

## The Divorce Prescription

### Chapter 2

Celine looked at Adam. Her voice was soft but unwavering as she repeated, "Let's get a divorce, Adam. Do you like this birthday gift?"

Adam's expression remained indifferent. "Are you suddenly asking for a divorce because I didn't spend my birthday with you?"

"Carly's back, isn't she?" Celine asked.

At the mention of Carly, Adam's lips curled into a sneer. He stepped toward Celine with long strides. "Are you bothered by her?"

As the youngest business mogul in Mercy, Adam exuded a powerful presence built from his wealth, status, and influence. As he advanced toward her, Celine instinctively took a step back. Her delicate back hit the wall.

At that moment, the world around her seemed to darken. Adam had already closed the distance, placing one hand against the wall beside her, trapping her between his solid chest and the wall.

He looked down at her with a mocking smile. "Everyone in Mercy knows that Carly is the one I'm going to marry. Didn't you know that when you schemed to become my wife? You didn't mind back then, so why are you bothered now?"

Celine's face turned pale.

Yes, Adam was supposed to marry Carly. If it weren't for the accident, she would never have had the chance to marry him.

She would never forget the day he woke up. When he saw it was Celine beside him, the disappointment and coldness in his eyes were unmistakable.

Since then, they had slept in separate rooms, and he had never touched her.

He loved Carly.

Celine had always known that, but...

She looked deeply at Adam's face. Slowly, it began to merge with the image of the youthful boy he had once been.

"Adam, do you really not remember me?" Celine thought.

It seemed that only she had stayed in the past.

Never mind. She would take these three years as her fulling her misguided love.

Celine pushed down the bitterness and pain in her heart. "Adam, let's end this platonic marriage."

Adam suddenly raised an eyebrow. "Platonic?" His deep voice was full of mockery.

He reached out and cupped her chin. His thumb brushed over her soft lips, pressing against them in an almost teasing motion. "So that's why you want a divorce? You want to have sex?"

Celine's face flushed bright red, like a tomato.

That wasn't what she meant.

Now, his thumb was pressed on her crimson lips, rubbing with a malicious yet seductive force. Celine hadn't expected such a flirtatious side from a man so hot and re ned.

He was actually playing with her lips with his nger.

Adam had never been this close to Celine before. She always hid behind those oversized black-framed glasses, wearing plain clothes, making herself look like an older woman.

But up close, Adam noticed how small her face was. Beneath those glasses, her features were delicate and striking, and those eyes were mesmerizing.

Her lips were soft, too.

Where his nger pressed, the red faded for a moment, then returned with a slight bounce. Her lips were not just soft but tender as well. It was an enticing sight that made him want to kiss her.

Adam's eyes darkened. "I didn't expect you to have such strong desires. Do you long for a man in you?"

Suddenly, a loud slap echoed in the villa. Celine had slapped him hard across the face.

Adam's head jerked to the side.

Celine's ngers trembled with anger. She had been too humble in her love, allowing her heart to be trampled. How dare he humiliate her like this?

Furious, she said, "I know you've never let go of Carly. Now I'll make it easier for you. I'll return the position as Mrs. Alvarez to her!"

Adam's expression instantly turned icy, like a sheet of frost had fallen over his handsome face. He had never been slapped before—not by anyone.

He stared at her coldly. "Celine, you thought you could just marry me when you wanted and divorce me when you felt like it? What do you take me for?"

Celine sneered. "A plaything, of course."

Adam couldn't believe what he heard.

Celine fought back the pain in her heart and lied, "You're just a plaything I took from Carly. Now I'm tired of playing with you. I want to throw you away."

Adam's expression grew darker. "Fine, Celine. You want a divorce? Alright. But don't come crawling back to me, begging to get back together!"

With that, he stormed upstairs and slammed the door to his study.

Celine seemed to lose all her strength. Her delicate body slowly slid down the wall. She crouched on the carpet, wrapping her arms around herself.

"I won't love you anymore, Adam," she swore in her mind.

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The next morning, So a entered Adam's study.

Adam sat at his desk, reviewing documents. He was well-known for being a workaholic.

"Mr. Alvarez," So a called out.

Adam didn't look up. So a could tell that he was in a bad mood. The air around him seemed to freeze.

She carefully placed a cup of coffee on the table. "Mr. Alvarez, Mrs. Alvarez made this cup of coffee for you."

Adam's hand holding the pen faltered. The cold expression on his face softened slightly.

Was Celine trying to make peace?

To be fair, she was a good wife. She cooked according to his preferences, hand-washed his clothes, and took care of every detail of his daily life.

Adam picked up the cup of coffee and took a sip.

Celine de nitely made this. It was exactly how he liked it.

Still, he was angry. She had slapped him last night, and that anger would not be easily soothed. A cup of coffee wasn't going to x this.

Adam asked, "Did Celine realize her mistake?"

So a looked at him with a strange look. "...Mrs. Alvarez has left."

Adam froze, his eyes snapping up to meet So a's.

Just then, she took something out. "She left with her suitcase, Mr. Alvarez. She asked me to give this to you before she left."

As Adam took the paper and opened it, the words "Divorce Agreement" jumped out at him.

Adam was left speechless. He had thought she was trying to make peace.

So a hesitated. "Mrs. Alvarez said you should nish the coffee and sign the papers as soon as possible."

Adam glared at the cup of coffee. "Throw it out! All of it!"

So a thought he was enjoying the coffee earlier. Why didn't he like it anymore?

However, she didn't dare voice her thoughts. She quickly grabbed the coffee and left the room.

Adam's face darkened. He scanned the divorce agreement and realized Celine agreed to leave with nothing—no alimony, no property.

He sneered bitterly. She certainly had some nerve. She didn't want a single dime from him. What could a country girl like her possibly expect to live on without money?

He remembered how, three years ago, she had done everything she could to become his wife. Wasn't it all about the money?

Then his gaze fell on the reason for the divorce written by Celine in neat handwriting. "The husband's health does not allow him to fulfill his marital duties."

Adam was rendered speechless. His face flushed with rage.

This damned woman!

He grabbed his phone and immediately dialed Celine's number.

The phone rang a few times before her clear, calm voice came through. "Hello?"