

# THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

## Chapter 697

Fiona began, "Let me tell you, I am—"

Before she could finish, Carly impatiently cut her off. "I don't care who you are, and I'm not interested in finding out. You ruined my dress, so kneel down and apologize!"

Fiona raised an eyebrow. "And if I don't?"

Carly sneered. "Then don't blame me for being ruthless! Guards!"

Two men in black suits appeared instantly. "Ms. Hampton."

Carly pointed straight at Fiona. "Grab her! Make her kneel and apologize!"

"Yes, Ms. Hampton!"

The two bodyguards stepped toward Fiona, closing in on her.

Fiona let out a cold laugh. "I'd think twice if I were you. Lay a hand on me, and you'll regret it."

Carly scoffed. "Are you threatening me? When you find out who I am, you'll be so scared your legs will go weak!"

Fiona smirked. "You sure talk big."

"What are you all waiting for? Grab her!" Carly ordered.

Just then, a clear, composed voice rang out. "Ms. Hampton, are you throwing your weight around again?"

Carly turned her head and immediately frowned. Of all people, it had to be Celine.

Celine strolled over with a knowing smile. "I'm here to dine at the Atlas Hotel, yet I didn't expect to see Ms. Hampton making a scene from so far away. Who are you lecturing this time?"

Carly's expression darkened. "Celine, I'm teaching someone a lesson. This has nothing to do with you, so stay out of it."

Celine's smile didn't fade. "And what if I don't?"

Fiona turned to look at Celine. Compared to Carly's arrogant and sharp demeanor, Celine's graceful presence immediately caught Fiona's eye. She smiled warmly. "Hello, miss."

Celine looked at Fiona and smiled politely. "Hello..."

However, her voice trailed off when she saw Fiona's face.

Celine had seen Fiona's portrait before—one from over 20 years ago. The Fiona

in front of her looked exactly like the woman in the picture.

Celine gasped. "It's you!"

Fiona raised an eyebrow. "Do you know me?"

Before Celine could respond, Carly cut her off. "Čeline, you actually know this clumsy woman? I guess birds of a feather do flock together. You must be the type to hang out with someone who sleeps with rich men, just like her. As for me, my friends are all high-society ladies of the Capitol!"

Celine stared at Carly in astonishment. "Ms. Hampton, what are you saying about her?"

Carly scoffed. "Did I say something wrong? I've never seen her before, but she's dressed in designer brands from head to toe. She's obviously some rich man's kept woman."

Celine was speechless for a moment, then suddenly chuckled. "Ms. Hampton, once you realize who she is, I bet you'll cry."

Carly frowned. "Why would I cry? Wait, why am I wasting time with both of you? Since you're sticking your nose in where it doesn't belong, I'll make sure both of you get what's coming to you!"

Just then, a deep, magnetic voice interrupted. "What's going on here?"

Carly looked up and saw Nigel standing there.

His appearance gave Carly an immense sense of confidence. She immediately

ran to his side, linking her arm through his.

"Dad, you're just in time! This woman and Celine are bullying me. Have someone deal with them, especially her. She can't even watch where she's walking. I want her to kneel and apologize!"