

# THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

## Chapter 718

Soon, the effects of the party drug would completely take over.

Anne quickly made her way back to her room, a confident smirk tugging at her lips.

She removed her clothes and prepared a lavish milk and rose petal bath. Though she was in her 40s, Anne had never married or had children. With meticulous care, her skin remained radiant and smooth.

Her delicate face radiated a timeless beauty.

Anne felt confident-tonight, Nigel would be hers.

...

In the study, Nigel remained immersed in his work. Since he had decided to make the ultimate sacrifice for Fiona, there were several things he needed to address first.

But soon, an unfamiliar heat began to spread through his body. He loosened the buttons of his shirt, yet the burning sensation didn't subside.

Unable to ignore it any longer, Nigel stood and headed toward his room, deciding to take a cold shower.

However, the freezing water only intensified the heat, fueling the sensation instead of relieving it. The discomfort was maddening.

Now dressed in a sleek black silk robe, Nigel emerged from the bathroom. He sat down on the bed, grabbing his phone to call Eren.

Just then, the edge of the blanket shifted, and Anne emerged from underneath.

Fresh from her bath, her face glowed with a soft, rosy warmth, and her eyes were filled with affection.

"Nigel," she murmured.

Nigel's body tensed as an intense heat swept through him. He swallowed hard, his voice low and strained. "Anne, what are you doing here?"

"Nigel, I've been waiting for you," she replied.

His brows furrowed in frustration. "This is ridiculous! Get off my bed. Now."

He tried to rise, determined to leave.

But before he could move, Anne lunged forward, her arms wrapping tightly around him from behind. Her curvaceous body pressed against his as she whispered, "Nigel, please don't go. Do you really want me to leave?"

Nigel's gaze darkened, a smoldering intensity flickering within them. Despite years

of solitude, he was still a healthy, normal man.

The drug coursing through his veins was merciless, stripping away his remaining self-control, eroding his resolve.

Anne knew exactly how the drug affected him. She could sense his struggle, the tension in his body as he tried to hold on. Her hand traced over his firm muscles, gliding sensually through the fabric of his pajamas.

She leaned in and whispered seductively, "Nigel, you're burning up, aren't you?"

You don't have to fight it anymore. I'm here... I've always been here."

But suddenly, Nigel shoved her away, sending her sprawling onto the bed.

"Do

you even realize what you're doing? This is wrong!" he growled.

He wanted to escape.

However, Anne quickly hooked her arms around his neck, pulling him back down to her. "Nigel, why is it

wrong?ove you-can't you see ne

that?" she pleaded. "You want this, don't you? I'm ready to give myself toyou-I want to be yours.

Nigel fought to maintain control. Beads of sweat formed on his forehead, and his veins stood out against his skin.

But as Anne lay beneath him, her face seemed to blur and transform into Fiona's alluring features. He swallowed hard, his voice cracking as he whispered, "Fiona."

He had called out her name.

Downstairs, Carly sat comfortably on the couch, sipping her coffee.

She knew that Nigel and Anne were alone in the room, inevitable passions waiting to consume them.

Now, Carly only had to wait. Once they gave in, victory would be hers.

Just then, the maid's voice interrupted her thoughts. "Mrs. Hampton, what are you doing back here?"

Mrs. Hampton?

Carly's hand froze just before the cup reached her lips. She looked up, startled to see Fiona walking in.

But Fiona wasn't alone-Celine was right beside her.

The two had entered together.