

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 570

Ewan slammed the passenger door and marched over to the driver's side.

With a press of the gas, the sports car roared to life and shot off into the distance.

Left behind, Melody sat in stunned silence, feeling completely ignored-like she didn't even exist.

"Ewan! Ewan, where are you going?" she screamed. "I'm your girlfriend! Ewan!" She felt her anger boil over at this.

30 minutes later, the Porsche screeched to a halt in front of a casino.

Hailey stepped out, her face set in a frown. "Ewan, why did you bring me here?"

"Do you know what this place is?" he asked.

Hailey nodded. "Of course. It's a casino. A place like this is nothing but trouble- I'm not going in."

"What a shame... your precious boyfriend Declan is inside."

Hailey froze, her breath catching in her throat.

She turned to him, disbelief flooding her eyes. "Ewan, stop making things up! There's no way Declan would be in a place like this!"

Ewan let out a laugh. "Hailey, I told you-you don't really know him. Come with me, and I'll show you exactly what kind of man he is."

Before she could protest, he grabbed her wrist and tugged her toward the casino doors.

The air inside was thick with smoke and noise, a chaotic mix of people from all walks of life. They crowded around the tables, their faces flushed with excitement as they gambled without a care.

Hailey loathed being here. As a sheltered young woman from a wealthy family, she had never set foot in such a place.

"Ewan, are you serious? There's no way Declan would be here. I'm leaving."

She tried to turn away, but Ewan's grip on her wrist tightened.

"Hailey, look. See for yourself."

Reluctantly, she lifted her eyes and spotted Declan.

He emerged from the casino clad in black. A cigarette hung from his fingers as he smoked, his rugged crew cut and sharp features amplifying his untamed presence.

Behind him, a few subordinates followed closely, their postures respectful.

"Declan, we've got a guy here who refuses to pay."

Several of the men in black dragged a middle-aged man forward, forcing him to kneel before Declan.

"Declan, please, have mercy! It's not that I don't want to pay. I just have nothing left! My wife is seriously ill in the hospital, and... I gambled away my kids' tuition trying to win back. I swear, I'm broke!"

Declan stepped forward, his men following closely behind. He loomed over the man, taking a long drag from his cigarette. Crouching down, he blew a thick cloud of smoke

straight into the man's face.

A cold smirk curved on his lips as he said, "The money's there if you're willing to

look for it. You could always sell your house."

The man's face drained of color. "No, I can't... That house belongs to my parents! Selling it would ruin them!"

Declan took another drag from his cigarette, exhaling lazily. "And yet, here you

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are-empty-handed-leaving me with no choice. Debts don't just disappear... and you know what happens to those who don't pay."

The man shook his head frantically. "No! No, please, Declan—have mercy!"

Declan rose to his feet, his gaze shifting toward one of his men.

Without hesitation, the lackey seized the man's hand, slamming it onto the surface. The blade flashed before slicing downward in a swift, brutal arc.

A bloodcurdling scream tore through the air.

Hailey flinched, the sound stabbing into her ears like shards of glass.

Her gaze snapped to Declan. Blood spattered across his face, but he didn't so much as blink. With a stoic expression, he wiped it away with the back of his hand.

At that moment, Hailey barely recognized him.