

Chapter 13 Scumbags

Norah asked, "Mr. Carter, do you have any free time today? Could you meet me at the court at 2 p.m. to go through the divorce formalities?"

Since she slept in, she scheduled the appointment for the afternoon.

Derek's prompt response caught Norah off guard, as she was accustomed to waiting for his replies, sometimes up to an hour.

Derek's message was brief. "Today's not good for me."

Norah texted back, "When might you have some time? I can adjust my schedule accordingly."

Derek answered, "My schedule has been packed recently."

After that exchange, Derek ceased responding, regardless of Norah's further messages.

Norah gazed at her phone, puzzled. She couldn't grasp why Derek, who had been eager to rush things with Madeline yesterday, pressing her for a quick divorce, was now unavailable to finalize it. Norah believed he wanted to propose to Madeline earlier.

Joanna joined Norah, wearing a facial mask and holding a Coke. "Norah, Bryson was wondering if you'd be interested in giving a talk at Bexlyn University. You are, after all, a distinguished alumna. What's your take? You could share insights into your career journey with the students."

Norah accepted the Coke, the fizz pleasantly tickling her taste buds, her eyes narrowing in contentment. "Nah, I prefer to skip it. I want to clinch first place at the Krusa Mountain Racing in four days, so I need all the time to practice and get to know the track better."

Setting down her drink, Norah continued, "Bexlyn University tends to engage in such ceremonial activities. They like having honorary alumni

speak as a form of prestige. Bryson is welcome to participate, but it's not for me."

Joanna responded, "Alright, I'll turn it down on your behalf. Bryson does enjoy these grand gestures to increase his popularity. You might not be aware, but he has gathered over a million followers on Stellar Social."

Stellar Social, a leading social media platform renowned for its vast user base and focus on video sharing, boasted daily active users in the millions, marking its significant influence.

Bryson's following of over a million on Stellar Social underscored his remarkable presence.

Norah recalled her seldom-used social media account offhandedly and said, "That's quite an achievement."

Norah always viewed Bryson as the epitome of a disciplined business elite, embodying perfection in all aspects.

These days had seen Norah send Aaron a couple of design proposals, attend one of Bryson's lectures at Bexlyn University, and devote her remaining time to driving practice and car familiarization.

Returning to racing after a two-year hiatus brought a mix of excitement and nerves for Norah.

On race day, Joanna drove Norah to Krusa Mountain.

Participating with the code name "Selene," Norah embraced the anonymity required by the event's organizers, with only select officials aware of the racers' true identities behind their masks.

With the race over an hour away, Norah and Joanna settled into their seats among the spectators for a chat.

"Derek, I've heard Nocturne's entering this race. Wouldn't it be amazing to meet him? I imagine he's quite handsome!" Norah easily recognized Kathy's voice and couldn't help but frown.

"Why worry about that? Aren't the Carter family part of the race's

shareholders? Even though the Carter family are not on the same level as the Scott family, the major shareholders, it should still be pretty simple to get a hold of a race car driver's contact details." Madeline gripped Derek's arm and asked with a sweet tone, "Derek, am I correct?"

Madeline had never been involved in racing and naturally didn't know about the race track.

Kathy, eager to catch her favorite racer in action, had convinced Madeline and Derek to join her.

Derek wasn't into risky and exciting stuff like racing, so he casually responded, "I'll have someone check it out."

Kathy's excitement soared, confident in the advantages of Derek's presence. But as she began sharing stories of Nocturne, she unexpectedly spotted someone familiar. "Is that Norah over there? What's she doing here? And is that a member of the Andrews family with her?"

Kathy's voice, initially too loud, quickly softened as she stepped behind Madeline, her cheeks flushing with embarrassment.

Norah removed the black-framed glasses she had had worn for the past two years. Her long hair was pulled back into a high ponytail, and she'd put on a touch of lipstick, giving her a subtle glow in the sunlight. Dressed simply in a white t-shirt and jeans, she exuded an unmistakable charm.

Madeline couldn't help but notice Derek's expression and saw a hint of admiration in his eyes. She bit her lip and clasped her hands tightly together.

Derek masked his feelings, turning to Norah with a controlled tone, saying, "What brings you here? This isn't a place for you."

He believed that a kind and thoughtful woman like Norah had no place among the excitement of the racecourse.

Joanna sarcastically retorted, "Oh, Mr. Carter, that's quite arrogant. Do you think you hold the Krusa Mountain Racing? Well, I suppose it's only fair that if scumbags like you two can be here, our being here seems out

of place."

Madeline's expression shifted subtly as she softly responded, "Miss Andrews, do you have any misunderstandings about Derek and me? The Carter family holds a stake in this venue, and Kathy's interest in racing brought us here. Encountering Norah was unexpected..."

Madeline then turned to Norah and said, "Norah, isn't it possible to leave the past behind with Derek? Now that you two are divorced, what purpose does it serve to make your presence in front of Derek here? Resorting to such tactics won't benefit you."

In every sentence, Madeline made Norah feel small. First, she hinted that Norah was trailing them, and then she suggested Norah was desperately trying to patch things up with Derek after the divorce. She even accused Norah of resorting to underhanded tactics.

Only the best of Glophia could join the Krusa Mountain Racing. Everyone knew about the Carter family. Although people didn't know much about Norah, they remembered Derek and Madeline very well. Given Derek's lack of defense for Norah since his awakening and his rush to divorce following Madeline's return, it was widely assumed Norah meant little to him.

"What the hell are you even saying? Have you lost your senses? You..." Before Joanna could launch further counterattack, Norah quickly covered Joanna's mouth, turning to address Madeline, "Let me be clear, Miss Powell. Your self-centeredness is unwarranted. I'm here to enjoy the race, and Mr. Carter hardly has the right to send me away. Please, mind your own business."

Chapter 14 The Racing Competition

Derek's expression took a sharp turn. Throughout their two-year marriage, Norah had always been patient and compliant toward him. However, since their separation, it seemed to him she had transformed entirely. He now saw Norah as remarkably assertive.

"So, rubbing shoulders with Miss Andrews has given you the nerve to talk back? Who do you think you've become?" Kathy asked.

Kathy, never one to shy away from a sharp comeback, snapped, "Don't be so arrogant. I can easily have security kick you out."

After learning that the Carter family was one of the shareholders of the race organizers, Kathy's confidence soared. She signaled to a nearby security guard. "Security, please remove this woman for her rudeness..."

Before she could finish, the murmurs in the crowd disappeared. A way opened up, enough for three people to pass through. With the sound of footsteps, everyone froze, eyes fixed on a man strolling their way.

Sean was recognized as Glophia's most influential figure and a key investor of the Krusa Mountain Racing.

Derek had heard about Sean's reputation beforehand. He paid his respects and greeted Sean, "Mr. Scott..."

Meeting the legendary Sean for the first time, Derek was so overwhelmed he found himself at a loss for words.

Sean moved on without stopping, barely acknowledging Derek's presence.

Derek was left standing, feeling embarrassed as the only one who spoke and received no acknowledgment, resembling a clown in silence.

Sean, however, halted momentarily, his gaze inadvertently catching Norah's. Their eyes met.

Norah instinctively stood taller, quickly averting her gaze.

Without missing a beat, Sean instructed, "Phillip, escort Miss Andrews and her companion to the front-row seats." His expression was stoic, yet his mere look was enough to captivate many.

Joanna, taken aback, whispered, "Mr. Scott?" She had never had any dealings with Sean and was puzzled by his unexpected offer.

Sean's face stayed blank as he directed Phillip, "Today, I'll cover the tab for Miss Andrews and her friend."

His attention didn't directly rest on Norah, yet Norah felt a peculiar sense that his actions were meant for her.

Joanna attempted to decline, "Mr. Scott, there's really no need for..."

Sean cut her off, "Have you placed your bets yet? Are you rooting for Nocturne or Selene?"

His question was directed at Joanna, prompting her to respond, "We're definitely going with Selene."

Sean gave a light laugh and turned to Norah. "What about you?"

Norah's brow furrowed. She was puzzled about why Sean would talk with her and Joanna when they had no prior acquaintance.

"I'm also rooting for Selene," Norah answered Sean honestly, trusting her own abilities.

Sean directed Phillip, "Go ahead and bet five times the amount Miss Andrews and Miss Wilson have wagered. Let them have a grand time at the Krusa Mountain Racing." With that, he departed.

Norah's gaze lingered on Sean as he walked away, her mind swirling with questions.

Once Sean had vanished from sight, Kathy couldn't resist asking, "Since when are you connected to the Scott family?"

Norah shot her a cool look. "How is that any of your business?"

The individuals Sean had arranged stood by silently, awaiting instructions. Kathy opened her mouth to retort but was silenced as Derek led her away, forcing her to hold back her words.

Joanna took Norah to the front row seats, with a better view and more breathing room. These seats beat the packed ones at the back by a mile.

The turnout for today's Krusa Mountain Racing was notably high. The stadium, with a capacity of three thousand spectators, was packed. The buzz around Selene's anticipated comeback, Nocturne's continued dominance, and Sean's attendance had drawn a large crowd eager to witness the event.

Joanna leaned in toward Norah, whispering, "Doesn't it seem like Mr. Scott is particularly interested in us? Norah, do you know Mr. Scott?"

Norah shook her head. "This is my first real encounter with him." Sean's presence lingered in her thoughts, leaving her puzzled. Despite their limited interaction, she couldn't shake the feeling that he aimed for something from her. Yet, she was clueless about what he wanted. Her fingers tapped thoughtfully, mulling over the possible reasons for Sean's actions.

"Derek, are you okay?" Madeline asked, clinging to Derek's arm with a look of concern. She observed that since Norah left, Derek had been wearing a gloomy face, staying quiet.

"No worries. The race is starting soon. Let's just enjoy watching it."

Derek decided to avoid bringing up the embarrassing moment from earlier. As he thought about the special attention Joanna and Sean had for Norah, a shadow passed over his eyes.

Madeline's smile stiffened. She couldn't overlook the brief glimmer of admiration in Derek's eyes whenever he glanced at Norah. She squeezed her hand tighter, feeling that Norah was simply a nuisance and couldn't

even hold a candle for her.

On the track, Norah wrapped her fingers around the steering wheel she knew so well, feeling an overwhelming desire to let loose and embrace the thrill. Her pulse raced with excitement!

With the sound of a gunshot, she stepped on the gas. Her dark purple car surged forward on the track.

The race was a vibrant clash of colors, with cars battling fiercely for the lead.

Not long after, the dark purple car and the pitch-black car zoomed ahead, leaving the other cars way behind.

The lead changed hands repeatedly, with the purple car sometimes ahead and the black car overtaking it after tight corners. It was a neck-and-neck race with no clear leader.

The thrilling competition captivated everyone, with the large screen broadcasting every moment.

After mastering five tight drifts around a corner, the black car took the inside track on the final bend and drifted across the finish line, clinching victory.

"Nocturne wins!"

Cheers erupted throughout the venue.

Norah held the steering wheel tight, her heart racing and fingers quivering slightly. She let out a rueful smile, admitting she was out of practice.

She glanced up, planning to have a private conversation with Nocturne, but to her surprise, he had already stepped out of his car and was now staring at her.

"I came in first," Nocturne stated, his voice slightly muffled by his helmet, making it hard to hear.

"You did great," Norah responded promptly. Even though her defeat was

due to being out of practice, Nocturne's skills on the track were undeniable.

Nocturne sounded amused as he proposed, "Since I won, may I have the honor of getting acquainted with Selene, the top racer?"

Norah took off her helmet, letting her long hair flow down.

The crowd was taken aback by this revelation, not having expected to see that.

Norah's hand rested near her mask. "Certainly."

When she was about to remove her mask, Nocturne interjected, "Hold on."

Norah felt puzzled as she gazed at him, unsure if he preferred her to keep her mask on.

Nocturne spoke softly. "You don't have to show your face, provided you agree to one condition."

