

## Chapter 29 Falling Asleep

Sean entered the company lobby and passed the black umbrella to Phillip.

Two women in smart attire were at the reception desk. Their eyes brightened at the sight of Sean. Spotting the woman beside Sean, they looked intrigued.

"Mr. Scott," they greeted him politely. One of them stepped forward to assist Phillip with the umbrella.

With a brief nod, Sean quietly suggested to Norah, "Since we're already here, perhaps you should go up and dry off? There's a place where you can change. It's cold, and you might catch something."

"Alright." Norah hesitated to decline, aware that Sean wouldn't accept a refusal.

As the three of them took the elevator away, the two receptionists started whispering to each other.

"Can you believe it? This is the first time Mr. Scott has ever brought a woman here. Could she possibly be his wife?"

"But she looks like someone he might have just met, considering how soaked she is from the rain. It's hard to imagine Mr. Scott allowing his significant other to get caught in such a downpour."

"You noticed too, huh? She's not even wearing any makeup. But she's naturally beautiful. Can you imagine how she'd look all dolled up?"

"Why bother complimenting another woman? Don't you like Mr. Scott? He's good-looking and runs a huge company. He's a catch. I fantasize about fairy tale romances coming true for me. Even if

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"Why bother complimenting another woman? Don't you like Mr. Scott? He's good-looking and runs a huge company. He's a catch. I fantasize about fairy tale romances coming true for me. Even if it's just one night, I'd go for it."

"Please, as if! With Mr. Scott's position, he could easily pick a bride from the daughters of noble families in Glophia. You, just an ordinary person, don't stand a chance."

"Well, I might be ordinary, but I'm certainly not lacking in ambition!"

Unaware of the rumors swirling around her, Norah joined Sean in the CEO's private elevator, ascending to the top-floor office. Sean unlocked the door to the private lounge, gesturing inside. "You'll find a hairdryer in the bathroom cabinet and fresh clothes in the wardrobe. I have a meeting to attend, so I'll leave first."

With those words, Sean quickly departed with Phillip.

Norah opened her mouth to speak, but they were already gone.

Norah found the whole situation odd. Things would be simpler if Sean had driven her home. She thought it would be rude to leave while Sean had a meeting to attend. She decided to hang around until his meeting wrapped up before heading out.

The interior of Sean's lounge was minimalistic, featuring just the essentials: a bed, a wardrobe, and a bathroom.

The lounge seemed like a temporary spot for Sean, with minimal decorations.

After using the bathroom to dry her hair, the discomfort of her damp dress became apparent. Anticipating a bit of a wait, Norah

changed to something dry.

The wardrobe revealed neatly arranged white and gray casual wear on one side and an assortment of high-quality suits on the other. Below, drawers contained ties and undergarments.

Norah quickly selected a fresh, tagged white loungewear set and retreated to the bathroom to change, hanging her dress in hopes it would dry somewhat before her departure.

With time to spare, she explored his office.

The office space was spacious, with a cozy meeting area, a plush sofa, and a marble coffee table, all accented by green plants that lent the room a tranquil vibe.

Slightly further was Sean's work desk, adorned with company awards and various decorative pieces.

The desk showcased two vibrant red roses in a vase, their vivid hue drawing Norah's attention and prompting a moment of contemplation.

She pondered the significance of the roses, symbols of deep affection, in such a work-centered environment.

Yet, Norah felt that romantic entanglements shouldn't be part of Sean's life. She saw him as someone solely dedicated to his work.

Remembering her ex-husband, Norah scoffed with a cold glare.

Norah thought that while Sean might be all about work for now, his heart could change its tune down the road. She figured there'd be a woman who'd make him fall uncontrollably in love. She quietly pondered who that lucky woman would be and grinned to herself.

The raindrops tapped sharply against the window. Norah sat on the sofa, gazing at her phone, and suddenly felt a wave of sleepiness. Setting her phone aside, she leaned back and got ready for a nap.

Everyone else had cleared out of the conference room, but Sean remained, deeply engrossed in his documents.

After two hours of meetings, Sean felt fatigue creeping in. Aware that Norah was still in his office, he asked Phillip, "What's on the agenda for the rest of the day?"

Phillip checked Sean's schedule and informed him, "You have a dinner meeting with a business partner tonight at 7:30 pm."

"Call off the dinner," Sean said firmly.

Sean closed the document and said, "I would like to head back to Dreamview Villas."

Phillip hesitated, reminding him, "But we've had this dinner planned for a month and our business partner..."

"Cancel it," Sean declared, making his way to his office with determination.

Upon entering his office, Sean was greeted by the sight of Norah asleep on the couch.

Norah's chestnut hair spread out on the cushion, catching the light and giving off a gentle radiance. She was nestled into the couch, wearing the white loungewear in his wardrobe.

Drawing nearer, Sean noticed the rosy hue of her cheeks and her slightly parted lips as she breathed softly.

Sensing something was amiss, Sean leaned over to check her temperature. He found her forehead alarmingly warm.

Norah felt his touch and nuzzled against his hand like an adorable kitten.

Sean's heart softened.

When Norah next opened her eyes, she was in an unfamiliar, spacious bed, causing her a moment of disorientation as she scanned her surroundings.

The room's aesthetic was stark, dominated by cool tones and minimalist decor, lending it a somewhat austere appearance. A glass wall revealed a meticulously maintained garden outside, contrasting the interior's chill.

It was now night, and the room's dim lighting barely held the darkness at bay. Rising, Norah felt a pervasive weakness and a pounding in her head.

She hopped out of bed without shoes, landing on a plush blanket.

Heading toward the window, she glimpsed a spacious garden below, filled with unique plant varieties.

Looking through the glass, she realized she was still clad in white loungewear.

As Norah lost herself in thought, the door creaked open softly.

A man stood silhouetted in the doorway, his figure stretching into the room with the light behind him.

"Miss Wilson, are you awake?" the man asked as he entered, flicking on the light switch. The room was immediately bathed in a warm, soft glow.

Blinking against the brightness, Norah focused on the man before her.

Now dressed in casual light brown attire, Sean looked more relaxed and approachable.

"Now that you're awake, why don't we head down for dinner?"

Norah was brimming with questions, yet as she watched Sean exit the room, she decided to hold off on her questions for later.

By the door, there was a pair of pink slippers meant for women. Slipping them on, Norah made her way downstairs at a gentle pace.

Upon reaching the first floor, Norah heard a female voice that rang a bell of familiarity.

## Chapter 30 Someone Special

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"Sean, who's that upstairs? Philip, do you know her? I'm dying of curiosity over here."

Norah caught this as she was halfway down the stairs. Pausing briefly, she then continued her descent.

Her footsteps echoed clearly in the quiet.

The young girl below caught the sound and looked up expectantly.

Norah in white loungewear glanced at the young girl, and their eyes met.

Despite her slight pallor, Norah's beauty was undiminished. Her long hair cascaded down her back, and even in casual attire, her presence was striking. She strolled into the living room with ease.

"Hi, I'm Susanna. What's your name?" Susanna asked, her eyes sparkling with curiosity. She wore a pink and white outfit that enhanced her youthful charm.

Norah responded with a friendly smile, "Pleasure to meet you. I'm Norah, Norah Wilson."

"Norah? My brother talks about you quite often," Susanna mused aloud, her brow furrowing as she tapped her chin.

"Here, have some water, and remember to take your medicine after the meals," Sean interjected, placing a glass of warm water on the table for Norah.

Grateful for the refreshment, Norah thanked him and took a satisfying drink. She finally felt better.

After setting the glass down for Norah, Sean pivoted and exited the living room.

"That's it! You're the Selene whose mask was taken off at the Krusa Mountain Racing recently, right?" Susanna exclaimed, her realization sparking excitement.

Norah assumed Susanna's words of Sean bringing up her name frequently probably happened after that race. She supposed Sean was still shocked to discover she was both Selene and Supernatural Doctor.

"Wow, you're incredible, Norah! A female racer! I have videos of your races in my room! I can't believe I'm actually meeting you!" With a cheerful smile, Susanna noticed Norah seated on the couch and drew nearer. "Norah, do you feel any better now?"

"Much better, thank you." Although still weak and dizzy, Norah didn't think it was anything serious. She planned to pick up some medicine later on.

Susanna let out a sigh of relief upon hearing this. "I was quite startled to see Sean carrying you in. He mentioned you needed to rest because you caught a cold and told me not to bother you."

"He brought me here in his arms?"

"Yes, he did." Susanna gazed at Norah and added, "This is the first time I've seen my brother so caring toward a woman. But once I heard it was you, it all made sense."

Leaning in, Susanna whispered to Norah, "Sean is actually Nocturne."

Then, sitting back with a hint of pride, Susanna said, "He must really admire your skills on the racetrack. How did you two meet? Did you know he's Nocturne?"

Perched on a chair across the room from the sofa, Phillip caught Susanna's words. He knew the answer. Norah had long known about that.

With a hint of intrigue, Norah decided to play along and responded, "Is that so? He's quite remarkable."

Beaming like a proud sibling, Susanna pointed at the kitchen and said, "And he's an excellent cook." She couldn't hide her smug expression. "He rarely cooks, so you're quite fortunate to experience his cooking on your first visit."

Norah was grateful for the opportunity to sample Sean's cooking, surprised to learn that someone of his stature was skilled in the kitchen.

"Susanna." Sean emerged with the final dish, setting it on the table before announcing, "Dinner's served."

Looking at Norah from head to toe, Susanna strolled over and whispered to Sean, "Norah looks stunning."

Catching Norah's eye, Sean momentarily lost his composure before gently nudging Susanna toward the table, urging, "Just focus on dinner."

With a playful grin, Susanna guided Norah to the dining table and chose a seat beside her. "Norah, you've got to try my brother's cooking," she encouraged.

Susanna laid Norah's plate with food, saying, "Not everyone gets to savor his cooking."

Norah gave the food a try and was immediately impressed. "Delicious."

Susanna's laughter followed, saying, "It looks like you hold a special place for Sean!"

Caught off guard, Norah suddenly coughed on her food. "Ahem..."



As Susanna patted Norah's back, she looked at Sean and back at Norah, bewildered, and said, "Norah, are you alright? Sean, did I say something wrong?"

Susanna felt she just said what was on her mind just now.

Sean calmly poured a glass of water and set it down before Norah, simply stating, "No."

Norah coughed and felt a pain in her throat. She gratefully accepted the water, avoiding Sean's gaze. What did he mean? Did he mean something? She was at a loss for words.

Susanna's eyes sparkled with mischief as she playfully prodded, "So, Norah's special to you, Sean? Mind sharing why?"

With the conversation veering off course, Norah interjected, "That's not how it is..." She felt there was absolutely nothing going on between her and Sean!

"Susanna," Sean's voice cut through, this time with a stern edge.

"I get it, Sean. I'll keep quiet." Susanna flashed a sweet smile at Sean and Norah, melting away any hint of anger they might have felt toward her.

Changing the subject, Norah took another bite and asked, "Mr. Scott, how did I end up here?"

Recalling Susanna's mention of Sean carrying her back, Norah felt embarrassed. After those words escaped her lips, she realized it might not be the best thread of conversation to pursue.

Sean's gaze lingered on Norah briefly. "After the meeting, I returned to find you unconscious on the sofa. It didn't feel right to leave you alone in the office, so I brought you home."

Norah was surprised. So, she was at his home? "Here is the Dreamview Villas?"

"Yes, aren't you familiar with this place?" Susanna affirmed.

Sean said indifferently, "Miss Wilson, we're neighbors."

Susanna's eyes widened in surprise, saying, "What? I've heard there are only five residences in this area. What a small world!"

Norah wasn't sure how many families resided in this area. She smiled at Sean and admitted, "I must have caught a cold in the rain earlier. I didn't even realize it. Thank you, Mr. Scott."

## Chapter 31 Take What They Need

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Sean shrugged casually. "No worries."

Norah didn't bring up how she ended up here anymore. The previous scene appeared to have concluded. She let out a sigh of relief.

Norah guessed Sean must have delved into her background and learned about her ongoing divorce procedures. Susanna might not have been aware of this.

The thought that the divorce with Derek hadn't been finalized yet irked Norah. Derek was acting foolishly. She couldn't fathom why he insisted on dragging out the divorce process. Wasn't it better for them to go their separate ways sooner rather than later?

After dinner, Susanna kept chatting with Norah.

"Norah, you might not believe it, but you seem familiar to me." Susanna blinked her bright eyes.

Norah casually tossed her hair. "Is that so?" She chose to speak in her natural voice around Susanna, testing the latter's reaction. It appeared Susanna hadn't connected her to the famed Supernatural Doctor.

Right then, Sean approached with medication and a glass of water, setting them on the table. "Will these pills help?"

"Absolutely." The medication Sean provided was precisely what Norah needed. Norah accepted it gratefully.

After a short while, Norah prepared to leave. "Thank you, Mr.

Scott. I'll repay your favor some other time. I'm off now. See you around."

Despite Susanna's reluctance to see Norah leave, she pouted and said, "Bye, Norah. Get some rest when you're home. Philip will drive you back."

The distance between their respective villas was deceptively long, requiring over half an hour on foot.

Concerned for Norah's health, especially since she was recovering from a cold, Susanna turned to Sean, who wore a stoic expression, and said, "Sean, perhaps you should drive her?"

Norah waved dismissively, saying, "No need. Philip can take me." She saw no reason to impose on Sean for a ride.

However, Sean was already on his feet, car keys in hand, and said, "Let's head out." He then walked toward the door.

Susanna gave them both a mischievous look, urging Norah, "Quickly, Norah. Don't keep him waiting!" She knew it! Something was brewing between them.

As Norah stepped outside, she saw a sleek black car waiting at the entrance.

Sean, with his arm resting on the window ledge, gazed at her intensely as he rolled down the window.

Norah slid into the passenger seat and buckled up, sitting up straight. "Thank you, Mr. Scott." Her words were a gesture of gratitude for the lift back home.

"Don't mention it."

Hand poised on the wheel, Sean responded indifferently, "It's us who should be thanking you."

"Mr. Scott, no need to thank me. Your payment was sufficient." Norah faced him, curiosity in her tone, saying, "I've heard you

employ some of the best lawyers. Mr. Scott, could you recommend one to me?"

Sean, eyes on the road, produced a business card. "This person should be able to assist."

Norah accepted the card, noting it belonged to a lawyer specializing in civil, marital, and inheritance law with the name as Calan Mendez.

Norah gripped the business card firmly and uttered, "Mr. Scott, thank you."

"Was it because of Derek that caught you out in the rain?"

The car slowed down.

"If there's anything you need, just let me know." Sean offered his help without prying further and said, "I'm here if you need anything."

Norah realized he held more sway than she had initially thought.

"I hope to see you in better spirits next time."

With a deep inhale, Norah flashed a bright smile and said, "Definitely. Well, goodbye, Mr. Scott."

Meanwhile, in the dim room, Derek tilted to the side to read the messages on his phone.

Norah had texted him messages asking about his whereabouts.

He scrunched his brows, pondering over his grandmother's advice. Was Norah really fond of him?

Norah had always been there for him, following him, looking after him. He had grown accustomed to her presence but never looked at her.

The transformation in Norah following her signing of divorce

papers was striking.

Since then, he often dreamt of her, the Norah who cared for him wholeheartedly and the Norah who raced cars...

"Derek, who's caught your attention?" Madeline's arms encircled his neck, snapping him back to reality. "Why are you hiding it from me? Is there any secret between you and me?"

Madeline's tone was so filled with sorrow that Derek turned to embrace her. "It's nothing, just work. You're overthinking it. We have no secrets."

Madeline was bare, pressing herself against him. "Derek, I didn't mean to pry. I'm just scared of losing you to someone else."

She murmured, "My parents are coming home tomorrow. It's making me anxious."

"Madeline, you're the one I cherish." Derek pressed a kiss to her forehead with reverence. "My love for you is unwavering."

Blushing, Madeline hid her face in his embrace and said, "Derek, I trust you."

Jealousy glinted in Madeline's eyes. She knew Derek just lied to her. She had clearly seen the messages from Norah. She wondered if they were in touch behind her back. She decided she needed to act.

"Derek, have you considered where Norah might go after leaving the Carter family residence? What if she finds herself without a home?" Madeline expressed her concern with a look of seemingly genuine worry for Norah. "And she's been seeking you out. Don't you think you should meet her to clarify things?"

Derek's expression turned grim. "Norah is acquainted with Miss Andrews and has ties to the Scott family. She won't be left without a home. That's out of the question."

Madeline bit her lip, tracing patterns on his chest. "But she's too

proud to just stay with someone as a guest. Hasn't she approached you lately?"

"She approached me for financial support. Whatever is mine is also yours. I won't give her any more than what's necessary." Derek was committed to fulfilling his obligations to Norah but refused to go beyond that.

The thought of Norah's haughty demeanor irked him. Norah was not supposed to act this way. Not in front of him.

"But Derek, you were married to her..." Madeline interjected, "What if she continues to disturb you because you haven't provided any financial assistance?"

"How could she possibly think to do that?" Derek was visibly frustrated. "She wouldn't dare challenge me!"

Derek refused to believe Norah who silently signed the divorce papers he handed to her would dare to confront him now.

"But Derek, remember she's Selene! She may be keeping things from you..."

"I'll take care of it." Derek took her hand and then positioned himself above her...

