

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 709

Fiona looked at Nigel, then suddenly wrapped her arms around his neck. "I'm not feeling well, Mr. Hampton. Please, spare me."

Nigel knew she was up to no good whenever she acted like this.

He wanted nothing more than to take her right then and there, but upon remembering how she had nearly fainted earlier, he forced himself to hold back.

"Fiona, are you doing this on purpose?"

She blinked with an innocent expression. "What do you mean, Mr. Hampton?" she asked teasingly.

Fiona started to pull her hands back, but Nigel caught them, guiding them downward.

She struggled. "What are you doing?"

Nigel replied, "Help me."

"No way!" she refused.

"Did I say you had a choice?"

After that, he kissed her.

Furious, Carly stormed back into the villa. When she recalled the cold reception she had received from Fiona, she swept the vase on the coffee table to the floor. The vase instantly shattered into pieces.

A maid hurried over and asked, "Ms. Carly, what's wrong?"

Carly seethed. "Get out! I don't want to talk to anyone!"

The maid froze, holding her breath in fear.

Just then, Anne walked in. She gently reassured the maid, "It's fine. You can leave. Just come back to clean it up later."

The maid nodded gratefully. "Yes, I understood."

Once the maid left, Anne casually took a seat on the couch opposite Carly, offering a nonchalant smile.

"Didn't you go to see your mom? Why are you so angry? Oh, wait, I just remembered—Fiona isn't actually your mom."

This morning, Carly gave Anne orders and acted arrogantly. Now, all her confidence had disappeared, and she seemed a bit afraid of her.

Carly stood up and moved to sit beside Anne. She grasped her hand, forcing a smile as she said, "Ms. Warwick, thanks for today."

Anne asked, "Thank me for what?"

"Ms. Warwick, if you hadn't tampered with the DNA paternity test beforehand, my real background would have been exposed."

Anne had forged and arranged the paternity test in advance.

Anne looked Carly up and down. "To be honest, when Nigel first brought you back from Mercity, I didn't suspect a thing. But the moment I saw him ordering a DNA test, I knew you were a fraud. Content belongs to

"You're not some wealthy heiress, and you're not Nigel and Fiona's daughter. You're an imposter! If I could sense it, don't you think Nigel and Fiona did too? They must've had their doubts.

"I simply turned the situation to my advantage and saved you. Otherwise, your days of luxury would have ended right then and there."

Carly finally realized just how

calculating Anne was. She had seen through everything from the start, yet she had remained silent, biding her time until she could manipulate the entire situation. So to'

Carly was completely at her mercy.

"Ms. Warwick, thank you. You're my savior."

Anne let out a cold laugh and pulled her hand away. "Then how do you plan to repay me?"

Carly had expected this. She knew Anne hadn't saved her out of kindness-she just wanted to use her. "Ms. Warwick, what do you need me to do?"

Anne replied, "Carly, I hold your secret in my hands. Whatever I tell you to do you will do it. Fiona is my enemy, and I want you to help me bring her down. More than that want you to help me become Nigel's wife!"

wife!"

They were in the same boat now, so Carly had no choice but to nod. "Alright, Ms.

Warwick. I'll do as you say."

Only then did Anne smile in satisfaction.

Meanwhile, Nigel and Fiona were still in the lounge.

Nigel took a warm towel and gently wiped Fiona's hands.

Still fuming, Fiona grabbed the towel and threw it at his face.

Nigel didn't dodge. He simply let her vent her anger.