

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 669

It was another virtual number.

These numbers could be generated in seconds, each tied to a different IP address completely untraceable.

The kidnapper was calling.

Celine answered. "Hello."

A distorted, mechanical voice crackled through the line. "Celine, have you arrived?"

Her grip on the phone tightened. "I'm here."

"Good. You must have met the men I prepared for you tonight. Be a good girl and serve them well."

Celine let out a cold, mocking laugh. "Oh, I'm being very obedient. In fact, I'm taking great care of them."

"Liar! You never served them—you fought back!"

Celine's eyes flicked up, her gaze cutting through the private winery like a sharp blade. "You're here, aren't you?"

She had said it to lure the kidnapper out—and it worked.

The kidnapper was watching, hiding somewhere in the shadows, observing her every move.

But the estate was vast. Even as she surveyed the room, she couldn't spot anyone suspicious.

The kidnapper quickly realized she had been outwitted, her voice dripping with venom. "Celine, you tricked me!"

Celine's lips curved into a cold, knowing smirk. "Do we know each other?"

A heavy silence fell between them.

Celine didn't let up. "We do, don't we? There's history between us. This isn't random—you're after me and my daughter. I've figured it out. It's you, Carly, isn't

it?"

Each question was a precise strike, slicing through the lies. She refused to give the kidnapper even a second to breathe, backing her into a corner.

From the second floor, Carly stood motionless, her eyes fixed intently on the tense scene unfolding below.

She had been the one to set this all in motion—luring Celine here, arranging the men, eager to watch her struggle.

But Celine was no fool. Instead of walking into the trap, she had turned the tables, seizing control of the situation.

Now, she was forcing Carly to confront the truth.

Celine's words landed like a splash of cold water, the heavy weight of realization sinking in. Carly's breath caught—she had been exposed.

Still, she quickly denied it. "Celine, you're mistaken. I'm not Carly."

Celine raised an eyebrow. "Really? You didn't even bother asking who Carly is

before denying it. That just confirms it—you are her."

Carly's breath caught in her throat.

Celine tightened her grip on the phone, her tone cold and cutting "I've suspected you for some time, Carly in all of Kinthorne, you're the only one with a motive to target me and Bella.

"But I never thought you'd be reckless enough to kidnap people in broad daylight at the airport-especially Mrs. Alvarez. Though, I suppose that wasn't part of your plan, was it?

"Tell me, Carly, have you even thought this through? Didn't you always dream of marrying Adam? Once Mrs. Alvarez learns you're behind this, do you honestly think she still want you as her daughter-in-law? In the end, all your scheming will be for nothing."

Celine's words hit their mark, and Carly's face twisted with rage, her composure

cracking. "Shut up, Celine!" she spat.

But Celine only smirked. Now, there was no doubt-Carly was the mastermind behind Bella and Grace's kidnapping.

Still, Carly quickly steadied herself, her voice regaining its edge. "Celine, don't try to change the subject. Bella and Mrs. Alvarez are in my hands. Obey and serve these men, Bella's life will be at risk!"

"Keep dreaming, Carly. I would never do such a thing!"

"Oh? Is that so?"

Just then, a child's terrified scream pierced through the phone. "Ah!"

It was Bella.