

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 1048

Hailey nodded. "Alright."

After lingering a moment longer, they finally parted ways. Jonah headed off to the office, while Hailey made her way back to her classes.

That evening, Jonah and Justin arrived at Union Club. They were ready to meet with Lincoln Hembrow to discuss a significant project.

Inside the luxurious VIP room, the meeting proceeded smoothly, and they even managed to sign the contract on the spot.

With a smile, Lincoln said, "Mr. Pilsner, now that the contract's signed, how about we enjoy some entertainment tonight?"

Jonah chuckled. "And what kind of entertainment are you thinking of, Mr. Hembrow?"

"I've heard this club is full of beautiful women. Why don't we set up a card game and invite a few ladies to join us?" Lincoln suggested.

To these corporate executives, women were nothing more than a form of entertainment.

Jonah smiled faintly. "Mr. Hembrow, I've had a bit of alcohol, and now I'm feeling a bit lightheaded. How about you have Justin join you instead?"

Jonah wasn't one to indulge in such activities. Right now, all he wanted was to go home and be with Hailey and their baby.

Justin eagerly stepped in. "Don't worry, Mr. Hembrow, I'll join you. Whatever you have in mind, I can handle it. Jonah isn't really into this sort of thing, anyway."

"Looks like Mr. Pilsner doesn't get out much, huh?" Lincoln teased.

Jonah raised his hand, letting the light catch his ring. "I'm married, and my wife is pregnant. I'd rather be home with her as soon as I can."

"Mr. Hembrow, Jonah's a devoted husband and soon-to-be father," Justin chimed in. "Looks like I'll be the one keeping you company tonight."

Lincoln gave a thumbs-up. "Mr. Pilsner, you're truly one of a kind. Alright, Justin, let's go have some fun."

As Lincoln stood, Justin turned to Jonah. "Jonah, I'll have some soup brought to you."

Jonah could feel the alcohol's effects creeping in, its scent still clinging to his clothes. "Alright. You go ahead and keep Mr. Hembrow company for now," he said.

Justin patted his chest confidently. "Don't worry, Jonah. I've got it all under control. You just relax. The soup will be here soon."

With that, Justin followed Lincoln out, leaving Jonah alone in the VIP room.

Jonah sank into the couch, his fingers gently massaging his brow.

The room was wrapped in silence.

Soon, a knock echoed at the door, followed by a sweet, melodic voice. "Sir, the soup has arrived."

"Come in," Jonah responded.

As the door opened, a woman entered in high heels. "Sir, your soup is here. Feel free to enjoy it while it's still hot."

Without looking up, Jonah leaned back into the couch. "Leave it there. You can go now," he said casually.

After setting the soup on the table in front of him, the woman paused, lingering for a moment longer.

Her eyes drifted over Jonah, dressed in a crisp white shirt and black

trousers. He looked even more striking under the warm light, his présence amplified by the elegant surroundings.

As a young, handsome rising star in the business world, he radiated an undeniable

charm that could captivate any woman.

However, this woman wasn't just anyone. It was Rebecca.

Determined not to give up, she had returned.

Having heard that Jonah would be hosting guests tonight, she made it a point to arrive early.

Rebecca knew that a man was most vulnerable when he was drunk. She

had played it subtly before, but

tonight, she was ready to be bold.

She knew exactly how to take advantage of the moment to get closer to Jonah.

She circled around the couch,

stepping up behind him. "Sir, do

you

have a headache? I know some massage techniques that could help ease the discomfort."

With that, she lifted her hands, ready to massage Jonah's temples.