

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 463

Celine asked him once again-did he like her or not?

Adam didn't reply. Instead, he cupped her face gently in his hands, his lips leaning in toward hers.

Celine quickly turned her head, avoiding him. "No!"

Adam's grip on her chin tightened, forcing her face back to him. "We've already come this far. Why are you still saying no? Don't you want to give it a try right here in the car?"

Celine looked at him, the city lights casting a soft glow on his striking face. He exuded confidence, wealth, and a magnetic charm that was impossible to ignore. With his bold, provocative words, he was enough to make her pulse quicken.

But despite the heat stirring inside her, Celine clenched her jaw, fighting back the impulse. "Actually, yes, I do want to try it in the car," she replied.

Adam's gaze darkened again, a hint of crimson creeping into them. He lowered his head, his lips hovering just above hers.

But just before he kissed her, Celine added, "But not with you, Mr. Alvarez-I'd much rather try it with my boyfriend, Perry."

Adam's body went still.

This woman knew exactly how to provoke him.

"Celine!" he growled, his lips pressing into a tight line.

Despite Carly's persistent advances-her teasing and attempts to stay at his place he had never felt the slightest spark of attraction toward her.

It was the delicate face before him that sparked something deep inside.

"Celine, why do you like me so much? You said we've met before. Is that true?"

Adam had come to her with a purpose-he needed answers.

Celine's gaze remained unwavering as she met his eyes. "Yes, we have met before."

"Where?"

"I've told you this already. Over ten years ago, you were injured and stumbled into a forest."

A sharp gleam flashed in Adam's eyes. Yes, he remembered that place-it was where he had met Carly.

But how could Celine possibly know about it?

Adam fixed his gaze on her. "And?"

"You were injured, and I saved you."

Adam's breath caught in his chest.

Was Celine really saying she had saved him?

That didn't add up.

He was sure it had been Carly.

"And where exactly did you save me?"

Celine hadn't expected Adam to have no memory of it at all. She had already shared so much with him, yet

Cae still couldn't remember. "In a

cave," she answered.

Adam's pupils dilated in disbelief. Could it really be Celine who had saved him all those years ago in the cave?

No.

It had to have been Carly-he was certain of it. So why was Celine insisting it was her?

The truth was becoming painfully clear-between Celine and Carly, one of them was lying.

But who was the one distorting the past?

And who was the real savior from that time?

Celine pushed against his chest,

creating some distance between et

them. Mr. Alvarez, even though I saved you back then, I don't expect anything in return anymore.

"We're divorced now, and all I want is to live my life in peace. Please stop bothering me. It's late-can you just take me home?"

A tinge of disappointment clouded Celine's thoughts. She wasn't the kind of person who would use past favors as a way to manipulate someone. If Adam didn't remember, so be it-she'd let it go.

But Adam was thrown off entirely. For years, he had been certain that the woman

in the cave had been Carly.

He had kept her close, showering her with attention and affection.

But now, the woman he believed to be Carly might actually have been Celine. The realization left him disoriented, his mind a whirlwind of confusion.