

# THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

## Chapter 705

The receptionist pushed open the office door, and Nigel stepped inside.

Fiona sat behind the executive desk, reviewing documents with effortless poise. "Ms. Jakeman, Mr. Hampton is here."

Without looking up, Fiona signed her name with a flourish. "Mr. Hampton, please have a seat. Let me finish my work first."

Nigel watched her. Today, she wore a crisp white silk blouse tucked into a black pencil skirt.

Her wavy hair was loosely pinned up, exposing the elegant curve of her neck and the delicate lines of her facial features.

At that moment, she looked breathtaking.

The good-looking receptionist turned to him and asked, "Would you like something to drink, Mr. Hampton?"

Nigel replied, "I'll pass. You may go."

"Sure."

Once the receptionist had left, the room finally felt a little quieter.

Fiona finished her work with a final, decisive stroke of her pen, then looked up at him. "I assume you're here because the DNA results are in?"

Nigel pursed his lips as he replied, "And if they weren't? Would that mean I have no reason to see you?"

Fiona arched her brow. "Why are you so sharp-tongued this morning? Who got under your skin?"

Nigel wasn't wrong. Ever since Fiona had come back, their conversations had revolved around their daughter. Beyond that, there was nothing left between them.

He let out a cold chuckle. "You must be enjoying yourself, surrounded by a pack of handsome men. Quite the setup."

Fiona was stunned. "Mr. Hampton, are you talking about my employees?"

"I've never seen a company where every single employee is a man. You've certainly expanded my worldview."

Fiona smiled. "They're all tall, fit,  
handsome, and graduated from  
et top

colleges. That's the standard for

working here. Also, no women were allowed to work here."

Nigel looked at her coldly and asked, "Are you hiring employees or picking a husband? Since when does job performance depend on looks?"

"Mr. Hampton, what's wrong with it? I like looking at attractive men. It's my company, so why not? No wonder men always hire young, beautiful secretaries. Now I get it. Having a view like this everyday is pretty nice. I'm not questioning men anymore, and I understand them. I've become one of them now."

Nigel was speechless. While clenching his fists at his sides, he responded, "Do I have a female secretary? Every single person working under me is a man!"

Eren, standing behind Nigel, quickly forced a smile and said, "Mrs. Hampton, over the years, it's true that Mr. Hampton has only had men around him."

Fiona smiled. "Just because you don't seek out women doesn't mean I can't have men around. And as for you, I'm no longer Mrs. Hampton. Change that and just call me Ms. Jakeman."

Eren chuckled. "Alright, Ms. Jakeman."

"Don't you dare change it. You still have to call her Mrs. Hampton!"

"No, just call me Ms. Jakeman!"

"Fiona, let me tell you, we're still married. You're still my wife!"

Eren fell silent. "Can you two stop fighting? Don't drag me into this, please!"

Fiona rolled her eyes at Nigel, cutting off the pointless bickering. "So, has the DNA test result come in?"

After composing himself, Nigel replied indifferently, "Yes, it's in."

He reached out, and Eren handed him the sealed envelope containing the DNA results.

Fiona jumped to her feet, nervously looking at the sealed bag. "Is Carly really our daughter?"

She had never had a good impression of Carly, despite the natural bond most mothers have with their children. Something about it just didn't feel right to her.

Deep down, she harboured serious doubts. What if Carly wasn't even their biological daughter?