

# THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

## Chapter 509

Declan definitely knew Hailey's intentions for asking him that question, yet he still had the nerve to say more than one woman had ridden on his bike!

Declan didn't dodge it, so Hailey's fist landed squarely on his chest.

His chest was solid as hell, and her hand actually ached from the impact. She winced, pulling it back as she scowled at him. "What the hell is up with your body? Why is it so freaking hard? My hand hurts now."

Declan glanced at her hand. It was small and delicate, clearly not used to anything rough. Sure enough, her fair skin was already turning red.

He smirked slightly and asked, "Why did you hit me?"

She glared at him, fuming. "What do you think?"

"No idea."

Hailey said, "Stop pretending you're not aware. Tell me, who are these women you've given rides to?"

Looking at her, Declan said, "My mom and my sister."

Hailey froze for a moment, her small, delicate face instantly turning bright red. She had assumed he was talking about other women, but it turned out to be his mom and sister. She was left speechless.

Declan watched her freeze in shock, looking adorably dazed. Amusement flickered in his eyes as he grinned.

Hailey stomped her foot and asked, "What are you laughing at? Are you making fun of me?"

Declan replied, "I'm not laughing."

Hailey stood on her tiptoes and leaned into him, her soft, sweet-scented body pressing against his. She reached up and pulled both corners of his mouth. "I saw it! You were grinning at me just like this!"

As she lunged forward, Declan instinctively stepped back. His tall, lean frame hit the wall, making it seem like Hailey had just trapped him.

Hailey cupped his face with both hands, her big, dewy eyes gazing up at him with an innocent, almost childlike expression.

Declan averted his gaze.

That was when Hailey noticed the wound on his neck. "What happened here?"

He was wearing a T-shirt, and the injury was near his collarbone. It was barely noticeable until this moment. She reached out and tugged at his collar, revealing a red scratch.

She was so close that her soft, warm breath brushed against his skin. It didn't hurt, but the ticklish sensation made Declan want to push her away. "It's just a scratch. Don't worry about it."

Hailey knew he must've gotten it while fighting off the kidnappers, but he hadn't said anything about it.

When Celine was in danger, all it took was one call, and Declan had shown up immediately. After rescuing her, he had quietly stayed at the hospital, waiting until everything was settled.

As a warm feeling spread through Hailey's chest, she rose on her tiptoes and kissed his wound.

Declan froze.

The wound was right on his sharp and well-defined collarbone. Hailey gently kissed it.

Declan pressed his palm against her forehead, pushing her back slightly.

"Hailey, what are you doing?"

She looked up at him, then rose even higher on her tiptoes and kissed him on the lips. Declan was stunned, caught off guard by her kiss.

When he didn't push her away, Hailey wrapped her hands around his neck, and kissed him more intensely. His body stiffened under her kiss. Her lips were soft and warm, carrying a faint sweetness.

This wasn't their first kiss. The way she traced the shape of his lips, both shy and daring, made his breath hitch. She lightly tugged at his lower lip with her teeth, teasing and testing.

Declan's Adam's apple bobbed. That was when Hailey pushed further, parting his lips and slipping her tongue into his mouth.

That feeling hit Declan again, just like last time when it felt like he had been drugged. The reckless urge to let loose surged through him. It was like watching an adult video alone in a dark room-secret and illicit.

Declan was at the age when curiosity about desire was beginning to surface. His blood ran hot with restless energy.

He wanted to push Hailey away, but his hands refused to move. His gaze dropped for a moment before he finally gave in and kissed her back.

Hailey's legs went weak. Her arms remained around his neck, but her body had already softened against him.

Declan held her waist, pulling her closer and holding her firmly against him.

Hailey blushed, pushing him away.

They stopped kissing. Looking at her swollen lips, Declan asked in a low voice, "What's wrong?"

## Chapter 510

Hailey's big, dewy eyes flickered with shyness as she glanced down at his pants. "I can feel your bulge."

Declan fell silent.

To her surprise, he looked like he was blushing. She hadn't expected someone as cold and distant as him to actually blush. Smirking, she asked, "Are you blushing, Declan?"

He replied, "No."

"Yes, you are," she teased, reaching up to touch his face.

Declan dodged it and said, "Stop it."

She leaned in close to his ear and whispered, "Declan, do you want me to help you the same way as last time?"

Flashes of that night flooded Declan's mind. It had happened in his room, on his bed. She had insisted on watching an adult video with him, and then the two of them...

Now, she was asking if he wanted her to help again...

He wanted to refuse. Before he could say a word, however, she was already pressing against him, her big, beautiful eyes blinking up at him.

"Hailey..." Declan called out.

Her heart was racing too, but she was bolder. She stood on her tiptoes and kissed him. "What are you calling me for?"

Then, her small hand trailed down his chest.

Hailey loved seeing him like this, watching his usual cold and serious composure break apart.

His breath came rough and uneven, his sharp eyes clouded with helpless desire. He was lost in it and was completely at her mercy.

No one else had ever seen this side of Declan-only she had witnessed it.

That thought sent a shiver through her. She liked him a lot.

"Declan, do you like me?" Hailey asked.

The dim corridor was empty and still. Declan held her close, his face buried in her long hair.

"Declan, do you like me?" Hailey asked again.

His breaths were unsteady. After a long pause, he let out a low hum.

Hailey pressed further as she asked, "Is that a yes or no?"

He didn't want to hear her sweet, teasing voice anymore. It was driving him crazy. With a share

of

his head, he kissed her lips intensely.

He wanted her to stop talking!

Outside, James had finished handling matters and went to look for Hailey.

After searching the area, he realized she was nowhere to be seen.

"Allie? Allie?"

There was no response.

James glanced at his men and asked, "Have you seen Hailey?"

They shook their heads and said, "No, sir."

He was a bit puzzled. Where had Hailey run off to?

James called out again, "Allie?"

There was still no response.

Growing uneasy, James was about to order his men to split up and search for her when a familiar voice rang out.

"Dad."

He turned around and saw Declan standing there with Hailey.

The two of them stepped out together. Declan had already regained his usual composure. He was cold, distant, and unreadable, though a faint redness still lingered at the corners of his eyes.

On the other hand, Hailey still had a faint flush on her delicate face. At that moment, her beautiful eyes flickered with nervousness.

James frowned. "Allie, where did you go?"

Hailey looked a bit diffident as she replied, "I-I was just talking to Declan."

James turned his gaze to Declan. "Declan."