

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 663

Adam's handsome face filled Celine's vision, and his strong arms wrapped around her waist. "Are you okay?" he whispered.

It had been three long years-three years since she and Adam had parted ways.

Now, caught in his warm embrace, breathing in his clean, masculine scent, Celine felt a wave of dizziness sweep over her.

Nonetheless, she snapped out of it quickly. Pressing her hands against his firm chest, she attempted to push him away. "I'm fine. Thank you, Mr. Alvarez."

Despite this, Adam didn't loosen his grip. If anything, he held her tighter. "What were you thinking just now?"

"Nothing," she responded hastily.

"Liar," he murmured. "You were thinking about me, Celine."

Their bodies remained pressed together, his strong, unyielding frame against her soft, delicate figure. The air between them thickened, charged with an undeniable tension.

Celine stiffened, struggling against his hold. "Mr. Alvarez, let me go!"

"And what if I don't?" Adam countered.

He certainly had no intention of letting her go.

Celine instantly regretted it. She should have never stepped into his office.

She pushed against him, frustration flashing in her clear eyes. "Mr. Alvarez, please show some respect! If you don't let go, I won't hold back!"

As she twisted in his arms, her slender figure moved like an eel, her soft curves pressing against him.

Adam stiffened at the contact. After three years of restraint, his body reacted instinctively, heat rushing through him.

A smirk played on his lips. "And tell me, Celine, how exactly do you plan to 'not hold back'?"

"Mr. Alvarez, are you seriously taking advantage of me? My daughter has been kidnapped, and instead of helping, you've dragged me into your office. What is it you really want?"

Adam's grip tightened around her waist as he lifted her chin with his fingers.

"Celine, do you even understand what it means to take advantage of someone? If I truly wanted to, I wouldn't have brought you here I would have taken you to my bed. I'd have named my price, demanding a night with you in exchange for your daughter's safety."

Celine's eyes widened in shock. Before she could stop herself, her hand snapped up, striking him.

The slap wasn't forceful, yet it landed squarely on his chiseled face, the sharp crack echoing through the room.

Adam's gaze darkened, a storm brewing beneath the surface. "How dare you lay a hand on me?"

Celine met his glare head-on. "Didn't you deserve it, Mr. Alvarez?"

"You brought this on yourself."

Before she could react, Adam captured her lips in a searing kiss.

Celine's mind shattered into chaos, her thoughts spiraling. What was he doing? Was he really forcing a kiss on her?

His firm lips crashed against hers, pressing hard before tracing their soft contours. Like a
wolf,

he parted his mouth, as if desperate to consume her whole.

His kiss was fierce, possessive utterly unyielding.

For three years, Celine had kept her heart guarded, refusing to let any man in. Motherhood had only sharpened her awareness of her own body-its subtle changes, its heightened sensitivity.

Adam had everything-wealth, looks, status,
that, and power. But more than
that, he knew how to command a
kiss, turning it into something utterly irresistible.

Fragments of their past passion flared through Celine's mind, each memory chipping away at her resistance, making her legs weak.

With just one kiss, she felt herself coming undone, melting into his embrace.

Desperate to break free, she gasped, "Mr. Alvarez, you-mmh!"

Adam took full advantage, deepening the kiss as he pried her lips apart, claiming her without mercy.

Celine felt her strength drain from her limbs, and her fingers curled-grasping onto the lapels of his suit instead of pushing him away.

"Adam, don't... ah!"

His hand slipped beneath the hem of her blouse, his touch scorching her skin.

A shudder ran through her, her breath hitching. A soft, helpless whimper escaped

her lips.

The sound sent a jolt through Adam, making his scalp tingle.

Celine was intoxicating-one taste, and he was undone.

That heady sensation surged through his veins, setting his blood aflame, making

restraint feel impossible.