

The Divorce Prescription

Chapter 4

Celine had arrived.

After a full day of splurging at the mall, Robin whisked her off to Club 1996 for the ultimate single-woman celebration.

What Celine didn't expect was to run into Adam and his group. Naturally, she also heard their mocking remarks about her.

She recognized the people in the luxurious booth. They were part of Adam's social circle. Benjamin, in particular, was one of Adam's closest friends.

Back when Adam and Carly had their high-profile romance, everyone in the group adored Carly. Benjamin even treated her like Adam's wife.

In the past three years, Celine had never been able to integrate into their group. They made no effort to hide their disdain for her.

They'd slapped labels on her like "desperate replacement bride", "ugly duckling", and "country bumpkin".

When a man didn't love her partner, his friends wouldn't respect her either.

Robin's temper flared immediately. "I'm going to tear their smug faces off!" She started rolling up her sleeves.

Celine grabbed her arm firmly. "Let it go, Robin. I'm divorced now. They're not worth the energy."

Noticing Celine's calm and indifferent demeanor, Robin managed to rein in her frustration. As more and more eyes turned to Celine, calling her an angel, Robin's mood brightened. "Let's go. Time for a singles party!"

Robin marched them to a luxury booth on the other side of the club. She waved her hand dramatically. "Bring me all your male escorts!"

Back at Adam's booth, Benjamin and the other scions were still mocking Celine when they suddenly felt a sharp, icy gaze land on them.

They looked up to see Adam at the head of the booth, lazily lifting his sharp eyes to glance at them. His gaze was cold, displeased, and full of warning.

At once, the laughter froze on their faces. None of them dared to say another word about Celine.

Benjamin glanced at Adam. Even though Adam had never spared Celine a second look, she had tirelessly taken care of him for three years. Clearly, Adam still had some shred of sentiment left for her.

Just then, a wave of excitement rippled through the crowd. "Such a beautiful angel!"

Angel? Where?

Benjamin followed everyone's gaze and immediately widened his eyes in surprise. "Holy crap! That really is an angel!"

The others around him were equally mesmerized. "When did an angel arrive in Mercy? And how come we've never seen her before?"

Benjamin tugged at Adam's sleeve. "Adam, look at that angel!"

Adam was no stranger to women. He'd seen all types, from slender to curvy, so he wasn't interested in that "angel".

However, Celine's booth was directly across from his. The moment he looked up, his eyes landed on her.

Celine had ditched her thick-rimmed glasses, shedding her usual dullness and rigidity. Her tiny face was as fair as snow. Her naturally striking features exuded a fresh, otherworldly elegance. With her silky hair cascading over her shoulders, she looked like a living, breathing angel.

Adam's gaze lingered for two full seconds.

Benjamin was clearly thrilled. "What do you think of that angel, Adam?"

One of the scions remarked, "Mr. Alvarez won't be impressed. His type is more of a sweet beauty like Carly, not this cool, angelic vibe."

"Yeah, but check out her legs! Those could definitely compete with Carly's," another added.

Celine, in a rare departure from her usual conservative style, was wearing a chic, short tweed dress that showed off her legs for the first time.

Her legs were perfectly toned, proportionate, and tantalizing. These were the kind of legs that made men's imaginations run wild. They were just as captivating as Carly's.

Adam glanced at the "angel" for two seconds and couldn't shake the feeling that this woman looked strangely familiar. He felt like he had seen her somewhere before.

Just then, a group of male escorts filed into the room, each one tall and hot. They lined up right in front of Celine.

Robin grinned. "Celine, pick eight."

Since Celine was celebrating her newfound freedom from a disastrous marriage, she decided to go all out. "You, you, you... Stay."

Benjamin was counting under his breath. "One, two, three... eight. Did she just pick eight escorts at once?"

One of the scions chimed in, "Why spend the money? All she has to do is ask, and we'd happily volunteer for free."

Laughter erupted around the booth.

At this moment, Adam's phone buzzed again. It was a new transaction message. He picked it up to see what Celine paid for this time.

But this time...

"Dear VVIP, your card ending in 0975 has been charged 500,000 dollars at Club 1996 for eight escorts."

Adam frowned at once. He reread the words "eight escorts" twice before snapping his gaze back toward the angel across the room.

The angel who had just splurged on eight escorts was actually Celine!

Adam was rendered speechless.

Eight escorts surrounded Celine and started pouring drinks for her one after another. "Ladies, let's play a drinking game."

Robin happily replied, "Hell yeah! Let's do it!"

Celine lost the first round. An escort leaned in and held a glass to her lips. "Here, let me help you drink."

She took the drink, but the other escorts weren't having it. "Why him? You drank his drink but not ours? Let us feed you too!"

Celine was feeling a little overwhelmed by the eager attention.

Across the room, Adam's sharp eyes narrowed dangerously. His chiseled jaw tightened as he stood and headed straight for Celine's booth.

Benjamin was taken aback. "Adam! Where are you going?"

Celine was sipping her drink when a strong, de ned hand reached over and grabbed her delicate wrist. He lifted her off the couch as easily as if she were a child.

Shocked, she looked up and was met with Adam's handsome face.

Celine froze for a moment, then quickly struggled to pull her wrist free from his grip. "Let go of me, Adam!"

Adam's face was cold as he forcefully dragged her away.

Robin jumped to her feet. "Hey! Adam! What are you doing? Let go of Celine!"

Benjamin and the scions who followed Adam were stunned, their faces filled with disbelief. They all wondered if they were hearing things.

"Celine? The angel is... Celine?"

"Is this the same Celine we've always known? The ugly duckling? She's actually gorgeous?"

Benjamin froze in place as he watched Adam drag the stunning figure away. "Damn... Celine turned into a freaking angel the moment she ditched Adam."

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Adam's grip on Celine's wrist was unyielding. His strong hand was like an iron shackle. No matter how hard she fought, she couldn't break free. His long strides forced her to stumble along behind him.

"Let go of me, Adam!" she shouted.

Just then, Adam swung his hand, and Celine's delicate back slammed into the cold wall. Her vision went dark as his tall, imposing figure pressed in, trapping her against the wall.

Danger flared in his eyes as he growled, "Do you think I'm dead, Celine Tate? You're actually out here flirting with other men?"