

# The Divorce Prescription Chapter 361

Perry **was** here. Carly **and** the others **had** seen him yesterday at Alpite Pharma, but seeing him again now left them visibly shaken.

Waking over to Celine, he said, “I just stepped outside to take a call. What happened? Feels like I missed something exciting

She smirked, “No. You didn’t miss anything. In fact, you came just in time. These people wanted to meet my boyfriend, who happens to be you”

She shot him a meaningful look, and he immediately took the hint. Draping an arm over her shoulders, he asked, “And they are?”

Celine introduced them one by one. “This is Sonia, Lucy, Carly, and Tracy.”

Her gaze then landed on Adam’s strikingly handsome face. The moment Perry entered, Adam’s expression shifted as well. It was clear that he never expected Celine’s boyfriend to be Perry.

She calmly introduced, “I don’t think **I’ll** have to introduce hin, **do** 12 This is Mr. Alvarez ”

Perry turned to him. “No introductions needed—we’ve crossed paths before. Greetings, Mr. Alvarez. Now that I’m in your territory, I’ll court on your hospitality.”

Pressing his lips together, Adam gazed at **him**

and asked, “So you’re Celine’s boyfriend?”

He pulled Celine closer. “Isn’t our relationship obvious enough?”

Carly, Tracy, Lucy, and Sonia were left frozen in place, completely stunned.

Celine had mentioned having a wealthy boyfriend, but none of them believed her. But now, it turned out that the renowned Perry Marshall from Fustain was her boyfriend,

How was this possible? Was this an April Fool’s prank?

Carly immediately blurted out, “Mr. Marshall, how could you be dating Celine? Don’t you know she’s been married before?”

He smirked. “Of course I do.”

You know, and you

How could the great Perry Marshall be dating a divorcée?

He turned to Adam. “Aren’t you her ex-husband? **It seems** that great minds think **alike**, after all. Celine’s an amazing woman. You liked her, and so do I”

Carly fell silent. **Tracy said**

, “Mr. Marshall, are you interested in Celine because of her reputation **as** a prodigy? Let me tell you, it’s all fake. She doesn’t even have a job now she’s just a parasite living off men.”

Perry turned to Celine, looking puzzled, “Did you tell them this?”

She shook her head innocently. “Nope ”

He chuckled. “I must’ve struck gold with her. You all have no idea how popular she really is.”

Carly and the others admitted that they truly had no clue. He **said**, “Here’s the thing. You all know I have **two** seniors **and** a junior, right?”

Carly nodded. “I heard that she’s the favorite of your group.”

“Exactly. She’s the fourth young lady of Fustain, and there’s a long list of sultors wanting to win her heart over. Celine’s just as popular as her.”

Carly stared at Perry in shock, thinking he was out of his mind. **How** could he even compare Celine to his beloved junior?

Celine curled her lips **into** a smile. “You all tried to set me up on blind dates not long ago. I already mentioned that I had a boyfriend, and now **you’ve** seen him for yourselves. Besides, the luxury car I drive and the mansion I live in are all thanks to him, not Mr. Alvarez.”

Sonka thought back to when she introduced Celine to Simon, thinking she wouldn’t be good enough for him. Now, Sonia felt as if she had just been proven completely wrong by her Carly, Tracy, and Lacy felt the same **way**.

Celine looked at Adain. “Do you believe in me now, Mr. Alvarez?”

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Celine’s bright eyes sparkled with wit as she stood nestled in Perry’s arms. Adam’s expression was as dark as a thunderstorm.

What a sly fox: Even Perry had fallen under her spell—she truly had a way of getting **things** done!

“Celine, I’ve brought you here for some shopping. What do you think? See any dress you like?” Perry asked.

The sales associate, Melanie, immediately presented the lace dress. “This dress suits this beautiful young lady well.”

Celine nodded. “I’d like to try it on.”

“Go ahead,” Perry replied. She then took the dress and headed into the fitting room.

Carly tell her pleasant mood dissipating completely. She lugged at Adam’s arm. “Look I told you she wasn’t any good. She’s managed to have Mr. Marshall head over heels and wrapped around her finger. All he does is spoil her now.”

Pursing his lips together, Adamm didn’t respond.

Perry walked over and said, “Mr. Alvarez, thank you for looking out for Celine when you were her husband. But from now on, you don’t have to worry about her anymore. I’ll take good care of her.”

Adam **glanced**

back at him. The two men, both equally brilliant and attractive, locked **eyes** as tension arose between them. Unspoken sparks flew

Just then, Melanie’s voice rang out. “She’s **ready**.”

Both men turned around at the same time. Celine emerged from the fitting room, donning the lace dress.

The slim-fit dress accentuated her elegant curves. Adorned with shimmering diamonds, the lace bodice transitioned into a body-hugging skirt. Paired with her loosely styled hair, every step she took was elegant **and** stunning

Adam fixated his gaze on her, unwilling to look away, Perry stepped forward, blocking his gaze. He looked at her with approval. “You’re absolutely beautiful, Celine.”

She did a little twirl, clearly **pleased** with the dress. “I’ll take this,”

He pulled out a black card with gold embellishments and handed it to **Melanie**. “I’ll have it, I’ll pay by card.”

She replied, “This is a customized dress, and the diamonds are all hand-sewn. It’ll be slightly pricier-

“Just charge my card.

Melanie happily complied. “Of course”

Seeing Perry spend so extravagantly on Celine, Carly’s jealousy surged. Celine’s figure **was** perfect **in** all the right places-absolutely alluring. The dress seemed tailor-made for her.

Carly couldn’t hold back any longer. “Wait”

Celine and Perry both turned to look **at** her. Melanie stopped what she was doing

Carly arrogantly said, “Celine, it seems we share the s

same taste. I also like the dress you’re **wearing**

Melanie seered conflicted “Miss, every dress in our store is one of a kind”

This was exactly **what** she wanted to lavar Smirking, she turned to Celine, emphasizing every **word** as she spoke.

edress you’re wearing. I want you to take it off and hand it over!”

that dress, and that dress only. Buy it for me I’ll wear it just for you”

Perry warded to step in, In Celia stopped lain, shaking her head.

Carly chang onto Adam’

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Carly demanded the dress Celine was wearing. Her insatiable need to win wouldn’t let her accept defeat. She couldn’t let Celine steal the spotlight-she

had to have the dress...

her over clothing during the trip to the hot springs back then.

This wasn’t the first time. Carly had already fought with her o

Adam’s gaze fell on Celine. Perry wrapped his arm around Celine’s waist and smirked. “Mr. Alvarez, rules are rules. First come, first served, no?” Adam’s **eyes** shifted to Perry’s

arm. Earlier, his arm around Celine's shoulder was already unsettling. Now, his gaze grew even colder as he saw Perry's arm resting on her waist.

Carly said coquettishly, "Adam, Mr. Marshall is now Celine's boyfriend, and she's all high and mighty with him spoiling her. You're my boyfriend, and you're not letting me lose to her, are you?"

Adam pressed his lips together and turned to Perry. "Mr. Marshall, the thing about rules is that they're written by those with power."

"What are you suggesting, Mr. Alvarez?"

Adam turned to Celine. "Carly wants the dress you're wearing, so take it off and give it to her."

"If that's the case, we'll have to settle this properly, man-to-man, Perry declared.

Perry held Celine close, while Adam and Carly stood together. Tension arose in the room—both men were wealthy and unafraid of a financial showdown. Just then, Celine spoke up. "There's no need for competition. I'll give Carly the dress."

Perry was stunned "Celine, you—"

She silenced him with a glare. "There's no point fighting over a dress. I'll get changed right **now**."

She entered the fitting room, removed the dress, and handed it to Carly, "Here you go."

Carly was somewhat smug with the outcome. "At least you have the sense to realize you can't compete with me, Celine.

Celine's clear eyes seemed to be jeering at her. "Oh, Carly, picking up things I've used? You're still the same as ever." What? Carly froze

Celine smiled. "I've already worn this dress. If you want it, I'll give it to you. After all, you've come begging at my door—I'd certainly **have**

to donate something"

With that, she raised her hand and loosened her grip. The lace dress fell directly into Carly's waiting hands. Her lofty demeanor was akin to offering charity to a beggar.

The smile on Carly's face vanished completely. She hissed, "Celine, you-

Suddenly, Perry chimed in. “Ms. Carly, why do you seem upset? My Celine has already given you the dress when you asked for it

“You were unhappy when she didn’t give it to you, and now you’re still unhappy when she did. Mr. Alvarez, your girlfriend seems to have frequent mood swings—are you truly happy being **with** her?”

Carly fell silent. Celine’s actions had already infuriated her. Now, with Perry adding oil to the flame, her head buzzed with frustration.

Just then, Lucy stepped in “Alright, Carly, **go** try on the dress and show Mr. Alvarez how it looks

all the right

She was clever she knew Carly’s main objective was to please Adam and capture **his** attention. As the lead ballerina, her curves were in all the places. Once she tried on the dress, she would definitely outshine Celine, and that **would** be enough

“Tracy added, “Carly, go try on the dress. You’ll look so much better than Celine”

Regaining her confidence, Carly shot Celine a provocative glare before heading into the fitting room. Moments later, she emerged and Tracy exclaimed, “You look amazing, Carly!”

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Carly looked stunning in the lace dress, but her **expression** betrayed a hint of discomfort, it felt far too tight around her waist..

Earlier, in the fitting room, she’d had to hold her breath and suck in her stomach just to get the zipper up.

Now, holding the hem of her dress, Carly spun around in front of Adam. “Adam, do I look good?”

Adam glanced at her but didn’t say a word.

Nevertheless, Lucy was quick to fill the silence, her voice full of enthusiasm. “Of course! My Carly looks amazing! How **else** could she become the **lead** ballerina? She’s leagues **ahead** at those housewives ”

Just as Lucy finished speaking, there was a loud “rip!” The unmistakable sound of fabric tearing echoed through the room.

Carly's lace dress had split open at the waist Lucy froze mid-breath.

Carly let out a sharp scream, her hands flying to her waist in an attempt to cover the damage. Her dress had ripped! How could something this embarrassing happen, especially in front of Adam and Celine?

The store assistant looked uncomfortable as she explained, "This lace dress isn't the right size for her. She needs one size

up

In theory, there wasn't anything wrong with wearing a size up, but Carly's pride couldn't take it. She felt like she might explode from sheer mortification. Perry, unable to hold back, burst into laughter. "Ms. Carly, is this the size you normally wear? If it is, you must've gained weight recently. Your waist's gotten bigger."

Carly's face turned ashen. She didn't respond.

Perry added with a smirk, "But don't take it too personally. Even though you're the **load** ballerina and work hard to maintain your figure, Celine has had a naturally tiny waist since she was a kid. That's just something you can't compete with."

Carly froze, her silence heavy. Another blow had landed. Her gaze fell on Celine, burning with anger.

"Celine, did you do this on purpose? You knew I couldn't fit into this lace dress, and you **gave** it to me **anyway**! You just wanted to humiliate me!"

Celine blinked, her expression calm and innocent. "Carly, the weight is on your body, not mine. If you didn't know, how could I?"

Carly opened her mouth to retort, but no words came. She was completely speechless.

Before she could recover, Adam's deep, magnetic **voice** cut through the tension like a blade. "That's enough "

Carly looked up, meeting Adam's cold, piercing gaze. His expression was indifferent, and his tone was distant. "Stop making a scene" Lucy quickly stepped in "Carly, go change out of that dress right **now**."

Carly's face drained of color. She knew she'd embarrassed herself completely in front of Adam this time. Without another word, she turned and stormed off toward the fitting room, her steps heavy with reluctance. Perry sling her arm casually around Celine's shoulder. "Celine, let's go. Let's check out some other stores." Celine had seen enough of the **drama** and didn't feel like lingering "Sure! Let's go," she said,

As the two of them walked toward the exit, they stopped in front of Tracy and Sonia.

to ask Dr. C for **money**. Let's see if they actually give it

Celine turned to them "Mrs. Tate Senior, Tracy, here's a piece of advice. Tonight, you might want to a to **you**"

Perry's brow furrowed in confusion. "Dr. C?"

Sonia and Tracy suddenly perked up. Watching Carly's humiliation had been painful, but now they saw an opportunity to recover their pride. Tracy smirked smugly. "That's right, Mr. Marshall. Dr. C is my boyfriend now.

Sorpla added with **an** air of triumph, "And my future grandson-in-law "

Perry let out a disbelieving laugh, "Mrs. Tate Senior, Ms. Tracy, you must be mistaken. Dr. C isn't a man, Dr. C is a woman."

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Dr. C was a woman? Sonia and Tracy froze, their faces instantly shifting with shock

"Mr. Marshall, what are you talking about? How could Dr. C be a woman? He's dating me, he's a man."

Perry raised an eyebrow "Not only do I know Dr. C, but we're on great terms. If I say she's **a woman**, then she's a woman."

Tracy stood rooted in place, her mind racing. Shaking her head in disbelief, she stammered, "That's impossible, Mr. Marshall. You must be lying to me!

Sonia, unwilling to accept the claim, scoffed. "Mr. Marshall, even if you're Celine's boyfriend now, there's no need to make jokes like this, is there?"

Their disbelief didn't faze Perry. He simply shrugged "Dr. C is a woman. Whether you believe me or not is your choice. Come on, Celine. Let's go

"Sure. With that, Perry and Celine left the room, leaving Sonia and Tracy frozen in place.

Sonia grabbed Tracy's arm, her voice trembling "Tracy, why would Mr. Marshall say Dr. C is a woman? What's going on?"

Just then, Carly emerged from the titting room, with Lucy following close behind. Both of them **wore** serious expressions.



“Tracy, the person you’re dating, is it really Dr. C? **Are** you sure there’s no mistake?”

Tracy, you can’t afford to get this wrong. We’ve staked **everything** on this. Grandma even mortgaged Tate Manor. If we’ve been scammed, the Tates are finished ”

Tracy’s face tightened, anxiety clouding her features. Up until now, she’d been **convinced** she’d found the **real** Dr. C.

When Celine had called Dr. C fraud before, **none** of them had believed her. But now, with Perry’s assertion, doubt began to creep in

Even so, Tracy forced herself to remain composed. “Why would you believe anything Mr. Marshall says? He’s Celine’s boyfriend now, of course, he’s helping her mess with us. Don’t trust him!”

Carly turned to Adam. “Adam, what **do** you think?”

Adam’s gaze followed the direction where **Celine** and Perry had disappeared.

After a moment of silence, his deep, magnetic **voice** broke the tension. “I don’t know Dr. C personally. We’ve missed each other a few times. But Perry isn’t just some nobody.

“He’s a big name in **Fustain**, with connections in both legitimate and underground circles. If he says he loves Dr. C and claims Dr. C is a woman, it’s probably not baseless.”

Tracy’s confidence wavered further at Adam’s words.

then

Carly’s face turned pale. The Tates had already seen their assets increase tenfold, but now the possibility of being scammed loomed large. No one in the room could fully accept such a devastating possibility.

At that moment, Adam’s phone rang. He **glanced** at Carly briefly before saying, “You all take your time shopping. I need to get back to the office.

Without waiting for a response, Adam turned and walked away.

Sutile grabbed Carly’s arm. “Carly, what do we do now? Ask Mr. Alvarez for help!”

Carly forward, frustration flickering across her face “Grandma, **Adam** didn’t agree with us **investing** in Dr. C from the start.”

What? Sonia’s face turned pale ||

Tracy suicidly stepped in “Let’s not panic just yet. Here’s what I’ll **do**, I’ll call De Conight and ask him to transfer the money y back to us “**Alrighi** then. We’ll wait for your call.”

That evening. Tra

home, her thoughts a tangled mess. The moment she stepped through the door, **Wayne** and Hazel rushed to greet her. yini girant on a date with Dr C day? When are you **two** planning to get married?

of you and Carly having a gland double wedding and shocking all of Mercity! Your dad and I have been bragging about it to

ve bori strutting around, Hasting their coses than to Mr. Alvarez as their future son in **law** and

elt place. Tracy, you have to hold on to

diation Tenowned grobis!“.

@pulled our

a word, she dialed Dr. C’s manbet

Hape “**Sorry**, but the number you have dialed is no longer in

No longer in service? Tracy’s heart sank as dread spread through her chest. Frantically, she tried calling the number again.

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However, the automated voice repeated on the other end, “Sorry, but the number you have dialed is no longer in service”

Panic surged through Tracy as she quickly opened Whats App and typed out a message to Dr. C. She hit send, but the message didn’t go through. Instead, a red exclamation mark appeared beside it.

Dr. Chad blocked her.

His phone number was disconnected, and his WhatsApp had blocked her. The man who had been sweet–talking her just yesterday had vanished into thin

leaving no trace behind.

“Smack!”

Tracy’s phone slipped from her hand and fell onto the carpet. She collapsed onto the floor, her legs going out beneath her like a deflated soccer ball.

“Tracy, what’s wrong

“Tracy, why are you sitting on the floor? Got up!”

Wayne and Hazel rushed over to her. When they touched her, they realized her entire body was ice–cold, her limbs trembling uncontrollably.

Tracy was shaking

Outside the store, Celine and Perry strolled down the  
e street together

Perry couldn’t stop chuckling. “**Celine**, that Tate family is ridiculous. They thought they **could** marry Dr. Cand make him their golden ticket. How could they even come up with such a delusion?!

Celine arched ene elegant eyebrow. “They’ve been dreaming all along. I warned them, but instead of li– being jealous

ey laughed at me **and** accused me of

“Well, if they end up losing their money, dignity, and everything else, that’s on them. It’s not my problem anymore!

Perry laughed harder. “When they finally find out who Dr. C really is, that is going to be a show worth watching ”

Celine smiled faintly as her phone buzzed. It was a WhatsApp message from Hailey.

Hailey had wrimen, “Caline, James is inviting us to dinner tonight.”

James? She had been so busy lately that she’d almost forgotten about her talented protege

She quickly typed back, “Alright. Let’s go together.”

Hailey responded, “Celine, I’ve got something to do right now and I’m not on campus. Can you wait for me in the girls” dorm? I’ll be back soon.”

Celine smirked. “Hailey, what are you up to? Did you go looking for Declan, the campus heartthrob, apain?

Hailey’s reply came instantly. “Celine, stop teasing me! I’m not talking to you anymore!”

Celine ended the chat with a knowing smile. Even though she'd been preoccupied lately, she **knew** Hailey had been trying to get closer to Declan. But, as always, the cold and aloof Declan had been a no-show, maintaining his usual distance.

"Perry, I need to go to Yorhine Univeristy," Celine said.

"I'll drive you," Perry offered without hesitation

The two of them climbed into the luxury car. Perry slid into the driver's seat, and Celine settled into the passenger seat.

Just as the car pulled onto the road, Celine's phone buzzed again. It was a WhatsApp message from Adam.

Back in Marland, Adam had forced her to add him on WhatsApp. And now, he was sending her messages,

She opened the chat to read his first message.

He had written, "Is Perry really your boyfriend?"

He was asking if Perry was her boyfriend.

She didn't reply. A few moments later, another message popped up

"How did you meet Perry?"

Adam was always sharp **and** quick to sense things, and now it seemed he was probing for answers about her relationship with Perry.

Still, Celine didn't reply.

Her silence earned her another notification. This time, the mess

message was blunt and commanding

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Adam had sent, "Celine, answer

Celine couldn't help but laugh softly. Who did he think he was? Her boss? Why on earth should she listen to him? She ignored him again.

From the driver's seat, Perry glanced at her and chuckled. "Celine, even though you're divorced from Mr. Alvarez, I can't help but feel like there's still something unresolved between you two. Do you think he still has feelings for you?"

Celine shrugged. "I don't know."

Perry smirked, his eyes plinting with mischief. “Back at the boutique, when I put my arm around you, the way Mr. Alvarez was looking at me. I swear, i felt like he wanted to chop iny hand off.

“Celine, pretending to be your boyfriend feels like a high-risk job”

Celine gave him a side-eye glance. “Then do you want to quit? If you’re scared, I can always ask Cyrus or Jason instead.”

“Don’t! For you, Celine, I’d lace fire and brimstone without hesitation Perry protested instantly.

The two of them laughed and bantered as Perry navigated through the streets Before long, they arrived at Yorhine University.

Celine stepped out of the car and made her way to the girls dormitory. As expected, Halley wasn’t there yet. She sat down to wait for her

Celine hadn’t been wrong, Halley had indeed gone off to look for Declan.

At that moment, Halley was stepping into Declan’s classroom. Before she could even call out his name, two of Declan’s male classmates approached her

“Hi, Hailey!

Hailey blinked, startled, “You know me?”

“Of course we do” You’ve been showing up here every day for the past week looking for Declan. How could we not know you?”

The other classmate chimed in with a grin. “And let’s not forget, you’re a celebrity at Yorhine University now. Everyone’s been talking about that fight between Declan and Ewan on the basketball court over you’

Haley had no idea she’d become something of a campus celebrity.

With the birthmark on her face gone, her delicate, oval-shaped face now appeared radiant and charming, effortlessly drawing attention wherever she

Today, she was dressed in the school uniform, a crisp white blouse tucked neatly into a navy blue skirt, paired with a dark blue blazer.

Her long, glossy black hair cascaded over her shoulders, with her bangs framing her forehead perfectly. She exuded a fresh and innocent schoolgirl charm.

Feeling a little shy, Hailey asked softly, “Excuse me, do you know if Declan is here today?”

The boys exchanged glances and **shook** their **heads**

. “**Sorry**, Hailey. Declan **hasn’t** been to school for a few days now.

||

Again, he wasn’t here. Halley’s face fell slightly, a flicker of disappointment crossing her delicate features, “Alright. Thank you. I’ll get going then! Turning to lewe, she clutched her handbag a little tighter. Inside was a black jacket, his black jacket. She still hasn’t had the chance to return it to him.. After defeating Ewan on the basketball court last time, Declan had left without a word, striding off without **even** looking at her.

Hailey made her way to the restroom to wash her hands.

As she stood at the sink, a group of upperclassmen girls entered. Leading the pack was Hattie Stephenson, the department’s undisputed beauty. Hattie, with her wealthy upbringing carried **herself** like a bom socialite. Her strikingly long legs had made her **a** favorite among the male students.

was chatting with the girls around her, and one of them trased, “Hattie, have you managed to win Declan over yet?”

Declan? Hailey’s wars pricked up upon hearing the name,

Hattie’s expression flickered betwem smugness and irritation. “Not yet. I’ve been chasing him forever, and he still hasn’t said yes. Honestly, I think **he’s** just pretending, acting all cold and dout on purpose.”

Her beautiful face was tinged with instration.

“Oh, he’s definitely pretending! Declan must secretly love it when someone as p

gorgeous as Hattie, with legs like those, is chasing after him.”

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“Honestly, that Declan just doesn’n krime whit’s good for him. How many rich guys bavce pulled up to mir dorms in hogiry cars trying to impress Blattie, only for her to reject them all? And yet, he’s just some poor nobody. What more does he want

At this, Hattie smirked. “I only like Declan because he’s handsome, and he’s got that stubborn toughness like he was born with a spine of steet

– If his family background weren’t sis pathetic, I wouldn’t even give him a second look,”

One of the girls added. “In Declan’s dad a drug dealer or something?”

Battle nodded. “Yep. Declan’s the son of a drug dealer. His mom’s blind as he’s got a little sister still in middle school. Their family’s dirt poor

“But, you know, the whole drug dealer’s son, Mom, kid sister in school, and messed up life – It just makes me want to take on the challenge even.

The group burst into laughter, their voices echoing off the tiled walls as they practically doubled over, ridiculing Declan’s family as if their struggles were nothing more than a joke.

Halley had heard enough. She twisted the facet off with a sharp flick of her wrist. Turning around, she fixed her almond-shaped eyes on Harrie and her

“Here you laughed enough?”

The unexpected interruption stunned the group into silence

Harrie spun on her heel, recognition dawning instantly: “Oh. Isn’t this the famous girl that Halley everyone’s been talking about lately? **And** tell me, what’s vexing you about this?”

“They aren’t some kind of entertainment for you to laugh at?”

Halley frowned. “You shouldn’t mock people. Other people’s struggles are

Hailey had been there before, she’d seen it all firsthand. She knew the warmth and love within his family. His mother and little sister were kind **and** good-hearted people. Their home, however, was small, dark, and damp.

One night, when a drunken man spat at him and called him a bastard, it became painfully clear just how tough life had

been for him. He didn’t want to love someone, but there was no need to hurt them either.

Halley couldn’t stand the way Hattie was rallying their friends to openly mock Declan and his family-

However, Hattie didn’t think she was in the wrong. She sneered, giving Halley a slow, disdainful look from head to **toe**

“Halley, don’t think I haven’t noticed that you’ve been running around looking for Declan these past few days. You’re after him too, aren’t you? Declan sure is popular, especially with rich Little princesses like you!”

Haley wasn't purvaltig Declan, but that wasn't the point. She didn't feel the need to explain herself.

She stepped forward. "What does it matter to you if amor not? All I know is, you can't have Declan, and **now** you're just bitter, calling sour grapes."

expression darkened immediately. Hailey had struck a nerve. The truth was, Hattie did like Declan a lot, but she couldn't have him, so she made pretending she didn't cate

Now that her feelings had been laid bare, Hartie was furious and humiliated. Her fists clenched tightly in anger.

Halley didn't waste another glance on her. She grabbed her bag, turned on her heel, and began walking **away**.

out behind her "What did I say that was wrong? Declan is the bastard son of a drug dealer! I'm doing him a favor by even looking

Haley froze mild-step slowly, she turned around and marched straight back to Hattie. "Say **that** again."

Hattie raised her chin arrogantly. "I **said**

She never finished fer sentence Hailey shoved her, quick and firm, sending her stumbling **back** several steps.

Hattie barely managed to catch herself before falling. She steadied her footing and glared at Hailey, her face twisting with fury. "Hailey, how dare you lay

last you to a palp? Girls, let's get her!"

wave of her hand, Hattie signualed to the other girls, who rushed at Halley in unison.

Though small and delicate in appearance, Hailey was surprisingly strong. When Hattie banged for her face, Hailey grabbed a fistful of her long hair and yanked, forcing her to the ground.

"You don't know how to respect people? If you won't show respect, then I teach you a lesson today," Halley said coldly.

"Ah! Bailey, let me go Hattie se

The scene tumed chaotic as Hailey and Hattie wrestled on the ground. Soon, the other girls joined in, and the restroom emptied into complete chaos.



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Soon, students started gathering around. “Oh my God! There’s a fight here!”

Hattie was immediately frightened. Fighting on campers would result in a disciplinary record, and on top of that, she was in a lot of pain.

She had been pinned to the ground by Hailey. Even though Hattie’s friends had tried to intervene, it didn’t stop Hailey from attacking. Hattie felt like her body was on fire with the pain

She quickly showed Hailey off her. “Just you wait, Hailey! I’ll go get help!” With that, Hattie ran off with her group of friends.

Hailey was also hurt, and her **clothes** were torn. She picked up her handbag from the ground and headed to the dressing room. She had to change into something new. Otherwise, she wouldn’t be able to go out.

Despite the pain, she didn’t regret fighting with Hattie. She wouldn’t tolerate anyone running their mouth.

Hattie was off to get reinforcements, so Hailey just waited.

As she removed her top, she winced in pain. Her body was marked with several red scratches. She hadn’t felt them during the fight, but now the pain seemed to intensity.

Just then, her phone rang, Hailey checked the caller ID. It was Celine.

She answered the call, and Celine’s voice immediately came through. “Where are you, Hailey? I heard that you got into a fight with someone.”

Celine had been waiting for Hailey in the female dorm, but some classmates had passed by and mentioned seeing Hailey fighting.

Hailey squeezed the phone. “I’m fine, Celine. I ran into Hattie, and she was hadmouthing Declan witho

Friends,”

“So, you fought with them for Declan? Celine asked.

“Yeah. There were six of them, but I didn’t lose... Chuch...” Hailey winced as she accidentally touched one of her wounds. Her eyes teared up from the pain. “Where are you now? I’ll come to you.”

Hailey gave her the location, and Celine ended the call

The latter immediately went to the dressing room to find Hailey. Soon, she sported a cold, aloof figure. It was Declan. Declan had come to the campus.

He was dressed all in black as usual. His shirt was black, unbuttoned to reveal a white tank top underneath, and he **wore** black trousers.

His tall, lean figure exuded confidence, and his long legs took wide strides. His neatly cropped hair accentuated his sharp features, giving him a wild and rugged look

His cold and distant demeanor made him incredibly attractive to the wealthy heiresses.

Celine stepped forward and called out, "Wait, Declan."

Declan stopped and turned. His expression showed no emotion. "What is it?"

"Hi, Declan. I'm Celine **Tate**, Hailey's good friend. Do you remember Hailey?"

Declan didn't answer. Instead, he turned and began walking away.

Celine felt frustrated. This guy was a difficult one

She quickly blocked his path. "Hailey just fought with some ladies, and the reason was because they were badmouthing you

Declan glanced at Celine but remained silent, attempting to walk past her.

"I'm not trying to guilt-trip you," Celine continued, "I just want you to know that Hailey that Hailey really appreciated what you did for her last time.

"I understand you don't want to be involved with her, but the more **you** avoid her, the more she wants to see you. Could you at least spare a few minutes to meet her?"

In the dressing room, Hailey took out her new clothes and was putting on her bra with her back turned when a knock came from the door.

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Hailey thought Celine had arrived. "Come in," she said,

The door to the changing room opened, but it wasn't Celine. It was Declan,

Declan had wallord in, and immediately, his eyes fell upon **Halley**, who was in the middle of changing. She was wearing a skirt, but her top was off as she was struggling to fasten the clasp of her new bra behind her.

Declan froze. He had knocked, so he hadn't expected to see this.

Hailey's skin was so fair, and she had a slender frame. Her long **hair** cascaded down her back and wound around her arms. Her back was stunning, with delicate skin and a slender waist that formed an eye-catching S-curve.

Declan quickly looked away and turned to leave, but Hailey's soft voice interrupted him, asking, "I can't fasten the clasp on my bra. Could you help me?"

Haller stepped back a little, moving in front of him. "Here. I can't reach it.

Declan didn't move, and Hailey's voice grew a little desperate. "Please help me. My hands are hurting. Ugh, my body hurts too."

Declan glanced at her body again. Her skin was marked with red scratches and abrasions from the fight. She looked battered and sore

For some reason. Declan felt a moment of pity for her. He raised his hand to help her fasten the **clasp**

However, he had never helped a woman with her bra before. He found the three rows of small clasps difficult to manage. To avoid his fingers brushing against her delicate skin, he slowed his movements even more.

Halley seemed puzzled. "These clasps are really hard to fasten, right, Celine? This bra feels tighter than usual, but it fit perfectly before. Has my chest grown again?"

She glanced down at her chest. "That's great! Men must like bigger breasts, right? I won't be aiming for an E cup like Melody's, but maybe a D cup!"

Declan remained silent. He hurriedly finished fastening the **clasp** and turned around, ready to leave.

However, Halley had already turned around. "Celine, why aren't you talking... Ah!"

She screamed the moment she saw Declan standing there. "W-What are you doing here?"

She quickly grabbed her uniform and used it to cover herself.

Declan moved toward the door.

"Wait!" Hailey called out from behind him.

Declan's hand reached for the doorknob, ready to open it. Hailey laughed in frustration. He didn't listen to a **word** she said. She told him to wait, yet he still tried to leave

She stepped forward, placing herself between him and the door. Pressing her back against it, she quietly shut the door he had just opened.

**She** lifted her face to look at **him**. "I told you to wait, Declan. Don't go just yet!"

Now, they were both standing near the door. Declan **was much** taller **than** her, and he had to look down to meet her eyes. His face remained cold and indifferent. "What do you want?"

What did she want? Hailey's cheeks flushed slightly. "I should be asking you that, Declan. You saw me naked earlier!"