

# THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

## Chapter 591

Hailey looked at Declan and asked, "Declan, what's wrong?"

As she spoke, her small hand landed on his body. "You're burning up like a furnace..."

A dark red flame seemed to flicker in Declan's eyes, but he forced himself to stay

in control. He shouldn't have come looking for Hailey tonight, but he just couldn't help himself.

"I was drugged," he said hoarsely.

Hailey's long lashes fluttered as her eyes widened in shock. "You've been drugged again?"

She emphasized the word "again" because this wasn't the first time Declan had fallen victim to such a scheme.

"Who drugged you? Was it Stella's father?" Hailey guessed.

Declan gave a faint nod.

"Why would he drug you? Don't tell me he's trying to get you to sleep with Stella?"

Declan looked at her but said nothing.

Hailey let out a frustrated laugh and shot him a glare, unsure whether she should be angry or not.

"Declan, just look at all the trouble your charm brings you. You've got wealthy socialites and rich heiresses falling over themselves for you, and they'll stop at nothing to have you. They're even resorting to drugging you now."

Before she could say more, Declan suddenly lowered his head and captured her lips in a deep kiss, silencing her endless complaints.

Hailey felt her heart swell with sweetness. She wrapped her arms around his neck and began to kiss him back.

Now that he was holding the girl he liked, Declan's blood burned even hotter. Every cell in his body screamed with desire.

She had just taken a shower, and her scent was intoxicating. Unable to resist, he buried his flushed face in the crook of her neck.

Hailey's eyes shimmered with warmth. "Declan, what should we do now?"

Declan swallowed hard. "I need a cold shower."

"Okay, come to my room."

Hailey led him upstairs to her bedroom.

Her room was a princess' haven, adorned in soft pink hues and delicate details, radiating a sweet and youthful charm.

"My bathroom is here. Go take a shower," Hailey said.

"Okay," Declan replied before stepping inside.

The sound of running water soon filled the room. Hailey briefly stepped out to fetch a clean shirt, trousers, and towel for him.

She walked up to the bathroom door and knocked.

"Declan, I brought you some clothes and a towel. Open the door."

There was no response.

Hailey knocked again. "Declan, did you hear me? Declan!"

Still, there was no answer.

A wave of panic surged through her. He had been burning up earlier, and the drug, was clearly strong. She couldn't help but worry that something might have happened to him in the shower.

"Declan, are you okay? Open the door!"

She reached for the doorknob, intending to push it open.

Suddenly, the door swung wide, and she lost her balance, tumbling straight inside.

She fell straight into Declan's scorching embrace.

"Declan, are you okay?" she asked, her heart still racing.

Water dripped from his body, tracing along his sharp, masculine features. He looked unbearably seductive. While shaking his head, he said, "I'm fine."

Hailey let out a sigh of relief. "If

you're fine, why didn't you answer had to you! You scared me to  
me? I thought something had  
death!"

She patted her chest, trying to calm herself.

Just then, Declan reached out and gave her a slight push, pinning her against  
the  
wall.

Only then did Hailey realize something was off. He had just showered, and she was now seeing way too much.

She let out a startled scream and immediately covered her face with both hands.

Declan chuckled, amused by her reaction. "Now you're shy? I thought you wouldn't be."

He was being ridiculous. She was a girl, so of course she was shy.

Hailey balled her fists and lightly punched his chest. "Declan, you're so annoying!"

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Declan grabbed her small fist and lowered his head to kiss her again.

Hailey was left dizzy from the kiss. "Declan, did the cold shower not work?"

Declan's gaze was intense, like a predator locking onto its prey. "Hailey, I want you. Can I?"

He had actually said he wanted her.

Hailey's delicate oval face flushed crimson. She bit her red lip lightly and then nodded.

Declan lowered his head to kiss her again, but Hailey stopped him.

He husked, "What's wrong?"

"Can we move to the bed? I'm a little nervous. This is my first time."

Declan immediately lifted her into his arms and carried her to the bed, where they tumbled onto the soft sheets together.

Feeling her body tense up, Declan gently intertwined his fingers with hers, squeezing her hand reassuringly. "If it hurts, tell me. I don't have any experience either. This is my first time too."

Hailey's eyes lit up, and she leaned in, kissing him on her own accord.

After what felt like an eternity, Hailey curled up beneath the sheets, her forehead damp with sweat. Her flushed face was as delicate as a rose in full bloom.

From behind, Declan wrapped his arms around her, pressing his face into her soft hair, inhaling her scent with an almost obsessive tenderness.

"Do you want to take a shower?" he murmured.

Hailey turned around and looked at him. "Only if you carry me."

Declan nodded. "Alright."

As they got out of bed, Declan's gaze fell on the faint stain of red on the sheets. He had really been her first.

Declan swept Hailey off her feet, carrying her in his arms. Hailey, her face flushed with shyness, covered her eyes with her hands as the two of them stepped back into the bathroom.

Warm water cascaded from above as Declan reached for a hair tie, gathering her long, damp locks into a loose bun before gently washing her.

Suddenly, Hailey seemed to remember something important. "Declan," she called out.

"What is it?" Declan responded.

"Did you use any protection?" Hailey asked hesitantly.

Declan froze for a moment, realizing the oversight. Both he and Hailey were new to this, and it hadn't even crossed his mind. There were no contraceptives here, and he hadn't prepared anything either.

He pulled her into his arms. "I'm sorry. I forgot."

Hailey sighed. "I'll go to the pharmacy tomorrow and get a pill."

While

at her delicate face,

Declan felt a pang of guilt. He leaned in and kissed her gently. "I'll be careful next time."

next time."

Hailey shot him a playful glare. "There's going to be a next time?"

Declan smirked, pulling her closer. "You don't want a next time?"

Flushing, Hailey scooped up water and splashed him. "Pervert!"

They laughed and played for a while until Declan suddenly pinned her against the wall.

Hailey's breath hitched. "What are you doing?"

Declan's eyes darkened. "I want you again."

Hailey knew exactly what he meant but she pretended not to. "Well

it's a question for you to answer

she pretended not to."

"What is it?"

"Do you like me? Tell me, do you like me or not?"

This question mattered to her.

Declan leaned in and kissed her deeply. "I do. I like you."

His deep, raspy voice carried absolute certainty.

Hailey smiled. She wrapped her arms around his neck and whispered back, "I like you too."

Hailey was stirred awake by the faint movements beside her. Still half-asleep, she felt Declan shifting as if he was about to get up, prompting her to groggily open

her eyes.

Last night, they had gone from the bed to the bathroom and then to the couch, exhausting every bit of their energy. Now, every slight movement sent a burning ache through her body, and she felt as if she were falling apart.

"Declan, are you leaving?" she asked.

Hailey had been sleeping nestled in Declan's arms, and though he had tried to be as gentle as possible, his movements had still woken her.

Declan gazed at her softly. "Hailey, I have to go."

"What time is it?"

"Go back to sleep. It's only 4:00 am."

Hailey reached out and hugged him, snuggling into his embrace like a clingy kitten. "It's only 4:00 am. Why are you leaving so soon? Stay with me a little longer."

Declan needed to return to the hotel. He couldn't afford to be absent when Stella woke up, and he had his own responsibilities to attend to.

But now, with Hailey holding onto him and acting spoiled, he found himself wavering.

After all, even the strongest heroes could falter in the face of tenderness.

Declan lay back down, pressing a gentle kiss to her forehead. "Alright, I'll stay a little longer. Go back to sleep."

Hailey planted a firm kiss on his cheek before snuggling back into him. She was so exhausted that she quickly drifted back into a deep slumber.

However, Declan couldn't sleep. He held Hailey in his arms for a long time, savoring the warmth of her body against his.

The memories of last night still lingered in his bones, sending shivers through him whenever he thought about it. The passion they had shared had been intoxicating.

Now that the heat of the moment had passed, he realized how impulsive he had been. He had taken her-and now, she was his.

Declan gazed at Hailey's delicate oval face affectionately. He leaned down and kissed her, starting from her cheeks to her lips, then burying his face in her silky hair to kiss her again.

He had suppressed his feelings for so long, but now that they had been unleashed, he realized just how much he adored her. He wanted to be with her forever.

He pulled her tightly into his embrace, perhaps a little too forcefully. Hailey winced slightly in her sleep and let out a soft murmur. "It hurts..."

Declan immediately loosened his grip, afraid of hurting her further.

Once Hailey was sound asleep again, Declan carefully slipped out of bed. He dressed quietly, kissed her one last time, and then left the room.

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Back at the hotel, Stella was still fast asleep.

He placed Stella on the bed and lay down beside her, closing his eyes as thoughts of Hailey filled his mind.



At 7:00 am, Stella stirred awake. She shifted slightly, realizing she was lying in Declan's arms.

Declan sat up. "You're awake?"

Stella sat up as well, trying to recall the events of the previous night. She remembered sitting on Declan's lap, but everything after that was a blur.

"Declan, did we sleep together last night?" Stella asked hesitantly.

Declan got out of bed and coldly asked, "Isn't that what you and your father wanted? He drugged me so this would happen.

Congratulations-you got what you wanted."

It seemed they had really slept together.

Stella quickly got out of bed and wrapped her arms around him. "Declan, are you

mad? Are you upset because of what my father did?"

Declan pushed her away gently. "I'm not mad."

"I feel like you are. Declan, I'm sorry. I like you so much. I was afraid you'd reject

me, so I resorted to such a desperate measure."

Declan met her gaze. "Stella, I've already agreed to be with you. You didn't have to do this."

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"But I felt like your heart wasn't with me!" Stella exclaimed, hugging him again. Now it's settled. We're together, Declan. Let's never be apart."

Declan stood still as she clung to him. He didn't say a word.

Declan and Stella stepped out of the room, only to be greeted by Bob. "Stella, how was last night with Declan?"

Stella nodded happily. "Dad, Declan is officially part of our family now."

Bob burst into hearty laughter. "That's right! Declan, we're family now. I've already spoken to him, and he's on his way here."

Declan's eyes narrowed slightly. "He is coming?"

"Yes," Bob confirmed. "He's coming to attend your and Stella's wedding."

Declan was taken aback. "Wedding?"

"That's right, Declan. I've spoken to him, and he's agreed to attend. I've already started making arrangements. You and Stella will be married in three days!"

Declan pursed his lips. Bob was truly a cunning old fox. First, he had orchestrated Declan and Stella's night together, and now he was announcing their wedding in just three days.

Declan had originally planned to stall, but with the wedding set so soon and that important figure personally attending, he had no room to refuse

Stella looked at him expectantly. "Declan, don't you want to marry me?"

Both she and Bob were watching him closely. After a brief pause, Declan replied calmly, "Of course not. I was just thinking that three days might be too rushed. Stella, don't you want a custom-made wedding dress?"

Stella's face lit up with a radiant smile. "Don't worry about that, Declan. I already ordered my dress a while ago. Dad, you'll have to give Declan some

time off these next few days so he can accompany me to the shop. I want to be the most beautiful bride in the world!"

Bob chuckled. "No problem at all. You two go ahead and take care of your preparations."

Stella beamed with joy.

Hailey took a long time to recover her strength. When she finally woke up, Declan was already gone.

She knew he had left, but where had he gone?

Hailey picked up her phone. She was to send him a message, but she hesitated, not wanting to disturb him

if he was busy with work.

Just then, her phone rang. Someone was calling her.

Hailey answered the call, and Aileen's voice immediately came through. "Hello, is this Hailey?"

Hailey tightened her grip on the phone. "Aileen, is that you?"

Aileen burst into tears. "Hailey, I tried calling Declan, but I couldn't reach him. Mom suddenly fainted and was rushed to the hospital!"

Aileen was still a child. She was completely panicked, sobbing uncontrollably.

Hailey shot up from bed. "Aileen, don't cry. I'm coming to the hospital right now."

Hailey rushed to the hospital as quickly as she could. John had already arranged for Pamela to be admitted to a VIP room.

At the entrance, Hailey ran into John, who stopped her. "Ms. Young."

"Dr. Marlock, what happened? Why did Mrs. Zamora suddenly collapse?"

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John lowered his voice. "Ms. Young, to prepare yourself. The patient doesn't have much

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won't make it past two

Hailey gasped, feeling her breath catch in her throat.

left.

Just then, Aileen's tearful voice broke through. "What do you mean Mom won't make it past two days?"