

# THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

## Chapter 491

Hailey glanced at the motorcycle.

"It's faster and won't get stuck in traffic," Declan said.

Hailey smiled. "This bike looks so cool. I've never ridden one before."

Declan had assumed that a wealthy young lady like Hailey, who was accustomed

to luxury cars, wouldn't want to ride a motorcycle. However, it seemed he had underestimated her.

Declan put on his helmet and said, "Get on."

Hailey quickly fastened her helmet. Time was of the essence, and they had to rescue Celine.

"All set," she said.

Declan swung his long legs over the motorcycle with ease and tossed his black jacket to Hailey. "Put this on. It gets cold on a bike."

Hailey felt a warm flutter in her heart as she slipped on his oversized jacket. She climbed onto the motorcycle and settled behind him.

Declan revved the engine, and the motorcycle roared to life, speeding off into the night.

It was Hailey's first time on a motorcycle, and she was terrified. She clung tightly to Declan's waist, pressing her delicate body against his back like a koala holding on for dear life. "Declan, how did you figure out which hospital it was?" she asked curiously.

"I saw the clubs those men were using," Declan replied. "They're imported from Denwood, which means the kidnappers were hired for a high price. Out of the three shady hospitals, the one with the strongest backing would be their best choice."

Hailey's admiration for Declan was endless. It seemed there was nothing he couldn't do.

"Declan, you're amazing," she said with a grin.

With her leaning against his shoulder, whispering praise, Declan couldn't help but smirk.

But then, he became acutely aware of how closely her body was pressed against his, especially the way her curves molded to him.

Declan subtly shifted forward, trying to create some distance between them.

However, as soon as he moved, Hailey clung even tighter. The speed of the motorcycle made her feel safer holding onto him.

"Declan, don't move. I need to hold onto you, or I'll be scared," she said.

Declan stopped moving.

The modified motorcycle sped through the bustling night streets, weaving effortlessly through traffic.

The Striking pair became the most eye-catching sight on the road.

Before long, the bike skidded to a stop in front of the hospital. Declan got off first. "Get down," he said.

Hailey removed her helmet and tried to was too

2int but the motorcycle I for her. She held out ho

arms. "Declan, carry me!"

Declan glanced at her, then reached out and lifted her by her waist, setting her gently on the ground.

Once her feet were firmly planted, Declan said, "Let's hurry inside."

"Okay," Hailey replied.

As they ran into the hospital, Hailey reached out and took Declan's hand in hers.

The moment her soft, boneless

fingers wrapped around his, Declan stiffened. He instinctively tried to pull away, but Hailey held on tighter, gripping his hand firmly.

Declan gave up and let her hold his hand as they rushed through the hospital at top speed.

When they reached the operating room, Declan noticed several burly men in black suits sitting outside the door.

The men were vigilant and immediately stood up when they saw Declan.

"Hey, kid, who are you?" one of them demanded.