

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 511

Declan looked at James and greeted him, "Hello, Mr. Lambert."

Everyone knew James was the university president and Declan was his student- there was no need for introductions.

James acknowledged him with a slight nod before turning to Hailey and extending his hand. "Hailey, it's time to go home."

Hailey hesitated, her gaze flickering toward Declan. She had planned for Declan to take her home, but now that her father had arrived, she had little choice. Slowly, she walked over to James' side.

James turned back to Declan with a kind expression. "It's late, Declan. Why don't you come along? I can drop you off first."

Declan shook his head. "Thank you, Mr. Lambert, but I'll head home on my own."

James nodded. "Alright. Stay safe, and if you ever need anything, don't hesitate to reach out."

With that, he led Hailey away.

As they walked away, Hailey glanced back at Declan, reluctance evident in her

eyes. She gave a small wave, her hand lingering in the air.

Declan stood motionless, silently watching her disappear into the night.

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Hailey and James sat in the luxury car as the driver navigated through the streets.

"Allie, tell me the truth-what's your relationship with Declan? Are you two dating?"

Hailey felt her cheeks heat up, but she didn't shy away. "Dad, I like Declan."

"This is nonsense. You and Declan are not a good match."

Hailey's eyes widened in disbelief. "Dad, do you have something against Declan? I see it now-you're judging him unfairly!"

"Allie, this isn't about his background. Declan is an outstanding young man. He was the top student of his year, and I personally invited him to the university. I've always recognized talent. Do you really think I'd look down on him?"

Hailey knew her father wasn't the type to be prejudiced. "Then why are you trying to stop us from being together?"

Instead of answering directly, James asked, "Allie, do you even know what Declan's father does for a living?"

Hailey hesitated before replying, "I've only heard rumors that Declan's father was

a drug dealer, but I don't believe them."

"Has Declan ever told you about it himself?"

"No, never."

James was aware of the truth about Declan's father, but it had never affected his admiration for Declan's potential.

"Allie, I'm not stopping you from being with Declan. But ask yourself-does Declan even want to be with you?"

If Declan had never shared this part of his life with Hailey, it meant he wasn't ready to let her in.

"He... He definitely wants to be with me..."

But even as she spoke, Hailey's voice faltered. She had always valued honesty, yet at that moment

uncertainty gripped her. Did Declan really want to be with her?

When she had asked him if he liked her, he hadn't answered.

Technically, she was still the one pursuing him. Despite the intimate moments they

had shared, Declan had never officially acknowledged their relationship.

And yet, she was convinced he had to feel something for her.

Her lips still tingled from the

intensity of his kiss. It had been deep, urgent, and ended with a playful bite.

The warmth of his touch lingered on her palm, burning like a quiet flame.

James' voice broke through her thoughts. "Allie, you're an adult now. It's natural for you to start dating, and I won't stand in your way. But you need to understand Declan's true feelings. I don't look down on him. In fact, I admire him. I know he's still working multiple-jobs—even at construction sites and bars, places with all kinds of people.

"How about this? I'll hire him as your tutor. And in the future, I'll bring him into our family business. He can be the CEO."

Hailey's eyes widened. She stared at James in shock. "Dad... are you serious?"

James smiled. "I'm serious, but I still stand by my point. You should talk to Declan first and find out if he's even open to the idea. He might not want to be your tutor, or maybe he has no interest in running a company at all."

"Dad, what are you really getting at?"

"Maybe Declan has already chosen a path that's risky and uncertain. He might not be able to settle down, and he might not be in a position to offer you the stable future you deserve."

James had personally recruited Declan after recognizing his potential. But after entering university, Declan started skipping classes. Concerned about wasting such talent, James had reached out to him multiple times.

With his connections and influence, he could have guided Declan toward a successful career in academia or business. Declan was brilliant-he would have excelled in either path.

But Declan had refused. And at that moment, James understood that Declan had already chosen a different road, one far from the future James had envisioned for him.

Meanwhile, Hailey was the cherished youngest daughter of the Lambert family, raised in comfort and protected from hardship. She wasn't suited for someone like Declan.

Yet Hailey didn't seem to grasp what her father was implying. "Dad, no matter what, don't try to stop me from being with Declan. I really like him."

James sighed. After a brief pause, he suddenly asked, "What about Ewan?"

"Dad, why are you even bringing him up? He never liked me! And besides, he's too busy messing around with Melody."

James chuckled but said nothing. Maybe Ewan hadn't liked Hailey before, but who was to say how he felt now?

Hailey linked her arm through James'. "Dad, I know you just want what's best for me, but I need to make my own choices. Right now, I really like Declan. I just want to be with him."

James gently tapped her forehead. "Maybe you should wait until Declan actually wants to be with you."

Hailey was taken aback.

Her father's words resonated deeply. Here she was, talking about her future with him, yet she had no idea how Declan truly felt.

Determined, she pulled out her phone and opened WhatsApp.

"Declan, have you made it home yet?" she typed.

At that very moment, Declan was speeding down the road on his motorcycle.

The vibration of his phone broke the silence. He glanced down briefly, seeing Hailey's name flash on the screen.

Another message appeared.

"Ride carefully tonight. Be safe, okay?"

A small smile tugged at Declan's lips, but he didn't reply.

Just then, another message popped up.

"Declan, do you like me?"

"If you don't answer, I'll take that as a yes!"

"Declan, let's be together."

"I want to be your girlfriend."

Hailey sent a series of messages, each one bolder and more heartfelt than the

last, openly expressing her desire to be with him.

Despite this, Declan didn't respond to a single one.

His motorcycle wove through the neon-lit streets, and as he glanced up, his gaze fell on the luxury car ahead of him. He knew James and Hailey were inside. The car's license plate was a symbol of the exclusive Lambert family. He had been following them since they left the hospital.

Hailey was right there, just ahead of him.

She had asked if he liked her.

How could he not?

She was radiant, innocent, and impossibly passionate. No matter how hard he tried to keep his distance, she always managed to break through, shining into his life like the sun.

Pamela and Aileen adored her as well.

Who could resist a charming, stunning young lady from such a prestigious family?

But

everything, Declan

couldn't but feel like he had though... he wasn't worth getting to offer her. It was as

not

of her.