, he had immediately ordered Gray not to let Stella leave the house.

Stella said, “I’m going to get divorced.”

Gray: “...

Divorced?

Good.

“I’ll send you over.”

Divorce was a huge deal.

If Evan had finally agreed to it, then no matter what, they had to cooperate and make sure it happened.

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

Chapter 132

Mount Pansworth was a long drive from the lawyer office.

Evan had said half an hour, but it took Stella nearly fifty minutes to get there.

The moment she got out of the car, she saw him leaning against a Maybach parked not far away.

Sunlight fell across his face. After a sleepless night, he looked especially drawn.

The second he saw Stella, Evan honestly did not know whether to laugh or rage.

When had it started?

When had divorce become the only reason the two of them could still meet face-to-face?

And when he saw that Gray was the one who had driven her there, the look in his eyes turned even colder,

So Felix really had hidden her away.

Stella carried her purse and walked up to Evan. “Let’s go.”

Just two words.

Calm. Clean. No hesitation. No reluctance.

At this point, all she felt toward their marriage was cold indifference.

Evan narrowed his eyes. “You really want to divorce me that badly?”

Stella only looked at him in silence.

As far as she was concerned, there was nothing left to say between them about divorce.

Her attitude had already been more than clear these past few days.

When she did not answer, the cold in Evan’s eyes deepened. “You’re such a heartless woman. Haven’t I treated you well all these years?”

“What’s the point of saying that now?”

Yes, he had been good to her before. Truly good.

But marriage had never been about one thing alone.

There was Summer. There was the entire Wright family. There were all the ties and burdens connecting him to them.

It was never enough for one man to treat her well if she had to swallow everything else just to stay by his side.

A person’s soul was meant to be free. There was no room for the word endure to live in her life forever.

So even if she had never found her family, she and Evan still would have ended up here.

At divorce.

“What’s the point?” Evan’s voice turned colder. “So you can divorce me and be with Felix? Is that your point? You want him that badly?”

Stella said nothing.

Evan’s anger surged. “When did it start between you two?”

He had completely snapped.

Stella looked at him and stayed silent again.

“Answer me!”

Her silence cut sharper than any blade, carving into his heart one slice at a time..

At last, Stella said, “If I say there’s nothing between Felix and me, would you believe me?”

“No.”

“Then there is,” she said coolly. “So let’s get divorced.”

By now, Stella had seen it clearly.

There was no point trying not to drag Felix into this. Evan had already decided there was something between them.

And if he insisted on believing that, then fine.

She could use that to get the divorce too.

“You…”

“A woman whose heart belongs to someone else,” Stella said coldly. “What’s the point of keeping her?”

“What do you mean, what’s the point?” Evan had gone mad.

Especially that line. A woman whose heart belongs to someone else.

Cruel. It was truly cruel.

They had shared years together, and now Stella seemed to be holding a knife, carving him open one wound at a time.

She did not want to waste another word on him.

“So are we doing this or not?”

They were already at the lawyer’s office.

She did not want to argue anymore.

She just wanted the divorce.

And that one sentence, are we doing this or not, carried all the determination she had toward ending the marriage.

It pushed Evan’s rage to the absolute limit.

He grabbed her wrist.

Before either Stella or Gray could react, he shoved her straight into the car.

Stella froze.

By the time she came to her senses, Evan was already in the car too.

The doors had locked.

There was no way for her to get out.

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

Chapter 133

The car shot forward like a bullet.

Stella grabbed the handle instinctively, her heart jolting. “What are you doing? Stop the car!”

Evan had been completely pushed over the edge by her determination to divorce him.

Right now, he looked like a madman.

The car tore through traffic at reckless speed, drawing a chorus of angry honks and curses from outside.

Especially when they hit the bridge over the river.

Several times, Stella felt like her heart was about to leap out of her chest, certain that at any moment he might just drive straight into the water.

He had lost it. He really had.

Driven insane by her insistence on divorce.

“Stop the car!” she shouted.

Only then did it hit her.

He had lied to her.

Talking about going to the lawyer office had just been a way to lure her out.

“You think you can divorce me and run off to Felix?” Evan roared, his voice hoarse with fury. “In your dreams! I’m telling you, keep dreaming!”

Stella felt a strange sense of disbelief every time she heard him bring up Felix.

“There’s nothing between me and him.”

“Oh, now there’s nothing?” Evan let out a cold laugh. “What did you say to me on the phone last night?”

Stella fell silent.

At that, she simply stopped answering.

“You want to make trouble, is that it?” Evan sneered. “Fine. Tell me, what do you want burned next? I’ll burn it all for you.”

In his eyes, everything Stella had been doing these past few days was just to force a divorce.

Stella snapped, “Then burn down the Wright family estate. Go ahead.”

Evan went still.

“You said you’d help me make a mess, didn’t you? You can’t take down Summer and Ruby, so go burn the estate instead.”

Her voice was sharp with anger.

That place...

She hated it more than anything.

Evan’s breathing turned ragged. “Fine. I’ll do it. I’ll burn it down for you, alright?”

“Do it. Right now.”

Neither of them backed down.

Evan had always hated being challenged.

In Harbor City, no one had ever dared push him like this.

And yet, these past two days, Stella had been matching him blow for blow.

Ruthless.

But in this city, who could be more ruthless than Evan?

And just like that, he dragged her straight back to the Wright family estate.

The servants watched in horror as Evan pulled out a can of gasoline from the storage room and started splashing it around the house.

The butler panicked, immediately ordering people to stop him while calling Dora.

By the time Dora rushed back, she saw servants and staff struggling to hold Evan back as he tried to light the fire.

And Stella?

She stood off to the side, leaning against the car with her arms crossed.

Watching.

Like it was all just a show.

Dora's blood pressure spiked instantly. She strode forward and slapped Evan across the face.

"Have you lost your mind?!"

The sharp crack echoed.

The air went still.

Dora and Evan stared at each other from a distance.

Stella watched Evan with a faint smile playing on her lips.

Then Dora turned on her. "You're a menace! You burned Inkwood House yesterday, and now you want to burn this place too?

"What did our family ever do to you? Why are you so determined to see us all dead?"

Stella let out a cold laugh. "What do you mean I want you all dead? He's the one trying to burn the place

Chapte down."

Everyone present fell silent.

Dora froze.

Hearing that, her anger flared even highes

She stormed over to Stella and raised her hand to slap her-

But the blow never landed.

Stella caught her wrist midair.

“Let go!” Dora shouted, furious.

She actually dared to fight back?

Stella’s eyes turned icy. “Did you forget? No matter how soft I used to be, I never let you hit me.”

Her gaze was cold enough to make anyone’s heart shiver.

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

Chapter 134

Dora’s chest tightened. Her lips pressed into a thin line, her eyes burring as if she wanted to tear Stella apart.

She remembered now.

No matter how much she had tried to bully Stella in the past, Stella had never let her lay a hand on her.

She might have tolerated the insults, listening without reacting.

But the moment Dora tried to get physical, Stella would become a completely different person.

That was probably why Dora had never liked her.

She looked soft on the outside, but inside, there was something sharp. Something that would not bend.

And Dora hated being defied.

Especially by someone younger.

Stella flung her hand away and glanced at Evan.

Just moments ago, when Dora had raised her hand, Evan had kicked a servant aside and started toward them.

But the second Stella grabbed Dora's wrist and said those cold words, he stopped.

A mocking smile curled on Stella's lips. "You already hit your son, and now you want to hit me too? You're quite the mother."

"You... shut up!" Dora snapped.

Stella said coldly, "All these years, how many times have you tried to hit me? When have I ever let you touch me?"

Both Dora and Evan were speechless.

That line hit Evan hard.

His chest tightened painfully.

He had not known.

He truly had not known how far Dora had gone in mistreating Stella.

Taking away the things he had given her had already been humiliating enough.

But it had not just been words.

There had been physical aggression too.

No wonder she was so determined to divorce him.

At that moment, it hit Evan.

Even without Felix, Stella probably still would have asked for a divorce.

No one in the Wright family had ever treated her kindly.

When they lived together, she was mocked and humiliated over and over again, even threatened with violence.

After she moved out, they took everything he had given her

Evan closed his eyes.

Then he strode forward, grabbed Stella's wrist again, and shoved her back into the car.

As he moved to get in from the front, Dora stepped in his way.

"You saw that. She has no respect for her elders. You still want her?"

Dora was furious.

She had always known that beneath Stella's gentle appearance was a stubborn, unyielding streak.

But she had never expected Stella to push Evan this far. To actually stir things up at the family estate.

Burning the house...

If that had really happened, what would the Wright family have become?

"I do," Evan said. "Why wouldn't I?"

"She's a menace! Are you blind?"

"She wasn't like this before."

Dora froze.

The air went dead silent.

Her vision swam with anger. “What is that supposed to mean? You’re saying I forced her to become like this?”

“Evan, I’m your mother. Do you even hear what you’re saying?”

At this point, Dora had completely lost control.

And Evan’s defiance only made her hate Stella more.

“She’s turned this family upside down. Summer’s-C-section stitches keep reopening. The public backlash still hasn’t died down. And after all that, you still want her?”

“What do you even want her for? So she can make sure this family never has a day of peace?”

“She used to be so obedient.”

Dora: “...”

While Dora burned with rage, Evan said that one line calmly.

Then he turned and got into the car.

He drove off with Stella.

The fire never got lit.

But Dora was so furious she fainted on the spot.

The moment the car pulled away, the entire Wright family estate erupted into chaos.

“Madam! Madam!”

“Quick, call an ambulance!”

P r

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

Chapter 135

The housekeeper frantically told someone to call an ambulance.

The air was thick with panic, and with the sharp smell of gasoline Evan had left behind.

In the car, Evan instinctively reached for Stella's hand.

But Stella pulled away at once.

His hand closed on empty air.

And something in his chest seemed to hollow out with it, leaving behind an ache that felt strangely raw.

"So when we lived there that year... she tried to hit you a lot?"

Thinking back, they had spent the first year of their marriage at the Wright family estate.

Evan went to the office during the day.

And when he came home at night, nothing had ever seemed wrong.

As for Stella's conflict with the family elders, he had always thought it started after she lost her first baby.

It was because of that loss that he moved her out.

But today, when she said 'more than once', he finally realized that behind all those seemingly peaceful evenings, no one knew how many confrontations had happened during the day.

And he had truly known nothing.

He had always assumed her problems with his family only started after they moved out.

Because moving out had angered the family so much.

Stella held a wet wipe in her hand, repeatedly wiping the hand that had just grabbed Dora's wrist.

Her expression was calm, but every inch of it radiated disgust.

When she did not answer, Evan asked again, "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you?" Stella gave a cold laugh. "Wouldn't you have just taken their side and said I was the problem?"

Evan fell silent.

“Besides,” she added, “we weren’t even that close back then.”

That stung.

What did she mean, not that close?

They were husband and wife.

And now she was saying they had not even been close?

What a cold heartless woman.

“Tell you?” Stella let out another mocking laugh. “Didn’t I already tell you I couldn’t stand Summer?”

Evan said nothing.

The moment Summer came up, the air between them tightened again.

His breathing turned uneven. “What happened with Summer is over.”

“Over?”

That only made it more ridiculous.

“You haven’t forgotten what happened yesterday, have you?” Stella turned to him, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

Hearing that mocking tone, Evan tightened his grip on the steering wheel without realizing it.

“And that night too,” Stella went on. “You carried her down from the rooftop. The media went crazy over it. Said the two of you looked perfect together.

Evan’s face darkened.

“If I hadn’t reacted fast enough, I’d probably be the one getting torn apart over you and Summer right now.

“And you want me to tell you things?” She gave a cold laugh. “That’s a joke.”

Evan felt like he could barely breathe under the weight of her words.

“It’s not like I never had expectations of you,” Stella/said.

Then she paused.

Expectations?

Of course she had.

“When you moved me out of the Wright family home, your attitude was so firm. I really believed that with r you protecting me, the rest of them didn’t matter.’

Back then, she had thought like most women did.

What did it matter if the elders made things hard for her? She was not the one spending her life with them.

But what happened in the end?

The house he bought for their marriage, everything he had given her, was taken by his mother and sister.

And then came Summer.

On that matter, he had very naturally ended up on the same side as the Wright family.

It had all been a setup. Stella had seen that clearly.

But when she told him Summer had caused her to lose the baby, he had not believed her at all.

And this time, it was even worse.

He had not believed she was pregnant.

Instead, he believed a bribed doctor who told him that after losing that child, she would have a hard time ever conceiving again.

That was the part Stella could never forgive.

r get it

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

Chapter 136

And then there was the Redcrest Valley project.

He had personally put that under Summer's name too.

"Evan, every wrong you've committed in this marriage, every single one, is unforgivable."

What he himself had done was already unforgivable.

Never mind everything that had happened with his family.

And now he actually had the nerve to ask why she had never told him.

Hearing him say something like that really did feel like hearing the biggest joke in the world.

Evan's breathing turned ragged. "So in your eyes, I'm really that unforgivable?"

"Yes."

Stella nodded, then added, "So let's get divorced."

"Stop saying that!"

Divorce. Divorce. Divorce.

These past few days, those two words had already pushed Evan close to the edge. The last thing he wanted now was to keep talking about it.

"I'm not divorcing you. Stop thinking about it."

Then, thinking of the fires at Inkwood House and Ruby's mansion at Bay International, he added, "Even if you burn the entire Wright family to the ground, you're still not getting a divorce."

His tone was absolute.

He was making one thing very clear. She could use whatever method she wanted to force him, but even if the whole Wright family went up in flames, it would not matter.

He was not divorcing her.

Stella's expression went completely cold.

There was no question that whether it was Ruby's place at Bay International or Inkwood House yesterday, part of her had used those fires to push Evan toward divorce.

But hearing him say that now...

The faint smile at the corner of Stella's lips disappeared entirely. "What exactly will it take for you to agree to a divorce?"

"When we got married, I told you I would never divorce you."

Again with the marriage vows.

Stella was so angry she stopped talking altogether.

After Inkwood House burned down yesterday, Evan brought Stella to the estate on Mount Lara.

Because it sat at the top of the mountain, getting into the city was inconvenient, which was why he had bought Inkwood House in the first place.

Now, he almost regretted not moving to Mount Lara sooner.

It was far from the Wright family estate too.

Even if Dora wanted to make trouble for Stella, she probably would not have the energy to keep running all the way up the mountain.

Evan pulled Stella out of the car.

"Let go of me."

"You'll stay at Mount Lara for now. If it's too inconvenient, then pick an area in the city you like, and I'll buy you another place."

He emphasized the words 'buy you another place', as if trying to make it clear that everything he had bought before had been meant for her too.

Too bad she had not managed to keep any of it.

Stella caught the meaning in his words, and deliberately stabbed him right where it hurt.

"Have you gotten all of it back yet?"

All of it.

Everything he had said he would take back for her, no matter who had stolen it.

Evan said, "Everything except what Grandma has."

Anything taken from Stella by anyone else had already been returned.

Stella looked at him. “And how long am I supposed to wait for that?”

Evan fell silent.

How long?

He had a feeling that whatever was in his grandmother’s hands was never coming back.

She had called him that morning and torn into him for a long time.

Seeing that he said nothing, Stella let out a cold laugh. “Don’t tell me that because she’s the highest- ranking elder in the family, I’m supposed to just put up with it.”

“No. Of course not.”

Put up with it was never what he wanted from her.

Evan stepped forward and pulled Stella into his arms, rubbing her head with a tenderness that felt almost indulgent.

He was tall enough that even though Stella was not short, in his arms she still seemed small.

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

Chapter 137

“Stella, can we just... try to make this work? Okay? Everything before. that was my fault.”

In the quiet, Evan coaxed her as gently as he could.

It had always been like this.

Whenever Stella got truly angry, he would soften, lower his voice, and try to soothe her.

And before, that was always enough. The moment he did, she would give in.

But this time-

“Not a chance.”

Evan: “...”

Not a chance?

Had he really hurt her that badly?

“Even if you don’t want to, we still have to,” he said, forcing steadiness into his voice. “I’ve already taken care of things with Summer, okay?”

In other words, he would not get involved with Summer again.

But the moment the words left his mouth, his phone rang.

Summer.

Evan glanced at the screen. His expression shifted instantly, and he declined the call.

“You’re not going to answer?” Stella said lightly. “She’s already been making a scene nonstop. Her stitches haven’t even healed yet. You really think she won’t keep pushing it?

“Keep this up, and she might just end up killing herself.’

Summer really did know how to stir things up.

What she probably never expected was that while she was doing everything she could to take Evan away...

Stella had been just as determined behind the scenes to ruin her reputation.

And while Summer failed to steal the man-

Stella succeeded, thoroughly, in destroying her image.

Now both she and the mother she had always been so proud of were completely disgraced.

Just as the call ended, another one came in.

Evan glanced at the screen again.

His irritation was obvious this time.

“Go ahead, answer it,” Stella said, almost amused. “Yesterday morning, she was already half-dead. If you keep ignoring them, she might not make it this time.

“Your brother’s gone. You’re supposed to take care of her. And her child.”

Stella mimicked the tone from the old house, word for word.

Evan felt something snap.

In the end, he answered the call right in front of her.

The moment it connected, Summer's sobbing came through the line.

"Steven... where are you?"

Since Steven passed, she had started calling him by his brother's name.

Stella watched him with a faint smile.

Evan's face darkened. "What is it?"

"It's Mom... she's in the ER. Can you come to the hospital? Please."

Her voice was trembling, full of desperation.

At the mention of Dora being rushed into emergency, Evan instinctively glanced at Stella.

Stella just shrugged, like she had expected it.

Evan steadied his breathing. "What happened?"

"I... I don't know. She was brought in by ambulance."

Summer was crying as she spoke.

It sounded serious.

"Got it. I'm on my way."

He hung up.

Then looked at Stella.

"Wow," Stella said with a soft, mocking click of her tongue. "New strategy, huh?

"She knew she couldn't get you to come for her, so now you're using your mom instead."

Evan's temples throbbed at the sarcasm in her voice.

Instinctively, he wanted to head to the hospital.

But the moment he left Mount Lara, she would leave too.

And once she disappeared, he might not find her again.

She had too many ways to slip away.

He could not risk letting her out of his sight.

“You’re coming with me.”

They had barely gotten out of the cat when he stoved her right back inside.

Stella refused to go.

But Evan was not giving her a choice.

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

Chapter 138

In the car.

Summer called again.

The moment Stella saw the number, it felt like a thorn in her eyes.

Since it involved Dora, Evan still picked up.

“Evan, when are you getting here? I’m really scared...”

Summer’s voice trembled through the phone, sobbing, helpless and desperate.

Anyone who didn’t know better would think it was her own mother in the ER.

But then again, Dora had doted on her for years. Maybe this kind of reaction was only natural.

“About thirty minutes.”

The car was already pushing its speed to the limit.

Stella felt a little unwell.

She had not eaten since morning, and lately, if she skipped a meal, her body would start to feel weak.

“You… hurry up…”

They exchanged a few more words before the call ended.

Evan’s lips pressed into a thin line. His dark eyes were cold as ice, impossible to read.

Neither of them spoke again.

Not until they reached the hospital.

The moment they got out of the car, Evan grabbed Stella’s wrist and pulled her toward the elevators,

Stella tried to shake off his grip. “Let go.”

“Stella, you brought this on yourself.”

He had not wanted to force things this far over the past couple of days.

But she would not listen.

He had only managed to get her out today by pretending to agree to the divorce.

Now, how could he possibly let go of her?

The second he did, she would disappear.

And once she was gone, he might never find her again.

Not to mention Felix, who had been watching her so closely.

Right now, Evan wished he could tie her to him and keep her in sight at all times.

“I’m hungry. I’m going to eat.’

“Patrick already sent food over.’

Of course he had thought of that.

It was mealtime, and she needed to eat.

Not long after they left Mount Lara, he had already texted Patrick.

No one knew what was going on with Dora.

She had been in the ER the whole time, still not out.

When Evan arrived, Summer and Fiona looked like they had finally found something to hold onto.

But the moment they saw Stella with him, their expressions darkened.

Especially Fiona. She nearly exploded.

“Why did you bring her here?”

Just seeing Stella made her furious.

Especially after Stella burned Inkwood House yesterday. That humiliation still felt like a thorn lodged in her chest.

Now that Stella was right in front of her, she wanted nothing more than to tear her apart.

Evan shot her a cold look.

Fiona froze instantly under his glare, falling silent.

But she was still unhappy.

After a moment, she could not help adding, “Mom already doesn’t like her. Bringing her here now... are you trying to make Mom worse?”

“She’s in the ER. We don’t even know her condition yet. Do you really think she’s in any state to get angry?”

Someone already in emergency was hardly in a position to be enraged.

Fiona looked a lot like Dora.

And when she spoke sharply like this, the resemblance was uncanny.

As she spoke, she kept glancing at Stella, making sure her hostility was obvious.

Stella casually looked down at her manicured nails.

That calm, indifferent posture was as irritating as it got.

Then she added something even more infuriating.

Right after Fiona finished speaking, Stella turned to Evan and said, “I’m not putting up with this.

Back then, she had never really been willing to tolerate the Wright family either.

She had just been too focused on her career outside, so she let it go.

But now that Evan insisted on dragging her back into the middle of his family, she made her stance clear.

Dora could not take any more stress right now.

And Stella?

She had no intention of tolerating even the slightest bit.

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

Chapter 139

That only made Fiona explode even more. “Did you hear that, Evan? I’m not the one targeting her. If she stays here, she’s going to be the one who drives Mom to her grave.”

Evan glanced at Stella.

Stella did not even spare Fiona a look, but the lazy way she inspected her nails was brazen enough.

And that same carelessness sent a very clear message.

She was not joking.

Evan felt like his head was about to split open from all the noise.

Summer, who had been silent until now, finally turned to Stella. “Stella, no matter what, Mom’s in really bad shape today. As the younger ones, we should show some respect.”

Inside, she hated Stella so much she could barely stand it.

But on the surface, she still put on the act of a gracious sister-in-law.

She wanted Evan to see the contrast clearly. Her composure against Stella’s sharp edges. Which of them was truly fit to be the lady of the Wright family.

Stella let out a cold laugh. “She’s not the one making your life miserable, so of course you can afford to play nice.”

“You...”

“Oh, please. Then stop threatening everyone by jumping off buildings and into rivers every time I go after you.”

Over the past few days, Summer had certainly made enough of a spectacle.

Jumping into the river. Threatening to jump off a roof. Pretending her depression was acting up. She had used every trick she had.

And every time she “got sick,” everyone expected Stella not to upset her.

Summer’s face stiffened at Stella’s words.

Stella went on, “So I’m the one in the wrong for speaking up after you’ve been walking all over me? Why don’t you be the one to suck it up for once? Or am I just supposed to keep taking it while you keep stepping all over me?”

“I didn’t-”

“You didn’t?” Stella cut her off. “Then why were so many of the things Evan gave me under your name?”

Summer: “...”

She regretted opening her mouth.

Now that Stella had Felix backing her, she had become a total madwoman. She would go for anyone.

Seelug Stella push Sumtner like that, Fiona was afraid Summer might have another episode right there.

She immediately jumped in. “That’s enough, Stella. The things you’ve done are enough to drive someone to death. Is my sister-in-law not even allowed to react?”

Slap!

The instant she finished, Evan backhanded her across the face.

The air went still.

Fiona clutched her cheek in shock, staring at Evan with her pupils tightened. She looked completely lost.

“Evan, you...”

Seeing him hit Fiona, Summer was startled too. “Steven, what are you doing?”

Evan looked at Fiona with icy eyes. “She’s your sister-in-law. Remember that.”

Fiona and Summer both froze.

Stella raised a brow and gave Fiona a meaningful look.

And when Fiona looked back at her, her eyes were full of hatred.

Evan’s voice turned colder. “If you dare disrespect her again, then don’t expect to touch a single thing from the Wright family.”

Right now, Evan controlled the entire Wright family.

That was enough to show exactly how much weight his words carried.

If he really cut her off from everything, Fiona would be left with nothing.

Fiona felt like her heart was about to burst from anger.

She stared at him. “You’d treat your own sister like this over a woman?”

“If your cards get frozen, don’t come asking me to unfreeze them.”

Evan’s tone was even more dangerous now.

Fiona went still.

The moment he said that, every bit of emotion on her face froze.

And under a threat like that, she really did not dare say another word.

When it came down to real profits, people really did put themselves first.

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

Chapter 140

The hospital director heard that Evair had come because of Dora and hurried over as well.

Not long after, Dora was wheeled out.

It was nothing serious. She had simply passed out from anger.

By the time she came out of the ER, she was already awake.

And the moment she saw Stella, her emotions spiraled again.

“Why is she here? Why did you bring her here?

“Tell her to get out. Get out! I don’t want to see her.”

Right now, the last person Dora wanted to see was Stella.

Fiona shot Stella a vicious glare. “Did you hear that? Mom told you to get out.”

“As if I came here to visit her,” Stella said with a scoff.

With that, she got to her feet to leave.

But the moment she stood up, Evan grabbed her wrist.

Stella met his icy gaze. “Didn’t you hear her? Your mother said she doesn’t want to see me. She told me to get out. Out. Do you understand?”

And she had already made herself clear.

She was not going to put up with this.

Seeing Stella act like that only made Fiona angrier. “You still dare to talk back—”

She got no further.

One cold look from Evan cut her off on the spot.

Fiona did not dare say another word.

But inside, her hatred for Stella only deepened.

No matter what they had done to her before, their mother was lying in a hospital bed now. The least Stella could do was hold her tongue.

Is that any way to talk to someone older?

After a moment, Summer finally spoke up. “Stella, Mom just got out of the ER. Can you say a little less?”

Stella let out a cold laugh. “You’ve done more talking than anyone these past few years. If anyone should shut up, it’s you.”

Summer fell silent.

She looked at Evan, eyes full of grievance.

But Evan did not even look at her.

Dora's chest rose and felkwith anger. "Go. Get out."

The words had barely left her mouth when Evan pulled Stella along with him, "We're leaving."

"Wait. Where are you going?"

The second she saw that Evan was leaving too, Dora nearly lost it again.

She had just come out of the ER, and now her own son was taking his wife and walking out on her?

Maybe those old sayings really were true. Men forgot their mothers the moment they got a wife.

Dora was furious.

And the resentment she already felt toward Stella only grew stronger.

Evan turned back to look at her. "You look fine to me. Why wouldn't I leave?"

"Who said I'm fine?" Dora snapped. "You little bastard."

Was he really determined to make her die of anger?

Evan said coldly, "If you've still got the strength to go after someone you hate, then clearly you're not that bad off."

Dora was speechless.

Seeing mother and son going at each other too, Summer wanted to step in and say something generous.

But with Stella here, snapping back at anyone in sight, she did not dare open her mouth again.

Fiona was also afraid Evan would really follow through and cut her off from everything, so she did not dare speak either.

All she could do was keep shooting daggers at Stella with her eyes.

The room felt suffocating.

Stella said impatiently, “So is she fine or not? Am I leaving or not?”

There was not a trace of patience in her voice.

She was nothing like before.

Before, even if they all knew she had a rebellious streak, at least on the surface she still played the part of the good daughter-in-law.

As long as no one pushed that streak too far, she usually swallowed their cold faces and let it go.

But now?

That one stubborn streak had spread through her entire body.

Now, whoever made her uncomfortable got it right back.

Dora said through clenched teeth, “I told you to leave.”

Stella let out a mocking tough. “Therr tell your son to let go of me.’

As she said it, her eyes dropped pointedly to Evan’s hand still wrapped around her wrist.

Seeing that, Dora only grew more furious

This useless boy.