

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 578

"Declan, I have a fever!" Hailey texted.

Declan kept one hand in his pocket, choosing not to reply.

Just then, his phone received another notification.

Another message from Hailey popped up.

"Declan, my head hurts. Can you come and check on me?"

"Declan, I don't think you meant those things you said. There must be a reason why you treated me that way."

"Declan, if you come over now, I'll forgive you. We can still be happy together."

Hailey kept sending messages, and Declan's phone notifications kept going off.

He could already picture her expression-perhaps a little stubborn, a little frustrated, yet undeniably captivating.

Walking alone on the street, Declan gripped his phone tightly. He couldn't go to her. His rational mind told him he shouldn't do that.

At a time when he had nothing, he had somehow found the woman he wanted to protect and cherish for a lifetime.

How ironic.

Declan turned to head home.

Another message came in. "Declan, I miss you."

His footsteps halted.

A few seconds later, he spun around and sprinted in the opposite direction—straight toward her.

Half an hour later, Declan stood outside the Lambert residence. Warm lights glowed inside, casting a comforting ambiance.

Declan stood there for a moment, his hands clenching into fists, then relaxing, then clenching again.

After a long inner struggle, he finally stepped forward.

Inside her bedroom, Hailey sat curled up on her bed, phone in hand, waiting for a reply. But Declan never responded.

She pouted in disappointment,

"Declan, doing right now?"

wondering to herself, not

Had she disturbed him?

wh

After all, he was working. Maybe he was really busy.

Just then, there was a sudden knock on her door.

"Who is it?"

"It's me, Ms. Hailey."

"Is something the matter, Linda?"

"Oh, I'm fine, but someone's here to see you."

What? Someone was looking for her?

Was it Declan?

The weakness from her fever seemed to have vanished in an instant. Hailey shot up from bed, threw off her blanket, and rushed to the door.

"Linda, who is it? Where is he?"

Linda chuckled. "Ms. Hailey, he's outside at the-hey, slow
e going to trip!" Copy "own.ne

Before Linda could finish, Hailey was already running down the stairs at full speed.

Her heart pounded with excitement.

She knew it. Declan wouldn't ignore her. He came for her!

She reached for the front door, grabbed the handle, and flung it open.

She exclaimed excitedly, "Declan!"

However, her smile suddenly froze, and her entire body stiffened.

The person standing outside wasn't Declan. It was Ewan.

Ewan had come looking for her.