

The Divorce Prescription

---- Chapter 796 The stripper's cheeks flushed, and she gave a playful pout. "Mr. Shaw, you're being mischievous." The wealthy heirs erupted into laughter. "Mr. Shaw, you're incorrigible ! Just how much more charming can you be? We're all curious." The stripper's gaze lingered on Ewan's strikingly handsome face as if she couldn't tear her eyes away. Melody felt a pang of jealousy. Ewan was her man, and no one was going to take him from her. She called out sharply, "Ewan!" Ewan lazily lifted his head and glanced in her direction . Melody flashed a sly smile.

"Ewan, it's me." Ewan raised a hand, signaling to the bodyguard. "Let her in." The bodyguard stepped aside. Melody stood tall, proudly declaring, "As I said, I am Mr. Shaw's ex. I'm not like the others." She strode up to Ewan, who raised an eyebrow in bemusement. "Melody, what do you want?" ---- The rich heirs laughed. "Isn't that Ms. Alvarez ? Did you come to celebrate Mr. Shaw's birthday too?" Melody glanced at the stripper sitting on Ewan's lap. "Ewan, do you really need to have this person on your lap to talk to me?" The rich heirs erupted in laughter. "Isn't Ms. Alvarez Mr. Shaw's ex?"

Why does it seem like Ms. Alvarez is angry?" One of them leaned in, smirking. "I wouldn't call it anger. Seems more like jealousy to me." Another chimed in, "Mr. Shaw, your ex is here. Looks like things are about to get interesting." Ewan glanced at Melody before shifting his attention to the woman on his lap. "She says you should get up." The stripper wrapped her arms around Ewan's neck and pouted playfully. "Mr. Shaw, I don't want to get up." It was clear the stripper wasn't giving up her position on Ewan's lap. Ewan turned to Melody with a mischievous smile.

"Well, as you can see, she doesn't want to get up. What should we do? How about a fight between you two?" The rich heirs laughed again. "Mr. Shaw, you're too cruel! ---- How could you pit your ex and your new flame against each other?" Ewan grinned. "What can I do? I only have one lap to offer." His wild and playful demeanor stirred a surge of desire in both Melody and the stripper. One of the rich heirs suggested , "Ms. Alvarez, why don't you take on this stripper?" The others eagerly agreed. "We're with you, Ms. Alvarez!

You'll definitely win." Melody turned her gaze to the woman still sitting comfortably in Ewan's lap. "How shameless can you be? Why do you insist on sitting there?" The stripper replied with a haughty smile. "I'm sitting on Mr. Shaw's lap, not yours. Why does it matter to you? I have no reason to move unless he tells me to get up. Do you really think you can order me around just because you're his ex?" She emphasized the word "ex" with a mocking tone. Melody was fuming. She had finally met her match.

These strippers were just as sharp and calculating as she was, but with the added advantage of targeting wealthy, powerful, and handsome men. They were no strangers to ---- competing for attention , especially from men like Ewan. "Get up!" Melody

snapped. "I need to talk to Ewan." The stripper gave a playful grin. "If you have something to say, just say it. I'm not getting up. I want to sit on Mr. Shaw's lap and listen." Melody's anger flared. In a fit of rage, she reached out and yanked the stripper's hair.

---- Chapter 797 "Get off him!" Melody shouted. She gripped the stripper's long hair and yanked her forcefully off Ewan's lap. The stripper let out a sharp cry as she hit the ground with a thud. Furious, the stripper shot Melody a venomous glare. "How dare you hit me! Do you think I'm some pushover?" She stood up and swiftly raked her nails across Melody's face, leaving a deep, agonizing gash. "My face!" Melody screamed. "You bitch, how dare you ruin my face!"

"I'll make sure you regret this!" The two women clashed with a fury, sending glasses and bottles crashing to the floor in a chaotic tangle. Meanwhile, the rich heirs stood up to watch the spectacle. "Mr. Shaw, these two beauties are truly fighting over you. Your charm is irresistible. Having two women battling like this for your attention is no small feat!" "Who do you think will win? I bet on Ms. Alvarez!" "I'll bet on the stripper!" "Use more strength! This is getting exciting!" The heirs cheered as the women continued their clash.

---- Ewan smirked as he lazily watched the fight between Melody and the stripper. He found their antics utterly meaningless. As Ewan turned his head, his gaze suddenly swept over the dance floor, where he caught sight of a graceful figure. It was Hailey. Hailey held Aileen's hand, effortlessly moving to the rhythm of the music. With her dance background, her movements were graceful and captivating. The men on the dance floor were instantly drawn to her, gathering around as if mesmerized by her presence. Hailey became the center of attention on the dance floor. Ewan suddenly stood up.

One of the rich heirs beside him asked, "Mr. Shaw, what's going on?" Without a word, Ewan turned and walked away. The heir grabbed his arm. "Mr. Shaw, where are you going? It's your birthday! Don't leave! Come have some fun with us!" "Yeah, Mr. Shaw, Ms. Alvarez and the stripper are still fighting for your attention. Aren't you curious who'll win?" Ewan's patience had run out. He shot a cold glance at the heir and spat out, "Get lost." The heir immediately released his grip. Ewan walked briskly toward the dance floor.

---- As the heir watched him leave, he couldn't help but ask, "What's gotten into Mr. Shaw? He's suddenly so serious." 2 One of them shrugged. "Who knows? But poor Ms. Alvarez and the stripper are still at it. Now that Mr. Shaw's gone, they just look like clowns." Ewan made his way toward the dance floor, heading straight for Hailey. In his younger days, Ewan had been entranced by Melody, but after they slept together, he realized just how shallow she was -she was no different from the ambitious strippers, all of whom oozed a cheap, vulgar air. He had grown tired of it all.

As Ewan watched Hailey, the lights of the dance floor illuminated her delicate features, giving her face a soft glow. It was the kind of radiant complexion that only someone from a distinguished family could possess. Over the past three years, Hailey had remained low-key. As the daughter of a top-tier family, she had been mostly seen accompanying Aileen. In addition to that, she had opened her own studio and pursued a career in fashion design. She had already become a talented and accomplished designer. It was only as Ewan matured that he truly understood Hailey's worth.

A woman from such an esteemed background was beyond the reach of the shallow, ordinary women like Melody. After Hailey distanced herself from him, she became an unshakable presence in his thoughts. She had transformed into his unattainable ideal.

---- Chapter 798 Ewan's gaze fell upon Hailey, who was dancing enthusiastically on the dance floor. He scanned her up and down, and raw, instinctive desire surged within him. The dance floor was packed with people. Ewan strode in, parting the crowd until he reached Hailey's side. Hailey was happily dancing with Aileen when Ewan grabbed her slender arm. "Hailey!" he called. Startled, Hailey turned to see Ewan. "Ewan?" She tried to pull her arm away. "Let go of me!" Ewan frowned.

"Who told you to come here and dance?" Hailey shot back, "What does it have to do with you?" As she wanted nothing to do with Ewan, she forcefully shook him off and pulled her hand back. Ewan sneered. "Don't you love dancing? Come on, let's dance together!" Ewan felt a surge of irritation watching the men swarm around Hailey on the dance floor. She could flaunt herself in front of them, yet for the past three years, she had ignored him completely, no matter how hard he tried to reach her. Hailey shot him a cold glance. "Who wants to dance with you? ---- Then, she took Aileen's hand.

"Aileen, let's go!" After seeing Ewan, Hailey lost her desire to dance entirely and got ready to leave with Aileen. However, Ewan grabbed her waist, pulling her firmly against him. As Hailey stumbled against him, she looked up, asking, "Ewan, are you crazy? Don't touch me with your filthy hands! Let go!" Ewan felt her waist, which was soft and delicate. Instead of letting go, he tightened his hold. "You love dancing, don't you? Why stop now? Come on, let's dance." With her in his arms, Ewan began to dance. Hailey had no idea why Ewan had suddenly shown up.

Wasn't he busy celebrating his birthday with a group of people? Were the strippers and Melody not enough for him? She immediately raised her hand and pushed him away. "Ewan, let go! Don't touch me!" At that moment, a man nearby couldn't take it anymore. "Who do you think you are, forcing this girl to dance with you?" Ewan shot the man a cold look. "Mind your own business." Ewan's affluent demeanor made the man take a step back in fear. Hailey seized the opportunity to push him away hard. "You're crazy!" --- She grabbed Aileen's hand and started walking away.

"Aileen, let's go." Ewan chased after them. "Hailey, you can't leave! Why do you always walk away when you see me?" "I have nothing to say to you," Hailey replied indifferently. Move aside. Don't block my way." Ewan felt his anger peak. With his

status, only Hailey dared to give him such a cold shoulder. Ewan reached out and hoisted Hailey onto his shoulder, carrying her away. Hailey gasped in shock, immediately pounding her fists against his back. "Ewan, have you lost it?"

"Let me down!" Aileen caught up and shouted, "You better let go of Hailey!" Ignoring her, Ewan continued walking away with Hailey on his shoulders. Hailey felt uncomfortable as her soft abdomen pressed against Ewan's shoulder. He had already carried her out of the dance floor and into the hallway. She had no idea where he was taking her, and the sheer difference in strength between them left her completely powerless. A sense of unease crept over her. "Ewan, let me go! This is uncomfortable!" Hailey pleaded. "Ewan, my stomach hurts. Please put me down..."

"I really don't feel well." ---- Ewan hesitated for a moment upon hearing her say she was in pain before finally setting her down.

---- Chapter 799 As soon as Hailey's feet touched the ground, she turned and bolted. Ewan let out a frustrated laugh. He had expected this. He swiftly grabbed her arm and spun her around, pressing her against the wall. He pinned her shoulder firmly to keep her from escaping and asked, "Hailey, why are you running?" Hailey glared at him. "Ewan, shouldn't I be the one asking you that? What do you want from me? We ended things three years ago-no, we never even started! Why won't you let me go?" Ewan looked at her intently. "I don't want to end things, Hailey. Give me another chance."

"Let's be together." "In your dreams!" Hailey shot back without hesitation. "That will never happen." "Why not?" he asked. Hailey shot him a cold look. "What do you mean, 'why?!'" Ewan scoffed. "You're still caught up on Melody, aren't you? Yeah, I've been with other women, but don't act like you haven't been with another man. You had Declan, didn't you? What right do you have to judge me?" Ewan was consumed by his jealousy over Declan. He knew ---- Hailey had given her heart and her first time to him.

He remembered just how much she had liked Declan three years ago-no one knew better than he did. Hailey glared at Ewan. "Enough! Don't bring him up!" Ewan shot back, "Why can't I? What's so special about him? Hailey, wake up! It's been three years -Declan is gone. He's probably married by now, maybe even has kids! Yet here you are, still clinging to his sister like a fool." Hailey's expression darkened. "Aileen is my family. [won't let you or anyone else speak about her that way." Ewan scoffed. "Why are you so protective of her?"

"Be honest - are you still in love with him?" His jealousy burned deep. Just hearing Declan's name made him lose control. Hailey scoffed. "It doesn't matter if I love him or not. The fact is, you will never measure up to him." Ewan's eyes reddened with rage. "What does he have that I don't? Hailey, I'll prove to you that I'm better than him!" Before she could react, he grabbed her chin and leaned in, forcing a kiss. Hailey panicked. "Let me go, Ewan! Don't touch me!" In desperation, she drove her knee straight into his groin. Ewan groaned.

Before he could recover, something hard struck the back of his head. ---- A sharp sting shot through his skull, causing him to release Hailey. He spun around to see Aileen standing there, gripping a wooden stick. Aileen dropped the stick and rushed to Hailey. "Are you okay?" "I'm fine!" Hailey said, grabbing her hand. "Let's go!" Then, the two of them took off running. Ewan's fury boiled over. "I've been too soft on you, Hailey!" He barked, "Get them!" A group of men in black suits rushed forward. "Catch her. I want Hailey in my bed tonight," he ordered. "Yes, Mr.

Shaw!" the bodyguards replied in unison. Hailey and Aileen burst out of the club and onto the streets. The sound of footsteps thundered behind them. "Stop! Don't run!" one of the bodyguards shouted. Hailey frantically waved at passing taxis. "Stop! Please stop!" Yet, none of the passing taxis slowed down. Aileen glanced back in panic. "Hailey, he's catching up! What do we do?" Hailey kept waving, "Please stop!" Still, not a single car pulled over. Ewan closed in. "Hailey, stop running and come back here!" ---- Panic gripped her chest. Was there really no way out?

Was she going to be dragged back to him tonight?

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A taxi suddenly sped toward Hailey and Aileen, screeching to a stop right beside them. The driver's side window rolled down, and a deep voice called out, "Get in!" Hailey's eyes lit up as she quickly opened the back door, saying, "Aileen, get in!" Aileen quickly climbed into the back seat, and Hailey jumped into the passenger seat. "Sir, hurry up!" Hailey urged. The taxi sped off. Ewan and his men quickly gave chase. "Don't let them get away!" Ewan shouted, but it was too late. The taxi zoomed off into the night. Ewan clenched his fists in anger. "Damn it!

Who the hell is that taxi driver who's ruining everything? Get me the car keys!" he snapped. "Mr. Ewan, the keys are here!" one of the bodyguards quickly responded. Ewan jumped into his Ferrari, revved the engine, and sped off in pursuit. He was determined to catch Hailey tonight. In the taxi, Hailey glanced at the driver and smiled gratefully. ---- "Thank you!" she said. As she looked at him more closely, her eyes widened in recognition. The driver was the disfigured man she had met before.

He was dressed in all black, with a black cap pulled low over his brow and a black mask covering most of his face. The only thing visible were his sharp, cold eyes, which sent a chill down Hailey's spine. They were eerily reminiscent of Declan's. Hailey froze, surprised to encounter him again. Was he really a taxi driver now? Before she could process it further, Ewan's Ferrari closed the gap and pulled up behind them. Aileen panicked. "Hailey, he's catching up!" Hailey glanced through the rearview mirror and saw that Ewan's Ferrari was right on their tail. "Sir, please speed up!

Lose that car!" Hailey pleaded. The driver gave a brief glance in the rearview mirror before flooring the gas pedal. As the taxi sped up, Ewan gritted his teeth and accelerated as well. The taxi was no match for the Ferrari, especially with Ewan's skilled driving. It didn't take long before he caught up, pulling alongside the taxi. Ewan rolled down his window and shouted smugly, "Pull over! Don't you know who I am? How dare you take my ---- 'woman away?" Hailey feared the taxi might actually stop, so she quickly urged, "Don't stop!

I can pay you more!" The driver's expression remained impassive as he coolly replied, "Hold on tight." He floored the gas pedal, speeding up. Ewan's eyes narrowed with fury. He jerked the wheel and tried to ram the taxi off course. However, the driver wasn't fazed. Instead, he accelerated, and with a spark of metal scraping against the guardrail, the taxi expertly skidded away. Hailey, sitting in the front passenger seat, was thrown forward by the sudden acceleration. Hailey gasped, tumbling into him. Her face ended up pressed against his leg.

She tried to push herself up, but Ewan's car was closing in again. The two cars were now in a high-speed race. Hailey was thrown back into the seat again. This time, her face pressed against a place that felt oddly warm, and it sent a strange, unfamiliar sensation through her.

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