

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 701

Nigel stared at Fiona, holding her chin. "20 years apart? That almost sounds like you're complaining. Like you've been lonely all this time. Guess I'll have to make it up for you tonight."

Fiona remained silent.

She raised her hand and slapped his hand away. "Why don't you go find your first love instead? Have you two been sleeping on my bed when I was away these years?"

Nigel's expression turned grim as he responded, "How many times do I have to say it? Nothing ever happened between Anne and me!"

Fiona arched her brow. "Oh, really? You expect me to believe that? You never slept with her in over 20 years?"

Nigel paused for a moment before saying, "Don't project your filthy thoughts onto me!"

So, he really hadn't slept with Anne?

Fiona's curiosity was piqued. "So what then? Have you been fooling around with secretaries, or maybe keeping a college girl as your side chick?"

"Fiona!"

Fiona responded, "Why so worked up? Did I hit a nerve? Don't tell me you've been celibate all these years. I'd never believe it."

His gaze fell to her lips, which was slightly parted as she spoke.

Then, without warning, he leaned in and kissed her.

Fiona's eyes widened. She shoved at his chest, but Nigel seized both her wrists and pinned them against the wall as he kissed her intensely, forcing her lips apart and taking what he wanted.

Fiona blushed. They weren't young anymore, yet he still kissed her like this, as if nothing had changed.

"Let me go!" she snapped.

She bit down hard on his lip.

Nigel flinched, sucking in a sharp breath at the sting.

After wiping the corner of his mouth with the back of his hand, he saw the smear of blood on his fingers.

Nigel was about to speak when a voice interrupted him.

"Nigel," Anne called out.

As Fiona looked up, she saw Anne approaching them. Immediately, she shoved Nigel away, forcing him to take a step back.

Anne walked over and saw the cut on Nigel's lip. She quickly asked with concern, "Nigel, why are you bleeding?"

As she spoke, she turned to Fiona and said softly, "Ms. Jakeman, it's wonderful to have you back, but you've misunderstood everything about me and Nigel.

"We're just close friends, and he kept me around all these years out of kindness. If my presence is causing trouble between you two, I can leave right now and never see him again."

Fiona looked at Anne coldly. Anne was as calculating as ever, playing the victim while stirring up drama.

Fiona had fallen for her tricks before.

"No need, Anne. Whatever relationship you have with Nigel, I couldn't care less. If you want him, just take him. I don't want him anymore."

Nigel's expression turned grim. "Fiona!"

Fiona stepped closer to Anne, lowering her voice with a taunting smile. "I've been gone for over 20 years, and yet you still haven't become his wife? Not doing so well, are you, Anne?"

For a moment, Anne's gentle facade nearly cracked.

Fiona wasn't done. "Keep trying, Anne. I guess you must be in your 40s by now: Honestly, I feel so sorry for you. Being a mistress in your 20s is one thing, what with sneaking around with another woman's husband. Clinging to that role in your forties, though, is just sad."

Anne's expression changed instantly. Clenching her fists, she shouted, "Fiona!"

Fiona glanced at Nigel and said, "Mr. Hampton, bye."

With that, she left.

Anne quickly composed herself and stepped closer to Nigel. "Nigel, you still haven't explained things to her? I don't mind if she humiliates me, but I hate seeing you two fight because of me."

Nigel didn't respond. He was so angry when he watched Fiona swaying her hips

as she left.