

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 722

Fiona sat on the bed, unwilling to respond to Nigel.

"Fiona, I know you're in there. Open the door! I'm counting to three. If you don't open up, I'm kicking this door down!"

Outside, the maid anxiously said, "Mr. Hampton, please don't kick the door down. Let's talk this out!"

Nigel had already started counting. "One, two..."

Fiona got up and opened the door.

Standing right outside was Nigel's tall, imposing figure. He had clearly rushed over-wearing black silk pajamas with a black coat quickly thrown over and a pair of dark blue slippers. He looked thoroughly disheveled.

Fiona stared at him. "Mr. Hampton, what are you doing here? You're not welcome. Go back to your beloved Anne."

Nigel frowned. "Fiona, let me explain. Nothing happened between me and Anne..."

"Nigel, how many times are you going to say that? You claim nothing happened, but I saw it with my own eyes! You were in bed together. Are you still trying to deny it? What a joke!

"A real man should own up to what he's done. If you're going to cheat, at least have the guts to admit it. Don't make me despise you even more!"

She reached to slam the door.

However, Nigel pressed his palm against the doorframe, not letting her close it.

"Let go!" she shouted.

Fiona tried again, but her strength was no match for his. Nigel stood firm, blocking the door with sheer force.

"Nigel, what the hell do you want?"

He stared at her, then chuckled coldly. "You're right. If I did something, I'd admit it. However, I didn't do anything with Anne."

Fiona tried to retort, but Nigel cut her off.

"Fiona, are you seriously this oblivious? I left her behind and
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happened, would be hereet
after you. If something really

this

quickly?

That made her think for a moment. She narrowed her eyes and gave him a
once

over, then said, "You must be a minute man."

Nigel furrowed his brow. "What did you say?"

"You're telling me you were done that fast with Anne? Tsk tsk. You really are getting old, huh?"

Nigel was speechless. He shoved the door open, stormed inside, and swept Fiona off her feet in one smooth motion.

Fiona stiffened immediately and quickly struggled. "What are you doing, Nigel? Put me down!"

He carried her to the bed in quick strides and tossed her onto the mattress.

Fiona scrambled to escape, but Nigel had anticipated her move. He grabbed her ankle and yanked her back.

With one knee on the bed, Nigel loomed over her. "Shouldn't you know best if I'm a minute man or not?"

Fiona noticed the dangerous gleam in his eyes. "Nope. I don't know."

"Then I'll show you right now!"

Nigel lowered his head and kissed her.

Fiona widened her eyes, and she began flailing, trying to push him off with both arms and legs.

"Nigel, let go of me! You're disgusting! You just got done with

Anne, and now you're trying to sleep with me? Aren't you afraid of catching something? I sure as hell am! Get off me!"

Nigel pinned both her arms to the bed. "For the last time, nothing happened between me and Andr

The only person I want... is you!"