

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 470

Celine let out a chuckle. "I hate to break it to you, but I doubt you can satisfy Mr. Alvarez. Lately, he's been so on edge that just one touch from me was enough to unravel him completely."

What?

Carly gasped in shock.

Without another word, Celine shifted her gaze and walked into her condominium, closing the door behind her.

The door slammed shut, leaving Carly standing in the cold draft.

Turning to Adam, she demanded, "Adam, what exactly happened between you and Celine?"

Adam, however, wasn't interested in continuing the conversation. Without a word, he turned and walked toward his unit, unlocking the door. "Come in."

Carly stepped inside. It was her first time in Jupiter Heights, and the lavishness of the place left her momentarily speechless.

Just then, Adam's deep, icy voice cut through the silence. "Carly, you insisted on coming here. Now that you're inside, can I finally see the emerald necklace?"

His attention was solely fixed on the necklace.

Prepared for this moment, Carly smiled seductively. "Adam, don't rush. Let me take a hot shower first. Once I'm done, I'll show you the necklace."

With that, she disappeared into the bedroom.

Adam stood in the living room, his patience already wearing thin. However, he wasn't about to act impulsively-he was determined to uncover whatever deception was unfolding before him.

Suddenly, a startled cry echoed from the bedroom.

"Ah!"

Without hesitation, Adam strode forward, gripping the door handle and pushing it open. "Carly, what happened?"

In reality, nothing was wrong. Carly had just finished her shower and was now dressed in Adam's crisp white shirt.

Years of dance had sculpted her body into graceful curves, and the oversized shirt only accentuated her allure.

Adam's expression darkened slightly. "If you're done, it's time to show me the emerald necklace."

Carly stepped barefoot onto the

plush carpet, her eyes fixed on Adam's striking features. "Adam, why are you only interested in that necklace? Have you never once thought about me-the woman who owns it? Am I not beautiful enough for you?"

As she spoke, she slowly undid the buttons of the shirt. The fabric slid from her

smooth, porcelain skin, pooling in a heap at her feet.

She stepped closer, her fingers

trailing over his firm chest. "Adam,

Celine said you've been restless with

desire lately. Is that true? Why

't you come to me instead?"

Her soft body pressed against him, wrapping around him like a temptress in the

dark. "Tell me... what kind of games do you and Celine play?"

Adam swallowed hard.

Carly stood on her tiptoes, her crimson lips brushing against Adam's ear, her breath warm and teasing.

"Adam, did Celine truly satisfy you last night? If she won't play along... I'd be more than willing to."

Before she could continue, Adam's hand shot out, capturing her delicate wrist.

Carly let out a soft gasp. "Adam, that hurts... you're being so rough."

Her words were sweet, yet laced with a teasing, seductive undertone. Adam's gaze darkened. Without warning, he released her, forcefully tossing her onto the plush mattress.

Carly's vision blurred for a moment. Just as she regained her senses, she felt the bed sink beneath Adam's weight as he pressed a knee onto the mattress.

A thrill of anticipation flickered in her eyes. She had been waiting far too long for this moment.

Tonight, she would finally be one with Adam. Once it happened, there would be no turning back.

Even if the truth about the emerald necklace came to light, it wouldn't matter- she would have already claimed her place in his life.

Without hesitation, she reached up and wrapped her arms around Adam's neck. "So, Adam... was it on this very bed that you and Celine spent the night? Tonight... let me be the one to warm your bed instead."