

## The Divorce Prescription

### Chapter 12

Seeing Carly's caller ID, Adam's rationality snapped back.

At that moment, he was a mess. His clothes were damp, his body was marked with kisses from a woman, and his breathing was still unsteady. Desire had consumed him just moments ago.

He had actually desired Celine!

Adam didn't even like her. He blamed it all on the fact that he was a man and had failed to resist the temptation of such a stunning woman.

He pressed the button to answer the call, feeling guilty toward Carly. The guilt made him even more gentle toward her, and his voice softened noticeably. "Hey, Carly."

From the other end came the sound of heavy metal music. Carly's sweet voice followed, "Adam, I'm at a club right now."

Adam responded, "No drinking. Have Jordan order you some milk."

Carly replied, "Got it! My assistant always listens to you. Adam, come join us. I'll wait for you."

Adam turned, ready to leave. But just then, a small hand reached out and grabbed the sleeve of his shirt.

He turned his head back. At this moment, Celine was completely soaked. Her wet slip dress clung to her body, accentuating her alluring curves. Her eyes were red, and she clung tightly to him, refusing to let him go.

Adam moved slightly, attempting to free his sleeve from her grip. But Celine stubbornly held on, her reddened eyes staring up at him with determination.

Adam opened his mouth to speak, but before he could, Celine lunged forward and hugged him. Her soft voice whispered near his ear, "Don't go, please."

Celine had grown up, but she realized she was still afraid of being abandoned. She feared standing alone in the bustling streets, surrounded by strangers.

Adam, tangled in her hold, didn't know what to do.

Carly's voice came through the phone again. "Adam, are you listening? Come here quickly."

Celine stood on tiptoe and suddenly murmured softly, "Sir..."

Sir?

That title was unique to the girl from back then. But wasn't that girl Carly?

Adam's expression shifted dramatically. "Carly, something urgent came up. I can't make it."

He ended the call and pushed Celine against the wall. His deep, sharp gaze fixed on her as he asked, "Why'd you call me that? Celine, who exactly are you?"

Celine wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed his lips. Her soft, rosy lips pressed against his unexpectedly, filling the air with a delicate fragrance.

It was a kiss both tender and inexperienced.

Adam didn't close his eyes but instead watched her intently. She didn't close hers either; her bright, watery eyes gazed right back at him.

That was when Adam noticed something shocking—Celine's eyes looked remarkably like the eyes of the girl from back then.

Celine kissed him for a moment. When she got no reaction from him, she pulled away and gave up. She then turned to leave.

But just then, Adam tightened his arm around her, pulling her slender body directly into his embrace. His overwhelming masculine presence surrounded her as he bent down and kissed her deeply.

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Back at the club, Carly sat at the counter with her assistant, Jordan Lawrence.

Jordan asked, "Carly, isn't Mr. Alvarez coming tonight?"

Carly started to feel suspicious. During their earlier phone call, Adam's tone seemed off, as though someone else was with him.

She immediately called Benjamin. "Benjamin, were you with Adam tonight?"

Benjamin replied, "No, Carly. But he did call me earlier. Something about a woman being drugged."

He suddenly connected the dots. "Carly, could it be Celine who got drugged?"

Adam's private life was impeccably clean. There was only Carly in the past. Now, with the addition of Celine, it wasn't hard to guess who he could be with.

Carly clenched her fist in anger, realizing Adam was with Celine! But her mood quickly shifted, and she broke into a bright smile. Turning to Jordan, she said, "Can you help me get a little something?"

Jordan was puzzled and asked, "What kind of something?"

Carly's red lips curved into a playful smirk as she uttered a single word, "Aphrodisiac."

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In the villa's bathroom, Celine's legs grew weak under Adam's kisses, and she almost collapsed to the floor. Adam's strong arms wrapped around her soft waist, steadying her.

Celine's cheeks flushed red. Just then, a string of notifications interrupted them as Adam received a video call. It was from Carly.

Adam glanced at Celine, then accepted the video chat.

Carly was sitting at a bar counter with a glass of alcohol in front of her. Her radiant smile lit up the screen as she asked, "Adam, is Celine with you? She was drugged, wasn't she?"

Adam didn't respond. Carly simply held up a small packet of powder, then poured it into her drink and downed it in one go as Adam watched.

Adam frowned. "Carly, what did you just drink?"

Carly's smile was dazzling. "An aphrodisiac."

Celine's slender frame shuddered at her words. She hadn't expected Carly to drug herself.

Adam's handsome face darkened. His voice was cold as he shouted, "Carly!"

At that moment, a tall, attractive man approached Carly at the bar and tried to strike up a conversation. "Hi, gorgeous. Can I buy you a drink?"

Carly gestured toward the video chat, pointing at Adam, and told the man, "That's my boyfriend. But if he doesn't show up within 30 minutes, I'm all yours tonight."

The man raised an eyebrow, intrigued.

Adam's tone turned icy at this. "Carly, what are you doing?"

Carly's expression was bold, her eyes full of defiance as she said, "Adam, tonight, you have to choose—me or Celine. You can only have one woman in your life."

With that, Carly ended the video call. Adam's anger was palpable, his grip on his phone tightening as veins bulged on the back of his hand.

"Adam, you can only have one woman in your life."

"Mom, you can only have one daughter."

The eerily similar phrases echoed in Celine's mind like a curse, leaving her momentarily stunned.

The warmth of Adam's presence suddenly vanished. He had let go of her and stepped away.

Celine lifted her gaze, watching as Adam quickly changed out of his damp clothes and into a fresh shirt and tailored trousers.

He then returned to her, and his deep black eyes locked onto her face. "What's your type?"

What?

Celine was momentarily baffled by the question.

Adam clarified, "I'll find you a man. Or two, if you'd prefer."