

The Divorce Prescription

Chapter 5

Celine frowned. "What do you mean by flirting?"

Adam gritted his teeth. "You're dressing like a slut!"

What? A slut?

"You better explain, Adam Alvarez!" Celine snapped.

Adam lowered his gaze, eyeing her short dress. "Your thighs are practically hanging out. Is that how desperate you are for people to look at your legs?"

Sure, her dress was a little on the shorter side, but Robin had chosen the dress for her.

She had said, "You never show your legs, giving Carly the chance to aunt hers. Tonight, let's show everyone who really has the best legs in Mercy."

Celine raised an eyebrow. "Seems like you were looking at my legs, Mr. Alvarez."

Adam froze.

Celine leaned back against the wall, her posture lazy yet elegant. She slowly lifted her right leg and brushed her crystal heel against his ankle.

Adam stood there in tailored black slacks that highlighted his long legs, exuding an air of cold elegance and restraint.

From his ankle, Celine slowly trailed upward along his calf in a teasing, deliberate motion. It was both a seduction and a provocation.

Adam gave her a cold look. "What are you doing?"

Celine smirked. "Mr. Alvarez, whose legs do you prefer—mine or Carly's?"

Adam's gaze lingered on her, captivated by the delicate features of her face, which radiated an almost ethereal beauty. She looked like an otherworldly angel, yet here she was, boldly tempting him.

He'd noticed her beauty last night, hidden behind those black-framed glasses, but he hadn't expected her to be so striking.

However, there was something familiar about her face.

Celine's bright eyes sparkled with mischief. "Has Carly ever tried to seduce you with her legs, Mr. Alvarez?"

Adam's breath hitched. He leaned closer to look at her. "Celine, are you really such a slut? You think about men all day and even hired eight escorts!"

He avoided answering her question about Carly. That was perhaps the most polite way for a man to protect a woman.

His relationship with Carly had been a grand love story from their youthful, carefree days. Carly must have seduced him at some point. That was the only way to explain why she lingered so vividly in his memory.

Carly was truly blessed to have such a cold-hearted man remain devoted to her for so long. Adam must have never used a word like "slut" to describe her.

Though Celine was smiling, her eyes remained as cold as ice. "Yes, Mr. Alvarez. There's an issue with your manhood. Since you can't satisfy me, I have to go and someone healthy. Let's get divorced already. If one man doesn't work, I'll find another who does."

She said he had issues again! This woman was unbelievable!

Adam gripped her delicate jaw. "Is this some sort of provocation? Are you so desperate to find out if I have issues?"

What?

Celine froze.

Adam leaned in close, his lips hovering near hers with an almost teasing proximity. Yet his words were icy and detached. "Don't kid yourself, Celine. I'll never touch you. The one I love is Carly."

The one he loved was Carly.

He didn't even need to say it. Celine already knew. Still, hearing it stung her heart. It wasn't a sharp pain, but a dull, relentless ache that spread in countless tiny waves.

Just then, a sweet voice rang out. "Adam."

Celine looked up only to see Carly standing there.

Carly, the renowned Scarlet Rose of Mercy, was a beauty with ruby lips and pearly teeth. Years of dance training had given her a graceful, supple figure.

Seeing her, Adam instantly released Celine and strode toward Carly. He lowered his gaze to meet hers. His eyes were filled with a warmth Celine had never seen before. "You're here!"

Carly nodded before glancing at Celine. "And this is?" Carly didn't recognize her at all.

But Celine would never forget Carly.

The truth was, Celine and Carly were neither full nor half-sisters. Hayden wasn't Celine's biological father. He was her stepfather.

Once, Celine had a happy family. Her father, Aaron Tate, and her mother, Lucy Garcia, had been devoted to each other.

Aaron loved her dearly. He would lift her high into the air every day. "My little Celine is going to grow up so happy."

Then, one day, he was gone. His brother, Hayden, moved in with his daughter, Carly, into Aaron's house, and Lucy became Carly's mother as well.

Lucy remarried Celine's uncle. From then on, her affection was directed solely toward Carly, not Celine.

When Carly scored 99 on an exam and Celine scored 100, Lucy punished her. "Why can't you let Carly shine? Do you always have to outdo her?"

When Carly fell ill, her hair was shaved off for chemotherapy. She cried that she looked ugly. Lucy immediately shaved Celine's head. "You need to become ugly with Carly. That way, she'll stop crying."

Night after night, Lucy, Hayden, and Carly would cuddle together, their laughter spilling out into the hallway. Celine would stand outside, crying while clutching the doll that Aaron had bought her. "Mommy, I'm scared."

Eventually, Carly started calling Lucy "Mommy". Lucy was thrilled, but Carly said, "Mommy, you can only have one daughter."

On a rainy day, Lucy drove Celine to the countryside and left her there.

Little Celine chased the car while sobbing. "Don't leave me, Mommy! I'll be a good girl. I'll listen to you. I'll let Carly have everything! I want a hug, Mommy! I'm scared!"

Clutching her doll, she fell heavily into the mud. She watched helplessly as Lucy drove away, disappearing from her sight.

Celine would never forget Carly.

At this moment, Benjamin rushed over. "Carly, she's your sister. She's Celine!"

Carly froze in disbelief. "You're... Celine?"

Celine knew Carly had always looked down on her.

As children, Carly had bested her at every turn. She had always been outstanding. Later, she even dated Adam, the heir to the Alvarez family.

Raised in a life of luxury and affection, Carly became proud and untouchable.

Benjamin was once again stunned by Celine's exquisite beauty. He murmured, "I didn't expect Celine to look this stunning."

Carly's childhood memories of Celine were vague because she had never paid much attention to this unloved sister. But wasn't Celine the ugly duckling from the countryside?

Carly stepped closer. Her gaze swept over Celine with thinly veiled disdain. "Celine, I didn't expect you to doll yourself up like me."

Celine was rendered speechless.

Well, Carly could think whatever she wanted as long as she was happy.

Celine straightened her slender back and smiled without saying a word. The corridor lights cast a soft glow on her delicate, ethereal face. She was no longer the same little Celine from before.

Just then, Carly spoke up. "Celine, I heard you and Adam are divorcing. Can't survive without a man, huh? Resorting to male escorts to fill the void? If I were you, I'd get a job."

Turning to Adam, she added in a condescending tone, "Adam, Celine has taken care of you for so long. You should at least help her find work. Maybe as a housekeeper."

Adam's gaze flickered to Celine.

Benjamin interjected, "Carly, every job requires qualifications. What's Celine's education level?"

Carly seemed to remember something amusing. She raised her chin with a smile and said, "She dropped out of school when she was 16."