

## Chapter 7 Fend For Yourself

Upon hearing Joanna's words, Norah took a moment to reflect. The Hayes and Andrews families were among the top four families in Glophia, with the Hayes known for their military service.

She recalled Devonte Hayes, a once-prominent military figure who had retired long ago.

Her dealings had mainly been with the Andrews family, rarely interacting with the other leading families in Glophia.

Joanna watched Norah closely, asking, "Norah, how did you figure it out without me saying anything about that?"

"Having been around you for so long, it's hard not to pick up on when you're holding something back."

Norah had caught Joanna's hesitant looks earlier, sensing she wanted to share something but was waiting for the right time.

Joanna, a bit embarrassed, chuckled. "You're always one step ahead, Norah. What's your drink of choice? Tonight's my treat! So, regarding the Hayes family..."

Norah raised her eyebrows and replied, "Set up a meeting to talk business, and then I'll decide if I'll offer to help. Now, I need to use the restroom."

Joanna responded immediately, "Okay!"

After leaving the restroom, Norah shook off the water from her hands and returned, accidentally running into Madeline, who was holding onto Derek.

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Norah paid Madeline no mind. She started questioning the widespread belief in Madeline's kindness and sensibility, sensing instead a manipulative streak in Madeline. Despite the day's earlier events, Madeline approached her with a smile, pretending as if nothing had occurred.

Derek couldn't contain his frustration when he saw Norah's glowing beauty. "Norah, this isn't your place. You shouldn't dress like that. Are you really that keen to meet someone new?"

Norah casually glanced at Derek and said, "Where I go and what I wear is none of your business, Mr. Carter. You've got nothing to do with me anymore, anyways."

Norah recalled the times she looked after Derek with all her heart. Even though he had saved her life once, she felt she had repaid that favor. After all, she had helped him wake up from the coma. They were even. Plus, she had signed the divorce papers.

Derek's annoyance was evident as he said, "So you're desperate to stay away from me? Then why did you plead with me not to divorce today?"

Norah scoffed. "Mr. Carter, you're mistaken. When did I ever beg you not to divorce?"

Derek then recalled that Norah had only asked a question earlier, not once begging or resisting the divorce. Recalling how swiftly she agreed to sign the divorce papers, Derek's frustration grew. He finally muttered, "Fend for yourself."

Derek grasped Madeline's hand, ready to leave. However, Madeline gently freed herself and said, "Derek, go ahead. I need a moment to speak with Norah."

"Be quick about it."

After Derek was out of earshot, Madeline addressed Norah, "I'm aware you might hold some bitterness toward me for returning and capturing Derek's heart, but it was bound to happen. Derek's heart has always been with me."

"And your point is?"

Madeline wore a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes as she continued, "I appreciate your stepping in to care for Derek when he needed it most, something I couldn't do at that time. It's unfortunate how things turned out with your marriage, but Derek is mine, and I hope you can accept Derek was never yours to cling to. Moving on would be best for you."

Norah immediately caught the underlying motive of Madeline's words. She was essentially flaunting and warning.

Madeline's words indicated Norah should accept the harsh truth that Derek whom she had taken care of over the past two years could never reciprocate her feelings. Despite his coldness, Derek could change, but never for Norah. Their marriage was a farce.

Yet, Norah didn't give a damn on anything related to Derek anymore. When she signed the divorce papers, all her illusions faded away. To her, Derek was just a fleeting figure in her life. She was ready to leave the past behind.

"Please, don't flatter yourself." Norah lifted her head, giving Madeline a scornful look. "That man you value as a treasure is rubbish to me."

Madeline's smile tightened. "Norah, there's no need to degrade Derek just because your marriage is ending."

"Degrade him?" Norah laughed as she stepped closer to Madeline. "I'm merely stating the obvious."

With a sneer, Norah added casually, "Derek isn't the only man out there."

Without sparing Madeline another look, Norah walked by. "You two are a perfect match. Enjoy your life together."

With a dismissive wave, Norah left with firm steps, her heels echoing sharply against the floor, embodying a sense of finality.

Madeline stood there, frustration etching her face.

From a chamber upstairs, Kaiden Hayes observed the scene below with

interest. Leaning back, he asked, "Who's that woman named Norah? She seems to be something."

Spencer Morris, leisurely enjoying his drink, responded, "She's rumored to be the Wilson family's illegitimate daughter, who married into the Carter family two years ago. Her arrival seemed to bring luck. Despite doctors' grim predictions for Derek's condition back then, Derek had recovered within a year of their marriage, even reuniting with his former love now. Norah's had a significant impact on the Carter family."

Kaiden recalled the Carter family's shits two years prior and shook his head. "Derek missed the mark there."

Spencer nodded and asked, "I agree. By the way, how's your great-grandpa, Mr. Devonte Hayes? Have you had any luck locating the Supernatural Doctor?"

Five years ago, the Supernatural Doctor became a sensation. Rumor had it she could revive the dead with just a scalpel and cure even the toughest illnesses. But she kept to the shadows, her true identity unknown to all. Getting details about her or asking for her help was no easy task.

Kaiden took another gulp of his drink and said, "No progress whatsoever. Great-grandpa's health is getting worse rapidly, and the doctors said we should get ready for the funeral."

Reflecting on the illustrious life of the old general, Spencer felt a pang of sadness, recognizing the unavoidable cycle of life and death.

"Look over there, isn't that your uncle, Kason? What's he doing here at the Glamour Club?" Spencer tapped Kaiden lightly and pointed at a well-respected figure making his way to the second floor.

While Kaiden looked over, he realized it was indeed Kason Hayes.

When Norah returned to the booth, she noticed the table was covered in red wine and champagne.

"Norah, what better way to start afresh after your blissful divorce than to cast away any misfortune? I've got all this set up for us. Let's make it



a night to remember!"

Joanna confidently waved her hand, snatching up a bottle of champagne. She shook it and popped the cork, making the fizzy liquid spray dampen Norah's sleeve.

"Derek is a fool. It's a bad idea to get mixed up with him. When you went to the restroom just now, Derek and his folks left. I was considering heading over there to give them a good talking-to! They should count themselves fortunate." Joanna pouted.

Norah casually sat beside Joanna, not bothered by the champagne on her sleeve. She gently patted Joanna's head, offering reassurance.



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## Chapter 8 The Condition For Consultation

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"Joanna, don't let things regarding that bastard get you worked up. How's everything going with the Hayes family?" Norah remarked.

Joanna paused to drink and then replied, "The Hayes family head plans to visit us himself, but we're in for a bit of a wait. Norah, have you considered disguising yourself? If the Hayes family figure out who you are, it could spell trouble for you."

Joanna felt a pang of regret for her lapse in caution that led them here. Thankfully, Norah didn't hold it against her. If Norah had, Joanna would have been kicking herself.

"It's all good," Norah said, pouring a glass of red wine and taking a leisurely sip. "He's seeking my help, so he ought to approach this with humility and ensure my identity's safe. That's his duty, wouldn't you agree?"

Joanna grinned. "Exactly. Let me fill you in on the Hayes family head. His name's Kason Hayes. He left the military two years back and took charge of his family, showing real backbone. You might not know much about him. Rumor has it he was involved in covert ops in his army days. I've barely crossed paths with him."

Among the elite descendants of Glophia, few had any direct dealings with Kason. They only knew of his feats from tales spun by their elders.

Norah found herself pondering over Kason. His name rang a

bell.

Shortly after, Joanna got a call. She ended the call and waved her phone, announcing, "Norah, he is here. Should we head to a chamber?"

"Sounds good."

Norah and Joanna went to a secluded chamber on the club's third floor. This space boasted karaoke, massage spots for unwinding, and cozy lounges.

Settling on a couch in the chamber, the door burst open suddenly.

A group of bodyguards entered, flanking a man whose presence was commanding and frosty.

"Excuse me, are you Joanna?" The man's voice had a cold edge to it. His face was obscured by the light, making it difficult to make out his features, but his towering figure emanated a chilling presence.

"Yes, Mr. Kason Hayes," Joanna responded, her tone steady and assured. Since the four major families in Glophia were evenly matched in power, she didn't feel the need to flatter anyone.

Kason took a moment to survey the chamber's occupants silently.

Joanna wore a pink strapless dress, her hair tied up, accentuating her graceful neck.

Sitting beside Joanna, Norah donned a similar silver-white dress, her form elegantly displayed. She casually sipped her drink, her gaze lowered, and her hair draped softly across her chest. The soft overhead lighting lent her an additional hint of mystique.

Kason signaled for his bodyguards to remain by the door and sat across from the two women.

"You've asked for me. Do you have news on the Supernatural Doctor?" Kason sat straight, locking eyes with Joanna. "I trust you're not playing tricks on me."

His tone was even yet devoid of any warmth. His words carried a chill that seemed almost threatening.

Norah and Joanna were unfazed by Kason's intimidating tone. Having faced life-threatening situations from a young age, Norah chuckled lightly and asked, "Mr. Hayes, how exactly do you intend to convince the Supernatural Doctor to assist you?"

Kason was to the point, stating, "With money."

"And how much would that be?"

Kason turned his attention to Norah, replying, "I don't see the need to discuss specifics with you."

He turned his attention to Joanna. "Where can I find the Supernatural Doctor?"

Joanna glanced at Norah, seeking guidance. With Norah remaining silent, Joanna was at a loss for words.

Raising her glass to Kason, Norah said, "Mr. Hayes, allow me to introduce myself. I am the Supernatural Doctor, the very one you're looking for."

Kason frowned in disbelief as he heard this. It was hard for him to imagine that the lovely girl before him was the famed Supernatural Doctor. Kason found it hard to believe that such a young woman possessed the ability to save lives.

Kason scrutinized Norah with skepticism. Silence enveloped



the room, punctuated only by their breathing.

"Are you truly the Supernatural Doctor?" Kason broke the silence, his voice laced with doubt.

"Yes, I am." Norah grinned, her presence illuminated by the neon lights, giving her an air of mystery and authority as if she were the ruler of the night.

"Mr. Hayes, perhaps you'd like to share how you plan to persuade me to offer my assistance?" Norah's cold words caught Kason off guard.

"If you are really the Supernatural Doctor, I'll pay twenty million for your services. Would that suffice?" Kason scrutinized the youthful and stunning Norah. Initially, he assumed she was merely a companion tagging along with Joanna and didn't give her much thought. However, now that her true identity surfaced, he couldn't help but regard her seriously.

Kason noticed her beauty wasn't just surface deep, unlike the typical high-society women of Glophia. Norah exuded a distinct charm. Kason thought of her as a night-blooming rose, captivating yet perilous; a solitary flower on a cliff's edge, dignified and proud; a lotus in a pond, unmatched in her grace.

Norah, hearing the offer of twenty million, remained unfazed. "Is that your best offer? It's hardly compelling."

Kason managed to keep his impatience in check and asked, "What do you want?"

Norah rose to her feet, closed the distance between them and gently caressed Kason's cheek, her fingers tracing his jawline. With a hint of allure in her voice, she asked, "Mr. Hayes, are you currently seeing anyone?"

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Norah grinned and mused aloud, "No girlfriend, huh?"

Kason let go of Norah's hand abruptly. "Supernatural Doctor, state your terms. My grandfather is in dire need of your medical expertise."

Norah grinned mischievously. "I can pay a visit to him. But you've got to be mine for a day."