

# The Divorce Prescription Chapter 16

The next day, Celine sat on a wicker chair reading a book inside the apartment. Meanwhile, Robin was pacing angrily, cursing at the top of her lungs. “What’s wrong with that

Did he get kicked in the head or something? He left his wife alone to take care of that bitch Carly! And that Carly—Ugh! Being a mistress is bad enough, but drugging herself?

That’s just pathetic!”

Robin was privately furious. When she went to pick up Celine the previous night, she found her sitting on the ground, hugging her knees. When Celine raised her head, her face was streaked with tears, looking as forlorn as a stray cat abandoned by its owner.

Celine couldn’t help but laugh. Robin had been ranting about Adam **and** Carly since the night before, and her fighting spirit was truly impressive.

In truth, Celine had long learned how to heal herself even when falling apart.

She unwrapped a piece of candy and popped it into her mouth. The sweetness spread, bringing a faint **smile to her** face. “**Robin**, take a break. We’ll deal with them soon enough and get retribution where it’s due.”

Robin understood what that meant—Celine was planning to teach them a lesson. Celine was tough, but it pained Robin to see her go through the agony of breaking herself down just to rebuild.

Just then, muffled sounds came from the storage room. Celine set down her book and said with a small smile, “Now, let’s start with Mr. Stone.”

The previous day, Celine had drugged Samson and had him brought to her apartment.

Celine and Robin entered the storage room where Samson was tied up. His hands and feet were bound with a cloth stuffed in his mouth. When he saw Celine, he began thrashing around furiously. Robin walked over and pulled the cloth out of Samson’s mouth,

The moment he could speak, Samson’s face twisted with anger. “Celine Tate! How dare you drug me! Do you even know who I am?”

“I know Dr. C, and your mother owes me favors! You’re just some country girl—how dare you act so high and mighty? You should be grateful I even considered sleeping with you. If you had any sense, you’d lie down and let me enjoy your body!”

Robin rolled up her sleeves, ready **to** slap him across the face, but Celine stopped her

Celine stepped closer, towering over Samson as she looked down at him. “You say you know Dr. Ch

Samson’s expression turned smug “**Of course!** You’ve heard of Dr.C, haven’t you? The medical prodigy, a miracle worker! Someone like you could never meet her. But me? I know her personally!”

Celine raised an eyebrow, a faint smile playing on her lips. “**Since** you claim to know Dr. C, then prove it.”

Samson puffed up with arrogance. “Thave her number in my phone. I can call her right **now**”

celine nodded. “Go ahead Call ber.”

Robin then untied **Samson**. Samson **stood**, pulling his phone from his pocket.

He really did have Dr. C’s number. He had sneaked **into** the hospital director’s office and copied the number after Dr. C was scheduled to perform surgery on Carly

Samson said while grinning triumphantly, “Celine, watch and learn. I’ll show you how powerful I am!

He proceeded to dial the number,

The phone rang, its melodic tone **filling** the room. Then, it was answered—calmly and without hurry.

Samson’s face flushed red with excitement when the call got connected. He immediately said ingratiatingly, “Hello, Dr. C? This is Samson Stone from Haven Hospital. I’ve admired **you** for so long. Would **it** be possible for me to meet you in person?”

Very quickly, a sweet voice responded from the other end, “Turn around.

Did she tell him to turn around? What did that mean? Suddenly, something felt off.

The voice sounded like it was coming from behind him. Samson, who was still clutching **his** phone, slowly burned.

Standing there was Celine, holding her phone. She gave him an amused look, ber lashes fluttering **as** she smiled faintly. “Mr. **Stone**, congratulations. Now you really know Dr.C Samson froze in place. He gasped, struggling to process what he was seeing

Meanwhile, Celine **stood** there in a flowing dress, its hem brushing elegantly against her slender ankles. Her **serene** smile had a hint of mockery, as though she were watching a clown perform tricks for her amusement.

Samson's legs gave out beneath him. With a loud thud, he dropped to his knees before her.

## The Divorce Prescription Chapter 17

### Chapter 17

Back in Tate Manor's **living** room, Hayden sat on the couch, his gaze fixed on Lucy.

"Lucy, are **you** sure Dr. C will treat Carly?"

Lucy smirked. Yesterday, Celine and Samson had disappeared together after Celine was drugged. The two of them must have succumbed to temptation, indulging in a night of passion

**As long as** Samson got what he wanted, he would get Dr. C to treat Carly. Lucy smiled confidently. "**Don't** worry. Mr. Stone will bring good news soon."

**She** perched herself on Hayden's lap. As a CEO, Hayden exuded the charm and authority of a mature man. **Wrapping**

her arms around his neck, Lucy purred, "Honey, Dr. C **is here** because of me. How do you plan to reward me?!"

Hayden pinched her nose playfully. "**Didn't** I already reward **you** last night?"

Lucy shot him a playful glance before pulling out a bottle of birth control pills. "Honey, I don't want to take these anymore. I want to get pregnant. I want to give you a son.

Hayden's expression darkened. Throughout their marriage, Lucy had never been allowed to **have** children because Hayden forbade it. She had taken those pills for years.

Lucy knew that Carly was Hayden's most treasured child, and he would do anything for her. After all, Carly was the daughter of that woman.

BUL...

Lucy quickly concealed the glint of malice in her eyes. She said sweetly while hugging Hayden, "Honey, Carly is all grown up now. She'll soon be the future Mrs. Alvarez. Let's **have**

Hayden didn't respond. However, before he could speak, the sound of footsteps approached. Samson had arrived.

Lucy's eyes lit up, and she immediately stood from Hayden's lap. **She** knew that if the matter with Dr. C was handled well, she could broach the subject of a son.

Smiling brightly, she greeted him. "Mr. Stone, you're here! Was Celine to your satisfaction last night?" She was so overjoyed that **she** failed to notice the strange look on Samson's

Samson's eyes twitched at this. "I'm satisfied. Truly."

Lucy clapped her hands together. "Then you can introduce Dr. C to Carly, right?!"

Hayden stood as well, his eyes filled with hope. "Mr. Stone, if **Dr.** C agrees to treat Carly, I'll make sure you're rewarded."

Samson turned to Lucy, his tone suddenly cold as he said, "Mrs. Tate, I'm here today to deliver a message from Dr. C

"A message?" Both Hayden and Lucy became nervous

Samson said, "Dr. C asked me to tell you to stop wasting your efforts. Carly has already been blacklisted."

"What?"" **Lucy's** face turned pale. "Mr. Stone, you... you must be mistaken!"

Hayden's eyes turned icy as he stared at Lucy, "Lucy, is this what you call handling things well? With Dr. C blacklisting Carly?"

"Honey, I don't know how this happened! Let me explain..."

Lucy grabbed at Hayden's sleeve in desperation. But Hayden forcefully shook her off, sending her stumbling backward into the wall.

There **was** a loud bang as Lucy's forehead slammed against the wall, leaving a large red mark. She winced in pain, and tears streamed down her face. "Honey. "

Hayden's gaze fell on the bottle of birth control pills on the coffee table. "You're right. You don't need to take these anymore because you'll no longer need it." With that Hayden turned and strode out of the room.

## The Divorce Prescription Chapter 18

Chapter 18

Lucy's face turned pale. "Honey!"

She quickly grabbed Samson's arm in desperation. "Mr. Stone, what's going on? Didn't we agree that if I delivered Celine to your bed, you'd help me arrange a meeting with Dr.

This "

Her voice abruptly stopped as her eyes caught sight of a slender, elegant figure standing near the doorway. Celine had arrived.

No one new when she had come, but now she stood there silently as her clear, luminous eyes calmly watched Lucy's penic and disarray.

Lucy froze, her body stiffening. Meanwhile, Samson quickly scurried to Celine's side, bowing and scraping with a fawning smile. "Ms. Tate!"

Celine pulled out a pen from her pocket, then casually tossed it into the nearby pool. "Mr. Stone, I've dropped my pen.

"Ms. Tate, I'll get it for you right away"

Samson dashed outside without hesitation and dove into the pool, unfazed by the icy autumn water. Lucy walked **over**, her expression incredulous **as** she watched the scene unfold Samson surfaced from the pool, soaking wet but triumphantly holding up the pen like a prized treasure. He grinned at Celine. "Ms. Tate, I found your pen!"

Lucy stared at Celine as though she were some kind of monster. Celine smirked, "What's wrong? Don't recognize me?"

Lucy struggled to comprehend what she was seeing. She couldn't figure out what Celine had done to Samson to make him obey her like a dog.

Celine's voice turned sharp, I've never understood why you treated me this way. What more do you want? You took over my father's house, stole his company, and abandoned the daughter he loved most. Not to mention, you ruined the Château Lafite wine he left for me.

As she spoke, she stepped closer to Lucy. **Today** is just a small warning. Let me reintroduce myself—I'm not the same Celine you knew back then. Next time, you'd better think twice before crossing me."

Lucy stared at her in shock, unable to respond. Celine's clear eyes had turned and impenetrable, like a dark, dangerous abyss that sent shivers down her spine,

Without waiting for a reply, Celine turned and walked away.

Outside on the lawn, a Rolls-Royce Phantom sped up the driveway. Adam had come over to take Carly home.

He was wearing a black suit, his presence as dignified as ever. Beside him Carly was in a striking red gown, looking radiant and delicate. Together, they seemed like a picture-perfect couple.

Celine stopped in her tracks, watching them approach. She thought she had healed, but the memory of last night, when Adam abandoned her and suggested finding another man for her, resurfaced. The wound she thought had closed felt like it was ripping open again.

Lucy's voice called **out** from behind **her** "Carly didn't come home last night. Mr. Alvarez brought her in Westwood Villa, and she stayed there all night"

Celine understood the implication immediately. Adam and Carly had spent the night together.

**Westwood Villa was Adam's**

private residence, it was a place she had never set foot in. A place she wasn't worthy to enter. She could feel her heart aching from this.

Lucy smiled smugly "What a pity, Celine **Mr. Alvarez** doesn't love you. Even if you do things with Mr. Stone, it won't matter. Mr. Alvarez will do whatever it takes to get Dr. C for Carly!"

Her confidence was unwavering.

Celine glanced at her, **as if** she was asking, "Oh, really? She suddenly looked forward to in

At that moment, Adam and Carly walked over. Carly looked surprised as she asked, "Celine, **what** are you doing here?"

Celine lifted her gaze, and her eyes met Adam's,

Adam hadn't expected to see her, either. After the events of the previous night, this was their first encounter. He immediately stopped walking. Carly clung to Adam's arm, her tone light and smug as she said, "Celine, Adam chose me over you **last** night. **You're** not upset, are you?"

Lucy **stood** beside Carly, both of them waiting **to** watch her crumble, but Celine straightened her slender frame and curved her lips into a smile. "**Don't** flatter **yourself**. A man with terrible **kissing** skills isn't worth getting upset over."

## The Divorce Prescription Chapter 19

"What?" Garland Lucy's face turned pale.

Celine looked at Carly, feigning surprise “Oh no, don’t tell me Mr. Alvarez didn’t mention he kissed me last night?”

She pretended to recall the moment carefully. “Last night, the way Mr. Alvarez kissed me was somewhat forceful and clumsy. He absolutely **has** no skill. Honestly, I started wondering if he even knows how to kiss.”

Carly stared at Adam in shock. He kissed Oline?

Adam’s sharp, handsome face turned icy cold in an instant. Whether it was because she deliberately told Carly about the kiss or because she insulted his kissing skills in front of everyone, his piercing gaze locked onto Celine with **frosty** intensity,

“Celine Tate!” he called her name, somewhat upset.

Celine sneered what was this? Was he upset because she said a few things to make Carly angry?

Her clear, luminous eyes settled **on** Adam’s cold expression. “What are you yelling about? With kissing skills that bad, I don’t want to spend another minute with you. Let’s get a **divorce**

!”

Adam froze, and Carly and Lucy were both rendered speechless.

Had Celine lost her mind today?

Adam’s sharp features tightened into a harsh, angular line “Fine. Let’s get a divorce now!

Celine sat in the back seat of Adam’s Rolls-Royce Phantom, while Adam drove silently in the front. They were headed to the city hall to finalize their divorce. The luxurious interior of the car was silent as neither of them spoke.

Adam’s large, watch-adorned hand gripped the steering wheel. His actions accelerating, changing lanes, turning—were smooth and effortless.

“Who picked you up last night?” he asked abruptly.

Last night...

The words sent a jolt through Celine’s nerves. “The man you sent last night wasn’t my type. I went to find someone else.”

She added with a smirk, “In any case, I found someone who’s a much better kisser!!

Adam's fingers clenched tightly around the steering wheel. He glanced at her in the rearview mirror, his eyes full of warning "Celine, are you bringing up last night's kiss repeatedly because you can't stop thinking about it?!"

Celine went speechless at first, but then she met his gaze defiantly "It seems you can't forget **about** it either."

Adam was silent, his face darkening. He regretted asking about last night. It was his own fault for speaking out of turn.

The atmosphere in the car grew tense and **heavy**, charged with unspoken conflict. Then, the melodic sound of a phone ringing broke the silence. It was **a** call from Alvarez

Residence

Adam pressed a button to answer, and the butler's **voice** came through. "Hello, Mr. Alvarez Mrs. Alvarez Senior has been in poor health **again** lately, and **she's** been asking for Mrs. Alvarez. She won't stop insisting on seeing **her**. You **should** bring her home **soon**."

Adam frowned, his brow furrowing deeply. He was on his way to divorce Celine, and now his grandmother wanted to see her.

With a **sharp** turn of the wheel, **Adam** changed direction and headed toward Alvarez Residence

Celine spoke up immediately. "Where are you taking me?"

## The Divorce Prescription Chapter 20

Adam's expression was cold and impassive "Grandma wants to see you. When we get there, you know what to do, right?"

Celine found his words tronk. "Pretend to be in love? I can't take that."

Adam sneered "Haven't you always enjoyed pretending to be in love with me in front of Grandma?"

Her heart ached. Mary Horton's health had been poor for years, **and** during their visits to Alvarez Residence, Adam had always treated Celine coldly. She had been the only one putting on the act, playing her part in a one-woman show. Now, he used that to mock her.

Half an hour later, they arrived at Alvarez Residence. As Celine walked across the lawn, she ran into Melody Alvarez Melody was Adam's uncle's daughter and Carly's close ally.



Melody's face immediately twisted with disdain upon seeing her. "Celine, Adam doesn't like you, and here you **are** sucking up to **Grandma** again? You know she's the only one in this family who likes you.

"Just look at yourself—a country bumpkin who got to marry into this family because Carly wasn't around. Do you really think you're worthy of being Mrs. Alvarez? You don't deserve Adam. **past** hurry up and get a divorce."

Celine was used to it Adam's family, like his friends, had never liked her. Nonetheless, Celine walked directly into Alvarez Residence without acknowledging Melody.

Inside, Mary greeted her with a warm smile. Her silver hair shone under the light as she held Celine's hand tightly. "Celine, why haven't you come to see me these past few days? Don't you miss me?"

Celine felt aslight warmth in her heart. Mary was the only source of kindness she'd found in the Alvarez family. She smiled and gave Marya gentle he "of course I missed you, Grandma"

Mary beamed with joy, her laughter filling the room. At that moment, Adam's tall, imposing figure entered.

Celine released Mary and said, "Grandma, you haven't had your medicinal soup in days, have you? I'll go prepare it for you. With **that**, she headed to the lotchen.

Adam then sat beside Mary. "Hey, Grandma."

Mary glanced toward the kitchen, where Celine was **getting** busy. "Adam, did you have a fight with Celine?"

Adam didn't want to upset his frail grandmother. "No."

"Then why did she run to the kitchen the moment you came in? She never used to do that. Adam, don't let Carly cloud your judgment. Three years ago, when you were in a coma, Carly left you and went abroad. It was Celine who married you and cared for you

\*During those three years, I was devastated, and my health deteriorated, Celine not only looked after you but also took care of me, preparing all sorts of medicinal soups. Without Caline, the Alvarez family would have fallen apart

"I'm never wrong **about** people. Celine is a good woman. When a woman loves you wholeheartedly, you must never let her down. Because once a woman **has** accumulated enough disappointment, she'll leave. And once she walks away, she'll never look **back**

.

“Adam, don’t wait until it’s too late to regret it.”

Adam’s gaze shifted toward the kitchen. Celine stood there, and her sky black hair was tied into a low ponytail. It revealed her delicate, retined face and swan-like neck. She indeed looked breathtaking.

The scent of the medicinal soup she was preparing soon watted through the air—a bittersweet aroma with a **distinct** freshness.

**Adam** found the scent familiar Over those three years, she had fed him plenty of similar soups.

In truth, **Adam** was fully aware when he was in a coma. He knew a woman had stayed by his side.

He remembered her soft **hands**, which had touched every inch of his body during his care. At the time, he thought it was Carly. But when he opened his eyes, he saw her instead. She told him that her name was Geline Tate.

That evening, Mary insisted that Adam and Celine stay the night at Alvarez **Residence**, leaving them with no choice.

Later, Adam walked into the room w where Celine was staying. Her back was turned to him, and she held a pen, writing something on a

on a notepad.

From her phone came an audio message from Robin, saying, “Celine, my darling, you’re already getting a divorce! **stop** playing housemaid for them and get out already. Come on, I’ve set up a blind date for you!”