

Chapter 6 Looking for Me

Jordy barely glanced at the business card lying on the ground, his voice dripping with arrogance.

Norah remained unfazed, dismissing Jordy's aggressive stance with ease.

"Sweetheart, just one night with me, and I'll make sure you live in opulence," Jordy offered.

Mesmerized by the gorgeous Norah before him, Jordy briefly disregarded the ache in his jaw and reached out to feel Norah's sleek shoulder.

Suddenly, the sound of a beer bottle hitting someone's head reverberated.

Everyone gasped as Norah slammed a beer bottle onto Jordy's head, making blood trickle down his face right away.

"Do my words mean nothing to you?" Norah asked, her tone icy.

Frustrated by the necessity for such extreme measures, Norah's actions spoke volumes. Some lessons were only learned the hard way.

The crowd was in disbelief. If the earlier incident with Jordy's teeth loss was surprising, this deliberate act of aggression from Norah was shocking!

"Poor Norah. Jordy's probably going to give her a hard time now."

"Damn, is Norah always this bold? She just hit him on the head! It seems like that's her usual move! Cool!"

"Check out Jordy's face. That beer bottle broke, and Norah went all out! I wonder if he's got a bump on his head."

Madeline held onto Derek's arm firmly and said, "Derek, with Norah completely getting on Jordy's bad side, if you step in to help her, you'll rub the Smith family the wrong way!"

Kathy echoed, "Exactly. Derek, why mess with the Carter family's interests for someone who doesn't matter? We'll only be in trouble if we upset the Smith family."

Madeline added, "I trust Norah to handle Jordy her way. Why stress over her? Just wait and see. She's got something up her sleeve."

As she gazed at the stunning Norah, Madeline gained pleasure from the imagination of Jordy torturing Norah to death.

Jordy got smacked, and his head was spinning. He reached out, feeling woozy when he noticed the blood.

"Get a hold of this damned woman for me, now! She doesn't know any better. I'll teach her a lasting lesson right here!" Jordy yelled after regaining his consciousness in a while.

His face contorted horribly, blood trickling from his forehead. Bathed in the club lights, he resembled a demon from the depths of hell.

The crowd at the bar, familiar with Jordy's notorious reputation, marveled at Norah's bravery but pitied her situation. They all thought Norah wouldn't leave the Glamour Club unscathed for confronting Jordy.

The four hefty men who served Jordy quickly closed in around Norah, their imposing figures highlighting Norah's frailty and vulnerability. Some had already turned away, unwilling to witness what was about to happen.

Derek, unable to remain seated and indifferent, stood up, shaking out Madeline's grasp. "The divorce procedure isn't done yet. Norah is still legally my spouse. I cannot just watch her be humiliated this way!"

The memory of Norah's tearful face from earlier this day flashed in Derek's mind, reinforcing her vulnerability in his eyes. He thought she was too vulnerable, and he needed to rescue her.

Kathy and Madeline, each trying to deter him, insisted, "Norah brought this upon herself! Derek, think this through."

"Dare to repeat your threats?" A confident and clear voice rang out as Joanna walked over, decisively thumping a tray on Jordy's head. "How dare you lay a finger on my friend! Jordy, are you smoking? Even your damned brother needs to show me some respect. Who do you think you are?"

Jordy's shock was palpable as Joanna moved to stand by Norah, her gesture speaking volumes of their close bond. Finally, Jordy sensed his predicament.

Kathy watched from a distance. When she spotted the woman beside Norah, her expression turned to shock. "Isn't that the daughter of the Andrews family, one of the top families in Glophia? Are Norah and she acquainted? Since when are they friends?"

Derek remained silent, puzzled by Norah's unexpected connection with the Andrews family, a detail he had been unaware of throughout their marriage.

Jordy's arrogance dissolved into fear at Joanna's intervention. His bold facade crumbled as he faced Joanna, pleading, "I'm so sorry. I had no idea she was your friend. Please show some mercy and forgive me! Please. I am begging you."

Jordy bowed his head, fully understanding the weight of his earlier words. Had Joanna not appeared, he might have treated Norah terribly.

Jordy bowed down himself but also instructed his men to do likewise, filling the club with a chorus of apologies.

Noticing the business card on the floor, the realization of his grave error deepened as he read "Bryson Andrews" on it.

Jordy's apologies grew even more earnest.

Just as Joanna was about to continue, Norah gently stopped her, looking at Jordy with disdain and said, "Just get out of my face."

Norah thought that someone so unimportant wasn't worth her time.

Joanna moved to kick Jordy, echoing Norah's sentiment, "Didn't you hear her? Get lost! Now!"

"Alright, alright, I'm going," Jordy mumbled, nodding and repeatedly bowing as he got to his feet. But then, his eyes fluttered shut, and he collapsed, unconscious. His men hastily scooped him up and exited the Glamour Club.

Joanna scowled, saying, "Jordy's nothing but a lecher. The nerve of him harassing you! I was this close to laying him out for good."

Norah grabbed a tissue and carefully wiped the alcohol off her hands. "He's just a nobody. A warning will do."

Norah then picked up the soiled business card, glanced at it briefly, and tossed it into a bin. "I thought Bryson might need to step in, but it looks like that won't be necessary."

"Had Jordy seen that card earlier, he would've been at your mercy." Joanna laughed heartily, rocking a pink strapless mini dress like Norah's, looking delightful. "But I think even without me, you'd have handled them just fine!"

Norah looked down at her own hands, noting her slender shape and the soft pink of her nails, hands that few would guess could end a life in silence.

"Let's get back on track. Who was it that wanted to see me today?" Norah steered the conversation back to the initial topic of their discussion.

Joanna, who had been thinking about how to keep their chat going, jumped in when Norah brought it up.

Seizing the moment to return to their earlier dialogue, Joanna replied with a sweet smile, "You know, the Hayes and Andrews families go way back. Mr. Devonte Hayes is seriously sick, and they're offering a big reward for the Supernatural Doctor to treat him. I accidentally let slip in front of my parents that I know the Supernatural Doctor. Now, they're on me to secure medical treatment from Supernatural Doctor."

I promise I didn't spill anything else. I brought you here to unwind and maybe get under Derek's and Madeline's skin. Norah, you've got to believe me! I'm devoted to you! You can count on my loyalty. Norah, do you trust me?"

Joanna watched Norah anxiously, hoping her friend wouldn't turn her away.