

# THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

## Chapter 700

Fiona frowned slightly. "I don't know why, but I feel like something is off about Carly. Did you do a DNA test?"

Nigel shook his head. "No."

Fiona's expression became serious. "Then you should do one. I want to see the results."

Nigel looked at her in confusion. "I found Carly in Mercity. She's been raised by Hayden, who's always admired you. How could there be any mistake?"

Fiona looked at Nigel, taking in his sharp features, which were partially obscured by the dim light. Now in his 40s, he carried an air of wealth, power, and experience. The once-young and reckless heir of the Hampton family had become a formidable business tycoon.

She smirked. "Mr. Hampton, listen to yourself. Why do you sound so jealous?"

Nigel scoffed. "What's wrong with what I said? You gave birth to our daughter, sent her away without a word, and then disappeared for over 20 years. Were you planning to stay gone forever if I hadn't gone looking for you?"

Fiona let out a cold laugh. Back then, Anne had poisoned her. With that woman always by Nigel's side, she could never leave her daughter in the Capitol. When she gave birth, she barely survived. Her people had secretly taken her away, and for the past two decades, she had been in a coma due to the poison. She had only recently woken up.

"Mr. Hampton, the past is the past. There's nothing left to talk about. Once the DNA results are in, let me know. I have other matters to attend to," she said, leaving.

Nigel's patience finally snapped. He grabbed her delicate arm and pinned her against the wall. "Fiona, what's your attitude? You've been gone for so many years without an explanation, and now you act like this? Why are you so arrogant?"

Fiona met his gaze. "Mr. Hampton, why are you so angry? Haven't found another woman to cool off with?"

Fiona lifted her leg slightly, gliding the tip of her high heel up the fabric of Nigel's black dress pants. The slit in her red dress parted just enough to reveal a hint of her smooth, fair skin.

Nigel's hand clamped down on her shoulder, his dark eyes flickering with anger and something more dangerous. "What the hell do you think you're doing in public?"

Fiona smirked. She loved seeing him like this composed on the surface but barely holding back. "Oh? Didn't you shove me against the wall first, Mr. Hampton? Did I misinterpret your intentions?"

Her hand landed on his chest, trailing down over his suit vest to his crisp white dress shirt. Without hesitation, her fingers slipped under the fabric, brushing against the hard ridges of his abs.

His six-pack abs were sharply defined, with tight, sculpted muscles.

Fiona's bright eyes gleamed with mischief. "Not bad, Mr. Hampton. You're in your 40s, yet still in peak condition, just like before."

She pressed her finger against his abs, giving them a playful poke. "Wow. It's so firm."

Nigel's throat bobbed, and his eyes darkened. Without warning, he leaned in, aiming for her lips.

However, Fiona turned her head at the last moment, evading him effortlessly.

His body stiffened. "Are you messing with me?" he growled.

Fiona withdrew her hand. "Mr. Hampton, let's be clear. What exactly are we now? We're divorced. If you have pent-up frustration, take it elsewhere."

Nigel hissed, "Divorced? If I recall correctly, we never signed the final papers. Like it or not, Fiona, you're still my wife."

Fiona lifted her chin, unwilling to back down, "So what? A missing piece of paper doesn't change the fact that we've been separated for over 20 years. I'll have my lawyer file for an official divorce first thing tomorrow. That certificate will be in my hands in no time."