

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 586

These weren't questions. They were statements.

Declan froze.

"Don't deny it because I already know the answer. Denying it would just be lying. Declan, you like me, and I like you too!"

As she spoke, Hailey lifted her head and kissed his thin lips without hesitation.

Declan was stunned. He hadn't expected her to be so bold. He instinctively tried to push her away. "Hailey..."

But it was useless. Hailey wrapped her arms tightly around his neck, holding on with all her strength. Just as he opened his mouth, she deepened the kiss.

Her soft tongue slid in, dominant yet playful, entwining with his.

Declan was still inexperienced when it came to intimacy, and her teasing sent an immediate shiver down his spine.

A tingling sensation spread from his lower back, surging through his limbs and making the corners of his eyes redden.

Hailey kissed him fiercely, tasting the strong liquor on his lips—a wild, fiery, untamed flavor that made her dizzy with excitement.

In the end, Declan still managed to push her away. "Hailey, what are you doing?"

Hailey's lips were glistening from the kiss. They were so close that her long lashes trembled slightly. "Have you ever kissed Stella?"

Declan didn't answer. Instead, he tried to remove her hands from around his neck.

But Hailey suddenly stood on her tiptoes and bit the corner of his lips.

He frowned and said hoarsely, "Hailey, don't bite me! Someone might see."

He didn't want her to bite him.

Hailey released his lips, only to sink her teeth into his neck. Her sharp little teeth dug into his flesh like a wild animal, making him wince in pain.

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His hand slid around her slender waist while his other hand pressed against the

back of her head, fingers running through her soft, silky hair.

She smelled sweet, fresh, and beautiful.

"Have you bitten enough?" Declan asked in a hoarse voice.

Hailey let go of his neck. "If you ever dare to bully me again, I'll bite you even harder. I bite real hard, you know!"

Declan's lips curled into a faint smile. "Hailey, there's no future for us. I'm already with Stella."

She looked at him. "Then, what about me?"

Declan's Adam's apple bobbed. "Hailey, you..."

Hailey leaned in and kissed his lips again. "Declan, just tell me one thing. Are you really going to give me up?"

His gaze darkened with deep conflict. He hesitated, weighing his choices, unsure of what to say. "Hailey, I..."

"Declan, if you let me go again and push me toward another man, then I will be with someone else this time. Can you live with that?"

The answer was no. How could he possibly live with that? But...

Hailey wrapped her arms around him. "Declan, I don't believe a single word you said before. I don't believe you'd just fall for someone else. There's no way you're really with Stella.

"You must have your reasons, don't you? You can tell me. Whatever it is, we'll face it together. As long as we're together, we can get through anything."

Declan felt his heart soften instantly.

He had said so many cold, heartless things before, yet she didn't believe any of them.

She believed in him. But could he tell her the truth?

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No, Declan couldn't. He hardened his heart and pushed Hailey away. "Hailey, I'll say it again. We have no future. Go home."

Hailey wanted to say something. "But I..."

"Hailey," he called her name with extra weight in his voice. "Don't make things harder for me. Go home."

If he had said anything else, maybe she wouldn't have left. But he said not to make things harder for him.

Hailey let go of him and turned to leave.

After taking a few steps, she couldn't help but look back at him one last time. Then, she waved her small hand. "Goodbye, Declan. If anything happens, call me, okay? I'll always be waiting for your call."

Then, just like that, her delicate figure disappeared from sight.

Declan watched her walk away. She was so obedient and so well-behaved. He really didn't want to let her go.

But he had things to do.

Just then, his phone rang, the familiar chime breaking the silence. It was a call from Stella.

Declan answered, and Stella's voice came through immediately. "Declan, where are you right now? My dad's here. He's looking for you. Come back quickly."

Bob was here.

Declan ended the call, slipped his phone back into his pocket, and turned to leave.

Stella was already waiting at the entrance when he arrived. "Declan, you're here. Where's that waitress? Why did you take her away? What's your relationship with her?"

He looked at Stella. "I..."

"Shh, Declan, you don't have to explain anything. As long as you belong to me, that's all that matters. I didn't tattle to my dad either."

Declan said nothing more.

The two of them walked up to Bob. "Mr. Xanders."

"Declan, you're back. Looks like you and my daughter had a great time tonight."

Stella smiled and said, "Dad, you should give Declan more time off so he can accompany me."

"Declan, look at that! My daughter's heart is already leaning toward you, haha!"

With that, Bob raised two glasses of liquor, handing one to Declan. "Come on, Declan, let's have a drink."

Declan took the glass, clinked it against Bob's, and downed it in one gulp.

Upon seeing Declan act so

straightforwardly, Stella was

overjoyed. She had spiked them t

Tonight, she was going to make him hers.

Declan set down the empty glass. "Mr. Xanders, let's head back."

Bob nodded. "Alright, let's go."

The three of them left the bar.

As to luxury cars were p

curb, and several men in

black suits were standing nearby.

One of them stepped forward and opened the back door. "Ms. Xanders, Declan, please get in."

Declan was about to step into the

car. Something suddenly felt

off. A wave of heat surged through his body-his skin burned, and his throat went dry.

Declan had been in the underworld long enough to know exactly what was happening-he had been drugged.

Declan turned to Bob. "Mr. Xanders, was there something in that drink?"

He had already figured out that the problem was in the liquor.

Bob wasn't surprised at all. With Declan's quick reaction time, it was obvious he would figure out the problem with the drink.

Bob chuckled. "Declan, don't be so tense. This drink is just to help you and Stelly set the mood. It won't have any side effects on your body."

"Set the mood? Mr. Xanders, what do you mean by that?" Declan asked.

Bob reached out and patted Declan's shoulder. "Declan, you silly boy, tonight I'm entrusting my precious daughter to you."

Declan looked over at Stella, only to see her cheeks flushed, eyes filled with longing.

He pressed his lips into a thin line and removed Bob's hand from his shoulder. "Mr. Xanders, I'm heading back."

With that, he turned to leave.

Stella froze, then immediately called out, "Declan!"

Bob stepped forward. "Declan, you've already been drugged. Why are you still trying to leave? I'll have my men escort you and my precious daughter to a hotel room."

However, Declan refused. "That won't be necessary."

Stella's face paled at this rejection.

She had everything. She was a stunning beauty with a killer body. The men lining up to chase her could stretch all the way to Frankford.

Yet, for some reason, she had given her heart to Declan, this broke nobody.

She had already thrown herself at him so openly. What reason could he possibly have to reject her? Wasn't this supposed to be to his advantage?

Bob studied Declan. "Declan, what's the meaning of this? Aren't you already dating my daughter? She's your girlfriend, and your wedding is already being arranged. Tonight is just about sealing the deal. Why are you making such a big fuss?"

His sharp eyes swept over Declan, full of suspicion. "Unless... you are not being sincere with my daughter? Are you playing me?"

"Dad, he isn't! He treats me very well!" Stella quickly defended him.

Declan glanced at Stella before reaching out and taking her hand. "Bob, that's not what I meant."

"That's more like it. Declan, I think highly of you. I already see you as half my son. Let me tell you something. One of the biggest players at the top is coming to Mercity in a few days.

"No one knows his whereabouts, but I'll keep you in the loop. That should show you how much I value you. As long as you and Stelly are truly together, I'll take you to meet him when the time comes."

Declan's heart pounded. He had been lying low for so long, waiting for this exact moment.

He was finally going to meet that man. But the price of that meeting was that tonight, he had to go through this with Stella.

Bob personally opened the back car door. "Declan, get in."

Bob had laid out Declan's choice. It was either he got in or didn't.

Heat waves pulsed through Declan's body, each one stronger than the last. The

drug was potent. He remained silent for a few seconds.

Then, taking Stella's hand, he stepped into the car.

Stella's face lit up with joy.

"That's the right call, Declan. From now on, we're family. Lionel, take my future son-in-law and Ms. Xanders to the hotel," Bob instructed the driver.

Lionel nodded and bowed. "Got it, Mr. Xander. I'll make sure to send them safely."

Bob shut the car door, and the luxury vehicle sped off.

Soon, Declan and Stella arrived at the presidential suite of a six-star hotel. Several men in black suits were already stationed outside, all were arranged by Bob.

One of them respectfully opened the suite's door. "Declan, Ms. Xanders, please go in and rest. We will be stationed outside all night to ensure no one disturbs you."

Stella's cheeks burned. She followed Declan into the suite and shut the door behind them.

Now, it was just the two of them.

Stella reached out and wrapped her arms around Declan from behind. His body was scorching hot, every inch of his masculinity burning like wildfire. It was pure, raw testosterone.

Her hands began to roam over his sculpted chest...