

# THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

## Chapter 715

Anne stood frozen, her mind reeling in disbelief. "What? You've found a way to save Fiona, and it requires you to trade your life for hers?"

Nigel nodded. "Yes."

Anne felt as though she'd been struck by lightning. Her emotions surged, and she took a step forward. "Nigel, are you seriously willing to sacrifice your life for Fiona?"

"Yes," he answered. "I don't want to hide this from you. Your father did a tremendous favor for my family, and I must ensure that you're cared for. It's the least I can do to repay the debt I owe."

Was that all there was between them in his eyes? Was their connection truly just a debt of gratitude? Did he have no deeper feelings for her at all?

Anne met his gaze. "Nigel, are you out of your mind? You're young, successful, and at the top of the business world. How can you possibly throw away your life for Fiona's? I can't accept this!"

Fiona's life seemed trivial in comparison. How could Nigel even consider making such a sacrifice?

No. This was something Anne could never allow to happen.

"I've already made my decision. There's no need to discuss it any further," Nigel replied nonchalantly.

"Nigel!"

"If there's nothing else, please leave," Nigel said, motioning toward the door.

Anne knew him well—once Nigel made up his mind, it was nearly impossible to change it.

Her gaze shifted to the will on the desk. "What about your assets? Carly is your only biological daughter. Are you planning to leave everything to her?"

With Carly now in her corner, Anne was eager to test the extent of her influence.

Anne would have no objections if Nigel were willing to leave his entire fortune to Carly. She waited, her anticipation building as she looked to him for an answer.

Nigel pursed his lips for a moment before replying, "I'm not leaving my assets to Carly."

Anne widened her eyes in disbelief. "Why not? She's your daughter, your only heir."

"You're mistaken," Nigel interjected. "My primary heir is my wife. Fiona and I are not divorced. She is still my wife."

Anne's face turned ashen. "So... you're leaving everything to Fiona?"

Nigel nodded. "Yes, all of my assets will go to her. Carly is impulsive and reckless—she even defies her own mother when things don't go her way. I could never leave everything to her.

"If Carly inherited my fortune, her mother would no longer hold any significance to her. That's why I've decided that Fiona will inherit it. However, if Carly learns to respect and care for her mother, then

perhaps Fiona might consider

sharing the wealth with her."

Anne clenched her fists at her sides. Her nails dug into her palms, but the pain barely registered.

There was no doubt now-everything had been entrusted to Fiona.

Nigel feared that if Carly inherited his wealth, she would disregard Fiona completely.

It had always been about Fiona. Every decision, every action, every choice he made revolved around her.

A wave of anger surged within Anne, but she forced herself to stay composed. She took a deep breath and said, "Nigel, this is your decision, and you have every right to make it. I'll leave now."

Nigel nodded. "Alright."

Anne stepped out of the study, her face clouded with a scowl.

The poison coursing through Fiona's body was Anne's doing-an insidious toxin from Yoruzen. It was the poison Anne had used on Fiona years ago. Anne had held the upper hand for all this time, always emerging victorious.

That was why, even with Fiona's return to the country, Anne had felt no fear.

But now, someone had discovered a way to save Fiona, one that required Nigel's life. This unexpected development had completely thrown Anne off balance, shifting the power dynamic. She had gone from being the one in control to suddenly being on the defensive.