

# The Divorce Prescription Chapter 321

## Chapter 321

Hailey returned **alone**. Celine wasn't with her.

James frowned. "Hailey, why are **you alone**? Where's Celine?"

Halley explained with a smile. "Dad, Celine had something to do. She couldn't make it today."

Adam pursed his lips. "What was so important?"

Hailey smirked. "Adam, if you really want to know, Celine went out to have fun."

Adam was surprised. "Where did she go?" he asked

"Marland 1 heard It's about to snow there. She and the others went to see the first snowfall of winter. Oh, and Randall went too," Hailey **added**.

Adam's mind flashed back to yesterday **when** their mentor had organized a trip to Marland to see the snow. He declined, but he hadn't expected Celine to go-let alone with Randall.

Halley chuckled. "Adam, I think Randall Likes Celine. He came to pick her up this morning. Looks like you won't need to worry about introducing her to any company CEOs now," she teased.

Feigning a sigh, she added, "**Some** men really don't know what they've got. They throw away a pearl and pick up dirt instead. Now, someone else is going to take that pearl."

Adam said nothing.

Hailey didn't insult him directly, but every word hit hard.

Celine was the pearl, while Carly was the dirt. Halley was clearly mocking him for trading one for **the** other.

Meanwhile, Celine **had** arrived in Marland. She was part of a lively group of over ten people, including senior students from her university and top talents from nearby districts. Randall was **also** among them.

The group stayed at a seaside resort, with the beach stretching right in front of the hotel

"Celine, you're in room 608," one of the senior students said, handing her **a** key card.

“Thank you,” Celine replied with a smile, accepting the card.

**Randall** glanced at **his** key. He got room 612, which was a bit too far from Celine. Without hesitation, he turned to **a** senior nearby. “Hey, can I switch with you for room 609?”

The others quickly caught on

“Room dog is right across from Celine. Looks like Randall wants to stay close,” someone teased.

“Randall’s **clearly** got a thing for Celine. Are you planning to pursue her?”

Randall’s eyes lit up as he looked at Celine standing far ahead. “A fair lady’s charm calls for a gentleman’s pursuit. Keep it down, guys—you’ll scare her off,” he said, grinning

The others laughed. Randall’s protectiveness showed just how much he liked her

Later, Randall approached Celine. “Celine, do you really love watching snow?”

Celine nodded. I’ve loved snow since I was a child. My dad and I made a promise to **come** to Marland to see the snow together.”

One of the senior students asked gently, “What about your **dad**? Why didn’t you bring him along?”

Back then, when Celine still had her father, he built her a swing. When it snowed, she would sit on it while he held an umbrella over her, pushing her high into the snowy sky.

He had said, “I’ve heard Marland’s snow is the most beautiful Next year, I’ll take **y**

However, in the following year, he was gone forever.

A soft smile tugged at Celine’s lips. “My dad passed away.”

The senior female student patted her shoulder in sympathy.

you to see it,”

Rendall said, “It’s okay. If your dad can’t watch the snow with you, we’re here **for** you,”

His words lifted the mood once more.

A senior **added**, “According to the latest weather forecast, the first snowfall in Marland is coming soon. Let’s drop off our **luggage** and head out. We’ll catch the first snow of winter together!”

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After that, everyone returned to their rooms. Celine placed her luggage down and pulled out her phone. As she opened WhatsApp, she saw Adam's request. He wanted to add her.

They were divorced now, and he was with Carly. Since Celine didn't want to be tangled up with him again, she ignored the request.

She walked out of the room and happened to see Randall coming **out** of the room across from hers. He smiled and said, "Celine, I'm staying right across from **you**. If you need anything, just let me know,"

Celine smiled back. "Okay."

Celine, Randall, and their seniors walked out of the hotel. In front of them was the vast, endless sea of Marland

Suddenly, Randall said, "Celine, it's snowing."

Celine looked up, and snowflakes began to fall heavily. Indeed, it **was** snowing

The streets were nearly deserted as snowflakes filled the air, quickly blanketing the ground in white. The roaring waves of the sea crashed relentlessly against the shore, where blue met white, creating a breathtaking view.

Celine was wrapped tightly in a long white down coat as she walked forward, bracing against the fierce cold wind. Her delicate nose had turned bright red, and the pale skin around her eyes was flushed from the cold,

She was watching **the** snow in Marland. Just as her father had **said**, It was so beautiful and cold

"Oh my gosh, It's beautiful here!" one of the seniors exclaimed.

The others Joyfully ran off, exploring the snowy **scene**.

Tears welled in Celine's eyes. She walked toward the shore, cupping her hands around her mouth, and called out into the wind, "Dad, I'm here for the Marland trip you missed!"

Waves crashed against the pier, sending loud echoes across the shore. Perhaps this was her father's way of responding

At that moment, Celine suddenly felt at peace. After her father's passing, she had always felt unloved, but now, she could finally let go.

Randall stood behind, watching Celine. To him, no snow scene was **as** beautiful as she was.

One of the seniors reminded him, "What are you waiting for? Hurry up and go to Celine. You're supposed to watch the snow with the one you love the most in winter."

Randall thought about going over to her but then paused as if remembering something. "I'll be right back," he said, running back to the hotel.

Celine stretched out

her

hand, letting snowflakes gather in her palm. A genuine sense of happiness warmed her heart in that fleeting moment.

Suddenly, a black umbrella appeared over her head. Someone was shielding her from the snow.

Celine turned around with a smile. "Randall-

Her words caught in her throat when she saw who it was. It wasn't Randall. It was **Adam**

He stood before her, wearing a black wool coat and a gray turtleneck sweater. His tall, refined figure **stood** out against the snowy backdrop, as though he had walked straight out of a painting

Celine froze, staring at him. She didn't know **how** he had arrived here. He wasn't supposed to come on this trip to Marland, but he had suddenly changed his plans and showed up here.

At this most romantic moment, he had come to stand by her side.

Adam's gaze lingered on her pale, frost-kissed face. The redness at the tip of her nose and the shimmer in her eyes made her appear delicate yet vulnerable. He held an umbrella over her and smiled slightly. "Aren't your hands cold from playing in the snow?" he asked.

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Celine quickly pulled her cold, snow-dusted hands into her sleeves.

"Celine, L..."

Just then, Randall returned, holding a pair of fuzzy gloves. He had noticed Celine's hands were cold and had gone back to the hotel to grab them, but by the time he returned, Adam was already there.

Adam had beaten him to it, standing by Celine's side under a black umbrella. Randall couldn't help but feel a little deflated. It seemed his gloves were no longer needed.

Randall stepped forward. "Adam, what are you doing here?"

He had graduated from Haffard University, but standing next to Adam, he couldn't help but feel a little outshone.

moment, the group of seniors gathered around. "Adam, you said you weren't coming. What changed?"

Everyone was curious about his sudden arrival.

Adam looked at them and replied, "I'm here on a business trip. Just happened to stop by."

Celine looked up at him, struck by the sheer coincidence of it all.

"Adam, since you're here, why not stay and join us? one of them suggested warmly

Adam glanced at Celine before nodding, "Sure."

The **group** cheered in excitement, and someone proposed, "Let's go for a barbecue tonight!"

"Snow and barbecue are a perfect match, another added.

"It will be on Adam tonight, right?" someone joked

With Adam around, it was usually expected that he would foot the bill. He didn't object "Sure."

They arrived at a barbecue restaurant and found a seat by the window. Some of the senior female students ushered Celine to sit with them.

The seniors all adored her and treated her like a younger sister. As Celine sat down, Randall naturally wanted to sit next to her.

By status, Celine and Randall were the juniors there, so it would've made sense for them to sit together. Just as Randall was about to take a seat, Adam interrupted, Randall, why don't you sit here?

Adam **took** the main seat at the round table and suddenly called for Randall to sit next to him.

Laughter erupted from the group “Randall, come on, sit next to Adam.”

“Adam, of all the juniors, Randall is the most like you.”

Randall was exceptional—both in character and academics. At such a young age, he had already become the CEO of a publicly listed company and a rising star in the tech world.

He carried himself with the same charisma that Adam was known for. In fact, the group often joked and referred **to** him as “Adam Jr.” in recognition of their similarities.

Randall had initially hoped to sit closer to Celine, but with Adam’s sudden request, he had no choice but to mo

move to Adam’s side.

He grinned and said, “I’m not quite on Adam’s level, but he’s definitely the benchmark I’m alming for.” Soon, the barbecue platters arrived at the table, sizzling with a variety of **meats** and vegetables. Outside, the **snow** continued to fall softly, while the smoky aroma from the grill filled the air, creating a warm and cozy atmosphere inside.

Adam looked over at Celine, who was seated with the senior students, enjoying the barbecue. The heat from the grill made her pale face and lips flush red. Randall, who had been watching Celine Intently, asked, “Celine, do you like spicy **food?**”

Celine smiled and nodded. “Yes, I do.”

Adarn raised an eyebrow as a flicker of surprise crossed his face. He remembered she hadn’t been fond of spicy food before. Had her tastes changed?

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Everyone turned to Celine. “Celine, what have you been up to these past few years since **graduation?**” They were all curious about Celine, especially since they had heard she wasn’t working at the moment.

Celine paused for a moment before replying honestly, “I got married.”

The group was shocked.

Randall looked at her in disbelief. “Celine, you got married?”

Celine immediately sensed Adam's gaze on her. His intense stare felt almost suffocating. She tried to ignore it, forcing a smile. "Yeah, over the past few years, I haven't been busy with much else. I focused on taking care of my husband, being a housewife

She was telling the truth. For the past three years, she had dedicated herself entirely to Adam

Her senior classmates were stunned. "Celine, **you** became a housewife at such a young age?"

Celine added, "We actually got divorced not long ago."

This revelation shocked everyone even more.

"Anyone who could convince Celine to become a homemaker must be an exceptional man."

"Celine, who was your husband... or rather, your ex-husband?"

Everyone was eager to know about the man who had captured Celine's heart.

Celine **looked** up and met Adam's gaze a

across the table. He was sitting there, barely touching his **food**. She knew he didn't like spicy **food**; he preferred things plain.

His gaze was now fixed on her, waiting for her answer, just like

everyone **else**.

How was she supposed to answer this?

Her ex-husband was indeed **exceptional**,

and he was sitting right there, among **them**. Everyone knew him

Celine shifted her gaze, smiling softly at everyone. "It's all in the past now. Let's not talk about him anymore. Let's raise a glass to our new lives." Everyone in the room was smart enough not to press further when Celine made it clear she didn't want to answer. They quickly shifted the topic, raising their glasses. "To new beginnings!"

As everyone toasted, Adam remained seated at the head of the table. He raised his glass and elegantly took a sip of water.

one of the seniors suggested.

“Celine, now that you’re free, **you** should start worlding again. How about joining us?”

Celine immediately declined. Although she did have work, it wasn’t something she could openly discuss. Thank you, but I’m in Mercity right now. It’s a bit inconvenient”

“Mercity? Oh, right, Adam’s at **Mercity** too.”

“Adam, Celine’s your brilliant junior. You should take care of her. How about letting her join your Alvarez Group?” someone suggested.

Celine didn’t know how to respond, so she simply smiled.

Adam’s paze lingered on her. She had taken off her white coat, and her long black hair was casually cled **back** with a simple elastic band. A few loose strands tucked behind her ear and gently wound around her pale neck, giving her an effortlessly graceful and stunning appearance.

She looked at Adam and said, “There’s no need to trouble Mr. Alvares

Adem smirked slightly and spoke up. “Why do you always call me ‘Mr. Alvarez’? You’ve never even called me by my name.” Celine’s heart skipped a beat

“He Celine, you really do call everyone by name, , but you’re still calling Adam ‘Mr. Alvarez’?” one of the seniors teased.

“Celine, since you’re in Mercity now, you better hold on tight to Adan. You should just be casual around him already.” Everyone laughed, encouraging her to address Adam by his first name

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### Chapter 325

Celine felt like she was being put on the spot. She couldn’t help but wonder what Adam was up to. Did he really want her to call him by his name? He must be toying with her again.

She shot him a fierce glare, but Adam remained unbothered. He smiled, as if in a good mood.

Just then, a melodious ringtone broke the tension. It was Celine’s phone. She quickly stood up. “Everyone, enjoy your meal. I’ll be right back to take this

call



Celine stepped out **into** the hallway to answer the phone. It was Perry calling.

Celine answered, “Perry, **I’ve** just arrived in Marland. I’ll be heading back in a couple of days.”

“Alright, I’ll wait for you,” Perry replied.

As Celine turned around after hanging up, she walked straight into a warm, solid chest.

**She** gasped in shock. Her phone slipped from her hand, tumbling toward the ground.

Celine hastily bent down to pick it up, but before she could, a large hand reached out and caught it midair.

As she looked up, Adam’s handsome face filled her vision. How did he get here?

She quickly said, “Mr. Alvarez, give me back my phone!”

Celine reached for the phone, but Adam raised his arm higher, keeping it just out of her reach.

it back!”

Celine was frustrated. She stood on her tiptoes, trying to grab her phone from him. “Mr. Alvarez, that’s my phone. Please give it

Adam was much taller than her, and even though she **was**

on tiptoe, he continued to look down at her with his dark, steady gaze. “I can give you your phone back, but only if you call me Adam,”

He was really making her say it.

Celine tilted her delicate face upward, giving him a firm look. “I won’t call you that. I don’t need your help, and I’m not going to work for your company.” Adam smirked. “So, you don’t want to work?”

He understood why she hadn’t worked these past **few** years—she had been taking care of him. However, he couldn’t understand her lack of intention to work in the future.

Celine refused to reveal her true situation. She looked at him and said, “I’m not like you, Mr. Alvarez. You graduated **and** listed your first company. As for me, I’m just a housewife, and I’ve been out of touch with society.”

She was putting herself down.

Adam couldn't tell if she was speaking the truth or not. Her eyes sparkled with intelligence, like stars twinkling in the sky, making it impossible not to be captivated.

"So, what are your plans for the future?" Adam asked.

Celine gave a sly smile. "What plans? Maybe I'll fall in love again and get remarried. If my second marriage happens to be with someone like you, I'd make sure the divorce settlement is generous enough to last me a lifetime," she teased

Adam reached out and gently held her delicate chin. "Celine, I'm not joking with you."

"I'm not joking either. Let go of me," Celine said, trying to push his hand away.

At that moment, the sound of footsteps approached. Randall and another senior walked by, chatting. "**Randall**, I didn't expect Celine to have been married. Are you still planning to pursue her?"

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"Celine has been married before, but she's divorced now. Of course, I'm going to pursue her," Randall said confidently.

"It seems you really have feelings for Celine," the senior teased.

"Celine is special. She's different from any girl I've ever met," Randall replied.

Soon, the two walked away.

Celine had overheard every word. She already knew about Randall's feelings for her. During the barbecue earlier, she purposely mentioned her past marriage to try to discourage him.

Just then, a sharp pain shot through her delicate chin as Adam tightened his grip on her.

Celine frowned. "**You're** hurting me\*

Adam looked at her with a smirk. "I didn't expect you to be this charming "

He had seen many men fall for her, Randall was one of the most outstanding ones, yet he was still captivated by her, even after learning she was married. Celine quickly snatched her phone back. "No matter how charming I am, I still can't win over you, can I?"

With that, she turned to leave.

Before she could, a strong arm wrapped around her soft waist, pulling her **back** into his chest. Her body pressed tightly against his, separated only by thin fabric.

Celine struggled to break free from his grip. “Mr. Alvarez, what are you doing? If you don’t stop, I’ll scream for help!”

“Wait, Celine. Have we met before?” Adam suddenly asked.

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Celine froze.

Adam pulled out a photo. It was the **one** of her standing in front of the shop window, taken with her reflection.

Her eyes widened in shock. How did he get this photo?

Adam looked at her and asked again, “Celine, have we met before?” he asked again.

Her mind raced. She hadn’t expected him to have this photo. How should she respond? Did he truly not remember **what** happened in that cave?

She hesitated, torn between whether she should tell him and try to awaken his memories or keep it to herself.

However, he was with **Carly** now, and he loved Carly

Celine pushed against his firm chest with her small hands, struggling in his arms. “Does this question really matter?”

As she twisted to break free, her movements stirred something deep in Adam; His breathing grew heavier, and his large hand gripped the curve of her

waist tightly.

His voice was hoarse as he said, “Celine, I want to know how long you’ve liked me.”

Celine froze. She wondered if he was asking just to mock her. Yet, she wouldn’t give him the chance to. **She** stood on tiptoe and bit down hard on the

corner of his lips.

Adam hissed in pain. Blood seeped from the corner of his mouth where she had bitten him

He held back the pain, swallowed hard, and murmured in a deep, coaxing voice, “Don’t **bite** me here. Someone might see.

It had been a long time since Celine heard this tone from him—soft, indulgent, and laced with desire.

She released her bite and stepped back.

Adam’s gaze burned into her. “You’ve become quite fierce, haven’t you?”

Celine glared at him. “I’ve always been fierce. Back then, I only toned it down to accommodate you, to match your blandness.”

Her eyes carried a mix of grievance and flirtation. Adam lowered his head and silenced her with a kiss.

Celine’s mind went blank. Since their divorce, she hadn’t been this close to him. She never expected him to kiss her so suddenly,

She immediately tried to pull away, but his large hand held the back of her head, locking her in place. His domineering, powerful presence overwhelmed her, and his lips parted hers, cooing her into a dis

Since he hadn’t eaten much during the barbecue, Celine **could** taste his familiar, clean, and refined flavor, untouched by the impurities of the world.

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“Adam, bet me **go!**” Celine shouted, pushing him away with all her strength.

Adam’s eyes were already clouded with desire. He leaned forward, attempting to kiss her again.

“Adam, we’re divorced. Think about Carly!” she reminded him sharply.

The mention of Carly was like a bucket of cold water dumped over his head. He froze in place. **Taking** advantage of the moment, and turned to run.

Celine shoved him away

Adam was stunned. He didn’t even know what had come over him earlier. Carly was his girl, and he knew he had a responsibility toward her.

Yet, he couldn’t stop himself from being drawn to Celine. She was like a spell he couldn’t break free from

After finishing the barbecue, everyone returned to the resort hotel. Adam walked ahead with two senior students, while Celine strolled alongside Randall. Adam glanced toward them. Randall was saying something, and Celine laughed brightly.

“Adam, you’re staying in room 621. Is that fine?” one of the seniors asked.

Adam’s face was expressionless. “Which room is Randall in?” he replied curtly.

“Randall is in room 609, right across from Celine’s room,” the senior answered.

“Adam, I think Randall and Celine make a good match. We should help them out and create some opportunities for them to spend time together,” another suggested.

It seemed everyone wanted to pair Celine and Randall together.

Adam pressed his lips **into a** thin line. “They’re not a good match,” he said firmly.

The words hung in the air, leaving the seniors momentarily stunned.

Adam added, “I want to stay in room **607.**”

One of the seniors immediately pulled out their room **card** for room 607. “Adam, **I’m** in room 607. Let’s switch,” he offered.

Adam took the card and said curly, “Thanks”

After entering his new room, Adam shut the door behind him.

The seniors exchanged **confused** glances. “Why does Adam want to stay across from Celine too?” one of them murmured

“Did you hear how he said Randall and Celine aren’t a good match? I swear that sounded like Jealousy!” another remarked.

“Oh my **God,**

could Adam also like Celine?” someone gasped.

“Honestly, don’t you think Adam and Celine are a better match? a senior chimed in.

Someone pulled out a camera and showed a photo they had taken earlier. In that photo, Adam **and** Celine were standing under a black umbrella as snow softly fell around them. Adam looked handsome and dignified, while Celine appeared elegant and ethereal. They looked like a perfect pair together.

After returning to his room, Adam went into the bathroom for a hot shower before lying **down** on the bed.

Talking out his phone, he opened WhatsApp. Celine still hadn't accepted his request.

He frowned slightly. After a moment, he sent another friend request, this time with a simple message that read, "Accept my friend request." Though the message was short, it was as domineering as ever.

Yet, there was no response. She just wouldn't add him.

Adam chuckled bitterly, shaking his head in exasperation. He closed his eyes **and** tried to sleep.

Not long after, the sound of the door opening startled him awake. Celine slipped into the room.

Fresh from the shower, she wore one of his white shirts. Her long, fair **legs** were bare, exuding a mix of purity and seductive allure.

She climbed into the bed, slipping under his covers. Adam felt her soft, supple body wriggling against him restlessly. His eyes snapped open. She shifted as Celine's head popped out, her face glowing with a playful smile.

"Mr. **Alvarez**, you're awake?" she teased softly.

Adam jolted upright, realizing it was all a dream.

**Covers**

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He stared at the ceiling above him, realizing it had all been a dream. It **was** a dream about Celine.

**Last** night, she appeared in his dream.

Adam's throat tightened, and every muscle in his body tensed. His young, vigorous body was particularly sensitive in the early morning. Slowly, he slid his hand beneath the covers, surrendering to his own desire.

The snow had fallen all night, and today, the group **had** planned to go skiing.

Everyone had gathered, but Adam was still not there.

“Where’s Adam?” someone asked.

“I’ll go get him,” another offered.

Just as they were about to call him, Adam emerged from his room.

“Adam, good morning,” someone greeted.

His expression was unreadable, but the cold air around him made him seem even more unapproachable than usual. He nodded slightly and replied,

” Moming”

“Great, now that Adam’s here, let’s head to the ski resort,” one of the seniors said.

As Adam joined the group, his eyes were drawn to Celine. She was standing with Randall, who was chatting with her.

“I sent you a message earlier. Did you see it?” Randall asked.

Celine smiled and nodded. “Yes, Handall I say it,” she replied.

Adam let out a low, humorless laugh “Randall, you have Celine’s WhatsApp?” he asked sharply.

Randall nodded casually. “Of course,” he said.

“one

The seniors chimed in as well. “Adam, we all have Celine **on** WhatsApp. Don’t you?” one of them asked with mild surprise.

Adam was silent.

Everyone else had her WhatsApp—except him. She had added the entire group yet deliberately left him out.

His mood soured even more as he turned his sharp gaze toward Celine,

Celine felt the intensity of his stare and instinctively stiffened. Why was he looking at her like that? His glare was as oppressive as a thunderstorm, **She** didn’t add him as she had no intention of having any further rics with him.

“Let’s get going, everyone,” Celine said.

Half an hour later, they arrived at the ski resort.

While everyone geared up, one of the seniors approached Celine. “Celine, do you know how to ski?”

Celine shook her head. “No, I don’t,” she admitted

“Randall, you’ll **take** care of Celine then,” the senior said with a smile.

“Randall’s a fantastic skier. You’re in good hands, Celine,” another added.

After putting on his skis, Randall glided across the snow with effortless grace. After a few sleek turns to show off his skills, he stopped in front of Celine.

He extended his hands to her. “Celine, give me your hands. I’ll teach you one-on-one today,” he said warmly.

“Thank you, Randall,” she said.

**She** gingerly placed her hands in his, and Randall led her into the skiing area.

Adam, who stood off to the side, observed the scene with a stormy expression. His eyes locked on the sight of their clasped hands, **and** his mood soured even further

Randall **proved** to be an excellent teacher, and Celine quickly picked

She laughed out loud, enjoying herself immensely.

up the basics. Before long, she let go of his hands and began skiing on her own.

Suddenly, a skier behind her lost control and headed straight for her. The person shouted in panic, “Move! Get out of the way!”

Celine froze in panic. She wanted to step aside, but as a novice, her feet refused to cooperate. Just as the skier was about to collide with her, **a** figure lunged forward and tackled her out of the way.

Though the impact was avoided, both of them hit the snow and rolled down the slope in a tangled heap.

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The accident happened so suddenly, Celine looked up and met Adam’s composed yet handsome face.



it that critical moment, it was Adam who had leaped toward her. She wondered how he always managed to appear at the perfect moment to **catch** her.

‘Mr. Alvarez?’ she asked.

their bodies tumbled rapidly downhill, rolling together uncontrollably. A large rock loomed ahead, and they were heading straight for it.

Adam tightened his arms around her. “Hold on to me,” he commanded.

Deline instinctively wrapped her arms around him.

With a loud bang, their bodies hit the rock **and** came to a stop

Adam was on the bottom, with Celine sprawled on top of him. She quickly straightened up. “Mr. Alvarez, are you hurt? Did you hit the rock?”

Before she could fully assess the situation, memories of the fall flashed before her. Just before impact, Adam had twisted his body, shielding her from the brunt of the collision. She hadn’t felt a thing, as he had protected her completely.

However, Adam lay motionless beneath her.

Panic filled Celine’s voice. “Mr. Alvarez, open your eyes! Please don’t scare me!”

Yet, there was no response.

Celine tried to get up and call for help, but a large hand caught her arm. With a gentle pull, Adam tugged her back into his embrace.

He opened his eyes and looked at her with amusement. “**Celine**, why are you panicking?”

Celine froze.

Adam’s thin lips curved into a teasing smile. “Didn’t you say you don’t love me anymore? Why are you so worried? Got you this time, didn’t I?”

Relief flooded through Celine, and tears welled up in her eyes. She clenched her fist and punched his chest. “You’re so annoying!”

Her legs still felt weak from the scare, and **she** trembled slightly.

Adam held her close and ordered, “Don’t move.”

Celine grew anxious upon hearing the strain in his voice and noticing his pale face. She cupped his face in her hands, inspecting it carefully. “Did you hit your head? Let me see if you’re bleeding”

Ahead injury was no trivial matter.

Adam felt dizzy. He took Celine’s small hand and held it in his palm. “I’m fine. Don’t move, just let me hold you for a while,” he said.

Celine obediently stopped moving and rested against him.

Her heart softened. He had gotten hurt saving her. She couldn’t deny that she was moved. Even though they were divorced, he still showed up for her when she was in danger.

“Don’t save me next time. I don’t need you to,” she murmured.

Adam reached out and pinched her cheek in frustration. The **cold** snowfield had left her fair cheeks flushed red, and he couldn’t resist squeezing them.” Celine, are you trying to upset me?”

Celine batted his hand away. “Stop pinching my face!”

Her indifferent attitude lit a fire of anger in Adam’s chest. She wasn’t like this with Randall. She laughed and chatted with him so sweetly.

Releasing her cheek, Adam groaned softly and winced. “My head hurts.”

Celine’s concern returned in full force, “Where does It hurt?” she asked urgently.

Adam pointed to a spot. “Here.”

As Celine gently parted his hair, she saw a large red bump on his **head**. “Is it the **one**?” she asked

“Yeah,” he muttered.

She nodded and said, “I’ll rub it for you.”

Celine carefully massaged the bump and Wew lightly on it to ease the pain.

Unknowingly, the two had drawn close. Celine’s petite frame lay against his as she cared for him. Adam caught a faint, sweet scent on her.

## The Divorce Prescription Chapter 330

Last night's vivid dream surged back into Adam's mind, causing him to swallow hard.

He slowly turned his handsome face toward her. Celine, focused on massaging the bump on his **head**, didn't notice how close they had become. At that moment, Adam tilted his face, and she felt her lips soften.

Adam's cool, thin lips brushed against her soft, red ones. The two of them shared a kiss.

Celine's clear eyes widened in surprise, and she froze in place.

Adam looked at her and teased, "Celine, you kissed me."

Before Celine could respond, Randall and the others came searching for her. "Celine? Celine!"

"We saw her skiing over there earlier, where did she go?" a senior asked.

Before Celine could say anything, Adam suddenly gripped the back of her head, pulling her into another kiss.

Celine struggled, but Adam's grip was firm, holding her head in place. Her mouth was forced open, and he deepened the kiss, entwining with her.

At that moment, Randall had reached the large rock nearby and called out, "Celine? Where are you?"

Celine's heart raced. Randall was close, and she **and** Adam were still tangled in the snow, **locked** in a kiss.

Adam's breath hitched as the nervous Celine didn't even realize how tightly she was holding onto his tongue.

When she tried to get up earlier, her legs had ended up straddling his broad waist, and now her knees were pressed tightly against him. The sensation was overwhelming, causing his eyes to redden at the edges.

"Randall, we've searched everywhere here and still haven't found Celine," someone called out.

"Could Celine be somewhere else, or maybe in the restroom another suggested.

"Let's search elsewhere," Randall said as he led **the** senior **students** away.

As soon as they left, Celine's tense nerves finally relaxed. She couldn't even begin to imagine what the others' reactions would have been if **they** had seen her tangled up with Adam.

Adam wasn't just the unreachable Mercity tycoon. He was a living legend in the eyes of **these** seniors. No one knew what he was like when it **came** to women, except for her.

**Celine** placed her hands on his chest and pushed him away swiftly. She wiped at her red lips with her small hand, "What are you doing?"

Adam lay back in the snow, covering his reddened eyes with a hand. "You kissed me earlier, so now I'm kissing you. We're even." Celine was speechless.

She quickly scrambled off him, but just as she was about to get away, he grabbed her arms again.

Adam sat up and pulled her back into his embrace. His heavy breath brushed against her white ear, and in a low, threatening voice, he murmured, "Do you want something to happen between us right here?"

Celine froze. She noticed someone had started to glance their way, **and** she quickly grabbed her phone. "I'll add

Celine opened WhatsApp and accepted his **request**.

"Is this okay now? You seem fine, so let's just go back," she **said**.

However, Adam pulled her back once more,

"What do you want now?"

He looked at her intently. "Celine, you haven't answered my question. Have we met before?"

**you**

Celine wondered why he was **so** fixated on that question. If he really wanted to **know**, **she** might as well tell him what happened in the **cave**. "Mr. Alvarez, we"