

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 464

Adam knew he had to get to the bottom of this.

He gripped the steering wheel tightly as he pressed the gas pedal, heading toward Jupiter Heights.

Exhausted from her pregnancy, Celine hadn't spoken a word to him. She leaned back into the seat, her eyelids fluttering closed as she drifted into a peaceful sleep.

When the Rolls-Royce arrived at Jupiter Heights, Adam noticed Celine was still sound asleep.

Her slender frame was curled up in his oversized jacket, and her face was flushed with a gentle, rosy glow.

Instead of waking her, Adam quietly opened the door and lifted her in his arms.

Just as he was about to enter the building, Perry emerged.

"Mr. Alvarez, did you bring Celine back? Is she asleep? Let me take her inside," Perry offered, his hands reaching out.

But Adam had no intention of handing her over. Without a word, he walked past Perry and headed straight to his unit, still carrying Celine in his arms.

"Mr. Alvarez," Perry called after him.

Adam halted for a moment.

Perry's gaze was steady as he spoke. "Mr. Alvarez, we're both adults here. If you love someone, love them fully. If not, let them go. You can't keep playing

both sides with Celine and Carly-it's unfair to them. Sooner or later, someone's going to get hurt."

Adam stayed silent.

"So, do you love Celine or Carly?" Perry continued. "Be honest with yourself. If you don't make a choice soon, I won't just stand by and watch you drag Celine along."

Adam didn't say a word. He simply closed the door behind him.

Inside, he carefully lifted Celine and placed her on the soft, plush bed in the master bedroom.

Deep in a peaceful slumber, Celine was completely unaware of her surroundings. She shifted slightly, finding a more comfortable position before settling back into her sleep.

With a mischievous smirk, Adam pinched her cheek softly. "Celine, are you a pig? How can you sleep through all this?" he whispered.

Though Celine didn't wake, she subconsciously sensed the pinch. Her brow furrowed, and she turned her face away, letting out a soft, sleepy moan.

The moan ended with a high-pitched note, almost as if she were saying "No" in a playful, coy way.

Adam's desire flared in response, but with Celine still fast asleep, he fought the urge to act on it, restraining himself.

He quietly pulled his hand back and walked into the bathroom to take a cold shower.

Five minutes later, Adam emerged from the bathroom in a black silk robe, wiping the water droplets from his damp hair with a towel.

The room was decorated in sleek

black, white, and gray tones, exuding

a cool, minimalist atmosphere.

Celine lay curled up in his bed, her presence both delicate and endearing.

Adam's heart softened at the sight. He climbed into the bed beside her, carefully

pulling the covers over them as he settled in.

Sensing him near, Celine shifted once more, rolling right into his arms.

Adam's throat tightened as he instinctively wrapped his arms around her. The familiar warmth of

her closeness flooded his fine

She had changed in some ways, but in others, she hadn't at all-she still liked to sleep in his embrace.

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Leaning down, Adam kissed her forehead gently. "Goodnight, Celine."

The next morning, Celine slowly opened her eyes, her gaze briefly lingering on the unfamiliar crystal chandelier overhead. Disorientation hit her like a wave. Where was she?

Was this Adam's place?

She quickly sat up, her mind racing. How had she ended up here?

Looking down at her nightgown, she saw it was still perfectly in place-nothing seemed to have happened between them the previous night.

After stepping out of bed, she looked around the spacious, empty condominium. The silence hung in the air, unnervingly still.

Adam was gone.

As expected, he must have left for work early.

Celine felt frustrated. Despite being divorced, they somehow kept ending up together, sharing a bed far more often than she expected.