

The Divorce Prescription

Chapter 1

Celine Tate found out her husband, Adam Alvarez, was cheating on her.

The other woman was a college student.

Today was Adam's birthday. Celine had spent the whole day preparing a special dinner for him. Just then, his forgotten phone buzzed with a text.

She picked it up and saw a message from the college student. "I fell while grabbing the cake. It hurts so much... Sobs..."

Attached was a photo—no face, just legs.

The woman wore pulled-up white socks with black round-toed shoes. She pulled up her blue-and-white skirt just enough to reveal her long, hairless legs.

Her fair knees were visibly reddened from the fall. The youthful vibrancy of her figure, paired with her coy words, carried an air of forbidden allure.

Rumor had it that wealthy businessmen tend to favor this type when choosing a lover.

Celine's grip on the phone tightened until her knuckles turned white.

Soon, another message came. "Mr. Alvarez, meet me at Elysian Hotel tonight. I want to celebrate your birthday."

It was Adam's birthday, and his mistress had planned a celebration for him.

Grabbing her handbag, Celine headed straight for Elysian Hotel. She had to see this woman with her own eyes.

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When Celine arrived at the hotel, she was ready to storm in.

But before she could, she spotted her parents, Hayden Tate and Lucy Garcia. Shocked, she approached them. "Dad, Mom, what are you doing here?"

The two froze for a moment before exchanging glances. Their eyes flickered as they said, "Oh, Celine, your sister's back from abroad. We came here to drop her off."

Carly Tate?

Through the gleaming floor-to-ceiling window, Celine spotted Carly inside. She froze instantly.

Inside, Carly was wearing the same blue-and-white skirt from the photo. So, the college girl was her sister.

Carly had always been a stunner, hailed as Mercy's "Scarlet Rose". Her legs, in particular, were the stuff of legends. They were the most beautiful in all of Mercy. Men practically worshiped her.

Now, those famous legs had ensnared Adam.

Celine almost laughed at the absurdity of it. She turned to her parents. "So I'm the last to find out."

Hayden's face twisted awkwardly. "Celine, Mr. Alvarez never liked you."

Lucy chimed in, "Exactly. Do you know how many women in Mercy would kill to be with him? Better your sister than some stranger."

Upon hearing that, Celine clenched her fists. "I'm your daughter too!"

With that, she spun on her heels to leave.

Just then, Lucy's voice rang out behind her. "Celine, tell me something. Has Mr. Alvarez ever touched you?"

Celine froze mid-step.

Hayden said sharply, "Don't act like we owe you anything. Back then, Mr. Alvarez and Carly were the It couple in everyone's eyes. We only asked you to marry him on Carly's behalf after he fell into a coma from the car accident."

Lucy gave Celine a disdainful once-over. "Look at yourself, Celine. Three years as a housewife, running around after your husband. Meanwhile, Carly's a lead ballerina now—a true swan. You? You're just a frumpy little duckling. Be reasonable and give Mr. Alvarez back to Carly."

Those words felt like a knife to Celine's heart. She blinked back her tears and turned to walk away.

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By the time Celine returned to the villa, it was already dark. She had given the housekeeper, So a Dotson, the day off. The house was empty, with no lights on, leaving it cold and desolate.

Celine sat alone at the dining table in the darkness.

The table was set with a feast, but the food had long gone cold. Her homemade cake sat untouched, with the words "Happy Birthday, honey" scrawled across it.

Celine stared at it, her eyes stinging. It all felt like a cruel joke, just like her life.

Adam and Carly had always been the It couple in their circle. Everyone knew that Carly, the Scarlet Rose, was Adam's heart and soul. But three years ago, a sudden car accident left Adam in a coma, and Carly vanished without a trace.

The Tate family had brought Celine from the countryside and forced her to marry the comatose Adam.

When she found out that the man lying in that hospital bed was Adam—the man she had always loved—she didn't hesitate. She married him without a second thought.

After the wedding, Adam remained in a coma for three years. During that time, Celine took care of him tirelessly, never leaving his side. She gave up going out and socializing. Her sole focus was on his recovery.

She became a housewife dedicated to nothing but him. In the end, her devotion brought him back to life.

Celine lit the candles on the cake with a flick of the lighter.

The dim glow flickered, casting her reflection in the mirror in front of her. She looked at herself—the housewife in her dull black-and-white dress. She was lifeless, boring, and unremarkable.

Meanwhile, Carly had flourished into a lead ballerina. She was young, vibrant, and beautiful.

Celine was the ugly duckling, while Carly was the swan.

After waking, Adam had abandoned the ugly duckling and returned to the swan.

So, her sacrifice for the last three years had been for nothing.

Adam didn't love her, but she loved him with all her heart.

It was said that the one who fell in love first was always the loser in the relationship. And today, Adam had made her lose everything.

Her eyes filled with tears, and she blew out the candles. The house plunged back into darkness.

Just then, headlights pierced the night as Adam's Rolls-Royce Phantom sped up the driveway and parked on the driveway.

Celine's heart skipped a beat. He was back. She had thought he wouldn't return home tonight.

Soon, the villa's front door swung open. A tall, handsome figure stepped into view, bringing with him the chill of the night air. Adam was home.

The Alvarez family had long been royalty in Mercy. Adam, the heir to the Alvarez family, had been a business prodigy since childhood.

By 16, he had earned dual master's degrees from the prestigious Haffard University. By the time he reached adulthood, his first company had made waves on Finance Street. Now, he sat at the helm of Alvarez Group, crowned as Mercy's wealthiest man.

Adam strode in with his long legs. His voice was low and pleasant but distant. "Why didn't you turn on the lights?"

With a flick of his hand, he turned on the wall light.

The harsh light made Celine squint. When she opened her eyes again, she looked at Adam.

He was wearing a hand-tailored black suit, every inch the picture of perfection. His perfect proportions and regal air made him the object of desire for many women.

Celine glanced at him. "It's your birthday."

Adam's face was a mask of indifference. His eyes lazily swept over the table. "Don't waste your time. I don't celebrate birthdays."

Celine sneered and asked, "You don't celebrate birthdays, or you just don't want to celebrate it with me?"

Adam barely spared her a glance, as if he didn't want to waste time on her. "Think whatever you want."

Without another word, he turned and started toward the stairs.

This had always been their dynamic. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't get close to him.

Celine stood up and. Looking at his indifferent back, she said, "Today is your birthday. I'd like to give you a birthday gift."

Adam didn't stop or turn to look at her. "I don't need it."

Celine smiled again. "Let's get a divorce, Adam."

Adam had already placed one foot on the stairs when he suddenly paused. He spun on his heel, his deep eyes locking onto her.