

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 462

Adam and Celine got into the Rolls-Royce.

"Mr. Alvarez, please take me home," Celine said.

Adam's fingers tightened around the steering wheel as he pressed the gas pedal. The car roared to life, speeding toward Jupiter Heights.

"Is Perry staying over at your place tonight?" he asked.

"Yes. Jupiter Heights is the condominium Perry bought for me. He's my boyfriend now. Isn't that normal?"

"Are you two going to sleep together tonight?"

Celine froze. "And what about you, Mr. Alvarez? Will you be sleeping with Carly tonight?" she countered.

Adam remained silent.

Celine's gaze drifted to his long, defined fingers as he removed his black suit jacket. Beneath it, he wore a white shirt and a fitted vest, the cuffs of the shirt hugging his strong wrists. The steel watch on his wrist "Mr. Alvarez, we're divorced. You should stay out of my personal business from now on."

Without warning, the

sound of screeching tires filled the air. Adam turned the wheel sharply and pulled the car over to the side of the road.

Celine jumped in surprise. "Mr. Alvarez, what are you-?"

Before she could finish, Adam's tall, imposing figure leaned toward her. His hands cupped her face, and in the blink of an eye, his lips crashed onto hers.

Celine froze, her

body tensing with shock. But as her mind quickly caught up, she pressed her hands firmly against his chest, trying to push him away. "Let me go, Mr. Alvarez!" she demanded.

Adam pulled away from her lips, but their faces remained dangerously close, their breaths mingling in the small space between them. The sweet, delicate scent of her lingered in every inhale he took. "Do you like Perry?" he asked.

"Of course I do!"

"But do you like him the way you like me?"

Celine stiffened.

Adam watched her, a faint smirk playing on his lips. "Celine, you're a genius- the legendary Dr. C. Even when I was in a coma, you still married me. Just how much do you really like me? What could have possibly made you want me when I was nothing more than an unconscious body?"

His words carried nothing but curiosity, yet to Celine, they felt like a quiet mockery.

She had always believed that Carly was fearless because she was so deeply loved. But in truth, wasn't Adam the same? Hadn't he also grown reckless, emboldened by the unwavering certainty of her love? She locked her eyes with him and said evenly, "I don't love you anymore."

"Are you serious?"

Celine opened her mouth to reply, but before she could get a word out, her vision blurred-

Adam had captured her lips once more.

She struggled, pushing against him, but her slender frame was no match for his strength. He pressed her into the seat, leaving her nowhere to escape.

His kiss was deep and unrelenting, his lips and tongue entwining with hers. Their breaths grew ragged and unsteady.

Before long, Adam's lips wandered down her cheek, brushing through the silky strands of her hair before pressing against the delicate curve of her neck.

His hand slipped beneath her nightgown, fingertips gliding over the warmth of her bare skin.

A deep flush spread across Celine's face as a mix of shame and anger surged through her. She immediately grabbed his wrist, trying to shove his hand away. "Adam, let go of me! You bastard!" 2

Ignoring her, Adam teasingly grazed his teeth over her soft earlobe, his deep, magnetic voice turning husky. "Are you still insisting that you don't like me? Just look at how your body reacts to my touch."

Celine's mind exploded, a rush of heat flooding her head. He certainly had an infuriating way of humiliating her. Without warning, she wrapped an arm around his neck and pressed her lips against his in a bold, searing kiss. After struggling so desperately just moments ago, she had suddenly flipped the game.

Adam froze for a moment before instinctively kissing her back.

Celine's tongue tangled with his as her delicate hands traced over his sculpted chest, slowly venturing lower. Wherever her restless fingers wandered, they

left a burning trail in their wake, stoking the flames between them. Adam's gaze

darkened, a faint crimson haze

creeping in as he buried his face in

her long hair, his breath uneven.

In a soft, almost teasing whisper, Celine asked, "Mr. Alvarez, do you like me?"

Adam froze, momentarily caught off guard.

A sly smile played on Celine's lips. "Mr. Alvarez, have you fallen for me? Just look at you-

one touch, and you're already losing control"

She turned his own words back on him, throwing them in his face.

Adam pressed his tongue against the inside of his cheek, letting out a frustrated chuckle.

Celine held his gaze, her eyes bright and unyielding. "Mr. Alvarez, what's so funny? You still haven't answered my question- do you like me or not?"