

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 716

Anne couldn't let Nigel save Fiona.

Nigel was hers. If Nigel saved Fiona and left all his wealth to her, Anne would lose everything.

All the years of meticulous planning, all the time she had sacrificed for Nigel—was it all going to waste?

Did he honestly think a villa and some money could make up for everything?

Anne didn't care about that. What she craved was Nigel. She wanted to be Mrs. Hampton. She wanted everything he owned.

It was all meant to be hers.

Anne marched into Carly's room.

Carly was trying on a new dress. After three years of living as a billionaire's daughter, she had become a reckless spender. She had just received a fresh batch of custom haute couture gowns.

Since Celine's arrival in Kinthorne, Carly's life had been nothing but misery. Shopping was the only thing that gave her any relief.

Anne's sudden entrance shocked Carly, who quickly tried to cover herself. "Ms. Warwick! Why didn't you knock? I'm changing!"

Anne's expression darkened. "Get dressed, now. Your days of luxury are about to end."

What was that supposed to mean?

Carly quickly finished dressing and turned to Anne. "Ms. Warwick, what do you mean? What's happening?"

"Nigel is drafting his will."

"What? Why would my dad write a will? He's perfectly fine!"

Still oblivious, Carly was overwhelmed with shock at the news.

"Nigel has found a way to save Fiona-by sacrificing his own life to save hers. That's why he's preparing his will."

What?

Carly's expression shifted. She didn't want Fiona to live-she wanted her gone as soon as possible.

"Do you know how your father plans to distribute his wealth?"

Carly's heart skipped a beat, her eyes lighting up. She was Nigel's only biological daughter, which meant she was set to inherit everything.

Oh my God!

If that was the case, then Nigel could go ahead and die for all she cared.

Anne glanced at Carly, seeing through her every thought. She sneered coldly. "Stop dreaming. Nigel's will doesn't even mention your name."

Carly froze. "What? Am I not his daughter?"

Anne smirked. "Nigel and Fiona aren't divorced, which means Fiona is the primary heir. He plans for her to inherit everything. As for you, he said that if you manage to earn Fiona's favor, she might share it with you. s̄novel

"But honestly, I doubt she'll have any affection for you. Winning her over will be harder than reaching

heavens. So, Carly, it looks the

like you

have nothing."

The final words echoed in Carly's mind like a deafening roar.

She had spent years pretending to be the daughter of one of the wealthiest men

in the world-only to end up with nothing.

She hastily clutched Anne's hand.

"Ms. Warwick, you have to help me! Please think of something-I can't end up with nothing! My father's fortune should belong to me... no, it should be ours!"

Anne flashed a sly smile. "I do have a plan. Just do as I say."

"What's the plan? Please, Ms. Warwick, tell me what's the plan?" Carly asked eagerly.