

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 673

Celine paused mid-step, then decided she wasn't leaving.

Adam was too clever. He knew exactly where her weakness lay and how to press

the one button that would make her cave.

He said with a serious expression, "I believe it was Carly. But if she calls tonight

and I can't find you, it might delay the rescue of Bella and my mom, right?"

Celine pondered for a moment and realized he made a good point. Right now, the

most important thing was ensuring Bella and Grace's safety.

Still, she hesitated. "But Mr. Alvarez, if we both sleep in your lounge... that would

look bad. If your fiancée finds out, she'll get the wrong idea."

Fiancée?

Adam's gaze darkened at the mention of that word. Carly had dared lay a hand on

Bella and his mother. There was no way he would let her off easily for that.

He stepped forward, his tall frame closing the distance between them.

"Celine, do you... want to do something with me tonight?"

His body cast a shadow over Celine as she stared at him in disbelief, her lashes

trembling.

"Do something with you? Mr. Alvarez, what are you saying? You seem to have

some difficulties differentiating fact from fiction. Perhaps you should get yourself

checked out at the hospital."

Her sharp tongue was still as biting as ever. Regardless, it brought a smile to Adam's lips.

"Since you don't plan on doing anything, then nothing will happen tonight. Even if

someone hears about it—what could they possibly say?"

Celine was flabbergasted.

Adam continued, "Relax. You take the bed, and I'll sleep on the couch. It's perfectly safe."

Since he put it that way, there was no reason for her to refuse the offer.

She nodded. "Fine."

Adam led her into his personal lounge.

The room was spacious and decorated in cool tones—his usual style. Celine glanced around and noticed there wasn't a single woman's item in sight.

There was only a full set of men's toiletries.

She turned to him. "Mr. Alvarez, you don't keep any women's items here, do you?"

Adam replied calmly, "No. I've been single for the past three years. Whether it's

here or the villa, there's nothing for women."

In other words, he'd been living a celibate life free from lust.

Celine was a little surprised. With his looks and status, temptation was everywhere—yet he had stayed single for three whole years?

Adam pulled out his phone and called Leo. "Send over a set of women's toiletries."

He ended the call and looked back at her. "Go take a shower. I'll pass it to you when it arrives."

Celine nodded. "Okay."

She was still wearing Adam's black overcoat. She unfastened the buttons and slipped it off, revealing the black spaghetti-strap dress underneath.

Because her back was to Adam, he got a full view of her exquisite, bare back.

Her skin was fair and smooth, curving gently down between her shoulder blades. The lines dipped into a delicate arch and continued

into her hips.

Her figure was even more graceful and alluring than three years ago.

Adam's gaze remained transfixed on her for a long time.

As Celine walked toward the shower, her foot caught on something, and she stumbled.

"Watch out!"

Adam reacted instantly, catching her in his arms.

She fell straight into him.

His arm instinctively wrapped around her waist, his hand pressing against her warm, smooth skin.

His throat bobbed with a heavy swallow.

Celine was still a little shaken. "Sorry, Mr. Alvarez... I slipped. Thanks for catching me."

She tried to stand up.

However, Adam carried her and took a few steps back, pulling her with him. Eventually, Celine's waist bumped into the edge of the vanity, and suddenly, she was trapped between it and Adam's body.

Her lashes trembled. "Mr. Alvarez, what are you doing? Let me go!"

She placed both hands on his firm chest, trying to push him away.

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However, Adam held Celine tightly, pressing her body against his. The thin layer of clothing between them did nothing to hide the heat building between them.

In a low, hoarse voice, he said, "Celine, don't move!"

Celine immediately stiffened. She could already feel the physical change in his body.

Her delicate face flushed scarlet. "Mr. Alvarez, what are you doing?"

Adam said honestly, "I'm not doing anything! Celine, I'm a normal man. I've been single for three years, and now you're standing here, looking like this! It's only natural I'd have some physiological reaction!"

Celine was blushing furiously and squirmed more. "Let me go!"

Adam warned, "If you move again, I might actually do something!"

Celine had no choice but to stop.

Adam reached up and gently held her chin, then lowered his head to give her a soft kiss on the lips.

Celine immediately pushed him away. "Mr. Alvarez, we agreed to stay out of each other's business. If you try anything again—I'm not staying here tonight!"

Faced with her threat, Adam could only release her. "Fine. I won't touch you. Go take your shower."

Celine quickly stepped away, putting as much distance between them as possible. Just then, a series of knocks sounded at the door.

Leo's voice came from outside. "Mr. Alvarez, the ladies' toiletries have arrived."

Adam opened the door, took the shopping bag from Leo, and dismissed him. "That'll be all."

"Yes, sir."

Adam closed the door and handed the bag to Celine. "Your toiletries."

"Thanks."

Celine opened the bag and began inspecting the items-everything was brand new and neatly packed.

She pulled out a set of sleepwear... and her expression darkened instantly.

"Adam Alvarez!" she snapped. "What kind of sleepwear did you tell your men to buy?"

Confused, Adam looked at her and asked, "What do you mean?"

She angrily threw the sleepwear at him. "Take a look yourself!"

Adam caught the silky fabric and instantly understood the problem.

It was a lacy lingerie set-barely enough fabric to cover a hand, all sheer lace and straps.

Adam was stunned.

He looked up at her. "Celine, this is a misunderstanding. I swear this is not what meant Leo must've misinterpreted my request and made the call himself. This has nothing to do with me!"

Celine's face reddened with anger, "They work for you. With a boss like no wonder your
you, it'

vel?

subordinates are just as bad The fish rots from the head

Adam was at a loss for words. This time, he was genuinely innocent.

While looking at her angry, flushed face, Adam smirked. "Well, since you've already accused me, I guess I'll just own up to it. Tonight, wear this sexy lingerie just for me alright?"

He took a step forward. "Want to change on your own? Or should I help you? Actually, why don't I help?"

Celine's eyes widened in disbelief, surprised by how shameless he could be.

She yelled, "You're unbelievable!"

Then, she ran into the bathroom, slamming the door shut and locking it behind her.

Meanwhile, Adam chuckled softly.

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The sound of rushing water came from the bathroom.

Celine was in the middle of her shower.

Adam stood by the window, which he had opened to let the cool night air sweep in, hoping it would cool down the restless heat burning in his chest.

But the fire within him burned even stronger when he thought of Celine's mature, seductive figure.

Memories of those passionate nights they shared three years ago came flooding back, making his self-control waver.

He missed her terribly.

Soon, the sound of running water stopped. Adam closed the window just as the bathroom door opened.

Celine walked out.

Since the sleepwear from earlier was completely inappropriate, she had picked out one of Adam's white dress shirts from the cabinet inside.

The oversized shirt hung loosely over her petite, curvy frame, leaving her legs bare with only a pair of white slippers on her feet. Her long, dark hair was slightly damp, cascading over her shoulders.

She looked like she'd just stepped out of a dream-an irresistible ambrosia.

Upon noticing Adam's staring, Celine immediately glared at him. "What are you looking at? If you don't stop, I'll gouge your eyes out."

Adam smirked. "Why so fierce?"

Celine snapped, "You know exactly why! The couch is mine tonight!"

The room had both a bed and a large, soft couch-comfortable enough to sleep on.

She walked over and lay down on the couch. "Mr. Alvarez, you take the bed."

Adam walked over. "Get on the bed. I'll take the sofa."

Celine refused. "Mr. Alvarez, this is your space. Thanks for letting me stay. I'll take the couch."

Adam raised an eyebrow. "Do you really think I'm the type of man who would let a woman sleep on the couch?"

And with that, he leaned down and scooped her up into his arms.

Just like that, Celine was in his embrace. Her legs kicked around as she struggled, flashing the skin of her bare legs in midair. "Put me down, Mr. Alvarez!" fo

Adam carried her to the bed and placed her down. "Be good. Sleep on the bed."

"But-"

Adam leaned in. "Celine, if you say one more word, I'll make a better suggestion -we both sleep in the bed."

Sleep together? In the same bed?

He wanted to sleep with her?

Celine instantly pulled the blanket over herself, burying down into the mattress.

"Fine! Then I'll take the bed. Please go sleep on the couch."

Adam smirked, reached out, and gave her cheek a light pinch before heading into the bathroom.

Celine lay on the bed, listening as the shower started. The sound of water filled the room again.

She was starting to regret staying the night.

She never expected that, after three years, they would be living under the same roof again.

Just then, a notification rang out

from her phone. It was a messaget

from her group chat with Hailey and Robin.

"Celine, did you already leave the Capitol?" Robin asked.

Neither of them knew about Bella's incident, and Celine didn't plan telling them. It would only make them worry.

Celine replied, "I'm still in the Capitol."

Hailey chimed in. "What? You're still here? You didn't leave? And you didn't even come find me to hang out?"

Celine replied, "Something came up."

"What is it?" Hailey asked.

Celine answered honestly, "I'm at Mr. Alvarez's place right now."