

# THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

## Chapter 461

Celine sat at the blood-

drawing station, her eyes fixed on Adam. "Mr. Alvarez, I don't want to have my blood drawn."

Adam locked eyes with her. "Then tell me the truth right now-

are you pregnant or not? Celine, I don't like being lied to, especially about something this serious."

Celine looked up at him. "I'm not pregnant."

"Alright, then let's do the test," Adam replied.

"...

Mr. Alvarez, I just told you the truth, but you still don't believe me. What do you want me to say? That I am pregnant?"

Without sparing her a second glance, Adam turned to the nurse. "Please proceed."

Flustered by Adam's striking appearance, the nurse blushed. "Sir, please help your wife roll up her sleeve."

Wife?

Celine frowned. "You're mistaken. I'm not his wife."

"If you're not his wife, then why would you be pregnant?" the nurse asked.

Celine had no response to that.

At that moment, Adam's fingers reached over and rolled up her sleeve. "I'll begin now," the nurse said.

Celine quickly turned her head, refusing to watch.

Adam's eyes were fixed on her. "Are you afraid of blood?"

She didn't answer.

Adam chuckled. "Aren't you a doctor?"

How could you be afraid of having your own blood drawn?"

What kind of logic was that?

Celine had no intention of entertaining his teasing.

Before she could respond, Adam cupped the back of her head, guiding her face into his chest.

His deep, soothing voice resonated above her. "Close your eyes. Don't look."

Celine instinctively tried to pull away, but his voice hardened. "Don't move."

Left with no choice, she stayed still. With her face buried against him, his clean, masculine scent surrounded her, making it impossible to escape. After the blood test was finished, Celine sat on a bench in the corridor. Adam stood before her, his tall frame casting a shadow over her.

She looked up at him and said, "Mr. Alvarez, you're wasting your time. I told you-

I'm not pregnant."

"I want to see the results for myself."

Just then,

Owen hurried over,

holding the test results in his hands.

"Mr. Alvarez, Ms. Tate's pregnancy

t results are here." Contency

Adam silently took the report from him.

"Mr. Alvarez, Ms. Tate is not pregnant," Owen remarked.

Adam's gaze dropped to the paper in his hands, which indeed confirmed that Celine was not pregnant.

Celine stood up. "Mr. Alvarez, do you finally believe me now? I'm not pregnant."

What Adam didn't know was that

Celine had given herself an injection before arriving, deliberately altering the test results. After all, she was the renowned Dr. C. Adam found himself caught in a whirl of conflicting emotions, unsure of what he was actually feeling. Was he relieved-or was it something else entirely?

Logically, he should be relieved he didn't want a child, and a pregnancy would be an unwelcome and inconvenient complication.

But now that it was confirmed she wasn't pregnant, Adam realized he didn't feel the

sense of relief he'd expected.

Celine's voice broke through his thoughts. "Mr. Alvarez, shall we go now?"

His expression remained impassive. "Let's go."

Owen quickly rose, bowing respectfully as he bid them farewell. "Mr. Alvarez, Ms. Tate, please have a safe journey."