

# THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

## Chapter 582

Declan looked at Stella, his gaze gentle. "Alright."

Stella curled her lips into a smile, and the two of them drank the wedding toast.

The crowd started whistling. "Off to the wedding suite! Off to the wedding suite! Off to the wedding suite!"

Watching this scene, Hailey felt like needles were stabbing her heart. The pain was unbearable.

He was going to marry Stella. He was going to marry another woman.

Why was he doing this to her?

Just then, a scion called out, "Waiter! Bring more liquor! We're out over here."

"Got it!" A waiter came running over with a bottle of liquor.

Hailey stopped him. "Give me the bottle. I'll bring it over."

The waiter was stunned. "What do you mean?"

Hailey pulled a thick stack of cash from her pocket and stuffed it into his. "This is what I mean."

The waiter immediately understood. Grinning from ear to ear, he handed the bottle over. "Got it. Your call."

Hailey took the bottle, put on a mask, and walked toward the VIP lounge.

The scion gestured. "Waiter, set the drinks here."

Hailey nodded. "Alright."

She placed the bottle on the table.

At that moment, the scion's eyes landed on her. He gave her a once-over.

Even with the mask covering half her face, the visible part of her face was fair. Her eyes were bright and clear, and her high ponytail added a touch of youthful innocence. She was like a magnet, effortlessly drawing attention.

The scion smirked. "Since when did this bar have such a gorgeous waitress? Hey, miss, how old are you?"

"Damn." Someone in the lounge whistled. "We've been here all night, and we just now noticed this beauty?"

"Miss, are you here to serve drinks? Stay and have a few with us."

The men in the lounge were eyeing Hailey with lecherous gazes.

Declan kept his head down, his handsome face indifferent. He didn't seem interested in any of this.

However, Stella noticed Hailey. Beautiful women were always sensitive to other beautiful women.

Stella suddenly felt like she had seen Hailey somewhere before. She  
ned her eyes at Hailey. "Why

do

like we've met before? Do

we know each other?"

Hailey shook her head but kept her gaze fixed on Declan beside Stella.

Stella clung to Declan's muscular

arm

Bet

wait pouted, "Declan, look at this Doesn't she seem familiar?  
like I've seen her before."

Declan lifted his head and glanced at Hailey.

At first, it was just a casual, lazy  
glance, But the moment his eyes et

landed on her, his hand holding the wine glass abruptly froze.

Hailey locked eyes with him. She knew he had recognized her.

"Declan, do you know her?" Stella pressed.

Hailey stared at him, waiting to hear his answer.

Would he say he knew her? Or would he say he didn't?

Declan's thin lips pressed together. His gaze on Hailey was cold, laced with  
displeasure.

"Declan, why aren't you saying anything? Let me think. I really feel like I've  
seen her somewhere before. Where was it..."

Declan cut Stella off. "You're mistaken. We don't know her."

Hailey's lashes trembled. He was truly heartless for lying through his teeth and  
pretending not to know her.

With a beauty in his arms, was he that eager to draw the line between them?

Just then, the rich scion reached out and grabbed Hailey's wrist. "Come here,  
beautiful lady. Drink with us."