

The Divorce Prescription

Chapter 10

As night settled in at Tate Manor, Lucy sat on the couch in a silk nightgown, waiting for Hayden to come home.

In her youth, Lucy was a stunning beauty from Josona, adored by Aaron. He pampered her like a queen. After marrying Hayden, who took over Aaron's business and expanded it even further, Lucy took on the role of the gracious lady of the house.

She had taken good care of herself, still radiating grace and charm despite the years.

Right then, a housekeeper opened the front door of the house. Hayden had returned.

Lucy's face brightened with joy. She hurried over to greet him, helping him remove his suit jacket. "Honey, why did you come home so late?"

Unlike Aaron's steady, reserved personality, Hayden had been a handsome and charismatic man in his youth. As the CEO, his power only grew, and it made him all the more irresistible to Lucy.

Hayden replied, "I had a business engagement tonight."

Lucy suddenly caught a familiar scent of perfume on his jacket. She recognized it—it was the fragrance worn by the new secretary he had hired.

Frowning, Lucy asked, "Honey, were you with that secretary again?"

Hayden raised an eyebrow, clearly irritated. "Lucy, stop being paranoid. Carly is upset because Dr. C wouldn't treat her, so you should spend your time comforting her. I'm tired; I'm going upstairs to rest."

He began to turn, heading for the stairs.

But Lucy quickly called out, "I know how to get Dr. C to treat Carly."

Hayden stopped in his tracks, immediately turning back to her. He wrapped his arm around her shoulders and smiled. "Lucy, you're amazing. You never disappoint me. I treasure you so much."

Hayden knew just how to flatter her, speaking to the soft, romantic side of Lucy, who was deeply in tune with her Josona heritage.

Lucy leaned into him, teasing him with a playful look. "I have one condition. You have to treat your secretary."

Hayden laughed, "No problem. I'll treat her tomorrow."

With that, Hayden swept Lucy up in his arms.

Her body melted into his embrace as she looked up at him, her smile full of mischief. "But didn't you just say you were tired?"

Lucy's robe slipped open, revealing lacy, seductive lingerie. Hayden grinned devilishly. "Look at you being so tempting. How can I resist?"

Lucy playfully hit him. "You're such a bad boy."

He laughed wickedly. "Don't you like it?"

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The next day, Celine received a call from Lucy.

Lucy's voice was motherly and warm. "Celine, I was wrong the last time at the hospital. I've prepared a meal of your favorite dishes. Come home for a visit."

Robin, who had been eavesdropping in the kitchen, poked her head out. "Celine, don't go. She's just Hayden's lapdog. At her age, she's still acting like a lovesick teenager. She's beyond saving."

Celine's expression remained calm as she replied, "I'm busy."

She was about to hang up when Lucy said, "Celine, your father left a bottle of Château La te wine for you. He wanted you to drink it when you were older. I've brought it out. Come back and drink it with me."

Celine's fingers trembled. Lucy knew exactly how to play to her weakness.

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When Celine arrived at Tate Manor, there was no sight of Hayden and Carly. Lucy had indeed prepared a lavish spread, with a bottle of Château La te wine placed on the table.

Aaron wrote the words "Château La te" in his clumsy handwriting. He wasn't highly educated, but he had built his wealth from scratch, unlike Hayden, a university graduate back then.

Celine gently traced the words with her fingers. She remembered when Aaron adored her. She was his little treasure.

Lucy seemed to be in high spirits today. Her complexion was glowing, and she radiated warmth. She opened the bottle of Château La te, pouring two glasses—one for herself, and one for Celine.

"Celine, let's make a toast."

Celine glanced at Lucy, her voice cold as she asked, "How did my father really die?"

At the question, Lucy's hand shook, nearly spilling the wine. Her gaze flickered, avoiding Celine's gaze. "Celine, your father... he died of illness. You wouldn't understand even if I explained it to you. You're not a doctor!"

Just as she stood to leave, Samson appeared, walking toward her.

Celine frowned. "Who are you?"

Samson, a middle-aged man, appeared reared. However, he eyed Celine with a lascivious, leering smile.

Lucy set her cup down and smiled coldly. "Celine, this is Mr. Stone from the hospital. He knows Dr. C, and he can arrange for her to treat Carly."

Celine eyed Samson suspiciously. This man knew Dr. C?

She smirked. "So?"

Lucy dropped the pretense of being a loving mother. "Celine, all you have to do is sleep with Mr. Stone once, and Carly will be saved."

Her own mother was asking her to sleep with a man just to save Carly. So this was why Lucy had called her back.

Celine suddenly felt a wave of heat wash over her—suddenly feeling flushed, her body burning up. Something wasn't right. She looked at the Château La te bottle and realized Lucy had drugged her with Aaron's wine.

What else was her mother capable of?

Celine's clear eyes began to redden. She stared at Lucy, feeling nothing but disappointment. She had no idea what she had done wrong, why she had never been loved.

Lucy, avoiding her gaze, turned to Samson. "Mr. Stone, she's yours now."

Samson eagerly licked his lips and stepped forward. "Nice to meet you, gorgeous. Let's see if you're as sweet in bed as you look!"

Lucy then left the room.

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As soon as Lucy was gone, Samson collapsed to the floor, knocked out by the potent medicinal herbs Celine had administered.

Celine's face burned. The drug had hit her hard.

She fumbled for the silver needles at her waist, but they were missing—she must have left them in the villa.

Celine hurriedly ran back there. She hadn't returned since she moved out with her suitcase.

She entered the master bedroom and searched for the needles, but they were nowhere to be found. Perhaps So had thrown them out while cleaning.

Celine wasn't used to drinking, and the aftereffects from the wine were starting to hit. Her head swam, and the rational thoughts she had been holding onto started to slip away, overwhelmed by the rising heat in her body.

A steady, familiar set of footsteps sounded from outside the door. Had Adam returned?

Celine's eyes lit up.

The door creaked open. The moment Adam stepped in, her burning, soft body collapsed into his arms.