

# The Divorce Prescription Chapter 13

Celine's ears buzzed. Did Adam actually say he would find her a **man**, even two?

He had already made his choice. He had chosen Carly without hesitation,

It felt like a sharp blade plunged deep into Celine's heart, badsting and Bearing her apart until she was left raw and bleeding.

Her lips trembled as she struggled to find her voice. "Adam, I'm still your wife.."

Adam, now dressed in a clean black shirt and tailored trousers, had shed the earlier chaos of passion. He stood before her, composed and indifferent, excuding his usual cold **elegance**. He **handed** her something.

"This is for you," he said.

**Celine** looked down. It was a check with an eight-figure sum. His cold, magnetic voice continued above her, "Celine, this is your divorce settlement. Let's end this." Adam placed the check on the bathroom counter, tamed, and strode out of the room,

He was going to Carly, just like her mother did years ago. Celine's pale eyes filled with redness as tears threatened to spill. Once again, she was abandoned.

Whether it was her mother or Adam, she had desperately tried to hold onto them, but they gave all their love to Carly. No matter how **hard** she tried, it was never enough. Soon, a man arrived outside. He spoke to the housekeeper, Sola "Mr. Alvarez sent me. I'm here for Mrs. Alvarez, Where is she?"

Sofiareplied, "**Mrs.** Alvarez is in her room. Follow me."

She then led the man toward Celine's room.

Hearing the voices and the approaching footsteps, Celine's face drained of all color, turning paper-white. She hadn't expected Adam to act so quickly, sending the man he promised in mere moments

It was just so frantic.

The footsteps grew closer, stopping just outside her **door**. In an instant, Celine got up, opened the window, and climbed out. It was the second floor, but she jumped without hesitation.

She landed on the grass below and felt **a** searing pain shooting through her ankle. Ignoring her disheveled state, Celine pulled out her phone and dialed Robin.

The call connected quickly. Robin's voice came through, sharp and familiar, **as** she asked, "Hello? Celine? It's so late. Why aren't you home? Where the hell are you?" Hearing Robin's voler broke the dam. Bitter and scorching tears fell from Celine's eyes, one after another.

Back at Club 1996, Carly sat at the bar. Her pretty lace was flushed from the effects of the drug, making her even more alluring

The tall, handsome man beside her had been eyeing her greedily. He reached out and draped an arm around her delicate **shoulder**, "Gorgeous, the 30 minutes are almost up. Your boyfriend isn't coming. Tonight, you're mine."

Carly ignored him, her attention fixed on the countdown timer on her **phone**. "Why are you so impatient? There are still five seconds left. He'll definitely come. Five, four, three, **two**, one..."

The moment she finished counting down, the weight on her shoulder vanished. The hand that had been casually resting there was suddenly gripped **by a** large, well-defined **hand** and forcefully twisted.

Aloud crack echoed, and the man's wrist fractured instantly,

Carly turned, and there he was—Adam

His tall, broad shoulders carried the chill of frost and dew from the night air. The other man screamed in agony, but **Adam's** strength didn't waver. With **a** sharp push, he shoved the man aside.

The man collided heavily with the bar, groaning and writhing in pain

**strong** arm. Flashing a sweet, victorious smile, she declared, "Didn't tell you my

Carly stood up, her radiant face glowing with triumph as she hooked her arm around Adam's stru boyfriend would come for me?

Between her and Celine, Adam would always choose her.