

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 483

Celine froze. She looked up at Adam. "What did you say? Whose child did you say this was?"

Adam sneered. "Do I really need to tell you whose child it is? You should know better than anyone! The child is Perry's!"

Celine's slender frame trembled. She didn't want Adam to know about the child's existence, but now that he did, she couldn't let him misunderstand the child's parentage.

"Adam, listen to me carefully. This child is not Perry's. It's yours!"

Celine said the child was his.

Adam was momentarily stunned before he slowly chuckled.

"Adam, what are you laughing at? I'm not joking. This child is really yours. I—"

"Enough, Celine!" He cut her off, reaching out to pinch her delicate chin.

"Celine, you're carrying Perry's child and still have the audacity to tell me it's mine? What do you take me for? Some gullible fool? Or are you just pitying me?"

"I..."

"Celine, listen up. I don't give a damn about the child in your belly. I don't care whose it is!"

Celine's heart turned cold in an instant. The words she had been about to say got stuck in her throat. After what he just said, what was the point of explaining further? He didn't care about this child at all.

She raised her hand and pressed it against his chest. "If that's the case, then let go of me, Mr. Alvarez. You can leave now."

Adam looked at her cold and distant expression, and suddenly, he couldn't take it. In fact, back at the cemetery, he already couldn't take it when she looked at him with those eyes.

"Celine, is Perry really that important to you?"

"Yes! Even if you ask a thousand times, ten thousand times, Perry will always be more important to me than you!"

She actually admitted that Perry was more important than him.

Adam pressed his tongue against the inside of his cheek, laughing in anger.

"Since Perry is so important to you, then considering that he's in my hands right now, shouldn't you do something for him?"

"What do you mean?"

He smirked. "Maybe you could beg me to let Perry go."

"If I beg you, will you let Perry go?"

"I don't know, but at the very least, you could try."

Celine looked at him. "Fine. I beg you. Please let Perry go."

Adam sneered. "Celine, I've never seen anyone beg like this before.

How half-assed. Do I need to tonet

you how a woman should beg a

man? You used to be pretty good at it." swhovel

Her clear eyes contracted slightly. She raised her hand and shoved him hard.
"Mr.

Alvarez, keep dreaming. I will never beg you like that!

He reached out and

patted her

delicate face. "Celine, you're putting on an act now? Trying to play the pure and virtuous woman? Weren't you the one demanding condoms when you slept with me? But when you slept with Perry, he didn't have to use one? Double standards much?"

Celine had no patience to argue with him anymore. "Mr. Alvarez, get out right now!"

Adam lowered his head and kissed her red lips.

She froze at the sudden, forceful kiss. She hadn't expected him to do this.

Hadn't he kissed Carly? Was Carly not enough for him last night?"

Celine struggled violently, but his heavy body was like a brick wall, pressing against her without budging an inch.

She opened her mouth and bit down hard on the corner of his lips.

Adam seized the opportunity to deepen the kiss, forcefully invading and dominating her mouth. A faint taste of blood soon spread between them.

He finally released her lips, wrapped an arm around her waist, and pulled her toward the couch.

His arm was pressed against her stomach, and Celine, who was already feeling unwell, immediately smacked him. "Let go of me! You're hurting my stomach!"

Upon hearing that he was hurting

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her stomach, he stiffened for a moment before he shifted it upward, avoiding her belly. Then, he pushed her down onto the soft couch.