

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 583

Hailey looked at the man, trying to pull her delicate wrist out of his grip. "I'm just a waitress here to serve drinks. I don't drink with customers. Let me go!"

The man didn't release her. Instead, her resistance only piqued his interest further. "Miss, aren't you here to make money? Have a drink with us, and I'll pay you."

She shook her head. "I don't want your money."

The scion snapped his fingers at that moment, and one of his men immediately walked in carrying a briefcase.

He opened it, revealing stacks of crisp dollar bills. He picked up a bundle of cash. "Here's ten grand. Have a drink with me."

Hailey's voice remained firm. "I don't want to."

"Then, let's raise the stakes. I'll give you 50 grand for one drink."

"No!"

Ronald chuckled. "Are you playing hard to get? Because if you are, you've definitely got my attention."

The people around them laughed and egged him on.

"Miss, do you know how many women would kill for the chance to drink with Ronald? You should take the offer before you regret it."

"It looks like Mr. Carter really likes you. I've never seen him so invested in anyone before!"

Stella sat on the couch, watching the scene unfold. She turned to Declan.

"Declan, it looks like Ronald is about to make a new friend, don't you think?"

Declan lounged against the couch, his posture relaxed as he swirled the wine in his glass. The deep red liquid rippled against the crystal. His gaze, however, was icy as he watched Ronald and Hailey.

"Declan, why aren't you saying anything?"

Stella was quick to pick up on his change in demeanor. Declan was a man who rarely showed his emotions. Even though he had agreed to date her, she often felt like she couldn't read him. He always remained distant.

But right now, as he watched Ronald and Hailey, his entire presence seemed to darken, and his demeanor plummeted to freezing depths.

Stella's gaze drifted back to Hailey. Who exactly was she?

Ronald grinned. "Miss, this whole case of cash is yours. Now, have a drink with me."

This time, he didn't even give Hailey a chance to refuse. With a forceful tug, she was pulled straight into his lap.

Hailey's body went rigid. She despised physical contact with strangers. She immediately

him

away. "Let go of me!

touch

me!"

"Miss, why are you still wearing a mask? Take it off, and let me see your face."

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face visible, and they

reyes were t

anyone's heart itch with curiosity.

"Mr. Carter, hurry and pull off her mask! What if she's not that pretty and ends up disappointing you?"

"No way. This woman has the perfect body, great posture, and beautiful eyes. There's no way her face isn't stunning."

"Yeah, trust Mr. Carter's instincts. Any girl he's interested in is guaranteed to be a knockout."

The crowd around them roared in excitement.

Ronald reached out to pull down Hailey's mask.

Hailey quickly stopped him. "You can't look at my face!"

"Why not?"

"Because... my face is only for my boyfriend to see! If you look at my face, he'll be mad!"

"Boyfriend?" Ronald paused, surprised. "You have a boyfriend?"

Hailey's lashes trembled. She knew Declan had been watching her this whole time. She wanted to bet on herself-bet on whether he would step in to save her. fo

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Hailey wanted to bet on it-to see if she still had a place in his heart.

If she didn't, then she would finally give up on him.

"Yes, I have a boyfriend!" she declared.

"Who is he?"

"That's none of your business. All you need to know is that he's taller than you, more handsome than you. I really like him, and he really likes me too!"

The crowd burst into laughter.

"Mr. Carter, looks like this young lady is already taken."

"Mr. Carter, it seems like you've lost this time."

Ronald sneered. "You're lying to me, aren't you? Where is this so-called boyfriend of yours? If he'd really get jealous about you drinking with me, then why would he let you come to a place like this in the first place? That just proves he doesn't care about you at all!"

With that, he lifted a glass of alcohol. "Come on, beautiful, have a drink with me. If you really have a boyfriend, he'll show up!"

He brought the glass to Hailey's lips, ready to pour the wine down her throat.

Hailey struggled, trying to push him away. "Let me go! Don't touch me! I don't want to drink!"

Some of the alcohol spilled from the glass, soaking her clothes and leaving her looking disheveled.

The people around them egged her on.

"It looks like you don't really have a boyfriend. He hasn't shown up, has he?"

"You might as well be with Mr. Carter. He can give you the best life-food, drinks, luxury!"

A wave of despair crashed over Hailey. Was Declan really just going to let this happen?

Stella smirked as she watched Declan. "Declan, tonight is supposed to be our celebration, but Ronald and that waitress seem to be having more fun than we are."

She snuggled into his arm. "Isn't that right, Declan?"

Declan's long fingers clenched around his glass. Then, he tipped his head back and downed the entire drink in one go.

The sharp liquor burned down his throat, his Adam's apple shifting as he swallowed.

Then, with a slam, he set his glass down with a loud crack.

The sound of glass hitting the table was sharp and jarring, cutting through the noisy atmosphere. The room fell silent.

Even Ronald paused. He frowned in confusion. "Declan, what's up with you? Are we being too loud for you?"

Stella stiffened. "Declan, what's wrong?"

But Declan didn't look at her. His icy gaze was locked onto Ronald. "Take your hands off her."

Ronald blinked, momentarily caught off guard. "Declan, what do you mean?"

Without another word, Declan

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suddenly stood up. In just a few

strides, he was in front of Ronald, his

presence cold and menacing

exuding an air of pure dominance.

Before Ronald could react, Declan grabbed his wrist and twisted it with a snap!

A chilling crack echoed in the air.

Ronald'

wrist was broken. The

Sweet

wine

glass he had been holding tumbled onto the carpet.

Declan let go of Ronald's arm, then reached out and grabbed Hailey's slender wrist. With a swift pull, he lifted her off Ronald's lap and onto her feet.

"Come with me."

He didn't wait for her response. He simply held her arm and pulled her away.

Instantly, the room erupted in whispers.

"What the hell just happened? Why did Declan take that waitress with him?"

"What's going on between Declan and that woman?"

"Ms. Xanders, do you know what's happening?"

Stella had already stood up. She stood frozen in place, watching Declan drag Hailey away.

And then it hit her.

No wonder that waitress looked so familiar. She knew her.

That waitress was Hailey!

Stella clenched her fists as jealousy burned in her eyes. Even though she was engaged to Declan, she knew that Hailey had always occupied a place in his heart.

A woman's intuition never lied.

Now, Hailey was back, entangling herself with him once again and making Stella feel threatened.

She loved Declan. She loved him a lot. She didn't want to lose him.

"Ms. Xanders, what exactly is going on?"

Annoyed, she snapped, "All of you, get out!"

The crowd quickly scattered.

Just then, Bob arrived. He looked at Stella. "Stelly, what's wrong? Who made you upset?"

Stella reached out and hugged her father. "Dad, you're here?"

Bob glanced around. "Stelly, where's Declan? Wasn't he supposed to be here with you? Where did he go? Why are you here alone?"

She couldn't bear to speak ill of Declan. "He just went to the restroom, Dad. Dad, I'm scared of losing Declan. I want to marry him as soon as possible."

Bob frowned. "Stelly, why are you in such a hurry to get married?"

"Because I want to marry him! But I feel like Declan isn't in a rush. Dad, you have to find a way to make him marry me sooner."

She pouted playfully. "Dad, you think so highly of Declan. Everyone says a son-in-law is like half a son. If I get married, you can hand over the family

business to Declan, and then I'll give you a bunch of grandkids. You can retire and enjoy life taking care of them!"

Bob burst into hearty laughter. "You really are ready to fly the nest, huh? Alright, I'll think of a way."

"What way?"

He smirked knowingly. "Simple. You and Declan just need to seal the deal."

Stella's face flushed. "Dad!"

"Don't you want to?"

"Of course I do!"

If she could become Declan's woman, then he would have no choice but to marry

her. At that point, Hailey would be nothing more than an afterthought.

Declan dragged Hailey by her slender wrist, leading her through the corridor. His strides were long and fast, forcing her to stumble as she struggled against his grip.

"Declan, let me go!" she protested.

Declan suddenly stopped. With a sharp push, he pressed her against the wall.

Then, he reached out and pulled off her mask, revealing her delicate, oval-shaped face.

"Hailey, who told you to come here?"

Hailey met his gaze. "What's wrong with me being here? Where I go is my own business. Do I need your permission?"

Declan was so furious he was momentarily speechless. "Do you even know what kind of place this is? You shouldn't be here. Go back to where you belong."

"If you can be here, why can't I?" she

shot back, her lips curling into a

toine

shot balan, didn't you say you

smirk.

didn't know me? Then, why did save me? Why do you care?"

you

She felt a burst of joy in her heart. Declan cared. He had pulled her out of that scion's clutches. She had won the gamble.

Declan braced one hand against the wall, effectively caging her in between his body and the cold surface behind her.

His deep, intense eyes locked onto hers. "Hailey, I'll say it one more time. You don't belong here. Go home."

Hailey lifted her chin defiantly. "I'm not going home. I want to stay with you."

Declan's expression darkened. "Hailey, there's no future for us."

With that, he turned to leave.

But before he could take a step, Hailey swiftly reached up, hooked her arms around his neck, and pulled

him down. His face was now mere inches from hers. fo

She looked into his eyes. "Declan, you have feelings for me. You like me!"