

The Divorce Prescription

Chapter 3

Adam pressed his thin lips into a hard line. "Celine Tate, get back here now!"

Celine chuckled. "You want me to come back just because you say so? We're divorced, Adam. I'm not going to put up with you anymore."

Adam gritted his teeth. "I'm giving you one more chance to rewrite the reason for the divorce."

Celine's smile widened. "Is there something wrong with what I wrote? You've been awake for half a year now, but in all this time, you haven't even held my hand."

"You were in a coma for three years. Although your health seems fine now, I seriously doubt your manhood is working. You should see a doctor. I sincerely hope you can regain your masculinity soon!"

Adam was speechless. The veins on his forehead were visibly pulsing.

This woman had really lost it!

"I'll show you how capable I am in bed one day, Celine Tate!" he gritted out.

"Sorry, you don't have that chance anymore."

"Celine!"

A couple of beeps sounded, and the call was abruptly disconnected.

Adam seethed in rage. But before he could vent, all he heard was the busy tone.

Celine Tate!

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Celine had already arrived at her best friend, Robin Smith's apartment.

When she hung up, Robin burst into laughter and gave her a thumbs-up. "That was perfect, Celine! He's probably so mad right now he might burst a vein."

Celine felt that it was because she had been too humble in the past that he had come to see himself as so superior.

People should love themselves before loving others. It was crucial to prioritize one's happiness.

Robin added, "When Carly found out Mr. Alvarez was in a coma three years ago, she left him right away. But now that he's awake, he's going after her again. Honestly, it's better to be rid of a man like him."

Celine unwrapped a piece of candy and popped it into her mouth. The sweet taste seemed to mask the bitterness in her heart. "Robin, that's the difference between being loved and unloved."

The one who was loved could act without fear, while the one who was unloved always remained cautious and insecure.

Robin glanced at Celine, who had already eaten a whole bunch of candies. She pulled Celine to her feet. "Cheer up, Celine! When you let go of one tree, you'll realize you've gained a whole forest. I'll hire eight escorts and throw you a singles' party tonight!"

Celine laughed, pressing her forehead.

At that moment, Robin reached up and took off Celine's black-framed glasses. She tossed them straight into the trash.

"My glasses!" Celine went to retrieve them.

Robin stopped her. "Celine, you're too used to wearing those glasses from all your academic work. You should learn from Carly and dress yourself up beautifully."

Celine remembered how her parents called her an ugly duckling while Carly was the swan.

It seemed that it wasn't just her parents who thought so. Adam probably saw her as an ugly duckling too.

Robin pulled Celine out the door. "Come on. I'm taking you out for a full makeover—hair, nails, outfit, everything. I want Adam and the others to open their eyes and see just how beautiful you are!"

As they were leaving, Robin suddenly remembered something. "By the way, Celine, you really don't want any of Mr. Alvarez's money?"

"I have my own money," Celine replied.

"Well, then you're leaving that money to Carly. She'll probably thank you."

Celine was rendered speechless.

"Where's the card Mr. Alvarez gave you?"

Adam had always been generous and had given Celine a gold-plated black card, but she'd never used it.

Celine pulled the card out of her purse and said with a wink, "Mr. Alvarez can foot the bill for our shopping today."

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Club 1996 had long been the playground for the wealthy elite of Mercity, where the rich heirs and socialites spent their money without a second thought.

That night, the DJ kept the music going, and the crowd danced wildly.

In one of the luxurious booths, Adam sat in the center, wearing a black shirt and black pants. His sleeves were rolled up to reveal his muscular forearms and a watch worth millions. He looked every bit the hot, aristocratic figure that had women in the club constantly looking his way.

Sitting beside him was his good friend, Benjamin Goodwin—the heir to the Goodwin family—along with a few other trust fund babies.

Benjamin laughed loudly. "What's this I hear, Adam? Celine wants a divorce?"

The others joined in the laughter.

"Who doesn't know how much Celine is in love with you, Mr. Alvarez? She even wanted to marry you when you were in a coma," one of them said. "There's no way she'd leave you now!"

"We should make a bet to see how many days Celine can resist before reaching out to Mr. Alvarez," another chimed in.

Benjamin said, "I bet she won't even last a day. She'll probably send Adam a message any minute now. Haha!"

Adam's face, however, was shadowed and stern, showing clear signs of anger. He pulled out his phone and opened his chat with Celine.

The last message was from the night before. Celine had sent him a picture of a bowl of chicken bone broth with the message, "Honey, even though your bone density is fine now, you still need to drink more chicken bone broth. Remember to come home early."

As he scrolled up, there were daily messages from Celine. He had never replied. Not once.

But tonight, there was nothing from her, and Adam felt a surge of frustration in his chest.

Just then, a notification pinged, signaling the arrival of a new message.

Benjamin immediately chimed in, "I knew it! Celine's messaging Adam right now!"

The notification pinged repeatedly as several messages came through in quick succession.

Everyone burst out laughing. "I knew Celine couldn't hold back, but I didn't expect her to be so eager."

Benjamin urged, "Adam, quick, check what she's saying. She must be crying and begging you to get back together with her."

Adam's eyes twitched. She had messaged him?

If she wanted to make peace, why all that hostility earlier? Wasn't she the one acting tough this morning?

The moment Adam opened the message, he froze.

Benjamin read it aloud. "Dear VVIP, your card ending in 0975 has been charged 800 dollars at Dazzling Nails."

Everyone went silent, staring in confusion.

Adam scrolled up and saw a series of transaction messages.

Celine had spent two thousand dollars at Urban Glow Salon, 86 thousand dollars at Chanel, and 24 thousand dollars at Louis Vuitton.

There were no messages asking for reconciliation, just notifications of her spending.

The group was dumbfounded. It felt like Celine had slapped them all across the face.

Adam's face darkened as he slammed his phone onto the table. It wasn't the money that bothered him. It was that she had gone straight to spend his money after their divorce.

The woman who had been so obedient and dependent on him for the past three years suddenly seemed to have shown her true colors.

Benjamin muttered, "What's she playing at, Adam? She's getting her nails and hair done and went shopping for clothes. Is she trying to dress up like Carly?"

"Carly's the Scarlet Rose of Mercity, while Celine is just some country bumpkin. No matter how hard she tries, she'll never match up to her."

"A swan is a swan, and an ugly duckling will forever be an ugly duckling. It will never turn into a swan."

The group continued laughing at Celine.

At that moment, a commotion broke out in the club. Everyone's attention was focused on one place.

Someone gasped, "You guys, look! An angel!"