

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 720

Carly quickly followed Fiona. "Mom, I didn't know Dad and Ms. Warwick were being intimate. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have let you see this."

Fiona felt numb as she turned to Carly. "It's alright, Carly. This isn't your fault. Honestly, it's not that big of a deal. Anne has been living here for years-your dad was probably with her long before now."

Though Fiona had suspected for some time that Nigel and Anne were involved, seeing it firsthand struck her harder than she had anticipated.

"Mom-"

"Carly, I'm going to leave now," Fiona interjected, eager to escape as quickly as possible this place repulsed her.

Watching Fiona's reaction, a smile curled at Carly's lips.

Though Fiona and Celine's sudden appearance had been unexpected, it turned out to be a surprisingly welcome turn of events.

How perfect.

Celine stood in the doorway, her eyes locked on Nigel and Anne inside. Raising an eyebrow, she swiftly pushed the door open and stepped inside. "Mr. Hampton!"

When she heard Celine's voice, Carly froze and turned around. Her breath caught as she saw Celine storming into Nigel's room.

Was Celine completely out of her mind?

Carly quickly stepped forward. "Celine, what do you think you're doing? This is the Hampton residence! Not only did you barge in uninvited, but now you're invading my father's bedroom. Get out, right now!"

She pushed against Celine, trying to force her out of the room.

But Celine stood her ground, striding confidently to the bedside and calling out once more, "Mr. Hampton!"

On the bed, Anne was stunned. Was Celine crazy?

Nigel, still under the effects of the drug, hadn't responded to the first call. But with Celine now standing by the bed and calling again, he finally heard her. He lifted his gaze and saw the delicate features of her face.

Celine stood there, her gaze unwavering as she took in the scene, observing him and Anne in their intimate moment.

It was like a cold bucket of water had been thrown on Nigel, and in that instant, clarity rushed back to him. "Celine, what are you doing here?"

Celine glanced down at Anne, still beneath him. "Mr. Hampton, are you sure you want to ask me that?"

It was then that Nigel realized the woman lying under him wasn't Fiona—it was Anne.

Without a second thought, he jumped off the bed. "Anne, what are you doing in my bed?"

Anne's voice wavered, "Nigel, I..."

Both Carly and Anne's expressions darkened. They hadn't expected

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Celine to burst in like this, completely ruining their moment. Celine's sudden appearance had thrown them off guard.

Carly stepped forward. "Celine, that's enough. Please leave my house immediately. You're not welcome here!"

Nigel turned his gaze to Celine. "Celine, please let me explain. Anne and I... we..."

Celine ignored both Carly and Anne,

her eyes focked on Nigel. "Mr. Hampton, I don't think you owe me any explanation. The one you need to explain things to is your wife, Fiona."

Nigel's mind quickly raced as he glanced toward the door. "Fiona's here?"

Celine nodded. "Yes, I came with Ms. Jakeman. She was standing outside just now and saw everything, but she's already left."

What? Nigel's expression shifted in an instant, his face paling.

"Mr. Hampton, if you hurry, you might still be able to catch Ms. Jakeman!" Celine added.

Nigel didn't hesitate at her words—he spun around and dashed out of the room. "Nigel!"

"Dad!"

Anne and Carly were left speechless, stunned by what had just transpired. They never expected it would be

Celine, not Fiona, who would pull Nigel away from the bed.

Why was Celine always so unpredictable?