

The Divorce Prescription Chapter 21

Abind date?

Adam's demeanor instantly turned key. He reached up and loosened the buttons on his shirt.

There were a couple of dings as Robin's WhatsApp messages came flooding in. They were accompanied by audio clips that automatically played, echoing clearly in the room.

"Celine, check this guy out right-pack abs, and a gym enthusiast. Do you like him? You could rest your head on his abs and fall asleep.

"**And** this one! He looks shy and obedient, like a little puppy type. He looks like a lot of fun!

"What about this one? A corporate elite with gold-rimmed glasses, **looking** so cold and aloof, should we have him kneel and serenade you?

"Celine, all of these men are **part** of your harem. Take your pick!"

Adam's lips pressed into a grim line. He genuinely hadn't known Celine **had a** so-called "harem of handsome men".

At that moment, Celine picked up her phone and replied with a voice message, "Alright, I'll be there soon."

When she turned, she saw Adam standing behind her.

She held out the piece of paper in her hand. "Mr. Alvarez, this is Grandma's medicinal soup recipe. Boll **it** over high heat every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday for an hour. **Make** sure she drinks it while it's still war!

Adam glanced at the paper. So this was what she had been writing earlier? It was a detailed recipe with her neat, delicate handwriting listing various medicinal ingredients.

He **looked** at her. "You know medicine?"

Celine responded nonchalantly, "**A** little. I studied it."

Adam didn't take the paper. "For safety's sake, I'll have a doctor review the recipe."

Celine wasn't surprised. She knew Adam had never thought mech of her, merely viewing her as a simple girl from the countryside.

She could understand. After all, Adam was a man bom into privilege, a golden boy of high society.

Without another word, she placed the recipe on the table, picked up her **bag**, and said, “I won’t come to Alvarez Residence anymore. You can find a time to tell Grandma about our divorce.”

With that, she named and walled toward the door.

But Adam grabbed her slender wrist, stopping her in her tracks. Where are you going this late?”

Celine paused, trying to pull her wrist free. “Mr. Alvarez, let go.”

Adam stared at her cool, detached face. It was so different from last night. Last night, she had been a temptress, clinging tightly to him with her captivating eyes, kissing him like a

She had been the one teasing him, and now she was pulling away without a second thought.

Adam sneered. “Who are you going to meet this late? The guy with eight-pack abs, the puppy type, or the loot one? Celine, I didn’t realize you were so bold. Be careful you **don’t** end up with something dirty

With her wrist still in his grip, Celine swung her free **hand** and slapped him hard across the face. Adam’s head turned from the force of the slap, his sharp features momentarily thrown into shadow

She had hit him with so much strength her palm stung

Adam’s eyes flashed with a dangerous red hue as he pushed her backward. Her knees hit the edge of the bed, and she fell onto the soft mattress,

In the next second, the room darkened as Adam’s tall figure loomed over her. He **pinned** her down, glaring at her from above.

“Celine, are **you** addicted to slapping me?” he asked.

This was the second time she had hit him.

Even Carly wouldn’t dare to **do** so. If **he** so much as frowned at Carly, she would rush **over** to appease him.

Who did this woman think he was? Did she really believe she could strike him whenever she pleased?

Celine's icy gaze met his "So you do now playing around with multiple partners can lead to STDs. Were you conveniently forgetting that when you offered to find me one-or several-pen last night?"

Adam froze, momentarily stunned

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At this moment, Celine lay beneath Adam. Her long, jet-black hair spilled like a waterfall across the bright red sheets of their marital bed, which had been personally arranged by Adam's grandmother. The crimson fabric highlighted her fair, luminous skin, creating a sensual scene.

He began imagining if she were lying Wire this under another man, she'd...

Adam clenched his fist tightly. He wanted to explain that he had sent an antidote to her last night, not a man. But the words were stuck in his throat.

Celine looked up at him and said **coldly**. "Get off."

However, Adam didn't budge.

Celine began to struggle. The thought of him bringing Carly to Westwood Villa last night made her recall at any physical contact with him. "Adam, get off me! You were already with Carly last night! Gosh, did you even clean yourself after?"

Adam didn't answer. His hands pinned both of hers to the bed, and his voice dropped to a stern warning "celine, stop moving!"

Of course, Celine had no intention of listening. She only struggled harder beneath him.

Her defiance reminded Adam of her teasing from the night before, when she clung to him, her soft lips exploring him. That memory ignited a **spark** of desire that darkened his

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Celine noticed the change immediately. She froze, her wide eyes staring at him in shock "Are you

Adam cursed under his breath, quickly releasing her and sitting up. "I'm not!"

Celine sat up as well. "But.."

Adam interrupted with a **sharp** look “Celine, isn’t all this anger just because I spent last night with Carly and not with you? What are you thinking? Did you actually believe I would touch you?”

Celine’s face went pale. His words were a slap in the face, humiliating her deeply. So the feeling she thought she noticed earlier was just her own delusion. There was no way he would feel anything for her.

As she stood up, Celine retorted, “If that’s the case, then don’t concern yourself with the type of men choose to spend time with!”

Adam’s face darkened. “**You!**”

Seeing his anger only made Celine smile. “Let me know when you’re ready to finalize the divorce. Until then, you can do whatever you want, and so will I. We’ll each play our own

As she spoke, her clear, expressive eyes drifted to Adam’s thin lips. “Oh, and maybe work on your kissing skills when you have the time. Do you even know how to kiss, Mr. Alvarez?”

With that, she turned and walked out, leaving him behind.

Adam remained seated on the bed, his broad chest **rising** and falling with heavy breaths. A storm of unexplainable anger and gloom engulfed him, casting a shadow over his entire being

That damned woman! What was wrong with his kissing skills? Why did she keep bringing it up?

Adam let out a sarcastic laugh, realizing her tactic. It was all a ploy to provoke him into kissing her again, just like her earlier insinuations about his masculinity. Her tricks hadn’t changed at all

He reminded himself that a woman like Celine—shallow, beautiful, but without substance—wasn’t his type. The fact that he had felt desire for her twice was nothing more than a reflection of his normal male instincts.

At that moment, his phone rang. The melodic ringtone **broke** the tense silence. It was Carly,

Adam adjusted his expression and answered. “Hey, Carly.”

Her cheerful voice immediately came through. “Adam, come to the bar quickly! Nathan just got **back** from abroad. Did you forget to throw him a welcome party?”

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Adam pinched the bridge of his nose, realizing he had truly forgotten about it

Nathan Lynch was back.

The Alvarez and Lynch families had long been the most prominent in Mericity, their ties going back generations. Naturally, Adam and Nathan had grown up as **close** friends.

Nathan's return **was** a big deal, **and** now Carly, Benjamin, and Melody were all waiting at Club 1996. Melody's cheerful voice chimed in through the phone. "Adam, hurry up and

ab

come!!

Melody had always liked Nathan. Her dream was to marry him, but Nathan's high standards made it nearly impossible for any woman to catch his eye.

Adam **replied**, "I'll be there soon

As he stood, he wondered why it bothered him so much **that** Celine was out looking for other men. Why was he even angry?

She

was just a girl from the countryside, someone with nothing better to do than chase men. shallow—that was all she was.

She couldn't compare to Carly. If she wanted to play, so be it. Let her play with whoever she wanted.

That night, a Ferrari sped down the road with a roar, its sleek frame cutting through the air like lightning.

Robin leaned back in the passenger seat, enjoying the breeze. "Celine, where did you get this car?"

Celine, who was wearing oversized black sunglasses, was at the wheel. The wind whipped through her long hair, making it dance wildly as she drove with a carefree and confident

"Adam gave it to me."

At the mention of **money**, Hobin's annoyance toward Adam eased just a little," Adam might be complete jerk, but he's definitely generous. I mean, huge checks, sports cars, and houses. He gives them all away without a second thought."

Celine's lips curled into a faint smile. That was true enough.

just then, a soft ding sounded from behind them. A silver Lamborghini that **had** clearly been modified sped up to catch them.

Celine glanced in her rearview mirror and saw the **car** pull alongside her. She recognized it immediately. Many heirs of top families loved fast cars, racing, and customizing their rides.

Now side by side with her Ferrari, the driver of the Lamborghini—a sikingly handsome man—looked at her with amused interest. "Hey, pretty lady, I don't remember seeing you around Mercity before. How about exchanging phone numbers?"

Celine hadn't expected a casual nighttime drive to turn into an unsolicited flirtation.

Without responding, she turned her gaze back to the road and pressed harder on the accelerator. The Ferrari surged forward, cutting through the night like an arrow.

"Wow!" **Robin** shouted, thrilled in the passenger seat. "Celine, that was so cool!"

Celine arched an eyebrow. Back when she was abroad, she dabbled in street racing. Shaking off a challenger was no big deal. But then her smile troze.

The Lamborghini was catching up again, its driver raising an elegant eyebrow and flashing a playful grin. His expression said it all. He found this incredibly interesting.

Celine didn't say anything, and she pressed the accelerator again. The Ferrart responded with another burst of speed.

But the Lamborghini remained relentless, chasing her down the road. The sight of two luxury sports **cars** weaving through **traffic** turned heads everywhere.

They soon reached a crossroads. With a calculated move, Celine faked a turn, causing the Lamborghini to adjust to follow her. In the same instant, she spun the wheel sharply **and** darted into a narrow alley.

The Lamborghini attempted to follow, **but** a loud bank sounded **as** a massive truck barreled into the intersection, blocking its paths.

Nathan had no choice but to stop his **car**. He watched helplessly as the Ferrari disappeared down the alley.

Before **it** vanished, a slender, fair hand emerged from the driver's side window. The lady gave him a thumbs-up—then turned it upside down.

Nathan couldn't **help** but smile at this. After years away from Mercity, he had finally encountered someone intriguing.

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Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

Claim

Nathan pulled out his phone and snapped a picture of the Ferrari's license plate. Just then, his phone rang. It was Adams calling—likely to remind him to head to Club 1996.

Nathan turned the car around. Merelty was Adam's hit, after all. Once he got to the club, he could simply ask Adam to look up the Ferrari's owner.

Celine drove into the alley, and **Robin** cheered. "Celine, you lost him!"

Just then, a loud bang echoed as the Ferrari crashed into a wall.

Celine's legs felt weak. She hadn't raced in three years, and facing such a strong opponent at high speed had her heart pounding in her chest.

Both she and Robin got out of the car, inspecting the damage. The Ferrari's front end was crumpled entirely.

Her legs wobbled as she asked, "Celine, what **do** we do now?"

She steadied herself and regained her composure. "No problem. I'll call Adam's personal assistant to handle it."

She then quickly dialed Leo's number.

Back at Club 1996, Nathan had arrived and headed straight to the luxurious private booth.

Adam was seated in the main spot on the stage, and Nathan sat beside him. These two men were the untouchable, unattainable "ice kings" of Mercity and the dream of countless socialites. Together, they became the brightest stars at the club.

Melody was thrilled. Her crush had returned from abroad, and her gaze lingered longingly on Nathan. She even made a point to sit beside him.

Meanwhile, Carly sat **next** to Adam, surrounded by a few heirs from their social circle, creating a lively atmosphere.

Benjamin beamed. “Nathan, it’s been years **since** we’ve seen you. Finally, you’re back!

The other heirs laughed and teased, “Nathan, tell us—are the beauties abroad more interesting than the ones here **in** Mercity? Did they steal your heart?”

Nathan swirled the drink in his glass, raising an eyebrow as he chuckled, “No, the worms in Mercity are still more intriguing.”

The heirs laughed in agreement. “Exactly! The most beautiful women in Mercity, Ms. **Carly** and Ms. **Melody**, are both right here.!!

Carly smirked at the mention. She was used to being hailed as Mercity’s top beauty, At this moment, Melody gazed sweetly at Nathan, hoping to catch his attention.

But Nathan’s eyes gazed past both women. He turned instead to Adam, who was sitting beside him, “Adam, I need you to look someone up for me.”

Adam clinked his glass against Nathan’s “A man or a woman!

Nathan’s lips curled into a smirk. “A woman ”

Adam sipped his drink leisurely. “No wonder you’re late tonight. Did you run into someone who caught your eye?”

Nathan chuckled but didn’t deny it.

Adam, who had known Nathan for **years**, raised an eyebrow. Looks like you’re serious this time. What’s she **like**?”

He was genely curious about the type of worsen Nathan would be interested in.

Nathan thought for a moment before answering “She’s ethereal but fiery Gets under your skin and makes your heart race.”

The room tell silent for a moment. Benjamin and the other heirs were stunned. “Nathan, who’s this **woman**? Which at Mercity’s beauties could she be?”

“**You’re** not talking **about** Ms. Carly or Ms. Melody? Now we’re all dying to know who this ethereal and fiery beauty is who’s caught your eye.”

Nathan was famously hard to please, and no one had ever managed to win him over. The idea of this mystery woman intrigued everyone.

Carly's good mood evaporated, the smile slipping from her lips. Meanwhile, Melody froze completely.

Nathan pulled out his phone and showed Adam the photo he had taken of the Ferrari's **Ecense** plate "Adam, check this **car** for me."

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Adam lowered his care to the photo, and his sharp, dark eyes narrowed instantly. The Ferrart in the Image looked very familiar.

He glanced at Nathan "The woman you're looking for was driving this car?"

Nathan **nodded**. "Yes, and she managed to shake me ofl. She's quite interesting."

Adam's memory clicked. This Ferrari was the one he had gifted to Celine.

Along with the substantial check, he had given her a few cars and properties. Leo later reported that Celine had only chosen a Ferrari.

At the time, Adam had **found** it odd. Could she even drive a sports car?

He knew Nathan's driving skills well—they had occasionally raced together. Yet somehow, Celine, a woman from the countryside, had managed to outmaneuver Nathan in a race? At that moment, Leo approached them. "Mr. Alvarez."

Adam stood. "I'll step out for a moment"

He left the luxurious booth and moved to a dimly lit corner, where Leo spoke in a hushed tone. "Mr. Alvarez, Mrs. Alvarez called earlier. **She** took the Ferrari out for a drive tonight and seems to have gotten into a street race. The car crashed into a wall, and the front was totaled.

Adam's expression darkened. "Was she hurth

Leo shook her **head**

. "No, Mrs. Alvarez wasn't injured. Mr. Alvarez, should we **send the** car for repairs abroad?"

Adam's voice was bey. "No. Get rid of the car."

Lee was stunned “Mr. Alvarez, **do** you mean...”

“Dispose of it. I don’t want anyone to be able to trace that car. Is that clear?”

A cold sweat broke out on Leo’s back. Someone had clearly provoked Adam His temper was now as explosive as a lit fuse

“Understood!”

“Go now.”

Leo quickly left

Adam stood alone, his lips curving into a cold smirk. It seemed he had underestimated Celine. Not only had she managed to captivate Nathan, but Nathan was actively looking for her.

The person Nathan was interested in was actually Celine

Adam found it hard to believe that Nathan, with his impossibly high standards, could be drawn to someone from the countryside like Celine

They could play their games separately, but Nathan was off-limits.

After returning to the booth, Adam sat back **in** his seat. Nathan looked at him. “What was your assistant here for?”

Adam’s expression remained calm, his voice devoid of any emotion. “There was an urgent document I needed to handle. I’ve **already** asked Lea to investigate the car. I’ll let you know as soon as I have information.

Nathan nodded. “Good”

Meanwhile, Carly and **Melody’s** faces were sour. Tonight was supposed to be Nathan’s welcome party, with the two of them as the stunning centerpieces. Yet, all the attention **had** shifted to an unknown woman.

Melody clenched her fists in frustration. Who was this woman trying to steal Nathan’s attention? Even Carly couldn’t think of anyone in Mercity **who** could overshadow her like this. Determined to reclaim the spotlight, Carly stood up and flashed a dazzling smile. “Adam, Nathan, let me dance for you both. It’ll lift the mood.”

Her words immediately livened the atmosphere, and Benjamin and the other heirs cheered enthusiastically,

“Carly, you’re a prima ballerina now, **and** we get to watch you perform without buying tickets? What a privileged **one** of them **said**. “We owe all of this to Mr. Alvarez.”

a chance”

Another chimed, “When Carly dances, no one else stands

Someone else said, “Everyone, let’s give her a big round of applause!”

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Amid the crowd’s expectant pazes and applause, Cathy began to dance. Having trained in dance since childhood, her body was as supple **as** a willow. With **a** high kick, she transitioned into a mesmerizing splan, captivating everyone’s attention.

No one in Club 1996 could take their eyes off Carly, Radiating confidence, she spun her way over to Adam and pulled him up from his seat.

Adam stood tall and lean as Carly’s body pressed against his, swaying with an alluring and seductive rhythm

When the stunning duo’s intimate dance pushed the club’s atmosphere to its peak, Celine and Robin entered.

Celine immediately spotted Adam and Carly standing in the center of the dazzling lights—Carly clinging to him as they danced, while Adam lowered his charming face to gaze at her tenderly. The two were undeniably the center of attention.

Robin immediately spat, “Ugh, has she no shame at all? Dancing so intimately with a married man!”

Celine chuckled and said, “Let them be. After all, they’ve always been known as the It couple.”

As they settled into their private booth, Robin still couldn’t let it go. “Celine, you took dance lessons too, didn’t you?”

Indeed, Celine had trained in **dance** just like Carly. Back then, while Carly needed a full lesson to learn a routine, Celine could master it with just one glance. Their dance teacher was manrall very fond **of her**.

Carly would cry her eyes out at home, which led Lucy to jab Celine’s leg with a needle at night, scolding her, “Let’s see if you dare to learn dancing **again**, you wicked girl! Why do you always have to compete with your sister?”

Little Celine's legs were covered in blood from the needle pricks, curling up in a corner, she cried **and** begged for mercy. "Mommy, it hurts... I'm sorry. I won't dance anymore... Celine never danced again after that. She later heard that Carly had made a name for herself in the dance world, becoming a prima ballerina.

Robin suddenly pulled Celine up and said, "Let's go **dance** in the crowd. She then dragged her onto the dance floor.

Initially, Celine felt a little embarrassed, but Robin made an exaggerated hip wiggle and said "deline, don't punish yourself for someone **else's** mistakes. Get back up where you fell. "**Look** at how Carly flaunts herself to **seduce** your husband. Clearly, Adam prefers bold women. We need to be bolder than she is!"

Celine was amused. Under the influence of the pounding heavy metal music and Robin's encouragement, she began moving her hands and feet, dancing along.

Dancing had always come as naturally to Celine as breathing. Moving closer to Robin, she let loose with a sultry routine of her own, dancing with abandon as the music heated up. Meanwhile, Carly was still dancing closely with Adam, whose gaze had never once left her. She spun gracefully into his arms.

Adam held her wrists and asked softly, "Getting tired?"

Carly smiled and replied, "No. I just want you to hold me."

Adam raised an eyebrow, exuding his mature, masculine charm. He was undeniably fond of Carly—admiring her talent and brilliance.

Suddenly, a commotion stirred around them. The gazes that had been fixed on Carly began to shift. Even the wealthy heirs in their booth turned their attention.

"**Look!** Over there!" someone shouted. There's a diva dancing on the dance floor. Wow, she's hot!"

Adam and Carly both turned toward the dance floor and saw Celine, Adam's expression changed abruptly as Nathan stood up, exclaiming excitedly, "It's her!"

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Chapter 27

Nathan instantly recognized Celine

Carly hadn't expected to see Celine on the dance floor, yet there she was, dancing closely with Robin. Her graceful figure seemed one with the music, her body curving enticingly and her hips swaying like a member of a glamorous girl group.

Though both were dancing, Carly had to admit that Celine's moves were more alluring and bolder **than** hers.

All the men at Club 1996 had their eyes on Celine. Some even whistled and hollered, their gazes filled with **admiration**.

Carly clenched her teeth, unable to believe that a country bumpkin like Celine could dance like that. Somehow, Celine had effortlessly stolen her spotlight, even though Carly was a primaballerina

Why couldn't Celine just stay out of my way for once?

As Celine fumed, she felt Adam's grip on her waist loosen. He stepped forward, his gaze fixed on Celine for a long moment..

Carly ground her teeth even harder, furious that he couldn't take his eyes off Celine.

Meanwhile, Benjamin **and** a few other wealthy heels rose from their seats, their faces filled with shock. They finally recognized the captivating woman on the dance floor—it was

“Celine Tate!” Benjamin exclaimed in disbelief.

Ever since Celine decided to divorce, she had transformed into someone unrecognizable—someone her acquaintances could hardly believe was the same person. “So, her name's Cateen,” Cateen asked.

Benjamin nodded. “Nate, do you know her?”

Nathan's eyes lit up. “**She's** the woman I've been looking for!”

What?

Gasp rippled through the group as they struggled to believe it.

The fierce yet ethereal woman who had captivated Nathan was, in fact, Celine Tate?

Benjamin stammered, “Nate, are **you** sure?”

Melody was the most shocked of all. After all, no one liked her more than Celine, the so-called ugly duckling from the countryside.

“Nate, why would you be interested in Celine Carly asked, disbelief evident in her voice. “Stop joking, Nate. This isn’t funny!”

But Nathan ignored them all, his gaze locked on Celine as he chuckled indulgently, “Turns out she’s got a wild side too,”

Adam’s charming face darkened. Although he had already handled the issue with the sports car, it seemed inevitable that what was meant to happen would still **unfold**. He hadn’t expected Celine to show up at the club, let alone dance so provocatively.

If Celine could dance so wildly with **another** woman, he couldn’t imagine how passionate she would be dancing with a man. **Was** she truly so eager to **play** with men?

As their dance ended, Celine cheerfully stepped off the dance floor with Robin, her skin glistening with sweat from the lively routine.

On their way back to their private booth, they passed by Adam’s luxurious **booth**

“HL, beautiful. We meet again,” Nathan called out.

Celine paused, turning to look at Nathan. She quickly recognized him as the man who **had** approached her in the sports car.

“It’s you,” she **said**.

Nathan smiled warmly. “That’s right! The name’s Nathan Lynch. I didn’t expect to see you again so soon. It must be fate. May I buy you a drink?”

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Nathan Lynch? The name didn’t ring a bell for Celine

Just then, she felt a cold, piercing glare on her eyes, she met Adam’s key glare—sharp like knives.

Why was he looking at her like that? **Was** Carly’s intimate dance earlier not enough to amuse him?

Nathan shifted his gaze between Adam and Celine before asking, “Do you know each other?”

Celine chose to ignore Adam and replied, “No, we don’t.”

At her denial, Adam curled the corner of his lips into a silent, mocking smile.

she might not know Nathan, but Robin did. She knew he was Adam's best friend, Clearly, things were about to get interesting.

Robin smiled and said, "Mr. Lynch, thanks for the offer, but Celine needs to head home now."

Nathan Immediately grabbed his car keys. "In that case, let me drive you home."

With no hesitation, he followed the two women out.

The moment the three left, Benjamin and the other wealthy heirs erupted into an uproar

"What the heck is going on? Mr. Lynch has his **eyes** on Celine?"

Benjamin added, "Celine and Adam aren't even divorced yet. Does this mean Adam is about to be cuckolded by both his wife and his best friend?"

At Benjamin's words, Adam shot him a sharp gaze that cut through the air, silencing him immediately. He then grabbed his car keys and said, "Enjoy yourselves. I'm leaving."

Feeling helpless, Melody tugged at Carly's sleeve. "Carly, why would Nate be interested in Celine? **She's** already taken your place and secretly married Adam. Now she's trying to get Nate too?"

Carly's expression darkened. She had never expected Nathan to be interested in Celine. Sneering disdainfully, she said, "Don't worry about her. Neither Adam nor Nathan would ever truly fall for that country bumpkin. She's way out of their league!"

Adam and Nathan were the most sought-after men among the elite women of Mercity. What made Celine think she stood a chance?

"Adem, wait for me" Carly called out **as** she hurried after him

Left behind, Melody stomped her foot in frustration.

This wasn't over, Celine!

Robin pulled Celine into Nathan's luxurious car, deciding they should take his tide home,

Soon, Nathan noticed through the rearview mirror that a Rolls-Royce Phantom was trailing them—it was Adam's car. He frowned and muttered, "Why is Adam following us?" Robin glanced at the car behind them, smirking knowingly "Mr. Lynch, do you think you could lose Mr. Alvarez's car?"

Nechan chuckled. "I've raced Adam a few times. He's a great driver, and I rarely beat **him.**"

Catching a **glimpse** of Celine's elegant face in the rearview mirror, he added, "Adam doesn't meet many equals on the road. Maybe I should set up a race between you two, Celine, and see who's better"

Celine smiled faintly but said nothing.

As **Adam's** car continued to **trail** them, Nathan pressed harder **on** the accelerator. "Let's see it

wift can shake him off now."

In the Rolls-Royce, Carly sat in the passenger seat as Adam drove. When Nathan sped up, Adam tightened his grip on the steering wheel and stepped on the gas, matching the pace.

The **cars** roared down the road, accelerating faster and **faster**.

Carly felt as though she might be flung out at any moment. Her stomach churned as she pleaded, "Adam, slow down! **You're** going too **fast!**"

Adam's face betrayed no emotion, but his sharp profile radiated aching determination. Ignoring Carly's protests, his Rolls-Royce streaked through the neon-lit streets like a king of the night.

Carly, pale and trembling from her weak heart, screamed, "**Adam**, stop the car! No, please! Slow down! Ahh!"

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"Ahh!" Carly's scream forced Adam to slam on the brakes, bringing the Rolls-Royce to a sudden halt.

Gasping for air, she was visibly shaken. "Adam, why were you driving so fast?"

Adam's expression remained dark. He glanced ahead, noticing that the Lamborghini he had nearly caught **up to had** already sped off into the distance during his brief stop.

Pressing his lips together, he asked, "Are you okay?"

Carly nodded and replied, "I'm fine"

She then added bitterly, “I can’t believe Celine is now cozying up to Nathan, Did you see her dancing in the club earlier? I bet she spent her time in the countryside learning tricks to seduce men after dropping out of school at 16! That woman has no shame!”

Adam’s gaze humed icy as images of Celine dancing alluringly on the dance floor replayed in his mind. Carly was right—Celine clearly knew how to seduce men. That must be why Nathan, who had such high standards for women, fell for her charm

“Adam, did you finalize the divorce with Celine today?” Carly asked.

“Not yet,” Adam replied.

Carly was taken aback. “Why not? I thought you went to settle it **today**.”

“Grandma is very fond of Celine. Considering her health, I decided to postpone the divorce for now” Adam explained.

Mary intervened in the divorce?

Carly knew that Mary had never been fond of her. Instead, she favored celine and constantly supported her. This truth left Carly feeling deeply threatened

She couldn’t help but wonder **if** Adam and Celine would remain married as **long** as Mary was around, keeping her from ever becoming Mrs. Alvarez

Feeling frustrated, Carly asked, “Adam, why do you always Esten to your grandmother? What **about** me? I’m not getting any younger, and a woman’s youth is her most valuable asset How **much** longer do you expect me to wait?”

Adam glanced at her and replied, “If you had agreed three years ago, you would already be my wife, and Celine would never have had the chance to take your place!!

His sharp words left Carly momentarily speechless. Realizing she needed to change her approach, Carly softened her tone and leaned closer, wrapping her arms around his neck.” I’m sorry, Adam. I just want to marry you so badly. Don’t you feel the same **way**?

However, her softened demeanor failed to sway Adam that night. Gently removing her hands from his neck, he said indifferently, “I’ll take you **home**.”

Left with no choice, Carly leaned back in her seat, her eyes glinting with a **cold** determination.

She hated walking passively. When she wanted something, she made it happen.

Adam and Celine’s divorce had to be finalized **soon**—no one, not even Mary, could stand in her way!

Half an hour later, Adam arrived home, parking his Bolls–Royce on the lawn of Alvarez Residence. Entering the living room, he found it empty. Celine was nowhere to be seen.

His irritation grew. She should **have** been home by now, Nathan must have dropped her off long ago. Unless they had gone somewhere else together.

Picking up her phone, Adam dialed her number. When she answered after a brief ringtone, he asked coldly, “Celine Tate, why aren’t you home yet?”

Celine replied calmly, “Have you forgotten, Mr. Alvarez? I told you I won’t be returning to Alvarez Residence anymore.”

Adam retorted, “How am I supposed to explain that to Grandma if she doesn’t see you? Get back here **this** instant! Why do you insist on staying out? Who are you even with?”

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Despite Adam’s questions, **Celine** hung up without a word, leaving him speechless.

“Damn you, Celine. How dare you hang up on me!” Adam thought

Noticing Alfred Wales, the butler, walking toward him, Adam ordered, “Alfred, call Mrs. Alvarez Tell her that Grandma isn’t feeling well and she needs to come back immediately!”

Alfred was taken aback. “But, Mr. Alvarez, Mrs. Alvarez Senior is sleeping soundly after taking Mrs. Alvarez’s medicinal soup. **She’s** fine.”

Adam rolled his eyes. Just lie. You know? Le!!

Alfred was startled. “Mr. Alvarez, I don’t think that’s a good idea. Mrs. Alvarez has been taking care of you and Mrs. Alvarez **Senior** for the past three years. She’s worked hard. Why not let her have a little time to relax this evening?”

Adam’s tone turned cold. “Alfred, make the call.”

Noticing the sharp glare, Alfred quickly pulled out his phone. “Yes, Mr. Alvarez. Right away!”

Adam crossed **his** arms, his forehead throbbing with anger.

This household was outrageous–no one listened to him anymore. And it was all Celine’s fault she had been completely spoiled by Mary.

Half an hour later, Celine rushed over

“Grandma! Is Grandma alright?” asked Celine anxiously **as** she opened the door.

However, to her surprise, the living room was completely silent and pitch black

“Why aren’t the lights on?” Celine reached out to find the wall light

Suddenly, a large hand grabbed her wrist and pulled her hard. Celine gasped and found herself being pulled into a warm, firm chest. The man wrapped his arms around her and forcefully pushed her against the wall.

Despite the darkness, Celine knew who it was. After all, there was only one person who dared to act so rudely in Alvarez Residence,

Trying to push him away, Celine asked, “What are you doing, Adam?”

Adam let out a low, cold laugh “Adam? Didn’t you say you don’t know me? Wasn’t I just a stranger to you?”

After adjusting to the darkness, Celine could make out his sharp, gloomy expression under the faint moonlight streaming through the floor-to-ceiling windows beside them. Feeling confused, Celine asked, “Adam, are you seriously mad because I said I didn’t know you? Only a **handful** of people in your circle even know about our marriage. What was I supposed to do? Announce it and make you look like a jerk while Carly is branded the mistress?”

Furious at her sharp words, Adam grabbed her chin. “How **noble** of you. **Are** you sure you’re not denying it because you’ve already lined up your next target?”

“Next target? What are you talking about?”

“Nathan Lynch!”

Adam’s shout startled Celine. She finally realized he had misunderstood her relationship with **Nathan**

However, **instead** of explaining, **she** simply smiled. “Adam, we agreed to stay out of **each** other’s personal lives. I didn’t say a **word** about you dancing Intimately with Carly at the club, so you should stay out of my business with Nathan ”

Celine tried **to** push past him, but Adam’s hand clamped down on her shoulder, pinning her back against the wall. The impact sent a dull ache through her shoulder, making her gaze turn icy.

“Adam, let me make this clear—I was nice to you because I had a crush on you. But that doesn’t give you the right to treat me **however** you please. I’m over you, Adam!”

