

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 618

"Celine is the root of all my problems. Once she's gone, everything will be mine," Carly declared coldly.

At that moment, she was fixated on one thing-Celine's death.

Lucy's gaze turned dark, and a dangerous glint crept into them. "Celine should have died long ago. I thought leaving her in the countryside as a child would do the job, but now... it's time for her to disappear for good."

Carly stared at her. "This is on you now. You need to handle it. I want you to kill Celine."

Lucy froze, disbelief washing over her. "What? Carly... you want me to do it?"

"Who else is there?" Carly retorted. "It's too dangerous to involve anyone else. Don't forget, Dad and Adam are both around. One wrong step, and everything will fall apart. It has to be you. You're my mother-you love me, don't you? You've always done whatever it takes for me."

In the past, Carly had distanced herself from Lucy, often treating her with disdain. But now, everything had changed. She clutched Lucy's hand tightly, her expression filled with desperation.

Lucy felt her heart soften despite everything. After all, Carly was her flesh and blood. "Alright, Carly. I'll take care of it."

Carly's face lit up as she embraced Lucy. "Thank you, Mom! I knew you'd come through for me. I love you. You're the best."

Lucy returned the embrace. "Everything I've done has always been for you, my dear."

With that, Carly's smile vanished, her expression hardening into something cold and calculating. Celine had to die. Hayden had to die. And soon, Lucy would have to die as well.

Carly's thoughts had already begun to turn dark, plotting against Lucy.

Lucy knew the truth about her background, and as long as she kept quiet, Carly's secret would remain safe.

Celine entered Hayden's hospital room once again. He sat in a wheelchair, his body completely paralyzed-unable to move his limbs or speak.

A caregiver was tending to him.

Celine glanced at the caregiver. "You can leave now. I'll take over."

"Of course," the caregiver replied before stepping out of the room.

Celine turned her attention to Hayden. "I'll begin your acupuncture treatment now."

As she reached for her silver needles, Hayden weakly extended his hand, gripping Celine's sleeve.

She paused, turning to face him. "What is it?"

Hayden struggled to open his mouth, trying to speak.

"Do you want to say something?" Celine asked.

Hayden nodded vigorously.

"What is it?"

He nodded again.

"Is it about Carly?"

Hayden's agitation grew, and he nodded even faster.

Celine's

metstincts kicked in, sensing

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t was as if Hayden knew the whole truth.

She opened her hand. "You can't speak,

your

t you can still write. Take

e and write what you need I me in the palm of my hand."

With that, she motioned for Hayden to begin.

Hayden stretched out his hand, his fingers trembling with each

movement. Despite the difficulty, he forced himself to steady his hand, writing each word carefully in the palm of Celine's hand.

She slowly read aloud, "Carly, is, a, liar..."

Her expression shifted instantly. Why would Hayden call Carly a liar?