

# The Divorce Prescription Chapter 14

Celine was never a match for Carly.

Adam cast a cold glance at the man, and his thin lips spat out a single key word, "Scram."

The man Bled without daring to look back.

**Adam** lowered his sharp gaze to Carly and pulled his arm free from her grip. "Carly, have you had enough?"

Carly froze for a moment, then retorted, "**Are** you scolding me right now? If I didn't cause a scene, you'd already be in bed with Celine by now!" Adam's expression remained indifferent. "**So** you drugged yourself?"

Spolled by his constant indulgence, Carly tilted her chin defiantly "Exactly Adam, if you touch Celine, I'll let another man touch me!"

Adam's face darkened, his anger almost palpable. Without a word, he turned and walked away.

He was leaving. He wasn't going to coax her!

Even in a bar filled with beautiful people, Adam's commanding presence turned heads. Women couldn't take their eyes off him, drawn to his wealth and striking looks. Carly wasn't naive. She knew Celine and every other woman in the room wanted Adam. She wouldn't give them the chance to take him away.

The proud princess immediately swallowed her pride. She lunged forward and hugged Adam tightly from behind, wrapping her arms around his sculpted waist "Adam, don't go." Adam stopped in his tracks.

Carly clung to him, her red lips pouting as she whined, "Adam, I'm sorry Tony acted this way because I love you so much. I can't stand the thought **of you** being with another

She nuzzled her face against his back, adding softly, "Adam, I feel so dizzy."

After a moment of **silence**, Adam turned. He bent down and scooped Carly into his arms

Her delicate figure rested securely in his powerful grip as they drew the attention of envious onlookers. Carly wrapped her arms around his neck with a triumphant smile playing on her lips.

Half an hour later, Adam carried Carly into Westwood Villa. While his and Celine's marital home was in the Lux Garden, Westwood Villa was his personal residence.

The interior was a sophisticated blend of black, white, and gray tones. It was understated yet curious, with every inch reflecting its immense value

In the master bedroom, Adam gently placed Carly on the **soft** bed. He turned to leave, but Carly grabbed his neck firmly "Adam, are you still mad at me?"

Adam tried to remove her hand, but she leaned in. she placed **her**

delicate face close to his and whispered sweetly, "Sir?"

That single word froze Adams in place. Suddenly, he thought of Celine. Hadn't she also called him "sir" today?

He must have misheard. Celine couldn't possibly have said that. After all, only Carly alone could call him that.

Adam braced his hands on either side of her, his voice softening. "Don't let this happen **again.**"

Carly knew he couldn't resist her when she used that title. It was her secret weapon, the one thing that made him spoil her unconditionally.

Then, as if remembering something, Adam **asked**, "Carly, where's the emerald pendant I gave you years ago?"

"Emerald pendant?" Carly's gaze flickered briefly. The pendant wasn't with her. It's with.....

In any case, **she** needed to find a way to get it back

"I left it at home," she replied, quickly changing the subject

Carly then pulled him closer, their lips nearly **touching** as the air between

them grew heavy with tension. Her voice turned sultry. "Adam, I've been drugged."

Adam's eyes swept briefly over her red lips. "And?"

Carly smiled seductively. "I need you to be my antidote,"

With that, she pressed her lips to his

