

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 713

Fiona and Anne had been locked in a long-standing rivalry, while Fiona's relationship with Nigel remained at a standstill.

But as soon as Celine entered the picture, her clever strategies quickly turned the tide, breaking the deadlock.

With her intelligence, grace, and insight, Celine truly seemed like an angel-impossible not to admire.

Fiona looked at her. "Celine, we've only met once, yet you're doing so much for me. Why?"

Celine's lips curled into a knowing smile. "Ms. Jakeman, though our meeting has been brief, I genuinely like you. Of course, I'll help. But... I should warn you-your daughter, Carly, and I have some history. If she sees us together, it might not go over well."

Fiona couldn't help but see the glaring difference between Carly and Celine.

Carly was spoiled and willful, always demanding luxury brands and frequently pushing Fiona to the brink of frustration.

On the other hand, Celine not only offered to treat her illness but also gave thoughtful advice and guidance.

Although Carly was her biological daughter, she couldn't hold a candle to Celine.

For a brief moment, Fiona found herself wishing that Celine were her daughter instead.

"Celine, you are a precious guest and my lifesaver. As long as I'm here, I won't let Carly throw tantrums or treat you badly. I promise you that."

Celine's expression softened with relief. "Ms. Jakeman, in that case, let's sit back and watch the show."

The drama was about to unfold.

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As Nigel returned to the villa, Anne hurried over to him. "Nigel, you're back!"

Carly quickly followed, approaching him as well. "Dad, you're home."

Nigel turned to Carly. "Carly, why did you run off earlier today? Don't you realize your mom collapsed from the stress after you left?"

Carly, however, couldn't care less about Fiona. In fact, she despised her.

"Dad, I don't think Mom cares about me or loves me at all. I'm really hurt. I grew up without a mother, and thought when she came back, she'd be there for me. But she's let me down in every way." '

As she spoke, Carly subtly pinched herself, forcing out a few tears.

Anne quickly stepped in to comfort her. "Carly, don't cry. It's okay. You still have me. I'll take care of you."

Carly clung to Anne. "Dad, I want Ms. Warwick to be my mom."

Anne looked at Nigel, her gaze a blend of shyness and hope. "Well?"

Nigel's expression darkened, and his voice grew stern. "That's enough, Carly! You only have one mother, and that's Fiona. I don't want to hear anything like that from you again!"

Both Carly and Anne froze, surprised by his sharp response.

Anne's face turned pale. "Nigel, Carly didn't mean it. She was just joking... please, don't take it seriously."

She shot Carly a pointed look.

Unfazed, Carly pressed on, "Dad, I really want Ms. Warwick to be my mom. She's been there for you all these years. Look at her-she's in her 40S, and she's spent her best years with you. Don't you think she deserves more than this?

"When Mom sent me away and abandoned both of us, it was Ms. Warwick who stayed by your side, never once leaving. Dad, you should marry Ms. Warwick. We could finally be a real family, just the three of us. Doesn't that sound perfect?"

Without warning, Nigel raised his hand and slapped Carly across the face.

Carly's head snapped to the side, momentarily disoriented by the sudden blow.

She had made countless mistakes before, yet Nigel had never raised a hand to her. But now, he had actually slapped her.

Anne was equally shocked. "Nigel! How could you hit Carly? She's your daughter, for heaven's sake!"

Carly clutched her throbbing cheek. "Dad... I can't believe you actually hit me! Why? Why would you do that?"