

# THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

## Chapter 620

Hayden was the man Lucy had loved her entire life, and now, she had taken his life.

As Hayden collapsed to the floor, Celine immediately pressed down on his wound. "Hold on, I'll administer acupuncture right away."

Celine could never have imagined that Hayden would take the knife for her- this was beyond anything she had expected.

Hayden weakly shook his head. He knew it was too late. His life was slipping away.

With regret and guilt flooding his heart, he looked up at Celine. There were so many things he wanted to say, but when he tried to speak, only a hoarse whisper escaped, "S-Sorry..."

His hand fell limp, and his eyes slowly closed for the final time.

Celine stared at him, her voice breaking. "Please, just hold on. I'll save you... don't go..."

Lucy knelt beside him, checking for a pulse under his nose, but there was nothing.

Hayden was dead. He was truly gone.

And it was because of her.

Celine's gaze snapped upward, locking onto Lucy's. "Why? Why did you do this? Did you seriously want to kill me? I'm your own daughter, for goodness' sake!"

Celine was in shock. She had always known that Lucy didn't like her and favored Carly, but she never thought Lucy would go this far, trying to stab her. After all, she was Lucy's own flesh and blood.

How could a mother's heart be so cold, so merciless?

If Hayden hadn't stepped in at that moment, it would have been her lying there— dead.

Carly, however, felt nothing over Hayden's death. The only thing that mattered now was having Nigel as her father.

Her resentment toward Hayden burned deeply-why had he interfered, taking the knife meant for Celine? She had been so close to dying. What a waste.

Without hesitation, Carly urged, "Mom, you messed up! Finish Celine now-this is a once-in-a-lifetime chance. Don't let it slip away!"

Lucy sprang to her feet, gripping the bloodied knife, her eyes filled with malice as she glared at Celine. never cared about you, Celine the fact, want you gone from this world. Your life ends here!"

With that, she lunged, thrusting the knife forward with all her might. But she never made it.

In a flash, Celine raised her hand, plunging a silver needle into a pressure point on Lucy's wrist.

Lucy's fingers went numb instantly, and the knife slipped from her grasp, clattering onto the floor.

Celine met Lucy's gaze with an icy

stare. "You've completely lost yourself, Lucy. You're a murderer, and this time, there's no escape. You spend the rest of your behind bars."

Carly shrieked in frustration, "Mom, what are you doing? Pick up the knife and finish her off! You're so close-once-Celine is dead, be everything will final/ne

Refusing to back down, Lucy bent down and grabbed the knife once more.

But before she could strike again, the door to the hospital room suddenly burst open with a deafening bang.

A tall, commanding figure stood in the doorway.

It was Adam.

Panic flashed in Carly's eyes. It was over. Adam had arrived-everything was ruined.

His piercing gaze landed on Lucy, cold and unwavering. "Lucy, what the hell do you think you're doing?"

Without hesitation, he strode forward and delivered a brutal kick.

The impact sent Lucy crashing backward, her body slamming hard against the wall. A sharp gasp escaped her lips before she doubled over, coughing up a mouthful of blood.

Adam immediately turned to Celine, his expression tight with concern. "Celine, I'm sorry I was late! Are you hurt? Did they do anything to you?"

Celine shook her head. "I'm fine... but Hayden took the knife for me. He's not breathing anymore!"

Adam immediately checked Hayden's nostrils, confirming there was no breath.

At that moment, a sharp pain struck Celine's abdomen. She pressed her hand to her stomach, wincing in agony. "My stomach... it hurts," she murmured.

