

THE DIVORCE PRESCRIPTION

Chapter 568

Melody giggled. "Ewan, you're so quiet... does that mean you want to do it right here in the car?"

Without waiting for an answer, she cupped his sharp jawline and pressed her lips to his.

It had been a week since they last slept together, and Ewan's young, restless body reacted instantly.

He wrapped his arm around Melody's waist as he kissed her back with equal fervor.

Her fingers trailed down his chest, moving lower...

But just as things were about to escalate, Ewan suddenly grabbed her wrist, halting her movements.

The moment shattered like glass.

Melody froze. "Ewan, what's wrong?"

His brows furrowed. "I'm not in the mood tonight. I don't want to."

Melody's expression darkened.

His body betrayed his desire, yet he was pushing her away.

A bitter thought gnawed at her-was this because of Hailey?

The moment Hailey appeared, Ewan's entire demeanor shifted. Since then, he hadn't been the same.

Melody raised her hand, letting the strap slip from her shoulder, revealing her most tantalizing curves. With a sultry gaze, she murmured, "Ewan, look at me... I want you."

Ewan, however, remained unmoved by her seduction. In the beginning, Melody had captivated him-those early days of flirtation had been exhilarating, almost addictive.

Yet, once they were truly together, the excitement faded. Ewan couldn't tell if he had simply lost interest or if he had just grown tired of the game.

Being with Melody felt unremarkable-beyond the fleeting passion in bed, there was no real spark. The thrill had worn off far too quickly.

Now, his mind was consumed with thoughts of Hailey. Just moments ago, her delicate face had kept flashing through his mind. Even as Melody straddled his lap, all he could think about was her.

Frustrated, Ewan reached out and pulled Melody's strap back over her shoulder. "Enough. I'm not in the mood today. Get off."

Upon seeing the unmistakable disinterest in his eyes, Melody had no choice but to move off his lap.

Without another word, Ewan pushed open the car door and stepped out, lighting a cigarette.

Just then, his phone rang. He answered it right away. "Did you find out anything about Declan?"

"Mr. Ewan, Declan recently joined a gang. He's been involved in some shady dealings."

A gang?

Ewan smirked. There was no way Hailey would ever go for a gangster.

Just then, Hailey descended the stairs, bag now filled with medicinal herbs she had gathered. She

was ready to head

Ewan spotted her and quickly flicked his half-smoked cigarette to the ground, crushing it under his heel.

Without hesitation, he walked toward her. "Hailey."

Hailey cast him a cold, indifferent glance. "Why are you still here? Haven't you left yet?"

Her tone was distant, as if she were speaking to a stranger.

Ewan hated this. He missed the old Hailey-the one who used to smile at him.

"Hailey, why are you talking to me like this?"

"I have nothing to say to you. Mr. Ewan, please step aside I'm going home."

She moved to walk past him, but Ewan swiftly grabbed her wrist.

', you're not going anyw

ed to talk."

Hailey immediately tried to yank her hand free. "Let go of me! Don't touch me!"

"What, am I some kind of plague now? Why can't I touch you?"

As Hailey lifted her gaze, her eyes landed on the fresh hickeys scattered across Ewan's neck

glaring reminder of Melody just moments ago.

"Ewan, you're absolutely pathetic!" she snarled.