

The Divorce Prescription

Chapter 11

Adam reached out, catching her in his arms. He lowered his sharp gaze, his lips pressed in displeasure. "Celine, why did you come back?"

Celine hadn't expected him to come home. He was in a perfectly tailored black suit, just back from outside, the cool night air still clinging to his expensive fabric.

Celine's body felt hot, and instinctively, she leaned into him. She was hoping his cold, mature presence would douse the fire within her.

Her eyes fluttered as she gazed up at him. "Adam..."

Before she could finish her sentence, he pushed her away. His cold gaze locked onto hers. "What's wrong with you?"

Celine froze, realizing what she had been thinking—asking him for help. It was unlikely Adam would give her a helping hand.

"I've been drugged."

Adam frowned. He thought inwardly, "This woman is always causing trouble. She really knows how to get into a mess."

"Wait here."

Adam strode toward the large window, pulling his phone out of his pocket. He dialed a number.

The phone rang, and soon, Benjamin's voice came through. "How may I help you, Adam."

Adam said, "What should I do if a woman has been drugged?"

Benjamin laughed, sounding amused. "Is it Carly? Are you not gonna help her yourself?"

He then added, "If it's not Carly, just put her in cold water. It's going to be uncomfortable, but she'll be fine if she can handle it. If she can't, her veins will burst, and she'll die."

Adam hung up the phone and turned to look at Celine. "Can you manage a cold shower on your own?"

Celine nodded, "Yeah."

She quickly walked toward the bathroom.

Adam removed his black jacket. Just as the sound of water running came from the bathroom, Celine's scream echoed.

Adam's expression darkened, his impatience growing. What was she doing in there?

He walked over and opened the door. "What's going on?"

Celine stood under the shower, her clothes gone, leaving only a thin slip dress. The straps rested lightly on her delicate shoulders, her skin pale and smooth.

The shower had yet to turn on, and she touched her forehead, her eyes filled with pain. Her voice was fragile as she said, "I hit my head."

Her unexpected vulnerability, raw and unguarded, caught Adam off guard. He paused for a moment before gently brushing her hand away. Her forehead had reddened from the impact.

"You're so careless," he chided.

"I'm not careless. I'm dizzy!" she spat.

"Stand still."

"What?"

Adam raised his hand and turned on the shower. Cold water rushed out, soaking her immediately. The shock of cold water against her heated skin made her stumble, and she pressed herself into his chest.

"It's too cold. I don't want to take a cold shower."

He took a step back, holding her close as they both stood under the cold water.

Celine's hands began to roam, erratically touching his waist.

Adam's body reacted to her touches like any other normal man. His voice turned cold as he asked, "Celine, where do you think your hands are going?"

Her eyes glazed with confusion, Celine softly answered, "I can feel your abs..."

Adam was speechless.

Still pressed against him, Celine tilted her head to gaze at his flawless face. "You have a handsome face, too."

Adam's patience snapped. He pushed her against the cold wall, his voice strained as he warned her, "Please behave."

Celine, unbothered by the warning, smiled mischievously. "Wow, you're so strong. I like it."

Adam removed the shower head, looked at her flushed face, and tried to clear her head with the cold water.

Celine struggled to push his hand away. "Adam, if it were Carly who was drugged, would you help her?"

Adam froze. "What?"

Celine's long, wet lashes fluttered as she looked up at him. Her eyes were full of pain, her voice low with bitterness. "You're making me take a cold shower because I'm not Carly. None of you care about me."

Adam noticed her eyes were red, as though she had cried today.

Suddenly, Celine leaned in, biting the curve of his throat.

This damn woman...

Adam's grip tightened around her waist, feeling how delicate and soft she was. His fingers barely needed to press to feel her slender frame. She was so fragile.

He felt his breath catch as his fingers dug into her delicate face, pulling her back. He growled, "Do you just like biting things?"

Celine had lost most of her composure. Her eyes, swollen with unshed tears, stared at him. She looked like she was on the verge of crying.

Adam stiffened, immediately pulling his hand back.

Celine, however, wrapped her arms around his neck. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to bite you. Does it hurt?"

Before he could respond, she kissed him on the throat. She had gone from being wild to completely soft, kissing his chest gently.

Celine looked up at him, her eyes fixed on his lips. "Adam, I've been drugged. I'm still your wife. Please help me."

As she leaned closer to kiss him again, his phone rang, interrupting the moment.

Adam pulled his phone out of his pocket and saw it was Carly calling.