

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 619

Celine stood frozen, shocked by Hayden's sudden shift in demeanor. She had always known how deeply he cared for Carly, yet now he was accusing her of lying.

What could Carly have possibly lied about?

Celine met Hayden's gaze. "Why is Carly a liar? Has she been deceiving people? What exactly has she lied about?"

Hayden nodded urgently and began to write again in Celine's palm. "She is not the..."

Not what?

Hayden was about to write "Hampton", implying Carly wasn't Nigel's daughter, but before he could finish, the door to the room suddenly creaked open.

Celine looked up, surprised to see Carly and Lucy walking in.

Carly stepped forward, pushing Celine aside. "Celine, what are you doing? Why are you so close to my dad? Are you trying to hurt him?"

Celine stood up, her brows furrowed. "Carly, why are you getting so worked up?"

Carly shot her a sharp glare before turning her attention to Hayden in the wheelchair. She took his hand and said, "Dad, I heard you fell and ended up

in the hospital. I've been so worried about you. I came as soon as I could to check on you."

Hayden's eyes were filled with contempt as he glared at Carly, desperately trying to pull away from her touch.

But Carly pressed down firmly. "Dad, are you worried about me? I'm fine now. The poison's already been cleared from my system, and I'm feeling so much better."

Lucy moved closer. "Honey, Carly cares so much about you. Don't worry, you'll get better soon."

Carly spun around to face Celine. "Celine, what are you still doing here? Leave. My dad doesn't want you here. He needs me, not you!"

Hayden opened his mouth, desperation evident in his eyes, but no sound escaped.

Lucy subtly shifted, positioning herself to block Celine's view of Hayden's face.

Celine smirked, unfazed. "Fine, I'll leave."

She began collecting her silver needles, getting ready to go.

Carly exchanged a brief, knowing

glance with Lucy. "Mom, now's

your

t to make your

This is

chance Celine isn't looking.

the perfect

move," she thought silently.

Lucy's eyes narrowed as she

watched Celine move further away. Celine had to vanish, once and for all. Only then would there be nothing, standing in the way of her and Carly's plans.

A cold glint flashed in Lucy's hand as a sharp, gleaming blade appeared.

With no one else in the room, the opportunity to strike had never been more perfect.

Lucy gripped the knife tightly, inching closer to Celine with each deliberate step.

Focused on packing away her silver needles, Celine remained unaware of the silent threat drawing near. She looked up just in time to see Lucy's face darken as she advanced.

From his wheelchair, Hayden watched in utter horror, helpless as the scene unfolded.

As Lucy reached Celine's back, she lunged forward, driving the knife toward her target.

The sickening sound of the blade sinking into flesh rang out, followed by a spray of blood that splattered across the room.

Celine spun around at the sound, only to see Hayden suddenly standing in front of her.

The knife was now embedded in his body, blood pouring from the wound in a torrential flow.

Celine's eyes widened in shock as she rushed to support him, her voice filled with fury and disbelief. "Lucy, have you lost your damn mind?"

Meanwhile, Lucy hadn't expected Hayden to summon the strength to rise from his wheelchair, stepping in front of Celine just in time to shield her.

Her hand burned, soaked in Hayden's blood.