

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 1049

The shift in the air sent Jonah's senses into overdrive. His eyes flew open, and he asked sharply, "What's going on?"

As he turned, he saw Rebecca standing behind him. "What are you doing here?"

A look of contempt crossed his face.

Rebecca held his gaze. "That's right, Mr. Pilsner. It's me."

"How did you find your way in here?" Jonah snapped.

With a mocking sneer, he added, "You didn't go and track me down, did you?"

Rebecca's lips curled into a knowing smile. "Yes, Mr. Pilsner. I did follow you here." Jonah's expression hardened. "Enough with the games. What do you want?"

Rebecca flashed a sultry smile and strutted toward Jonah in her high heels.

"Mr. Pilsner, I truly mean no harm. I noticed you were struggling with a headache, so I thought I'd offer a massage to help you feel better."

"No, thank you. I'd like you to leave now," Jonah replied.

Rebecca, however, remained where she was. "Mr. Pilsner, Hailey and I are good friends. I know she's pregnant and can't care for you the way she usually would. As her friend, I'm more than willing to help in her place. Don't worry. I'll make sure Hailey never finds out."

Jonah met her gaze squarely. "Are you done now? I've already asked you to leave. If you don't, there won't be a second opportunity."

"Mr. Pilsner, you're really scaring me! But, come on... There's no one else here. You don't have to keep pretending to be a saint. Aren't all men essentially the same? Isn't it always more exciting to pursue the things you can't have?"

As she spoke, Rebecca raised her hand and slowly unbuttoned her blouse. Her outer clothing fell away, revealing her graceful figure to Jonah.

"Mr. Pilsner, take a good look. I seriously doubt you're feeling nothing at all."

Rebecca had always been confident in her figure. Her curves gave her every reason

to be proud, and her D-cup bust was irresistible to many men.

Jonah's gaze grew cold. "As far as I'm concerned, you're nothing remarkable."

Rebecca stiffened. "Mr. Pilsner, how dare you—"

He snapped, "I've dealt with plenty of

shameless women, but you're the

first to actually make

me feel

nauseated someone, escort her out

at once!"

Rebecca's face went pale. Though she stood completely naked, Jonah remained utterly unmoved.

His lack of interest was evident. She could sense a man's arousal the moment it appeared.

But much to her dismay, all she saw in Jonah's eyes was contempt.

A moment later, a voice rang out from the other side of the door. "Mr. Pilsner, is everything okay?"

The club's owner, Michael Avanzini, stood just at the threshold.

In a flurry, Rebecca grabbed her clothes from the floor and hastily put them on.

Jonah, however, remained sprawled across the couch, watching her with a hint of amusement.

"Why are you scared all of a sudden? Considering how much you enjoy stripping, maybe I should have them send you out naked," he taunted.

His words cut through Rebecca like a knife, shattering the last remnants of her pride and dignity.

She glared at him with burning hatred. "Mr. Pilsner, did you seriously think I wasn't prepared?"

"Prepared for what?" he asked.

Without warning, Rebecca pinched

her own skin, leaving purple marks blooming across her pale body. Her eyes welled up with tears as a scream escaped her lips.

"Help! Someone, save me!"

Upon hearing the commotion, Michael pushed the door open and stormed in with his men. "Mr. Pilsner, what's going on?"

Rebecca had just thrown on her clothes. Her appearance was disheveled, and her hair was a tangled mess.

With just her and Jonah in the room, it was easy to see how the scene could be misunderstood.

Tears ran down Rebecca's face as she desperately held onto Michael's sleeve. Mr. Avanzini, please help! Mr Pusner just tried to force himself on me!

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