

# THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

## Chapter 676

Robin's alarm for gossip went off immediately. "Wait-Celine, are you getting back together with Mr. Alvarez again? Come on, tell me! Are you guys gonna get it on tonight or what?"

Celine was speechless. She had no idea just how degenerate thoughts were stored up there in Robin's mind. Why would she always think of things from that particular angle?

Celine replied, "Nothing is going on between us!"

Meanwhile, Adam was still taking a cold shower in the bathroom.

He could hear the constant message notifications through the door. Celine was chatting with someone.

Cold water splashed across his firm, muscular torso, trickling down and spraying off his skin. But it did little to cool the heat burning inside him.

Just thinking about Celine lying on his bed sent his mind spiraling.

Adam closed his eyes in frustration and slowly lowered his hands as he called out, "Celine!"

Outside, Celine responded, "What is it, Mr. Alvarez?"

"What are you doing?"

"I'm not doing anything. Just chatting with friends."

"Male friends?"

"Whether they're male or female is my private business. Mr. Alvarez, even if you want to know, I'm afraid that's information I can't divulge."

Adam chuckled, then said in a raspy voice, "What's there to hide? It's not like I haven't seen all parts of you by now."

Celine flushed with fury and growled his name, enunciating each syllable, "Adam Alvarez!"

Inside, Adam smirked. Her voice, though laced with irritation, was so soft and alluring it painted a picture in his mind—and just like that, his self-control snapped. His mind went completely blank.

Outside, Celine was still unaware of what was happening inside. Her "Pretty Girls" group chat pinged again.

Robin asked, "Celine, you've been single for three years. Are you telling me you don't have needs? Can you resist after seeing Mr. Alvarez?"

Celine was speechless.

Robin pressed, "Come on, we're besties. Tell me what you're really thinking."

Celine's cheeks were now bright red, the blush creeping all the way to her ears.

She didn't feel those needs, nor did she want Adam Alvarez.

Just then, the bathroom door opened with a click.

Adam stepped out.

Celine looked up and froze.

He was wearing a black silk robe that was loosely tied around his waist.

It revealed half of his sculpted chest, and his legs looked powerful and toned.

Celine

Adam

He never once denied that

There was a reason why he pursued him for so many

years ridiculously

He casually towel-dried his hair and looked over at her. "What are you staring at?"

Celine snapped, "Mr. Alvarez, you're mistaken. I wasn't looking at you."

He raised an eyebrow. "Oh?"

Her phone buzzed again.

Robin, apparently unsatisfied with just text, had started sending voice messages.

Celine tapped on it, and Robin's

voice blared out loud, "Celine, stop being shy. You've been celibate for

Of course, you've got

urges!

"Mr. Alvarez is hot, built, and rich-jump on him already! A night of passion is priceless."

Celine was mortified. She hadn't expected Robin to say anything like that.

In a panic, she sat up and fumbled with her phone, trying to stop the playback.

However, Robin's voice had already echoed through the room as if it came from a megaphone.

Celine slowly turned her head toward Adam. He was looking straight at her.

She squeezed her eyes shut and

didn't dare open them again. Shenet cbring herself to look apla  
Adam.

"Robin Smith! What the hell are you doing?" Celine silently cursed in her  
mind.

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Adam tossed aside the towel in his hand and strode straight to the edge of the  
bed. He looked down at Celine. "Celine, was everything she said true?"

Celine snapped her eyes open. "No! Robin made it all up!"

"Liar," Adam muttered under his breath. He believed Robin's words.

Why? Wasn't she married to Perry? Why hadn't they done anything intimate in  
the

bedroom?

The moment he heard Robin's voice messages, he was stunned and then  
overjoyed.

He honestly hadn't expected Celine to have been just like him for three years.

Celine said, "Mr. Alvarez, I told you-Robin was just messing around. Don't  
take

her seriously."

Adam narrowed his eyes. "Stop pretending. Do you really think your best  
friend

would lie? Why didn't Perry touch you in the past three years?"

""

He cut her off. "Celine, were you thinking about me all this time?"

It was too late.

She knew Adam heard the voice messages and believed every word. Robin had

even praised his looks and wealth... and now the man was visibly drunk on pride

-not that any of it was untrue.

Celine slapped his hand away. "Mr. Alvarez, for the last time-Robin was joking.

That's just how we banter as friends."

Adam looked down at her and said, "Celine, do you want me?"

What?

Adam grabbed her hand and placed it on his firm chest, then slowly slid it under

his robe onto his well-defined abs.

"Is this what you want?"

Celine had indeed been single for the past three years. Now, with Adam's

seductive coaxing, along with the

defined abs filled with masculine

strength and sculpted allure, her

head went hot in an instant. Her face

immediately flushed red in a fiery

rush.

Celine tried to pull her hands away. "What are you doing, Mr. Alvarez? Have you

no shame?"

However, Adam held onto her hands, preventing her from taking them off his abs.

He smirked, then continued guiding her hand downward.

"Celine, do you really not want this?"

She was exasperated. She widened her eyes, and she immediately shook his hand off. "Adam Alvarez, you pervert!"

Adam pressed one knee on the bed, pinning her beneath him. "Celine, can you feel it? I missed you terribly! I've already relieved myself once in the shower earlier, but I still want more now!"

Celine's eyelashes trembled as she stared at him in disbelief.

What did he just say? He did what in the bathroom?

No wonder he had called out to her and talked to her in the shower earlier. So he was doing that in secret...

Celine twisted her body and tried to crawl under the blankets.

However, Adam grabbed her by the ankle and pulled her back out, pinning her right beneath him.

"Celine, you've been a bad girl!"

He lowered his head and planted a kiss on her lips.

Celine tried to break free, but she  
could not break free from his hold.

Her lips were pried open by his  
tongue as he kissed her fiercely,  
conquering her lips.

Celine, rusty from the lack of practice in the past three years, fell to his  
relentless

assault. "Adam... No... Mmph!"

Adam felt her body relax under him. In fact, the moment his lips met hers, her  
body surrendered immediately, evidently wanting him.

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Adam reached out and tried to pull off the shirt Celine was wearing.

She immediately resisted. "Adam Alvarez!"

He kissed her wildly on her face. "Celine, stop struggling. Look at yourself  
you're clearly just playing hard to get."

Celine gritted her teeth. "I am not!"

"Celine, be good and don't fight me. Tonight, you're mine!"

Adam ripped the shirt off her, pinned both her wrists to the bed, and took her  
by force.

Celine furrowed her brows deeply. She then opened her mouth wide and bit  
Adam hard on the shoulder.

That bastard!

Adam felt the pain deeply as it coursed through him, filling him. At the same time, it brought him great joy.

Tears streamed down the corners of Celine's eyes. She never expected to end up in the same bed with Adam all over again. Although her mind wanted to refuse, her body betrayed her.

Adam's lips landed another kiss on her cheek and tasted her tears.

He immediately cupped her face and asked, "Celine, why are you crying?"

Celine glared at him through her teary eyes. "Adam, you bastard!"

Adam kissed her. "Yes, I'm a bastard. Don't cry."

She snapped, "I'm already married to Perry! I'm his wife! What do you think you're doing, Mr. Alvarez?"

Hearing Perry's name stirred a flash of jealousy in Adam's eyes. "Does he even know he's been cheated on?"

"He had you, a beautiful wife, at home for three years, yet he never touched you all this while. It's his fault he let someone else take what should've been his. I've wanted you this whole time."

How could he say something like this?

Celine gave him another bite on his shoulder.

Her canines pierced through his skin, sinking deep into his shoulder, drawing blood.

Adam held in the pain. His eyes burned red as he lowered his head to seal her mouth with another kiss.

"Celine, do you know how much I



missed

you? I think about you every single night, losing sleep. For three years, women tried to throw themselves at me, but I didn't care.

"I only ever wanted you. The thought of you and Perry... it drove me insane. But then I found out-he never touched you. Celine, give yourself to me. Tonight, you're mine!"

Adam held Celine's hands, and their fingers intertwined tightly.

He had held back for far too long. The wait was too painful for him to bear.

Tonight, he wanted her entirely for himself, to mark her and make her his again.

Celine, exhausted and overwhelmed, could only utter a broken whisper, "Adam, you bastard!"

...

The next morning, Celine felt as if she had been hit by a truck. She was sore everywhere and completely drained.

If it weren't for Bella and Grace's safety weighing on her mind, she might've needed the entire day in bed to recover.

She shifted slightly and realized she was still wrapped in Adam's arms.

He was sound asleep and still holding her close.

His chest and back were covered in long, red scratch marks-every single one left by her last night.

However, when she thought about

his wild and insatiable behavior

night, she believed that she

last

scratched him hard en hadn't t

Even now, she was still mad at him.