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

Chapter 141

Were all the women in the world dead?.

What exactly was so special about Stella that he just could not let her go?

Back then, when he insisted on marrying her, he had already turned the entire Wright family upside down.

And now look at this. Things had gotten this bad, and he still refused to let go.

Dora looked at Evan. “You...”

“She looks fine to me. Come on, let’s go.”

Just then, Patrick arrived with a stack of takeout containers in hand,

Evan had been about to leave with Stella, but the moment he saw the food, he changed his mind.

“Since it’s here, eat a little before we go.”

He looked at Stella, his tone gentle.

Stella really was hungry.

She hated the sharp smell of disinfectant in the hospital, but she was hungry enough that she could ignore

It was already almost one o’clock.

When she did not respond, Evan softened his voice again. “Just eat a little.”

He led her over to the bench outside the room, and Patrick quickly set the food in front of her.

He had handled things carefully.

He had brought one extra portion.

Just one.

And it was obvious who that extra portion was for. Dora needed to eat something too. I

As for Fiona and Summer, they got nothing.

From inside the room, they could hear Evan's voice drifting in from the hallway.

"Drink some soup first.

"This dish isn't spicy. You can have it. It's easy on your stomach."

His voice was full of tenderness for Stella.

Dora grew even dizzier with anger.

Seeing that, Summer forced a sensible smile onto her face. "Mom, you should eat something."

"You eat. I'm not hungry."

She truly had no appetite.

Just hearing Evan coax Stella like that was enough to make her feel full of rage.

Summer did not have any appetite either.

Things had blown up this badly over the last few days, and yet Evan could still be so gentle with Stella.

The jealousy burning inside her felt hot enough to burn straight through her.

She was jealous of Stella.

And she hated her too.

"Summer, you should eat," Fiona said.

Summer shook her head. "I'm not hungry either."

Hearing the sadness in her voice, Dora paused.

Then the look in her eyes softened with even more pity.

Of course she knew how Summer felt about Evan.

But with the way Evan was acting now...

She truly could not understand what it was about Stella that made him so attached.

Just then, Summer's phone started buzzing.

It was Ruby.

Summer answered, "Mom."

"Is Stella at the hospital?"

"Yes. She's here."

Summer sounded gloomy.

Ruby said, "I'm sending Alex to talk to her right now."

Summer: ""

The moment she heard her mother was looking for Stella, a suffocating tightness rose in her chest again.

How had she forgotten?

All the trouble that damned Stella had caused for her mother.

Her mother had always been such a proud woman, and now even she had to lower her head to Stella.

Outside the room, Stella did not want to deal with Evan, but he still forced a few bites on her.

After half a bowl of soup, her stomach finally felt a little better.

"I'm done."

When Evan tried to feed her again, Stella immediately turned her head away.

"Eat a little more. Be good,

At this hour, she had to be starving.

And her body had not been in good shape these past two days to begin with.

"I said I'm done."

She truly did not understand why this man was suddenly so concerned about her health.

Had he not already decided that yesterday's hemorrhage, after he made her drink that soup, was because she had eaten something too tich on her period?

Seeing that she really would not eat anymore, Evan did not force her.

He simply finished everything she had left behind.

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After Stella finished eating, Evan immediately moved to take her away.

But just then, Summer wheeled herself out.

"Stella, wait."

Stella stopped and looked at her, her gaze cool and distant.

That look made Summer uneasy, but she had no choice right now.

If her mother had sent Alex to find Stella, then something serious must have gone wrong with her overseas business.

Otherwise, a woman as proud as Ruby would never have lowered her head.

Summer was afraid that once Stella left, Alex would not be able to find her again.

So she had to stall her.

Stella looked at her. "What?"

"Can I talk to you?"

She wanted to buy time.

Stella lifted her eyes slightly, and the look she gave her turned even colder, enough to make anyone's heart tighten.

Evan's expression darkened too. "There's nothing for the two of you to talk about."

With that, he took Stella's hand and started to leave.

For the past six months, Summer had been hiding behind her so-called depression.

Even when she was married to Steven, she had always played the role of the perfect sister-in-law.

But Evan was never the kind of man who cared whether someone was good or bad.

Stella and Summer had long since stopped getting along.

And now Summer suddenly wanted to talk?

Who knew what she planned to say to Stella?

Stella was already hard enough to handle as it was, r

At this point, Evan was not about to let anyone in that family make things worse between him and Stella.

But just as he turned with Stella in tow, Summer spoke again from behind them.

“My mom was only trying to protect me. If she offended you because of that, could you please go easy on her?”

Stella and Evan both went still.

Evan’s face darkened even more.

What happened yesterday at Inkwood House flashed through his mind.

An offense?

Was that all she called it?

The coldness around him sharpened.

Before he could say anything, Stella turned back to Summer.

“If I make you lose half the blood in your body, will you go easy on me too?”

Summer froze.

Her whole face went stiff.

Her lips moved as if she wanted to say something, but when she met Stella’s sharp eyes, not a single word came out.

Seeing that Summer had gone silent, Stella let out a cold laugh and turned to leave.

Then Summer's voice rose again.

"Take it out on me if you want, but please don't go after my mother!"

This time, Summer was truly panicking.

Her mother's overseas business could not be damaged.

If that line of business was really cut off, her position in the Wright family would collapse too.

She knew very well that Dora treated her so well only because her mother was a wealthy businesswoman.

And that status depended entirely on her export business overseas.

If all of that was cut off, then Summer would become nothing in the Wright family.

Dora looked affectionate on the surface, but Summer knew better than anyone how practical she really was.

Stella let out a cold laugh. "Now you're scared?"

Summer said nothing.

"Weren't you always relying on your rich mother to throw your weight around?"

That had always been Summer's biggest source of confidence.

And while it might have looked like Stella was only going after the Wright family this time, the biggest move on her board had been aimed at Ruby all along.

She knew perfectly well that the real thing crushing Summer was what was happening to Ruby.

Summer's chest tightened with pain. "I..."

"What, you're going to say that's not true?" Stella cut in coldly. "Then what, I'm just crazy? I'm going after you and your mother for no reason?"

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“No, that’s not what I meant!”

“So you admit it, then?”

Summer: “”

Faced with Stella’s sharpness, she could not say another word.

Thankfully, Alex arrived just then.

Since last night, Ruby had been trying to reach Stella. Whatever was happening in the Eirden had clearly pushed her to the edge.

Compared to yesterday at Inkwood House, Alex’s attitude toward Stella was far more respectful now.

“Mrs. Wright.”

The moment she heard that title, Stella let out a soft, almost dazed laugh.

The sound echoed down the quiet hallway, sharp with mockery.

Alex felt uncomfortable, but he did not dare show it.

Once Stella finished laughing, she spoke with clear sarcasm.

“Mrs. Wright? Not gonna call me Miss Rowan anymore?”

“Yesterday at Inkwood House, in the house Evan and shared, you kept calling me Miss Rowan. Didn’t seem to bother you then.”

So yesterday, he had been reminding her at every turn that even after marrying Evan, she was still just Miss Rowan?

Looks like her brother had been very effective overnight.

Ruby had already been forced to lower her head this far.

When Evan heard that Alex had called her Miss Rowan yesterday, his expression darkened even more,

Alex’s face tightened, but he still forced himself to continue.

“Mrs. Bailey would like to see you. Please come to her room. I’m asking as a favor.”

When he said ‘I’m asking as a favor’, his tone turned even more respectful. He even lowered his head.

Seeing that attitude, Stella became even more certain.

Whatever had happened in the Eirden had dealt Ruby a serious blow.

A devastating one.

Ruby’s entire fortune had been built on export business, and ninety percent of it depended on the Eirden market.

Now that something had gone wrong there, everything she had built was starting to collapse.

Stella gave a faint, mocking smile. “What’s there to see? I’m just in the way of her daughter. If we meet, wouldn’t that only make her more uncomfortable?”

Alex and Summer both fell silent.

The moment she said ‘in the way of her daughter’, even Evan’s expression darkened.

Ever since Steven’s death, he had not been unaware of what Ruby and the Wright family had been planning.

But hearing it said out loud like this-

His grip on Stella’s hand tightened without him realizing it.

Stella raised a brow and looked at Alex. “I already sent one person to the hospital. With my temper, really not suited to meeting Mrs. Bailey.”

Alex’s expression stiffened again.

I’m

“And besides,” Stella went on lightly, “someone like me, with a life worth less than a dog’s, isn’t in any position to help her.”

Yesterday, Ruby had called her a dog.

And now she wanted to make peace?

“Meeting someone who isn’t even worth a dog would only lower her status. Don’t you think so,

Mr. Alex?”

Alex’s face went pale, then flushed.

He knew very well that when Ruby was not asking favors of anyone, her words could be vicious, leaving no room for mercy.

But she had never suffered the consequences of that before.

So all these years, she had done whatever she wanted, said whatever she pleased.

He just had not expected her to fall this hard this time.

Stella did not bother to say anything more.

With a cold smile still on her lips, she shook off Evan’s hand and walked away.

But after only two steps, Evan caught her wrist again.

Alex wanted to say something more.

But Evan turned back and shot him a warning look.

Under that gaze, Alex swallowed the rest of his words.

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Evan left with Stella.

At the hospital, more than one person had been knocked flat by anger. Dora felt a tight pressure in her chest, and Fiona was furious too.

After Evan left, Fiona could not stop complaining.

“I really don’t get what Evan is thinking. Didn’t he always like the obedient type?”

It was infuriating.

If they were talking about obedient, Stella had never really been that obedient either. If she were, she would not have convinced Evan to move out back then.

And she would not have taken over Inkwood House either.

Dora was already in a bad mood, and hearing Fiona go on and on about Stella only made it worse.

“That’s enough. Stop talking.”

“I’m just mad. Summer is so much better.”

At the mention of Summer-

She had gone to Ruby’s room.

!

And thinking about how Ruby had also been driven into the hospital by Stella made Dora even more irritated.

She had originally thought that once Ruby came back from overseas, she would be able to put Stella in her place.

But instead, it was a complete slap in the face.

Not only had they failed to deal with Stella, they were the ones collapsing one after another.

In Ruby’s hospital room-

When she saw that Alex had failed to bring Stella over, her bruised face darkened even more.

“What happened? Didn’t I tell you to invite her here?”

Bring her.

She had specifically said ‘invite her’.

All these years, aside from her most valuable business partners, no one had ever been worthy of that level of courtesy from her.

But this time, she had no choice.

She had told Alex to speak to Stella with utmost respect.

And yet he still could not get her here?

“She refused to come. And her attitude… wasn’t good.”

“Even if her attitude wasn’t good, you should’ve brought her here first.”

“No matter what I said, she wouldn’t come.” Alex sounded helpless.

Ruby: “…”

Hearing that, her chest tightened even more.

If she could not even see Stella, then what were they supposed to do now?

Fo.

“Yesterday, you called her a dog,” Alex added. “She hasn’t let that go.

Ruby: “”

Her expression froze instantly.

That was right.

Yesterday, she had said that if Stella died, it would be no different from a dead dog.

So now, this was her retaliation?

“So you’re saying she won’t see me at all?”

Even if she was willing to lower her head and make peace, Stella still would not meet her?

Fine. Just fine.

Now she could not even find a way to beg.

“I didn’t realize she held grudges like this,” Ruby let out a cold laugh.

“She does,” Alex said. “She holds grudges.”

If she did not, what would the past few days even count as?

She had turned the entire Wright family upside down. Old grudges, new grudges, all settled at once.

“If she won’t budge no matter what, then I’m done wasting time on her.”

A cold, ruthless glint flashed through Ruby’s eyes.

The situation in the Eirden was urgent.

She had hoped to resolve it through Stella and avoid a bigger mess.

But if Stella wanted to play hard-

Then she would not waste another second on her.

“What do you mean?” Alex asked.

“Make the arrangements. I’m going to the Eirden”

“Now? But you...” Alex trailed off.

He glanced at her. In her current condition, she could barely move. There was no way she should be traveling.

But Ruby could not wait any longer.

“If I can’t move, then I’ll use a wheelchair.”

Things were already slipping out of control.

If she did not go handle it herself, it would only get worse.

She should have been resting and recovering.

But now, she had no time for that.

“Isn’t there any other way?” Summer asked anxiously.

“Another way?” Ruby scoffed. “You’ve been her sister-in-law for years. Don’t you know exactly what kind of person she is?”

Her tone was full of disdain.

Then she added coldly, “She crawled out of the gutter and now thinks she’s royalty.”

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At first, Ruby had wanted to talk things over with Stella.

But given Stella's attitude, Ruby no longer felt there was anything left to say.

Summer agreed.

In her eyes, Stella was nothing more than an orphan pretending she was royalty.

Ruby glanced at Summer. "Keep pushing on Fiona's side too. It needs to happen as soon as possible."

No matter what, they had to cut off Stella's path to Felix.

Without Felix backing her, Ruby refused to believe Stella could still act this untouchable.

Summer nodded. "I know."

After all, Fiona had already agreed to start making a real effort with Felix.

As long as she was willing to lower herself a little, things between them would move quickly.

"Don't worry, Mom. It'll happen soon enough. And when it does, we'll make Stella pay for everything."

Summer's voice was vicious.

Thinking about all the gossip and humiliation she had suffered in Harbor City these past few days, all she wanted now was to see Stella ruined.

But with Felix standing behind Stella, it was still hard to make a move.

So no matter what, they had to wait until Fiona and Felix were settled first.

Ruby nodded, then looked at Alex. "Get things ready. We're going to the Eirden."

Alex nodded, but there was still a trace of worry in his eyes. "But Andrew is still in Mr. Wright's hands.

Mentioning Andrew only made Ruby's expression darken further,

And when Summer heard that name, her face was no better.

Mother and daughter exchanged a look.

Ruby's tone turned grave. "I know you can't stand his existence. But I have to go to the Eirden now. Andrew is your responsibility."

“Mine?”

The words made Summer’s chest tighten.

Ruby said coldly, “What else do you expect? If I stay in Harbor City and keep negotiating with Evan over Andrew, then our business in the Eirden will collapse completely. And your precious status as the Bailey family’s only princess will vanish with it.

“You really think your mother-in-law will still let you have an easy life in the Wright family after that?”

Sumuner fell silent.

Of course she wouldn’t.

The only reason she held this kind of position in the Wright family was because she had a powerful mother behind her.

No one understood that better than Summer herself.

After weighing the pros and cons in her heart, she finally nodded. “I’ll talk to Evan.”

“Not talk,” Ruby corrected coldly. “Get Andrew out of his hands.”

Her tone was even more severe now, edged with unmistakable pressure.

Under that pressure, Summer finally nodded. “Don’t worry. I’ll get him out.”

…

Ruby truly had no more ideas when it came to Stella.

Even though she had been beaten so badly she could barely move, she still had no choice but to leave for the Eirden first.

At Mount Lara-

Evan brought Stella back there again.

He had Patrick send all the documents straight to the estate.

If there were meetings, they would be handled by video conference.

Clearly, Stella’s unwavering determination to divorce him had finally pushed him into a corner.

Stella was exhausted.

Back at Mount Lara, she knew that trying to make a scene right under Evan's nose was pointless. There was no way she could get away.

So she simply went to sleep.

Gray called her.

Stella said, "Don't come looking for me these next few days. I don't want him finding out about my brother."

As far as Evan knew, Gray was still one of Felix's people.

Stella did feel a little bad for dragging Felix into this.

But she had no choice.

At this point, she did not want any unnecessary complications with the Hogarth Group either.

Because when Evan lost control, he really did lose control.

"Understood," Gray said.

"Inform Aaron for me," Stella said. "I'm hanging up now."

Just then, Evan pushed open the door and caught that last sentence.

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Stella hung up the phone

When she looked up, Evan was standing in the doorway. He was holding a bowl of soup, his gaze fixed on her face.

His eyes were dark, deep, like still water you couldn't see the bottom of. There was no way to tell what he was thinking.

Stella frowned. "What now? Planning to force-feed me another bowl and send me back to the hospital?"

The sarcasm in her voice was unmistakable.

Evan walked over and sat down at the edge of the bed. “Relax. This was made by a nutritionist. It’s tailored for your recovery.”

“Oh? Tailored for what exactly?” Stella arched a brow, her gaze turning even more mocking. “My period?”

He didn’t believe she had miscarried.

Now he didn’t even believe she could get pregnant.

So what else could the nutritionist possibly be preparing for?

Evan met the mockery in her eyes.

For a split second, something flickered through his expression.

Calm.

And yet... unhinged.

That was the feeling she gave him right now.

On the surface, she looked perfectly composed. But it felt like she could snap at any second.

“Drink the soup first,” Evan said.

Faced with that quiet, volatile calm, he forced himself to stay patient.

He didn’t dare bring up Summer’s name.

The moment he did, she would lose control.

Especially when it came to anything involving a child.

Stella didn’t move. She just looked at him calmly.

Evan sighed, his tone softening. “You need to take care of your body first if you want to have a baby, okay?”

Stella let out a low laugh. “You really think I still want a child right now?”

Once, she did.

Back when he had taken her out of the Wright estate, she had imagined they would build a life together.

Maybe even have a child.

But now she knew she had been wrotig

Evan was still a Wright.

And that alone was the root of everything between them.

As long as she stayed with him, she would never get to be a mother.

If she ever wanted that for herself, she had to divorce him.

Evan heard the growing edge in her voice and felt a wave of helplessness.

“Just have some soup, okay?”

Bringing up a child had been a mistake.

He knew better than anyone that it was the one thing she couldn’t handle right now.

And yet he had still said it.

He had always been like this. Once he decided something, he pushed forward without backing down.

Stella said flatly, “Have the kitchen make me something normal. Or some dessert.”

If she had to eat, she would eat something yummy.

This soup?

Who knew what was in it.

What if it sent her bleeding again?

With that, she turned over and lay down, facing away from him.

Evan sat there at the edge of the bed, the bowl still in his hand, frozen midair.

Something in his chest suddenly felt hollow.

Especially the look she had just given him.

That look...

She didn’t trust him.

All because of that bowl of soup.

He thought about how, the moment he got back, he had personally instructed the kitchen on what to make for her. He had even watched the ingredients go in himself.

He had been terrified of making the same mistake again and sending her back to the hospital.

Behind him, Stella spoke coldly, “Get out.”

Evan:

That temper again.

“Yesterday was my fault,” he said quietly. “I’m sorry. From now on, I’ll be more careful with everything you eat.”

“Don’t.”

She cut him off immediately.

Then added, “I’m begging you. Don’t do anything for me.”

If he so much as did anything for her, the Wright family would turn it into a problem

And if he “cared” too much?

She might not just end up in the hospital next time.

She might end up dead.

Even just to stay alive, she didn’t want this man doing anything for her.

No matter what he said or did, Stella refused to believe him.

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Unable to hold back his frustration, Evan suddenly lifted the bowl and drank the soup in one go.

“Fine. I’ll drink it. Let’s see if it sends me to the hospital.”

Stella: “...”

What is wrong with him?

Evan set the bowl down, but he still didn’t leave.

He looked at her back, hesitated for a moment, then asked, “That ‘brother you mentioned just now... who is he?”

He had caught that one word the moment he pushed the door open.

Brother.

She had grown up in an orphanage. What brother could she possibly have?

The moment he said it, Stella’s breathing faltered.

Just for a second.

Then she steadied herself.

“What brother?” she said coolly. “You think I’m like Summer, with some powerful family backing me?”

Evan: “...”

“Well, sorry to disappoint you. I don’t,” she went on. “So yeah, the Wright family really got the short end of the stick marrying someone like me.’

The sarcasm in her voice was sharp enough to cut.

Evan’s jaw tightened, irritation flaring again.

He stared at her back, about to say something-

But his phone rang.

He glanced at the screen and hung up immediately.

After one last look at her, he stood. “Get some rest. I’ll have the kitchen send food up when it’s ready.”

With her, he was trying to compromise as much as he could.

Even rules he used to enforce strictly, like no eating in the bedroom, had all been pushed aside.

Evan walked out.

The moment he stepped into the hallway, his phone rang again.

This time, he answered. “What is it now?”

The impatience in his tone, especially that ‘now’, made it obvious-

It was probably Summer.

Or the child she had given birth to.

Stella picked up her phone and dialed Gray.

He answered almost immediately. “Miss.”

“Summer’s child... is there really something wrong?”

“There is,” Gray said. “One of them has a severe heart condition. The baby’s in critical care. It’s touch and go.”

Stella: “”

That small... and already fighting for their life?

“Mr. Wright has already sent people to the Eirden to find Professor Jane Gass.

Stella’s brows knit. “He went to her?”

Jane Gass.

Of course she knew that name.

The world’s top cardiac specialist.

No matter how complicated the case, if it landed in her hands, she could pull someone back even when they were already halfway to death.

In the Eirden, people said she could wrestle patients back from the Grim Reaper.

Countless wealthy families turned to her first, whether it was a heart condition or not.

Cardiology was her specialty.

But Stella's own biotech company had made its biggest breakthrough thanks to a few pointers from Professor Gass a year ago.

She was not someone you could just invite.

Her temper was notoriously bad.

And now that she was nearing retirement, she had stepped back almost completely.

She did not like being disturbed.

"Yes," Gray confirmed. "Someone's already been sent. So her son's condition is real."

Summer's depression had been an act.

But her son's illness was real.

"Your brother has already reached out to Professor Gass as well. He's arranged-"

"That won't be necessary."

Stella cut him off.

Yes, the child was Summer's.

But at the end of the day, he was still just a child.

Gray paused. "Miss, you mean...?"

"We stay out of it," Stella said calmly. "If he can get Professor Gass to come, then that's his ability."

They would not interfere.

Besides-

Professor Gass had not performed surgery in two years.

It would not be easy for Evan to get her to come.

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Getting Professor Gass to agree was never going to be easy.

“Alright. I understand,” Gray said.

“I’m hanging up.”

Stella ended the call.

She had assumed the child’s illness was just another ploy Summer was using to hold on to Evan.

Turns out the baby really was sick.

At dinner, the kitchen followed Evan’s instructions and prepared something light for Stella.

They also made a bowl of bird’s nest porridge.

Marianne brought it up.

After Inkwood House burned down, Evan had transferred Marianne to Mount Lara.

Stella took a spoonful of the porridge and asked casually, “Where is he?”

For once, he was not here bothering her.

At the mention of Evan, Marianne froze for a second before answering, “Mr. Wright isn’t feeling well.”

Stella raised a brow.

“Dr. Shaw came.”

Dr. Shaw was the Wright family doctor.

But given Evan’s health, it was almost laughable to think he needed a doctor. Ever since she had known him, she had never once seen him get sick.

“What happened?” Stella asked before she could stop herself.

At her question, Marianne's expression stiffened. She looked at Stella like she wanted to say something but was hesitating.

Stella lifted a brow. "What?"

"I don't know what happened exactly," Marianne said. "But after Mr. Wright came downstairs from your room, he started vomiting."

"By the time Dr. Shaw got here, he'd already been put on an IV."

Stella: "..."

After leaving her room, he started throwing up?

And now he was on an IV?

Evan on an IV really was a rare sight.

But why was he vomiting?

Then Stella remembered the bowl of soup in her room, the one she refused to touch and he drank himself.

Could it have been because of that soup?

Yesterday, one bowl of soup had landed her in the hospital.

And today, that same kind of soup had put him on an IV.

So what was it?

Was he really that bad at taking care of someone?

Or had the Wright family reached the point where they hated her enough to poison her outright?

Stella glanced at the rice pudding in front of her and set down her spoon.

"Who made the dessert this afternoon?"

"The new nutritionist, Mrs. Reynolds."

"And tonight's food?"

"She made that too."

Stella: “.”

Her again.

That made Stella think of the nutritionists Evan brought to Inkwood House yesterday, only to find out they had really come from the old matriarch at the nursing home.

She dropped the spoon back into the bowl.

“He hasn’t eaten yet, has he?”

Marianne shook her head. “No, Mr. Wright hasn’t eaten.”

Stella fell silent for a beat.

Good.

She threw on a robe, got to her feet, and picked up the bowl of rice pudding.

Marianne blinked in surprise. “Ma’am, what are you…?”

Stella smiled faintly. “My husband hasn’t eaten yet. What kind of wife would eat first?”

There was even a trace of a smile in her eyes.

But whatever that expression was, gentle was not it.

And it had nothing to do with care.

Before Marianne could react, Stella walked out carrying the rice pudding.

Evan was in the bedroom next to hers.

She had been so exhausted that afternoon that she slept hard and never even noticed Dr. Shaw’s arrival.

The door was open.

Evan lay weakly on the bed. When he saw Stella at the door, his expression stiffened for a second.

“Why are you up?”

His voice was warm, even indulgent.

From the day she met him until now, he had always spoken to her like this.

Who would not fall for that kind of tenderness?

But only once you actually lived with him would you understand.

What good were tenderness and indulgence on their own?

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If a man couldn’t protect the woman he was with, then no matter how “good” he was, it meant nothing.

Dr. Shaw was still there.

When he saw Stella, he greeted her respectfully. “Ma’am.”

Stella gave a slight nod in acknowledgment.

Carrying the bowl of bird’s nest porridge, she walked into the room. “You should go eat too, Dr. Shaw. The IV’s going to take a while.”

“Of course, ma’am.”

Dr. Shaw nodded and left.

Now it was just Stella and Evan.

Stella walked over to the bed and held out the porridge. “Marianne said you haven’t eaten yet. This is easy on the stomach. It’s good for you right now.”

Her voice was soft.

Gentle in a way she hadn’t been with him in a long time.

Evan almost couldn’t remember the last time she had spoken to him like this.

He looked at her, a flicker of surprise crossing his face. His gaze turned deeper, more searching.

Stella scooped up a spoonful and brought it to his lips, her smile softening even more. “Eat.”

Evan didn’t open his mouth.

His eyes grew darker.

“What’s wrong?” Stella asked.

After a beat, Evan finally opened his mouth.

Even his breathing felt complicated.

“What happened?” he asked quietly.

For the past six months, she had been nothing but cold toward him.

So why the sudden change?

Stella scooped another spoonful and held it out again. “I’m being nice to you and you don’t like it?”

“It’s not that.”

He was just surprised. Caught off guard.

Evan had always been sharp.

And this sudden shift from her didn’t feel simple.

Stella fed him one spoonful after another, that faint smile never leaving her lips.

For a moment, Evan had the illusion that she had finally come around.

Just as he was starting to think she might stop bringing up divorce-

A voice suddenly came from the doorway.

“Don’t-don’t eat that!”

It was Ms. Reynolds, the new nutritionist.

Her voice was panicked.

Stella’s hand froze midair.

Evan instinctively turned toward the door.

By now, Stella had already fed him half the bowl.

At the sound of Ms. Reynolds's voice, Stella slowly turned to look at her.

The warmth in her eyes vanished, replaced by a sharp, icy glare.

"What is it?"

Ms. Reynolds looked terrified.

She rushed forward and snatched the half-finished bowl from Stella's hands.

When she saw how little was left, her pupils shrank in panic.

Her hands went weak.

The bowl slipped from her grasp and shattered on the floor with a sharp crack.

Porcelain and rice pudding splattered everywhere.

Stella stood up and slapped her across the face. "What are you doing?"

"Hospital! Go to the hospital! Right now!"

Ms. Reynolds was practically screaming, her voice shaking with fear.

Evan: ""

Stella's eyes narrowed. "You poisoned it?"

So there really was something in it.

A cold smile flickered across her lips.

Evan's expression darkened instantly.

He looked at Stella, then at Ms. Reynolds on the floor, his gaze turning dangerous.

"Explain. Now."

"Sir, you need to go to the hospital. You have to-right now.."

Her entire body was trembling

The panic on her face was obvious.

Hearing the commotion, Dr. Shaw rushed upstairs from the dining room.

“Mr. Wright-”

The veins at Evan’s temples throbbed. “Get me to the hospital. Now.”

Comments.

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

Chapter 150

Evan was rushed to the hospital in total chaos.

Before he even arrived, Dora and Summer had already gotten the news that he had been poisoned.

But when he was wheeled in-

Stella was nowhere to be seen.

The tension had already been building for days.

Now, with Evan in the hospital and Stella absent, that resentment finally snapped.

“Where is she?” Dora shouted.

Marianne replied carefully, “Ma’am... she’s dealing with the nutritionist who poisoned the food.”

No one had expected Ms. Reynolds to actually poison anything.

This was serious.

But the moment Dora heard the word ‘poison’, she exploded.

“I think she’s the one who did it!”

After everything that had happened lately, who knew what Stella was really thinking? Maybe she wanted to poison the entire Wright family.

And now she was claiming she was “handling” the nutritionist?

The nutritionist had no grudge against them. Why would she poison anyone?

Dora had just been through emergency treatment herself. Her body was already weak.

Now her vision darkened from anger.

By the time Evan arrived, he had already lost consciousness.

He was taken straight into emergency.

Dora broke down, sobbing uncontrollably. “What did our family ever do to deserve this? What kind of woman did we bring into this house?”

Summer was pale, clearly shaken, sitting in her wheelchair.

But she still forced herself to speak gently. “Mom, don’t worry. Steven will be okay.”

Steven.

She always called Evan that.

No matter the situation, as long as she was in front of the Wright family, she called him by his brother’s name.

The two brothers looked identical.

And since she had never accepted Steven’s death, everyone believed her depression was severe.

They pitied her.

Dora clutched her head, furious. “She’s resorted to poisoning now. What won’t she do?”

First the fire at Bay International.

Then Inkwood House.

Now this.

Dora had completely lost control. “Call the police. I’m calling the police!”

She didn’t care anymore about what her father-in-law had said before, about Stella’s miscarriage or anything else.

Right now, she just wanted Stella in prison.

Mrs. Chancer, who stood behind her, hesitated. “But Mr. Wright-”

“But what?” Dora snapped. “He’s lying in there after being poisoned by that woman, and you think I’m going to let her go?”

There was no way she would let Stella off.

If she couldn’t kill her herself, then she would send her to prison.

“Why aren’t you calling?” Dora barked again when Mrs. Chancer didn’t move.

Mrs. Chancer’s heart jumped.

Truthfully, she was afraid of Evan.

Yes, things had been chaotic lately because of Stella.

But everyone could see it.

She wasn’t just anyone to him.

No matter how far she had pushed things, he had never truly gone after her.

If they called the police now while he was still in emergency—

And had Stella arrested-

When Evan woke up, none of them would escape the consequences.

So Mrs. Chancer didn’t dare make the call.

“You won’t do it? Fine, I will!”

Dora was so furious she pulled out her phone and dialed the police herself.

Poison.

Of all things, poison.

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Just how inuch did that woman hate the Wright family?

They had fed her, clothed her, given her everything-

And this was how she repaid them?