

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 889

Justin walked over to Jonah and called out to him, "Jonah."

Just then, Joanne came out, too. "Jonah, what are you doing here?"

Jonah looked at Joanne, his voice gentle. "You were gone for a while. I got worried, so I came to check on you."

Justin grinned, egging them on. "Joanne, Jonah's clearly concerned about you."

Joanne felt her heart flutter. "Justin, stop teasing us. Jonah, let's go back inside." "Alright."

Jonah walked off with Joanne and Justin, passing Hailey without even a glance.

Hailey stood frozen in place. She and Jonah had become the most familiar strangers.

She leaned against the wall, her pale eyes gradually turning red-rimmed. No matter how hard she tried to hold it in, hot, glistening tears still slid silently from the corners of her eyes-losing Jonah hurt badly.

Hailey went home and fell straight into bed. Ever since she got pregnant, she had been especially sleepy.

As planned, she went to Lester's school and completed the registration. Soon, she would be starting her education there.

But then she got a call from Aileen. Her voice over the phone was weak. "Hey, Hailey. I'm sick."

Hailey jumped to her feet in panic. "Aileen, what happened? Where are you feeling unwell? Have you seen a doctor?"

"Hailey, I've got a fever. It's about 105 degrees. I'm resting in the dorm."

Aileen was working in a sealed research facility, so there were professional doctors on-site.

Still, a 105-degree fever was no joke. Hailey was seriously worried. Could it damage Aileen's brain?

Aileen hardly ever got sick, but when she did, it hit like a truck.

"Aileen, is no one there to look after you? I'm coming over right now. Wait for me."

"Okay, Hailey. I'll tell the security guard to let you in."

After hanging up, Hailey quickly packed a small bag and headed straight to the research base.

She arrived 30 minutes later, and the guard led her to a dorm room door. "Ms. Hailey, Aileen lives here." This text is hosted at FindNovel.net

"Thank you."

Hailey knocked, and soon Aileen opened the door. "Hailey, you got here fast."

Hailey quickly held her up and

Quer forehead. "You're s burning up. Didn't the doctoret
by? s

"He did. He gave me some meds, too. But with a high fever, it takes time. It comes and goes."

"Alright, get back to bed and rest. I'll take care of you for the next few days."
Hailey helped Aileen lie back down.

The dorm was impressive-it was

fully furnished and practically as et

luxurious as a presidential suite in a six star hotel. Research personnel really did get the best treatment. s

Aileen lay in bed. Hailey asked, "What do you want to eat? I'll make you some oatmeal."

Aileen gave a pale smile. "Hailey, do you even know how to make oatmeal?"

The question caught Hailey off guard.

She didn't she was a pampered

heiress who had never lifted a finger

in the kitchen Cooking wa

definitely not one of her skills.

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