

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 708

Nigel remained silent. Before he could react, his shirt buttons popped loose, revealing his muscular chest.

Fiona's fingers trailed over the heat of his firm muscles as she pressed against him, curling around him like a vine.

His Adam's apple bobbed, but he let her hold on to him.

The warmth of his body eased her discomfort, though her face was still pale.

"What about Carly..."

"Don't worry. I've already sent someone to follow her. Nothing will happen," Nigel reassured her.

"It's good that she wants to be part of my company, but her ambition is too much. She wants to climb straight to the top. I need to talk to her."

Carly's upbringing had always been a headache for both of them.

Nigel said, "I know."

Suddenly, Fiona glanced up at him. "Nigel, you're having a boner!"

His gaze darkened, and his eyes lingered on her stunning face for only a second before he leaned down to kiss her.

However, she avoided him.

With a swift motion, he rolled over and pinned her beneath him.

She pushed at his chest. "What are you doing?"

Nigel responded, "I'm having a boner now, so what do you think I'm going to do to you?"

Suddenly, Fiona slid her hand into his pocket, fumbling around.

"Fiona!" Nigel called out.

Did she not see him as a man?

Fiona pulled his phone from his pocket. "Since you have a need, I'll help you out. I'll call Anne for you."

She started dialing Anne's number.

Nigel frowned. "Fiona, are you done with this nonsense? I've told you before— nothing ever happened between me and Anne."

She ignored him and stared at the screen instead. "What's the passcode? Is it still my birthday?"

She keyed in her birthdate, and the phone unlocked.

Fiona arched her brow and asked, "You never changed your passcode after all these years?"

He still used the passcode she had set and never even bothered to change it.

Without hesitation, Fiona pulled up Anne's contact and prepared to call. But before she could press the button, Nigel grabbed her wrist and Nig pinned it to the bed.

"Fiona, shouldn't it be your job to take care of my needs since you're my wife?"

"I already had the lawyer draft the divorce papers. Also, Mr. Hampton, I'm not your wife!"

As she spoke, Nigel suddenly kissed her.

She struggled hard. "Let go of me!"

Nigel didn't let go. His lips trailed down her neck, his breath warm fanning against her hair. She had clung to him for comfort, touched him without a second thought

Did she think he was just there for her convenience? Did she have any idea how dangerous it was to push him like this?

Her silk blouse had come undone, and the fabric slipped apart. His hand slid beneath it, his fingertips grazing her skin.

The edge of his expensive watch peeked from under her shirt. It stood out against

the heat between them, polished and controlled.

Fiona's once-pale face was now

flushed She pushed against his

asked Nigel what are you hand and trying to do? Have you no shame?"

His voice was low and hoarse as he replied, "Didn't we used to do this all the time? Anywhere, anytime."

She stiffened. Of course, she hadn't forgotten.

Their marriage had been one of power and strategy, a union between two elite families.

However, they had been surprisingly in sync, especially in bed.

Nigel had been everything one could expect from a husband in a high-society marriage.

He was the one she had chosen, after all.

No one had arranged their engagement for her-she had picked him herself.

