

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 917

The morning-after pill?

Hailey's pupils dilated in shock. "Wh-what are you trying to do?"

"Ms. Hailey, I'm going to buy you the morning-after pill," Jonah replied. Hailey went silent.

She was already pregnant-there was no way she could take that pill.

"No," she said, shaking her head. "I don't want it!"

Jonah glanced at her, a playful smirk tugging at his lips.

"Ms. Hailey, what exactly are you trying to say? I didn't use protection last night. I'm in good health, with no fertility issues. If you don't take the pill and end up pregnant, what happens then?"

Hailey opened her mouth to respond. "I—"

Before she could finish, Jonah cut her off, "Or maybe, you're hoping to have my child?"

Hailey's throat constricted. She was caught in an impossible situation-taking the pill would harm the child inside her, but refusing would make Jonah think she was trying to get pregnant intentionally.

"I"

"There's a pharmacy up ahead. We'll stop and get some."

With that, Jonah stopped the car at the side of the road and got out. He walked around to the passenger side and opened the door. "Ms. Hailey, please get out."

He was actually going to buy the pill.

Hailey gripped the seatbelt tightly, refusing to move.

Jonah leaned against the doorframe. "Ms. Hailey, what exactly are you trying to do here? If you keep this up, I might start thinking you're hoping to get pregnant. You're not trying to steal my genes, are you?"

Hailey immediately shot back, "I'm not!"

She had no desire to do anything like that.

"Mr. Pilsner, you're so full of yourself!"

Jonah let out a laugh. "It's not that I'm full of myself, but a handsome, rich man like me is bound to have women eyeing my genes. I'm sure there are some who'd love to play that game and sneak away with my child."

Hailey felt a pang of guilt. In truth, she had been trying to get pregnant with his child.

Jonah's words stung because they struck a chord. His genes were exceptional-he and Aileen were both brilliant, high 40 geniuses and Jonan himself was undeniably handsome and wealthy.

If his genetic material were ever stored in a donor bank, it would surely be in high demand.

After getting pregnant, Hailey had hoped for a child with exceptional genes but without the need for marriage-something many women in today's society might secretly envy.

But now, panic swept over her. The chaotic night they had shared had spiraled into an overwhelming mess of complications.

Jonah met her gaze. "As you said,

we've already broken up. Ms. Hailey, I think it's best if you take the

morning-after pill. It'd be

troublesome if we ended up havin a child together.

But Hailey was already pregnant.

Her hand subconsciously pressed against her lower abdomen. It was clear Jonah didn't want her to be pregnant. What would he do if he found out she was carrying his child?

Would he force her into an abortion, or would he demand custody once the child was born? This text is hosted at [find~novel~net](#)

The thought of it overwhelmed Hailey.

But Jonah didn't give her a moment to react. He took her by the wrist and pulled her out of the car. "Let's go, Ms. Hailey. It's time to get the pill."

Before Hailey could say a word, Jonah had already led her into the pharmacy. The shop owner glanced up, offering them a welcoming smile. "What can I help you two with today?"

"We're here for the morning-after pill," Jonah replied.

The shop owner chuckled softly. "You two aren't planning on having kids?"

She had clearly assumed they were a married couple.

Hailey started to protest, "You're mistaken, we're not—"

Before she could finish, Jonah casually draped his arm around her shoulders. He had a playful smile on his lips as he said, "That's right. My wife isn't ready for kids just yet."

His wife?

Had Jonah really just called Hailey his wife?

Hailey could only stare at him, completely taken aback.

Jonah leaned in, his breath grazing her ear. "We're here for the morning-after pill -unless you'd rather let people think we're tangled up in some scandalous affair, honey," he teased, drawing out the last word.

His naturally deep and magnetic voice now brushed against her ear in a teasing whisper, causing Hailey's knees to buckle instantly. How mortifying!

The shop owner rarely saw a couple as striking as Jonah and Hailey. With a warm smile, she remarked, "You two make such a perfect pair."

Jonah pulled Hailey closer, raising an eyebrow. "Of course. I adore my wife."

Leaning in, he caught Hailey's gaze. "Do you love me, honey?"

Hailey noticed the playful gleam in his eyes—he was clearly enjoying toying with her.

Jonah's arm tightened around her shoulders. "Well? Do you love me or not?"

With the shop owner watching, Hailey had no choice but to force a smile. "I do."

Jonah pressed on. "And who exactly do you love? What should you call me, honey?"

He was pushing it too far now.

Hailey glared at him, her eyes flashing with frustration.

Jonah, however, seemed to be enjoying himself even more. "So, what should
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call me, honey? Go ahead, say it."

Hailey inhaled sharply and finally called out, "Honey!"

She actually said it.

Jonah's throat tightened, his gaze on Hailey growing even more intense.

Hailey locked eyes with him, effortlessly flipping the script. "What's wrong, honey?" she teased.

She softened her voice on purpose, giving him a flirtatious smile. "I love you so much, honey."

Jonah's hand tightened around her, pulling her firmly into his embrace. If it weren't for the shop owner standing nearby, he would have kissed her right then and there.

The shop owner let out a soft chuckle, handing over the morning-after pill. "Here you go."

After Jonah paid, he led Hailey to his car.

Once inside, he placed the pill in her hand. "Ms. Hailey, you should take it now." Hailey eyed the pill warily. There was no way she was swallowing it right then.

She took the pill from his hand and said, "Mr. Pilsner, I'll hold onto it for now. There's no water here. I'll take it when I get home."

Jonah wasn't having it. "No. You're taking it now, and you'll do it in front of me."

He was insistent on watching her.

Hailey froze. "Mr. Pilsner, there's no water. I can't swallow it."

Without warning, Jonah reached out, his hand gripping her face and drawing her in closer, "Ms. Hailey, what's the hold up? You really don't want to take the pill, do you?"

Their faces were just inches apart, and their breaths mingled in the charged air.

He was forcing her to take the pill, and panic washed over her.

Nonetheless, Hailey quickly regained her composure. "Mr. Pilsner, what exactly are you trying to do here? Why are you so adamant that I take this pill?

"You know the morning-after pill has side effects, and it's not exactly easy on a woman's body. I won't take it!

"You didn't say a word last night while you were enjoying yourself, and not using protection was your mistake. Why should I have to pay for it?"

Jonah was caught off guard, momentarily silent.

He hadn't expected Hailey to come up with such a sharp and quick rebuttal.

A playful smirk spread across his face. He realized she was serious about refusing the pill.

Raising an eyebrow, he asked, "Fine. If you don't take the pill, then you'll have to agree to one condition."

"What condition?" Hailey asked.

Jonah's eyes fixed on hers, his gaze

drifting to her full, red lips. A

mischievous smile tugged at his mouth as he leaned in slowly. "Call me honey" again. I'd really love to hear it."

Chapter 919

Did Jonah seriously want Hailey to call him "Honey" again?

He'd already teased her in the pharmacy-why was he still messing with her now?

Hailey shook her head firmly. "I'm not calling you that!"

Jonah remained unfazed, his gaze steady on hers. "Then take the pill."

"I'm not taking it! Forget it!"

Jonah didn't argue. He simply leaned back and started the car.

As they drove, Hailey began to notice something was off. The road wasn't taking them to her house. Where was he going? Original content can be found at [find~novel~net](#)

"Mr. Pilsner, where are we headed?"

"Well, Ms. Hailey, since you won't take the pill, I suppose I'll have to take you to my office. I've got a meeting soon."

To his office?

"I don't want to go!" she exclaimed.

"Ms. Hailey, since you refuse to take the pill, there's always the chance of pregnancy. If that happens, I'll have to keep you close. The moment I find out you're pregnant, I'll—"

Hailey's heart skipped a beat, a sudden unease gripping her. "What will you do? Are you going to force me to abort the child?"

The words left her lips before she could stop them, her voice betraying her anxiety. After all, Hailey was secretly carrying Jonah's child.

She could keep it hidden for now, but he would find out sooner or later once the baby was born.

She couldn't help but feel desperate to know how he would react.

Jonah raised an eyebrow, and he didn't give a direct answer. "Well, what do you think?"

Hailey was momentarily at a loss for words.

How was she supposed to know what he would do?

If she did, she wouldn't feel so anxious.

She pressed on. "Mr. Pilsner, please. Answer me. If I got pregnant, what would you do?"

Jonah's lips curled into a teasing smile. "Do you really want to know?"

Hailey nodded. "Yes. I want to."

"I would..."

Hailey leaned closer, hanging on his every word.

"Well... you'll have to get pregnant first to find out."

What?

Hailey blinked, momentarily thrown off.

Jonah's lips twisted into a teasing grin. "Get pregnant first-then you'll see what I'm capable of."

Fury bubbled up inside her. Before she could stop herself, Hailey reached out and pinched his arm.

Jonah burst into laughter, clearly enjoying her flustered reaction. "Was that supposed to hurt?"

Hailey was speechless.

If he weren't driving, she would've given him a piece of her mind without hesitation.

30 minutes later, the car eased to stop in front of the company

building Jonah circled around her?

pulled open the passenger door.

"Ms. Hailey, you can exit now," he said.

Hailey didn't move. "I'm not going in."

"Why not? It's not like this is your first time here."

"Mr. Pilsner, do you really have to humiliate me like this? We've already broken up. What reason do I have to be in your company now? You have a new girlfriend-let's not drag this out any further."

Without warning, Jonah crouched down and effortlessly lifted her from the passenger seat.

Hailey tensed. "Put me down!"

Jonah smirked. "Ms. Hailey, since you won't get out on your own, I'll do the honors. Let's go."

He began striding toward the building, carrying her in his arms.

Hailey tried to break free. "Jonah, let go of me! What the hell are you doing?"

Her heart raced uncontrollably, and panic began to set in. She had no idea what he was trying to accomplish.

When they were together, moments

like this would have felt sweet. But

now, with no sense of where they stood, all she could feel was the thick, awkward tension building between them.

Hailey's attempts to break free were futile.

Jonah's strong arms held her as he walked into the building, undeterred by her protests.

A few employees passing by couldn't help but stare.

One of them called out, "Good morning, Mr. and Mrs. Pilsner!"

Hailey's face flushed crimson at the mention of "Mrs. Pilsner".

"Jonah, put me down! People are staring!" she exclaimed.

Jonah kept walking, a playful smirk curving his lips. "Let them stare. I can't exactly block their view, can I?"

As they passed, more and more employees turned their heads. "Good morning, Mr. and Mrs. Pilsner!"

Hailey's face flushed an even deeper shade of red. She buried her face in Jonah's chest, desperately hoping no one would notice her.

But the murmurs from the employees drifted to her ears.

"Oh my God, Mr. Pilsner is carrying Mrs. Pilsner to work!"

"Wait, isn't he with Ms. Lilton?" IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT [FindN\(\)vel.net](http://FindN()vel.net)

"Clearly not."

"Didn't Mr. Pilsner once carry Ms. Hailey like this? This lady looks just like her!"

"Mr. Pilsner and Ms. Hailey are a perfect match. They're both absolutely stunning."

Hailey struggled to block out the chatter, almost wanting to cover her ears in desperation.

Jonah glanced down at her. Upon noticing her embarrassed expression, he let out a soft chuckle.

Jonah swept Hailey into his office and set her down on the couch.

Hailey immediately tried to break free, but Jonah's grip on her wrists was firm, pinning her in place. "Where do you think you're going?" he asked.

"Let go of me! I don't want to be here!" she cried out.

"You're such a troublemaker."

Without saying another word, Jonah leaned in and kissed her.

Hailey's thoughts unraveled, and her mind spiraled into a whirlwind. As his kiss consumed her, she couldn't help but squirm, attempting to break free.

"Stop it! Jonan-any content

Jonah bit down on her earlobe. His voice was a rough, hoarse whisper as he threatened, "Make another sound, and you'll regret it."

Hailey suddenly became aware of how her voice had turned soft and sultry, the

sound hanging in the charged silence of his office.

She immediately fell quiet.

Out of nowhere, Jonah kissed her again.

Hailey couldn't bring herself to make a sound, her body frozen as she passively surrendered to his kiss. Jonah parted her lips and kissed her deeply as if he wanted to consume her whole.

His kiss was as fierce and commanding as ever, leaving Hailey's body trembling.

Soon, Jonah released her wrists, his hand slipping beneath the fabric of her clothes.

Terrified, Hailey grabbed his wrist. "Jonah, don't... please."

Jonah's gaze burned with desire as he looked at her. "Don't do what?"

"You told me to take the morning-after pill, didn't you? So don't sleep with me!"

Jonah's lips curled into a teasing grin. "Well, since you won't take it now, maybe we should try a few more times before you do."

Hailey slapped him across the face.

She didn't hit him hard—the light touch of her palm against his cheek felt more like a playful, flirtatious gesture between lovers.

Jonah froze for a heartbeat. He

chuckled, pressing his tongue against the inside of his cheek "Have you forgotten, Ms. Hailey?

Every slap just means another round
for me.

He lowered his head again, ready to seize her lips.

Just then, a sharp knock echoed through the room, and Jeremy's voice called from outside, "Mr. Pilsner!"

Taking advantage of the interruption, Hailey quickly pushed Jonah away.

"Jonah, someone's outside!"

"I can send them away!"

"Jonah, this is your office, for goodness' sake! You're supposed to be working here!"

Hailey tried to snap him out of it, but he appeared like a hungry wolf, consumed by his desire.

Jonah held her gaze for what felt like an eternity before finally letting her go and standing up.