

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 693

Nigel held his phone tightly. "Carly is with me. I've booked a private room at the Atlas Hotel for lunch. You can meet her there."

Fiona agreed immediately. "Alright, see you at noon."

Just then, a young man's voice came through from Fiona's end. "Fiona, where are we going now?"

Nigel frowned. "Fiona..."

Before he could say another word, the line went dead. She had hung up without hesitation, making it clear that aside from their daughter, she had nothing more to say to him.

Nigel was speechless.

Anne, who had been watching closely, immediately knew Fiona was on the other end. No one in this world could shake Nigel's emotions the way she did.

She stepped forward. "Nigel, was that Fiona?"

Carly's heart skipped a beat. "Dad, was that my mom?"

Nigel nodded. "Yes. She's back. You'll see her at the Atlas Hotel at noon."

Fiona's return was sooner than expected. Carly had been dreading this moment, but after a second thought, she saw an opportunity.

If Nigel hadn't realized she wasn't his real daughter, then Fiona wouldn't either. Soon, she would have another doting parent on her side, and life would be even smoother.

"Dad, now that Mom's back and you're treating me so unfairly, I'm telling her everything the moment I see her!" she huffed.

Nigel pursed his lips. "Don't go saying nonsense in front of your mother. She has a strong personality. She's the only daughter of the Jakeman family and is now

the head of their entire empire. She manages all their businesses herself."

Carly's eyes lit up. She hadn't expected Fiona to be so powerful. The Jakeman family's industries spanned the globe, dominating the jewelry fashion, and entertainment sectors. Since childhood, Fiona was a business prodigy, raised with the utmost care and privilege.

When the Hamptons and the Jakemans united through marriage, Fiona became Nigel's wife, bringing together two powerful families.

Carly was thrilled. Since Fiona controlled everything, that meant one day, it would

all be hers. As their only daughter, she was set to inherit both family empires.

Carly turned to Nigel and declared, "Dad, you favor Celine over me! Everyone says a rich father only means more siblings, but a rich mother? That means real power. I'm moving in with Mom. I don't want to live here anymore!"

Nigel's expression darkened. "Carly!"

At the same time, Anna was delighted. If Carly left, it would be much easier for her to become Mrs. Hampton.

She quickly chimed in. "Alright, Nigel, don't argue with Carly. She's been through a lot lately. Let her rest, freshen up, and get ready for lunch with Fiona."

Nigel turned to Carly. "Carly, you kidnapped Bella and Mrs. Alvarez. How do you plan to take responsibility for this?"

Carly had no interest in discussing it. "Dad, you'll take care of it for me, won't you?"

"Carly, this is your mess. You need to handle it yourself," Nigel firmly said.

"If you won't help me, then I'll go to my mom! I'm sure she'll take my side. Anyway,

I'm tired. I'm going upstairs to sleep," Carly huffed.

With that, Carly stormed off.

Nigel was left fuming, unsure how to deal with a daughter like her. She had no remorse, reflection, or sense of responsibility, yet she acted as if she had done nothing wrong. He honestly didn't know how to deal with her anymore.