

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 707

The DNA test results confirmed that Carly was Nigel and Fiona's biological daughter.

Fiona was caught off guard. Deep down, she had already convinced herself that Carly wasn't her child. It was a mother's instinct, something she couldn't explain.

However, with the results right in front of her, she had no choice but to believe it.

Carly glanced between Nigel and Fiona. "Dad, Mom, what are you doing?"

Nigel quickly folded the document and put it away. If Carly was truly their daughter, there was no reason for her to know they had even done the test.

"We're just reviewing some paperwork," he said.

Carly nodded, then stepped forward and clung to Fiona's arm. She said sweetly, "Mom, your secretary wouldn't let me in just now. Do I really need permission just to see you?"

Fiona turned to the secretary and said, "Next time Carly comes, let her in immediately."

"Yes, ma'am," he responded with a nod.

Satisfied, Carly's demeanor brightened up. "Mom, you didn't forget what we talked about yesterday, did you? Today is my first day of work, so where are you placing me?"

Fiona said, "Carly, you'll start with an internship in the marketing department."

What? An internship? She was just going to be another regular employee?

Carly was very disappointed. She had expected Fiona to hand over the company's luxury jewelry brand and make her its CEO.

"Mom, you're making me work in marketing? I don't want to," she said petulantly.

"Then where do you want to go?"

"I want the jewelry brand under Jakeman Group."

Fiona exchanged a glance with Nigel, who frowned. "Carly, that brand is worth billions. You have no experience in the jewelry industry, so we can't just hand it over to you."

Fiona added, "Carly, you need to work your way up. You're my daughter; one day, everything I have will be yours. But right now, you're not ready. You need to start from the ground up. If you do well, you'll move up quickly."

Carly was furious. She pulled her hand away from Fiona and shouted, "Mom, I don't want to work in marketing!"

Fiona's attitude was firm as well.

"Carly, this isn't a game. I can't entrust an entire brand and the future of its employees to someone who isn't prepared."

"Mom, you don't care about me at all!"

With that, Carly huffed and stormed out of the office.

"Carly, wait!" Fiona called after her, taking a step forward.

Before she could move any further, her vision blurred, and the room spun around her. Then everything went black as she collapsed to the floor.

Nigel reacted instantly, catching Fiona in his arms before she could fall to the ground.

He wrapped his hand around her waist, holding her close. "Fiona? Fiona! What's wrong?"

Her face was as pale as paper. While leaning weakly against him, she murmured, "My head hurts."

Nigel asked, "Is it the poison? Has it not cleared from your body yet?"

Fiona replied, "Yeah."

Without hesitation, Nigel carried her up and went into the lounge inside her office. He laid her down on the bed.

Fiona shivered, her body trembling from the cold.

Nigel immediately turned on the heater. Soon, warm air quickly filled the room.

He pulled a blanket over her and tucked it around her shoulders. "Are you feeling better?"

She was still freezing, but the warmth radiating from his body was unmistakable.

Without thinking, she reached out and wrapped her arms around him. "Nigel, hold me."

He stiffened for a moment before finally lying down beside her.

Fiona instinctively curled into his chest and slipped her hands under his shirt, drawn to the comforting heat of his skin.

Nigel caught her wandering fingers and gently held them in place. "Fiona, stop!"

Fiona said, "I can't stop myself! Haven't I touched every inch of you before? Don't start acting all shy now."