

The Divorce Prescription

Chapter 7

Carly smiled sweetly, her heart brimming with happiness. She relaxed into Adam's embrace, tilting her face up to him. "I knew you couldn't see me go. You'll always want me."

Being the richest man in Mercy, Adam was not only handsome but also dignified and influential. He could move mountains if he wished. He had everything Carly looked for in a man.

But three years ago, after his car accident, he had been left in a coma. The doctors said he would never wake up. How could she waste her best years on someone who might never come back? So, she left him.

Who would have thought that Celine, stepping in for her, had married him? Then, in just three years, Adam woke up from his coma.

Even now, Carly still didn't understand how it happened. Was it Celine that brought him back?

The doctors called it a medical miracle.

And so, she had returned. She knew Adam loved her. He wouldn't push her away.

Adam stared at Carly's beautiful face. "If it weren't for what happened... do you really think I'd spoil you like this?"

At the mention of it, Carly stiffened, a flash of guilt crossing her eyes. She quickly changed the subject. "Did you sleep with Celine?"

Adam lowered his gaze. "What do you think?"

She knew he hadn't slept with Celine; she was just teasing him, playing coy.

He took the bait, the conversation turning more flirtatious.

Carly liked this side of him—the mature, charming man with a hint of mischief that made her heart race with every word.

She wrapped her arms around his neck, her lips brushing near his as she whispered, "Do you want to sleep with me?"

Leo, who had been following Adam for years, smartly raised the partition between the front and back seats.

Adam didn't answer, just looked at her.

Carly was wearing a red spaghetti strap dress, the hem riding up as she straddled him. Her long, slender legs were completely exposed.

She tightened her arms around his neck, pulling him closer. "Come on, tell me. Do you want some sexy time with me or not?"

If he said yes, she was ready right then and there.

Adam understood her intentions. But for some reason, his mind wandered back to earlier at the club.

Carly asked him who he thought was more attractive—her or Celine's. For some reason, Adam couldn't stop thinking about Celine at that moment.

He gently pulled Carly's arms from around his neck. "I'm still married to Celine."

Carly was unfazed. "And?"

Adam said, "I have no intention of cheating on my wife."

Carly went silent, all the heat between them evaporating. She got up from his lap, feeling disappointed. She had her pride. She would only sleep with Adam if he wanted her.

She turned to look at him, defiant. "So when are you going to divorce Celine?"

Adam gazed out the window, his thoughts momentarily drifting. It was good that Celine asked for a divorce—he had been planning on it anyway.

His voice was cold as he replied, "Soon."

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Back at the apartment, Celine lay down on her soft bed, letting the exhaustion from the night wash over her. After tonight's indulgence, it was time for her life to get back on track.

She grabbed her phone and opened WhatsApp.

She had two accounts. She had been using her "Celine Tate-Alvarez" account for the past three years, but that one was now officially offline.

When she logged into her other account, her WhatsApp was flooded with messages from a group chat with the name "Happy Family".

She opened it and saw Cyrus Pope's message. "Wow! Celine, you're finally back online!"

Then, another message from Jason Miles came in. "Welcome back, Celine!"

Perry Marshall said, "It's good to have you back!"

All three of them were delighted, eagerly celebrating their reunion through WhatsApp.

Cyrus said, "Three years ago, Celine was focusing on romance, saying goodbye to us and running off to find herself a man. So, Celine, is being with a man fun?"

Celine replied, "Not at all."

"Looks like someone's got her heart broken," Jason teased.

Perry jumped in. "So even Celine has someone she can't handle, huh?"

Cyrus couldn't stop laughing. "Alright, stop making fun of Celine. Let's just say she's been through a tough time with romance these past three years. Sorry, it's just too funny. I need a moment to laugh it off. Oh my goodness!"

Celine rolled her eyes, wishing she could kick them out of the group chat.

Just then, Cyrus got back to business. "Celine, it's time for you to get back to work. The surgery appointments are piling up. I've already scheduled a tricky heart surgery for you tomorrow at Haven Hospital."

Celine replied with an "Okay" emoji.

She noticed a new message when she returned to WhatsApp's main page. She clicked on it—it was from Adam.

It was almost ironic. For the past three years, she had messaged him daily using her "Celine Tate-Alvarez" account, and he hadn't responded once. Now, she had logged into this account, and he was trying to contact her.

Then, the thought crossed her mind, "You thought you were better than me, but now I'm out of your league."

Celine's fingers hovered over the screen, ready to tap on the chat box.

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Alvarez Group was a powerhouse in Mercy, dominating the city's economy. The building towered over everything, glowing even brighter at night, symbolizing wealth and power.

After dropping off Carly, Adam made his way to his office. He sat in a sleek, black leather chair, reading through documents.

He signed his name at the bottom of each page with sharp, decisive strokes. The city lights reflected off the tall windows as if the whole city was there to highlight his presence.

His phone buzzed with a WhatsApp notification.

Adam picked it up. It was a message from that junior of his.

When he read the reply, he paused for a moment before a smirk appeared on his lips. He couldn't help but laugh.