

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 589

Declan tried to push Stella's hands away, but she clung to him tightly.

"Declan, we're already in the room. Are you really going to push me away? Do you not want me?"

Declan felt like his entire body was on fire, like countless ants crawling through his bones. The sensation was unbearable.

However, Stella's curvaceous body pressing against him, along with her restless hands, seemed like they could ease his discomfort and make him feel better.

"Declan, I really like you. Tonight, I'll make you feel good. Let's be together." Stella's breath was warm and fragrant as she continued to tempt him.

Declan turned around to look at her. She was stunning, radiant in every way. In truth, every woman who had ever surrounded him was beautiful. There wasn't a single unattractive one among them.

Stella's hand traced along his chiseled jawline. "Declan."

This time, he didn't stop her. Instead, he reached out and scooped her up in his arms, striding toward the bed.

Stella landed on the soft mattress with a bounce. She hooked her arms around Declan's neck, pulling him down with her. "Declan, let me help you take off your clothes."

She started unbuttoning his shirt.

However, he suddenly stopped her. His bloodshot eyes burned deeply and dangerously as he stared at her. "I'm going to take a shower first."

Stella pouted. "Declan, let's shower together."

"I'll go first."

Before he could get up, Stella flipped them over in one swift movement, straddling him boldly. "Declan, don't go. I don't want you to leave me right now."

Declan's Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed hard. Then, in one sharp motion, he yanked Stella closer. Their faces were suddenly inches apart.

Stella's heart pounded wildly. This was the closest she had ever been to Declan. His rugged, untamed handsomeness made her pulse race. She lowered her head, aiming for his lips.

But before she could kiss him, a sharp pain struck the back of her neck.

Declan had chopped at her pressure point.

Stella's vision went black, and she collapsed on the bed. She was out cold.

Declan sat up. Even though his body was burning like an inferno, he still hadn't lost his mind.

When Stella was on top of him just now, his mind had been flooded with the image of Hailey's delicate, heart-shaped face.

She had sat on him like that before, too.

At this moment, he wanted her.

There were guards stationed outside the suite. Declan had no way to leave. He couldn't risk turning against Bob just yet.

He got out of bed and went into the bathroom.

He unbuttoned his shirt one by one, shrugging it off before turning on the shower. Ice-cold water cascaded over his burning skin. He needed the cold to douse the fire raging inside him.

Droplets splashed against his firm sculpted muscles, but instead of relief, the agony only intensified. The scorching heat and freezing water tormented his body and mind.

This wasn't going to work.

Declan grabbed his phone, scrolled through his contacts, and hesitated for two seconds before impulse won over reason.

He dialed Hailey.

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At that moment, Hailey was at home.

Her eyes lit up when she saw "Declan" flashing on her screen. He was calling her. Back at the bar, she had told him she would wait for his call. And now, here it was. For someone like him, reaching out first was rare.

She answered immediately, her voice bright with excitement. "Hello? Declan?"

She was met with silence. However, she knew he was there. She could hear his breathing. It was deep, ragged, and uneven.

Hailey tightened her grip on her phone. "Declan, are you there? Why aren't you saying anything?"

Standing under the icy shower,

Declan heard her soft, melodic

dis sweet

as

and clear as a songbird's.

his eyes turn even redder.

He let out a low, hoarse hum. "Yeah."

"Declan, what's wrong? You sound strange. What are you doing?" Hailey asked.

Chapter 590

Declan shut his eyes in frustration. One of his hands gripped his phone while the other hand slid downward.

"Hailey!" he called her name in a hoarse, strained voice.

"I'm here, Declan. Where are you right now? Why aren't you answering my questions? Declan, you're not with Stella, are you?"

"I don't want you to be with her, and I absolutely forbid you from getting intimate with her! Do you hear me?"

Declan remained silent while Hailey kept chattering away.

"Declan, do you miss me?" she suddenly asked.

He froze for a moment.

"Declan, if you miss me, then come find me. I'm at home. Tonight, my dad and Linda aren't here. It's just me, all alone."

Declan didn't respond.

"I'll hang up, then," she said.

Then, the line beeped twice. Hailey had ended the call.

Declan felt an uncontrollable urge rise within him. Thoughts of Hailey completely consumed his mind right now, and he wanted to go to her.

After turning off the shower, Declan got dressed. Stella was still unconscious on the bed, and the guards were stationed outside. His only way out was through the window.

They were on the fourth floor.

Declan pulled open the window, tied the bedsheets together to form a rope, and then leaped out. He landed on the ground.

The cool night air wrapped around him, feeling fresh and free. Without hesitation, Declan took off running, his long strides carrying him swiftly through the night.

Meanwhile, inside the villa, Hailey was still thinking about their phone call. Declan's voice had sounded strange. What was wrong with him?

When she asked, he didn't seem willing to answer. Should she call him back?

Just as she was debating, the doorbell suddenly rang. Someone was at the door.

Who could it be?

Hailey walked over and opened the door. A tall, striking figure stood outside. It was Declan. Declan had come.

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His bloodshot eyes burned

locked onto Hailey.g

Hailey gasped in shock. "Declan, you really came? Hurry, come in."

She pulled him inside and quickly shut the door behind them.

That was when she noticed the scrape on his arm. "Declan, your arm. How did you get hurt?"

He wouldn't have even noticed if she hadn't pointed it out. It must have happened when he jumped from the window.

But right now, he didn't care.

Declan reached out and grabbed Hailey's slender waist, pulling her forcefully into his arms.

As he held her soft, fragrant body

against her lips in a deepening

, he lowered his head and

and

fervent kiss.

His kiss was intense, almost consuming as if he were trying to drown himself in

her sweetness.

Hailey's knees went weak, and she started to slip downward. But Declan held her tightly, keeping her pressed against his body.

In an instant, she felt it-his abnormal heat, his overwhelming desire.

She placed her hands against his firm chest and pushed him back slightly.

"Declan, what's wrong with you?"

His gaze burned into hers. "Hailey, I want you."