

The Divorce Prescription

---- Chapter 816

Hailey reached out and caught Jonah's black suit jacket , the warmth of his body still lingering in the fabric. As she held it against her chest , she couldn't help but feel a slight flush. Holding a man's jacket like this felt surprisingly intimate. Just then, she felt a piercing , burning gaze on her. When she looked up, she found herself staring straight into Ewan's furious eyes. Ewan had witnessed every moment of her seemingly intimate exchange with Jonah, and the fury in his eyes was undeniable.

Hailey had been distant with him, but now she was warm and affectionate with Jonah. What had already been an awkward situation grew even more tense under Ewan's piercing stare. But instead of backing down, Hailey held his gaze boldly. "Ewan, it's Jonah's turn to play golf now. He won't lose to you! " she taunted. "We'll see about that," Ewan replied. With that, Jonah picked up his golf club. Hailey stood firm, cheering him on. "Jonah, you've got this!" Jonah glanced at her briefly before carefully lining up his shot.

In the next moment, he swung the club, sending the ball ---- straight into the hole. Hailey stood there, completely mesmerized. She hadn't expected Jonah to be so talented at golf. His swing was smooth and fluid, his shots precise and powerful -he looked even more impressive than Ewan, who had been playing the sport for years. Hailey's excitement bubbled over. "We got a point! Jonah, you're incredible!" Jonah glanced at her and flashed a confident smile. Cedrick clapped his hands and said, "Jonah, your golf skills have definitely improved. Now you're tied with Mr.

Shaw." Initially , Ewan didn't harbor any hostility toward Jonah, but now he couldn't brush it off. The connection between Jonah and Hailey felt entirely real. Jonah was excelling in every area, leaving a strong impression at every turn. As a man, Ewan couldn't shake the feeling of rivalry that was steadily growing inside him. Once they returned, he would dig deeper into Jonah's past. He needed to uncover who this guy truly was and where he had come from. "Mr. Pilsner, now that we're tied, the next point is key. Let's leave it to Mr.

Morrison and Hailey." "Sounds good." With that, Cedrick stepped up with his golf club and took a ---- swing, but the ball fell far short of the hole. "Cedrick, looks like you're just a bit off," Jonah teased with a grin. Cedrick turned to Hailey. "Jonah, even though I missed, I have a feeling Ms. Hailey might struggle even more with golf. I'm really curious to see how she handles it." As Hailey's turn approached , she felt a wave of nervousness wash over her. Jonah stepped up beside her. "Are you anxious?" Hailey nodded , a bit embarrassed .

"If I had known this day would come, I would've practiced with my dad! Mr. Pilsner already won round for me, so now I really don't want to mess this up." Jonah gazed at her angelic face. "Golf is actually quite simple. Let me show you." "Really? That would be amazing, thank you!" With that, Hailey picked up the golf club. Jonah moved closer, gently wrapping his arms around her from behind. The unexpected touch caused Hailey to freeze. Apart from Declan, she hadn't felt this kind of closeness with any other man. Jonah's arms enveloped her, and she felt her delicate body melt into his embrace.

Her posture stiffened, and she locked in place. ---- Just then, Jonah's deep, soothing voice whispered in her ear, "What's on your mind? You need to focus, alright?" He reminded her to stay attentive. Hailey quickly straightened her posture. "Got it." With that, Jonah took her hand in his and began guiding her through the lesson.

---- Chapter 817 Jonah's deep, calming voice whispered in Hailey's ear, "When you take your shot, stand tall, aim straight ahead, and channel your strength into the swing. If you focus and direct yourself toward the target, you'll succeed." His tone was gentle, like that of a patient teacher guiding her with each word. For a moment, Hailey's thoughts drifted to Declan, and she couldn't help but speak up. "Mr. Pilsner, you remind me of someone." "Who?" Jonah asked. Hailey hesitated, her words hanging in the air. Jonah looked down at her. "Why the silence? Is it your ex?" Hailey nodded.

"Yeah." "Do you still talk to him?" Jonah asked. Hailey gave a bitter smile. "We haven't spoken in three years." "Why did he come to mind? Do you still love him?" It seemed Jonah was trying to determine if she still had feelings for Declan. Hailey met his gaze and said, "Mr. Pilsner, thank you for your help. I think I understand now." She gently steered the conversation away, not wanting to ---- revisit the past any further. Jonah let go of her and took a few steps back. "Good luck," he said. Hailey stood still for a moment, golf club in hand, reflecting on what Jonah had taught her.

Suddenly, she felt a heavy, unsettling gaze on her. When she looked up, she saw Ewan watching her once again. Ewan seemed to be constantly observing her and Jonah, like some silent spectator. Earlier, she had helped Jonah with his suit, and now he was holding her, guiding her through golf. Ewan's expression darkened with rage. Hailey chose to ignore him. Just then, Cedrick called out, "Ms. Hailey, it's your turn." Hailey flashed a subtle smile. "Alright, Mr. Morrison, I won't hold back." She stood tall, carefully lining up her shot.

Recalling Jonah's instructions, she gathered her strength and then took the swing. The ball flew through the air and landed perfectly in the hole. With a surge of excitement, Hailey jumped into the air. "I did it! Twon!" Her face beamed as she turned to Jonah, rushing over to him and wrapping her arms around him. "Did you see that? I made the shot! We're up two to one-we won!" ---- Her eyes gleamed with joy as she smiled. Jonah gazed at her fondly. "Hailey, you're incredible!" Cedrick chuckled. "Well, Ms. Hailey, you won, I lost."

Looks like Jonah's judgment was spot on." He gave Jonah an approving thumbs-up. After realizing she had hugged Jonah, Hailey quickly pulled back, feeling a flush of embarrassment. She offered him a sheepish smile. Jonah continued to gaze at her with kind, understanding eyes. At that moment, Ewan approached. "Hailey, I guess I underestimated you. You really did win." Hailey raised an eyebrow. "Hard work always pays off. I've always believed that if you put in the effort, the results will follow." Ewan's expression darkened, clearly irritated.

Cedrick quickly interjected, "Since you and Jonah won, I'll treat you both to dinner as promised." Hailey felt a wave of excitement. They were finally moving forward -the salvation of Lambert Group was almost within reach. Her dedication was starting to bear fruit, and she was determined to rescue Lambert Group. Jonah flashed a grin. "Well, Cedrick, in that case, it's an honor ---- to accept. Looks like you'll be treating us tonight." "As long as you and Ms. Hailey are up for it, it would be my pleasure. Let's freshen up first," Cedrick said.

---- Chapter 818 Jonah and Hailey nodded. "Okay." Since Jonah and Hailey were a couple, they were assigned to the same room. Hailey glanced around, feeling a bit awkward. "Mr. Pilsner, are we really going to shower in this room together?" Jonah nodded. "Yes." "Should I ask them to prepare two separate rooms for us?" Hailey suggested. With that, she began to move toward the door. But Jonah quickly grabbed her arm, pinning her against the wall. "Mr. Pilsner... what are you doing?" Jonah placed his hand on the wall above her head, effectively trapping her in his arms. A smirk curled on his lips.

"Aren't we in a relationship? If you go out and request two rooms, Cedrick will catch on. Do you want to get kicked out?" Hailey quickly shook her head. "I don't want to be kicked out! But... isn't it a bit strange for the two of us to shower here together?" "What's so unusual about that? Or are you suggesting ... you 'want to shower with me?" Jonah asked, stressing the last words, making Hailey's pupils widen in surprise. ---- "I don't!" she snapped back. "Then you can shower alone, and I'll do the same. What's the big deal?" Jonah replied. Hailey fell silent, realizing Jonah had a point.

If they bathed separately, there was no reason for it to be uncomfortable. Jonah broke the quiet. "Cedrick's waiting to take us to dinner. Do you want to shower first, or would you prefer I go?" "Mr. Pilsner, you go first," she said. Jonah nodded. "Alright." Standing tall, he retracted his arm and made his way to the bathroom. Once he was gone, Hailey leaned against the wall, taking a deep breath. Jonah's scent was different from Declan's. Declan had always smelled like warm sunlight, while Jonah had the cool, woody undertones of an expensive cologne.

It made sense -one had almost nothing to his name, while the other was a rising business tycoon. They were worlds apart. Nonetheless, Hailey couldn't help but notice how often Jonah reminded her of Declan. Deep down, she had long suspected that Jonah might actually be Declan. The sound of rushing water soon filled the air-Jonah had already stepped into the shower. ---- Hailey sat down and began working on her

fashion design sketches, her attention focused on her phone. Suddenly, a melodious ringtone echoed through the room.

She glanced up and saw Jonah's sleek black phone resting on the bed, its screen lit with an incoming call. It was his personal phone, and she knew it wasn't her place to check. At first, she tried to ignore it. But the ringtone kept playing. What if it was something important? Jonah had done so much for her-by now, they could almost be considered friends. With that thought, Hailey stood up and grabbed Jonah's phone. She walked to the bathroom door and knocked. The sound of running water stopped, and Jonah's deep, steady voice called out, "What is it?" "Mr.

Pilsner, you've been getting repeated calls. Do you want to answer it? It might be something urgent." "Just bring the phone in," he said. It sounded like Jonah had finished showering, so she assumed he was dressed by now. With that in mind, Hailey reached for the doorknob and pushed the bathroom door open, stepping inside. But the instant her gaze landed on Jonah, her bright eyes widened in shock. She let out a scream and quickly spun ---- around. "Mr. Pilsner, you... you-"

---- Chapter 819 At that moment, Jonah stepped up behind her. "Ms. Hailey, please don't scream like that. The soundproofing here isn't great. If someone hears us, they might get the wrong idea." Hailey's face flushed bright red. She had assumed he was fully dressed, but though he had finished his shower, his clothes were still incomplete. To be precise, he had put on black trousers, but his upper body was bare. When she'd caught a glimpse of him earlier, her eyes took in his sun-kissed skin, chiseled chest, broad shoulders, narrow waist, and defined abs.

His torso seamlessly tapered into his trousers, and the image was enough to send her thoughts into overdrive. The visual impact hit her hard. After three years of being single, Hailey felt her mind buzz. Jonah stood behind her, his deep, captivating voice slicing through the silence. Hailey felt as though her ears were being consumed by its magnetic allure. "I-I won't scream anymore," she stammered. "Is there something you need?" he asked. Hailey slowly turned to face him, her gaze avoiding his. "Mr.

Pilsner, here's your phone." ---- Jonah took the phone from her, pressing the button to answer. "Hello..." "Mr. Pilsner, there's an urgent document at the company that requires your signature..." Hailey overheard the voice on the other end-it sounded like his secretary, reporting on work matters. Jonah switched the phone from his left hand to his right. "Got it. Send the document to my phone, and I'll take care of it shortly." Hailey's attention momentarily faltered as she watched him switch hands. Declan used to do the same thing when answering calls-shifting the phone from left to right.

It was one of his unconscious habits. Why did Jonah's actions seem so eerily familiar? A person's appearance could change, but their habits ran deep and were almost impossible to erase. Hailey stood still, her mind spinning. She had always seen traces of Declan in Jonah. Could it be... Suddenly, a bold thought struck her. Jonah hung up the phone, only to find Hailey staring at him. A smirk curled on his lips. "What are you

looking at?" "Mr. Pilsner, what happened to your face?" Hailey blurted out. Jonah was caught off guard. "Why do you ask that all of a sudden?" ---- "Did you get hurt?"

What did you look like before?" Jonah paused for a moment before replying, "Ms. Hailey, that's a personal matter. I'm not obligated to answer you. Your question is a bit too forward." Hailey knew she was being intrusive. After all, Jonah's injuries had been severe, and no one wanted to bring up painful memories. But she couldn't hold back. "Mr. Pilsner, why won't you answer me? What did you look like before?" she asked, her tone becoming more insistent. Jonah let out a chuckle. "Ms. Hailey, why are you so concerned about my personal life?"

You don't actually see yourself as my girlfriend, do you? Or are you hoping to be?" Hailey was momentarily speechless. "I... " "Curiosity killed the cat. Some things are better left unsaid. I'll be stepping out now." With that, Jonah turned and began to walk away. But all of a sudden, Hailey reached out and grabbed his arm. Jonah stopped and turned to face her, noticing the determined look in her eyes. "Mr. Pilsner, you really remind me of someone I know." "Who is this person? You've said that before, but when I asked who they are to you, you wouldn't answer." "Mr.

Pilsner, I need to know if you're him!" "And how exactly do you plan to find that out?" he posed.

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Hailey's gaze drifted down from Jonah's chiseled abs. "Could you take off your pants?" she asked. Jonah's eyes met hers, and his expression instantly darkened. Hailey wasn't sure where the words had come from. Her heart raced in her chest, caught between the thrill of her own audacity and the possibility that Jonah might be Declan. "Mr. Pilsner, the person I know... has a mole right there. I just need to see it." Jonah swallowed hard. "And what if I refuse? I don't want to take them off." No, he had to. She needed to know. Hailey took a step closer, her eyes pleading. "Mr.

Pilsner, please... I really need to see." Jonah turned to leave. But Hailey quickly stepped in front of him, blocking his path. "Mr. Pilsner, if you won't do it, I'll help you." Her hands moved swiftly to his expensive black leather belt, tugging it with determination. "I'm sorry, Mr. Pilsner," she whispered, her fingers already beginning to undo it. Nonetheless, Hailey had never unbuckled a man's belt before. Three years ago, Declan had never liked wearing one. The ---- cold, expensive leather in her hands made her fingers tremble. She couldn't help but realize how much had changed.

Even if Jonah was Declan, he wasn't the same man she once knew- he had become a powerful, rising figure in the business world. Was he refusing to acknowledge his identity because he no longer had feelings for her? Hailey's mind was clouded with anxiety and uncertainty. With no experience, she struggled to undo his belt. Jonah observed her clumsy attempts and asked, "Is that man. your boyfriend?" Hailey's long lashes fluttered. "How do you know him so intimately? Have you slept with him?" he

questioned. Hailey's face flushed bright red, the heat creeping all the way to her pale earlobes.

She tugged harder at his belt. Soon, she felt it-something hot, hard, and intense. Her body shuddered in response. Startled, she immediately pulled her hand back, instinctively stepping away. But Jonah was quick. He reached out, gripping her face and pulling her toward him. "Why are you stopping?" Their faces were mere inches apart. Hailey stared into his eyes -eyes that reminded her so much of Declan's -and her legs began to feel weak. "Are you him? Please, just tell me. I need ---- to know." "Does it really matter?" "Tt matters to me!

Declan, is it really you?" Before she could finish her sentence, Jonah leaned down and kissed her lips. Hailey's eyes widened in shock, her pupils dilating. She hadn't expected him to kiss her. She pushed against his chest, trying to pull away. "Mr. Pilsner, please don't-"" But before she could finish , Jonah swiftly spun her around , pressing her firmly against the wall. His body pressed against hers from behind, his lips crashing into her hair before slowly trailing down to her earlobe. "The belt's in your hands. Why can't you undo it?

Haven't you slept with Ewan over the past three years?" Hailey's breath quickened, and her pale eyes clouded with unshed tears. "Declan... is it really you?" Jonah bit down on her earlobe , making Hailey freeze , a soft gasp escaping her lips. Her response sparked a fire deep within Jonah, his eyes turning red with emotion. He wrapped his arm tighter around her waist, drawing her in until she was enveloped in the heat of his desire. 3 His husky voice brushed against her ear. "Hailey, will you stay ---- with me tonight?"