

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 717

Anne pulled out a packet of powder and handed it to Carly. "Here, take this."

Carly held it in her hand. "What is it, Ms. Warwick?"

Anne smiled slyly. "This is a party drug. You'll make a cup of coffee for Nigel later and mix the powder into it. The only way to neutralize its effect is through intimate relations between a man and a woman. Tonight, I'm going to make Nigel mine."

Anne had carefully prepared herself for this moment. If she could sleep with Nigel tonight, she would conceive his child. With his son, she would gain control and defeat Fiona once and for all.

Carly stared at Anne, her eyes wide with surprise. "Ms. Warwick, did you buy this party drug? Does it really work?"

"I didn't buy it. I made it myself, and it's highly effective."

"Ms. Warwick, do you have any knowledge of medicine?"

"Yes, but that's enough questions for now. Just do as I say. There's no time to waste. If Nigel sacrifices himself for Fiona, we both lose everything. You don't want to end up back at square one, do you?"

Carly quickly shook her head. No, she didn't.

She had become accustomed to the life of luxury, enjoying the wealth and privileges that came with being a billionaire's daughter. She would never let herself fall from such heights.

Now, she and Anne were in this together-there was no going back. She had no choice but to follow Anne's plan.

"Alright, Ms. Warwick, I'll go prepare the coffee now."

"Good. Hurry."

Carly carefully prepared the coffee, making sure to mix it with the party drug. She then walked to the study and knocked on the door.

"Dad, it's me."

"Come in," Nigel replied after a moment.

With that, Carly pushed the door open and entered, placing the coffee on his desk. "I made this for you, Dad."

Nigel met her gaze. "Carly, do you understand the mistakes you've made?" Of course, she didn't.

"I know I've been wrong, Dad. I

shouldn't have been so stubborn or difficult. I shouldn't have caused trouble for Mom or said those things about her. Please, forgive me."

She pressed on, her expression full of sorrow. "Dad, I grew up without you and Mom around, and it left me feeling insecure. That's why I ask for things so often-when you give them to me, it makes me feel like you really love me. I just... really need your love because I love both you and Mom so much."

Nigel felt his heart soften as he listened. No matter what had happened, Carly was still his and Fiona's only daughter.

He had already made up his mind

sacrifice himself, but if nothing

he hoped this would be the Carly finally changed for

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"Carly, as long as you recognize your mistakes, that's all that matters. Your mother and I have always loved you."

Carly gently pushed the coffee cup toward Nigel. "Dad, please have some coffee."

I made it myself-try it."

"Okay."

Nigel took the cup and took a sip.

Carly watched him intently. "How is it, Dad?"

Nigel nodded. "It's good."

"Then you should finish it, Dad."

Without a second thought, Nigel drank the entire cup.

Having completed her task, Carly smiled. "Dad, you can get back to work now. I won't hold you up any longer. I'll leave you to it."

Nigel gave a nod. "Alright."

As Carly stepped out of the study, she spotted Anne waiting in the corridor. Their eyes locked, and Carly subtly flashed an "Okay" gesture.

Anne remained unbothered. Having Carly drug the coffee was the perfect move— Nigel would never suspect a thing.