

## THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

### Chapter 696

"Mr. Hampton, I've reserved the Elysian Room for you at Atlas Hotel. Mr. Hampton, Ms. Hampton, this way, please."

The owner of Atlas Hotel greeted Nigel and Carly enthusiastically as he led them toward the room.

Carly was nervous, excited, and a little afraid. "Dad, is Mom here yet?"

Nigel's expression remained unreadable. "We'll know when we go inside."

"Mr. Hampton, Ms. Hampton, we've arrived. This is the Elysian Room," the hotel owner said, opening the door.

As Carly stepped in, she called out, "Mom!"

The room was empty. Fiona hadn't arrived yet.

Nigel glanced at the time. "There's still a little while before the agreed time. Carly, take a seat and wait."

Carly nodded. "Alright."

Just then, a melodious ringtone rang through the air. It was a call for Nigel.

"Carly, I'm going to take this call," Nigel said, heading toward the door.

"Alright," Carly replied.

She began fiddling with the hem of her long dress, then quickly stood up and went

to the restroom to check if her lipstick had smudged.

Soon after, a graceful, radiant figure appeared ahead. Fiona had arrived.

Earlier, a luxury car pulled up outside Atlas Hotel, but Fiona didn't wait for her assistants. Eager to see her daughter, she stepped inside alone.

Today, Fiona wore a stunning red dress. Her lips were painted crimson, and her dark hair framed

her face like a sharp, captivating ne

rose. Despite being in her 40s,

looked no older than a woman in her 20s. As she walked, she caught the attention of everyone around her.

Fiona hurried forward, and at that moment, Carly turned a corner. The two collided.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to—" Fiona began.

Carly immediately snapped, "Watch where you're going! Don't you look where you're walking? You've stained my dress!"

Fiona had initially planned to apologize, but she smirked upon seeing Carly's spiteful expression. "Miss, we both share the blame for this collision. You're just as responsible as I am, don't you think?"

Carly glared at Fiona. "What kind of attitude is that? Do you have any idea how much this dress costs? You've ruined it! I'll make you regret this!"

Fiona raised an eyebrow. "Such arrogance."

Carly sneered, "You probably don't know who I am, do you? Let me tell you, my status is prestigious. In this city, I can walk anywhere I please. You've stained my dress, and now I want you to kneel and apologize!"

Fiona let out a cold laugh. "I've been away from the Capitol for years. I didn't know this place had such people, demanding apologies while expecting someone to kneel! You're the first person to ever ask me that."

Carly sized Fiona up. "I've never seen you in the high society of this city. Where did you come from? That dress is pretty expensive, but I bet it wasn't you who bought it. A man probably bought it for you. I'm guessing you're one of those mistresses of wealthy men."

Carly knew most of the prominent women in the city, but Fiona was a complete stranger to her. Besides Fiona looked about her age, but far more radiant. Based on her appearance, Carly assumed Fiona must be one of those women who lived off rich men.

Fiona laughed bitterly. "It's my first day back, and I met a real oddball. You actually have the nerve to accuse me of being a mistress? Do you even know who I am?"

Carly raised an eyebrow. "Who exactly are you?"