

# THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

## Chapter 487

Celine slowly regained consciousness. Her eyelids fluttered open, but the harsh glare of a white surgical light forced her to squint.

As a doctor, her instincts kicked in immediately. She knew exactly where she was. She was on an operating table.

The cold, hard surface pressed against her back, and she was surrounded by a group of doctors dressed in white coats.

One of the doctors twisted off the caps of several small vials and began drawing liquid into a long syringe.

"Administer the anesthesia immediately. We're proceeding with the abortion," the doctor instructed.

Abortion?

Ever since the attack at Robin's apartment, Celine had known these people were after her and the baby inside her.

She tried to move, but her body was weak. The blow to the back of her neck had been brutal. She could barely muster any strength.

A nurse hesitated. "Doctor, where's the patient's family? Shouldn't a family member be present for an abortion?"

The doctor scoffed. "You haven't heard? The patient's husband is Mr. Alvarez. He won't be coming today. He had already called earlier and ordered us to proceed with the surgery immediately. He wants this baby gone."

Another doctor sighed, glancing at Celine with pity. "You really picked the wrong people to mess with. Of all the people, you had to cross Mr. Alvarez and Ms. Carly. Everyone knows Ms. Carly is his one and only. Why did you go and offend Ms. Carly?"

"Let me spell it out for you. This was all planned by Mr. Alvarez. First, he sent people to your dear best friend's house to lure you in. Then, the moment you walk in, you're caught and strapped on this operating table for an abortion."

Celine lay on the freezing steel table, feeling like she had fallen into a bottomless abyss.

"Adam, how could you be this cruel?" she thought.

She had known he would do anything for Carly, but this was overboard. He kept proving her wrong over and over again.

If she could go back in time, she would rather have never met him.

Celine moved slightly, placing a trembling hand over her stomach.

No. She couldn't let them harm her child. She wouldn't let them.

A doctor's voice broke through her thoughts. "Prepare the injection. We're starting the procedure. Mr. Alvarez is expecting us to report back soon."

The doctor stepped closer, the needle in his hand inching toward her arm.

Celine summoned every last ounce of strength she had. There was no way she would let them take her child!

With

the table, bolting toward the door As

so desperate cry, she lunged off

long as she could get out She

s she could go AS

could scream for help.

She ran to the door. She got closer and closer.

Just as she stretched out her hand to open the door, the doctor yanked her back.

"Let me go! Don't hurt my baby!" She struggled violently.

However, she was too weak. The two doctors easily overpowered her and threw her back onto the freezing table.

"We don't want to do this either, but

we take orders from Mr. Alvarez.

you want someone to blame, blame him."

"No! Stop! Let me go!" Celine's eyes turned bloodshot, and soon, hot tears spilled

down her cheeks.

"Adam... Why? I hate you!" she cursed inwardly.

Back in Jupiter Heights, Adam was reviewing a document in the study when suddenly, he slammed it shut.