

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 683

Carly was frantic. "I'm not standing you up! My dad came home, and something

unexpected happened here."

"Ms. Hampton, how do we know you're telling the truth? You promised to give us

more money, but you haven't increased the amount, and you haven't shown up

either. What's the meaning of this?"

Carly said, "I will give you more money, just not right now. Alright, stop making a

fuss. It's already dark. My dad should be asleep. I'll head over now."

"Alright, Ms. Hampton. Let's hope you actually show up this time."

"How's the old lady and the kid?"

"They're fine. Without your orders, we wouldn't dare lay a hand on them."

Carly was actually furious. If these people hadn't brought Grace into the picture,

none of this trouble would've happened. She could've easily dealt with Bella.

She hung up the phone, got up, and left her room.

The massive estate was quiet. Everyone had gone to bed. Carly carefully made

her way downstairs, silently opened the front door, and tried to slip out.

But as soon as she pulled the door open, a group of black-clad bodyguards was

waiting outside.

"Ms. Hampton!"

Carly jumped in shock. "What are you all doing here?"

"Ms. Hampton, we're guarding the door. You're not allowed to leave."

She was stunned. "Why can't I go out?"

If she didn't leave, her men would start panicking. She had to go out tonight.

The bodyguard said, "Sorry, Ms. Hampton, but you have to stay inside the estate.

You're not allowed to step out."

Carly snapped, "How dare you? Do you even know who I am? I'm the eldest daughter of the Hampton family, the heiress of the wealthiest man alive! If you defy me, I'll have my dad replace all of you and make sure you're severely punished!"

The bodyguard remained unfazed. "Sorry, Ms. Hampton. These are Mr. Hampton's orders. You are not to leave the house."

What? Nigel ordered this? Why?

Carly refused to believe it. "No way! My dad would never do this! Move aside, I'm

leaving!"

Just then, a deep and magnetic voice came from upstairs. "Carly, I gave the order

to keep you from leaving."

Carly looked up and saw Nigel's tall figure standing on the intricately carved balcony on the second floor.

Furious, she stomped her foot. "Dad! Why are you restricting my freedom? I have

to go out!"

Before Nigel could respond, a clear

and elegant voice rang out. "Ms.

Hampton, it's so late. Where

are you trying to go?"

Carly stiffened.

Celine stood next to Nigel. From her elevated position, she looked down at Carly

with her bright, intelligent eyes.

Carly clenched her fists. "Celine, it's you again! You're the one who told my dad to

keep me locked up, right?"

Celine nodded. "That's right. I did tell Mr. Hampton to do this."

Carly was livid. How was it that even

now, despite being the daughter of

the richest man alive, Nigel still sided with Celine? Whatever Celine said, Nigel agreed to it without hesitation.

While looking at them standing together like that, Carly was so angry she could cough up blood.

She had been thriving for the past three years. But the moment Celine showed up, her good days came to an abrupt end.

"Dad! How can you stand by Celine, an outsider, and go against me? I'm your biological daughter!"

Nigel looked at her. "Carly, where exactly are you trying to go so late at night? If you tell me, I'll go with you."

She froze.

Celine smiled, "Ms. Hampton, Mr. Hampton really cares about you.

He's worried that it may be dangerous for a young woman to go out alone at this hour. Hurry up and tell him where you're going so he can accompany you.

"Actually, I'm really curious./ Where are you going in such a hurry? Who's waiting

for you out there?"

Carly fell silent. She was fuming at Celine's sweet but sharp words.

Chapter 684

Nigel looked at Carly. "Carly, say something."

What could Carly say? If she kept resisting, her father would really start getting suspicious.

She said, "I made plans with Melody to go dancing at a bar. I just want to go out and have fun."

Nigel frowned. "No, it's too late. You're not going anywhere. Go back to your room and get some rest."

Carly protested, "Dad, I—"

He interrupted, "Your mother will be coming back to see you in the next couple of days."

What? She was stunned. "My mom is coming back? Isn't she dead?"

He replied, "She never died. She's coming back to see you."

Carly was stunned. She had always thought Fiona was dead. But now, she had somehow come back to life.

If Fiona returned, would her secret be exposed?

Celine was Fiona's biological daughter. The bond between a mother and daughter was far stronger than that between a father and daughter. Now that

Celine was living in the Hampton residence, wouldn't her true identity be exposed?

Celine looked at Carly. "Ms. Hampton, your mother is coming back. Why don't I see even a trace of joy on your face?"

Carly hated—no, absolutely despised-Celine!

"I was abandoned in Mercity when I was little. I blame my father. And I blame my mother, too!" Carly retorted.

With that, she turned and stormed inside.

Celine smirked slightly.

Carly was pretty clever, after all. She instantly triggered Nigel's guilt toward his daughter with just a few words. Now, he would only love and spoil her more to make up for it.

Nigel glanced in the direction Carly had left, then turned to Celine beside him.

"Ms. Tate, you're really making yourself at home in the Hampton family. You even dared to barge into my study."

Celine immediately apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Hampton. I knocked, but the door was open. I happened to see you talking to Carly, so walked on my own. My apologies.

He looked at her delicate face, and for some reason, he found that he couldn't bring himself to blame her.

No one around him had ever been as bold as Celine.

As Nigel and Celine stood in the study, she noticed a painting hanging on the wall. The woman in the painting was Fiona.

It was

Fiona. In the painting, Fiona was et

dressed in a red gown as

dressed first time seeing

dazzling

and bold as a blooming roe

Celine felt drawn to it. She slowly stepped forward, raising her hand as if to touch the painting.

Behind her, Nigel immediately spoke up. "Don't touch it!"

Her hand froze in midair. Awkwardly, she withdrew it. "Sorry, Mr. Hampton."

She hadn't meant to, but the Fiona in the painting felt like a magnet-pulling her in, making her want to get closer and closer.

Celine asked, "Mr. Hampton, is this Mrs. Hampton?"

He nodded. "Yes."

"Did you paint this yourself, Mr. Hampton?"

Nigel didn't say anything, but his silence was enough.

Celine smirked. Then suddenly, she laughed.

He narrowed his eyes. "What's so funny, Ms. Tate?"

She arched her slender brows. "I'm laughing at you, Mr. Hampton." "And what's so funny about me?"

"I find it amusing that back when Mrs. Hampton was still around, you were tangled up with your first love, your so-called one that got away. But now that Mrs. Hampton is gone, here you are, painting her portrait with your own hands, staring at it like you miss her.

"Tell me, Mr. Hampton. Do you actually think of yourself as some kind of devoted man?"

Nigel looked at Celine and frowned unhappily. "Celine, you're being impudent!"

Everyone knew that Fiona was a thorn in Nigel's heart. No one dared to touch on that subject. Yet, not only did Celine bring it up, she even mocked him. This woman was really bold.

Celine asked, "Mr. Hampton, did I say something wrong?"

Nigel was silent for a moment. "Nothing happened between Anne and me!"

"If nothing happened, then why did Mrs. Hampton misunderstood?"

"That's because she's petty and jealous."

"Mr. Hampton, you're really something. Whenever there's a problem, it's always because Mrs. Hampton is petty and jealous. If no other women were around you, how could Mrs. Hampton even be petty and jealous?"

"In other words, if you already knew Mrs. Hampton was petty and jealous, then why did you still keep other women around?"

Nigel was left speechless.

In the past, Fiona would make a scene, giving him a headache. Now, with Celine here, her sharp tongue left him completely defenseless.

"Ms. Tate, this is a private matter between my wife and me. It has nothing to do with you. I advise you to mind your own business."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hampton. Then, I won't say anything more. I'll take my leave."

Celine turned to walk out, but suddenly, something came to mind. She looked back and added, "Oh, right, Mr. Hampton, I think I should correct you on

something. Mrs. Hampton is now your ex-wife, so this isn't really your family business anymore, is it?"

"Get out!"

At that moment, Anne's voice suddenly rang from outside. "Adam, you can't barge into Nigel's study!"

Soon, a deep and magnetic male voice followed. "Where is Celine? I heard she came to the Hampton residence, right? Is she in Mr. Hampton's study right now?" Adam hesitated. "Adam, I..."

"Ms. Warwick, please step aside. I need to see Celine!"

"Adam, this is Mr. Hampton's study. How about this? How about this? Wait outside for a moment, and I'll go in and let him know—"

"There's no need for that!"

The study door creaked open, and a tall, handsome figure appeared at the doorway.

Nigel looked up at the uninvited guest, Adam, frowning.

Adam strode in with his long legs,

and walked up to Celine. "Celine, why

did you leave so suddenly without telling me? Why did you come to Mr. Hampton's place?" fo

Celine hadn't expected Adam to catch up so quickly. "Mr. Alvarez, I was just visiting Mr. Hampton as a guest."

Adam pressed his lips together in displeasure. "You came as a guest, yet you ended up in Mr. Hampton's study? What exactly is your o relationship with Mr. Hampton?"

Nigel was already in a bad mood, and now it got even worse. The way Adam was looking at him was as if he had caught him in the act of something indecent.

Nigel snapped, "Adam, what are you implying? Are you suspecting that something is happening between Ms. Tate and me? I'm old enough to be Ms. Tate's father!"

Adam glanced at Nigel. "How would I know what's going on in your mind? Aren't

older men into younger women these days?"

Nigel was at a loss for words. That was basically a direct insult to his face.

He barked, "Get out, all of you!"

He ordered Celine and Adam to leave together.

Anne stepped forward. "Ms. Tate, Adam, please step out. Don't make Mr. Hampton any angrier."

Adam took Celine's small hand. "Celine, let's go."