

## Chapter 4 Glamour Club

Norah offered a smile. "You sure have a way with words, Joanna."

Joanna asked curiously, "Hey, didn't you develop feelings for Derek? What caused you to snap out of it and move on from being lovesick?"

Norah's voice was icy as she answered, "I just caught Madeline and Derek together in bed."

Joanna couldn't help but laugh. "Is Madeline that desperate for attention? She's barely back and already with someone else's husband. It makes me wonder what her life was like overseas. Well, I got to say you and Derek were so lovesick. He was hung up on his first love, and you were devoted to Derek who didn't reciprocate. Does love blind people that much?"

As Joanna went on, Norah's mind wandered. Today was the first time she had seen Madeline.

Norah had only heard about Madeline through Derek and the household staff. They described Madeline as kind, empathetic, polite, and easygoing, presumably the type Derek was drawn to.

Norah had always gone out of her way to care for Derek, adopting Madeline's supposed traits and even trying to look like her to catch Derek's eye.

But being a replacement never quite measured up. Plus, Madeline wasn't at all the person Norah had imagined.

Norah replied with little enthusiasm, "You'd understand if you ever felt love sting yourself."

Joanna's brow furrowed. "Norah, I don't want to lose myself to love. I'd rather stay sharp and be there for you. Since you joined the Carter family, we barely see each other."

After her marriage, Norah dedicated herself to Derek and the Carter family, leaving her past life and friendships behind.

"Norah, now that you're divorced, are you going to the race at Krusa Mountain in five days?"

"No," Norah flatly refused. "I haven't raced in two years. I'm out of touch."

Joanna looked unconvinced. "Out of touch? Try a better excuse next time. Tell me, Norah, are you still holding onto hopes of getting back with that bastard Derek?"

Joanna was on the verge of bad-mouthing Derek, but she brightened up. "Remember three years ago at that race? Nocturne was the only one who could keep up with you. Since your dropout, he's taken first place at Krusa Mountain Racing for the last two years. He's expected to compete again this year. Don't you want to see him?"

The Krusa Mountain Racing was an exhilarating underground event, a gathering of the young and wealthy elite of Glophia who were enthusiasts of modified car racing. This event was known for its thrilling races and attracted a crowd that loved extreme sports.

To protect the contestants' privacy, each racer in the competition would receive a mask from the organizers and go by code names during the race.

A unique aspect of the race was that the winner could ask the defeated racers to remove their mask.

Norah reminisced about the thrilling race three years ago, where Nocturne narrowly missed first place by just three seconds.

Excitement flickered in her eyes as she said, "Well, I guess there's no harm in checking him out."

Aaron's interest was piqued at the mention of "divorce." He asked, "You're divorced, Noelle? That man really doesn't know what he has lost. I bet he'll regret letting go of someone as precious as you. Anyway, about those design drafts..."

Joanna's attention shifted to Aaron as she asked, "Norah, are you still working on designs for BelleVogue? No wonder some of their luxury line looks like your creations."

Aaron beamed with pride, declaring, "Noelle's a top-notch fashion designer acknowledged by the High Fashion Association. She's known worldwide for her designs, which fetch sky-high prices. Luckily, being close to Noelle, I've been the only one to get a few of her creations over the past two years."

Joanna rolled her eyes and said, "That's all because of Norah's talent. What's it got to do with you anyway? Come on, speed it up. I need to look stunning tonight, just like Norah."

"Okay, okay. Just relax, and I'll make sure you both look fabulous."

An hour later, they made their entrance at the Glamour Club.

On the dance floor, vibrant lights twirled and illuminated the walls and floor. The music pumped with excitement as people danced, their faces beaming with joy among the scent of alcohol and smoke lingering in the air.

The second floor offered a quieter ambiance, where Norah lounging alone on a sofa, sipping her drink, drew curious looks. Norah wore a silver-white strapless mini dress, her chestnut hair lightly curled and cascading down her back. The elegant curve of her neck shone with a soft glow as she tilted her head to sip her drink.

"There's my Norah!" exclaimed Joanna, sitting across from Norah. "You haven't gathered with me in the past two years, always dressed in those formal dresses at the Carter residence. Didn't you feel suffocated? It's so good to see you back in your element. It makes me so happy."

Norah silently sipped her drink, offering no words.

As the fiery liquid slid down her throat and into her belly, her body gradually heated up.

Even though Norah married into the Carter family and tended to Derek daily, she still enjoyed dressing up and donning stylish outfits and lovely makeup. Yet, Sharon and Derek's sister, Kathy, often criticized her for being too showy. They claimed, with Derek bedridden, she had no business dressing up so extravagantly.

Eventually, for Derek's sake, Norah dialed back on her grooming to dedicate herself entirely to his care, becoming his constant caregiver.

But those days were all in the past. Free from the Carter family, Norah could now dress as she pleased, no longer concerned with their critiques.

Joanna glanced at her phone and then looked up. "Norah, got any plans to disrupt Derek's stupid welcome party for that bitch later? Do you want me to bring some people to make a scene?"

Norah's eyes were fixed on the golden liquid swirling in her glass as she gently moved it. "We didn't just come to the Glamour Club for no reason, did we? So, who's the person you've set me up to meet?"

Joanna looked surprised, then flashed a cunning smile. "Norah, what are you getting at? We're here just to stir things up!"

"The Glamour Club belongs to the Morris family. I'd rather not get on their bad side," Norah said calmly. "I know Derek's stupid party is just a sideshow. So, come clean with me. Who's looking to meet me through your arrangements?"

Their conversation was cut off by a ringing phone. Joanna quickly picked up, her face shifting with the call. Signaling she had to step away, she murmured, "I've got to take this. Be right back."

Norah saw the worry on Joanna's face and understood Joanna had something pressing to attend to. She nodded and set her drink down, the glass chiming lightly on the table.

Regardless of what plans were being made through Joanna, Norah trusted that Joanna wouldn't turn on her.

"Hey there, beautiful, are you all by yourself? Mind if I join you for a drink?"