

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 702

Anne lifted her hand, intending to wipe the corner of Nigel's lips. "Nigel, are you

okay?"

Before she could touch him, Nigel took a step back. "I'm heading home."

With that, he left.

Anne's hand froze midair. Now that no one else was around, she dropped the gentle act, her expression twisting with resentment and malice.

She hated Fiona.

Anne was the daughter of the Hampton family's driver. Years ago, her father had

died saving Nigel's father, leaving her an orphan.

Out of gratitude, Nigel had always looked after her, and she had grown up alongside Nigel.

She had loved him for as long as she could remember, convinced that one day

she would marry him and become his wife.

However, out of nowhere, the Hamptons and the Jakemans arranged a marriage

alliance, and Nigel married Fiona.

At first, Anne consoled herself with the thought that Fiona was nothing more than

a bargaining chip. She had always thought Fiona was just a woman doomed to a

lonely life in a loveless marriage, but that wasn't the case.

Fiona was a seductress. The moment she married into the family, she latched onto Nigel and never let go.

Anne had stood outside Nigel's study one night two years into their marriage. The

door wasn't fully closed, just slightly ajar.

When she peered through the gap, she saw them. There was a stack of documents on the desk when Nigel was seated in his office chair.

Fiona straddled his lap, and her slip dress slipped off one shoulder, revealing bare, silken skin.

Nigel's voice was hoarse as he said, "I still have a lot of work to do tonight."

Fiona clung to him and said, "Stop working, darling. I want it."

Nigel pulled her into his arms and replied, "Let's go to the bedroom then."

She refused. "Let's do it right here in your study. Don't you like that?"

He tilted his head back and kissed her, letting her hands slip under his expensive

dress shirt and roam wherever they pleased.

Breathless, she murmured, "I heard you hired a very pretty secretary."

"Who?"

"Don't play dumb. That gorgeous secretary of yours-she's practically eyeing you

like a meal."

Nigel chuckled. "I really have no idea who you're talking about."

"Really? Well, since you don't even know her, I'll just tell your secretary to have

her transferred somewhere else."

"Do as you like."

Satisfied, Fiona's voice turned

saccharine. "Darling, do you think I'm

being petty? It's your fault for being

so handsome and rich. If I don't

keep an eye on you, you'll end up

'feeding the public."

With a serious expression, Nigel slid

his hand under her dress. "You never

give me a chance to. You drain me

dry every night-there's nothing left

for anyone else."

Fiona kissed him. "Darling, let's have a baby."

Nigel asked, "What's with the sudden change of heart?"

"Don't you want a baby with me?"

"I do."

Anne was very jealous when she was standing outside the door, watching.

Fiona was a temptress, and there was no doubt about it.

Even when perched on Nigel's lap, she still wore her high heels. One dangled precariously, the thin stiletto brushing against his black dress pants.

It was decadent and sensual, so of course, no man could resist that.

Back then, Nigel was young, full of energy, and driven by natural desires.

Fiona was beautiful, sharp, and capable the treasured daughter of the powerful

Jakeman family, raised in luxury and schooled in charm.

She knew exactly how to take the lead with a man. The moment she chose to marry Nigel, she clung to him and never let go.

For those first few years of marriage, Nigel had been utterly consumed by her.

It wasn't long before Fiona got pregnant. That should have been Anne's chance,

but Fiona never intended to let him go.

Anne had seen it with her own eyes

one night as she stood outside their

bedroom. Nigel was lounging on the

couch while Fiona kneeled before

him, tending to his every need.

A woman like that was irresistible. No man could ever say no to her.