

Chapter 9 An Accident

Hearing Norah's words, Joanna and Kason both showed a shift in their demeanor.

Joanna, observing the earnest expression on Norah's face, pondered if a single day was enough to enjoy the company of someone as intriguing as Kason.

Kason fumed, "Why do you tease me like this, Supernatural Doctor? I'm earnestly seeking your assistance."

Finding the Supernatural Doctor had been a formidable task. Despite expending vast resources, Kason had come up empty-handed until the Andrews family hinted that Joanna might have a connection to the Supernatural Doctor. Following a recent call, he arrived, clutching at the possibility of a solution.

To his astonishment, the Supernatural Doctor did not attempt to disguise her identity, exposing herself completely to him. She was both young and attractive. This was undoubtedly their first encounter, as Kason could not recall any prior meetings.

Convinced by Joanna's sincerity, Kason accepted that Norah was the Supernatural Doctor.

Norah reclined on the sofa, her voice casual and carefree. "I'm being sincere with you. I'm not joking around."

The offer of twenty million seemed insignificant to her. She had plenty of cash stashed away in her account.

Norah lifted her glass and stated, "You heard my condition, Mr. Hayes. Think it before committing."

She gulped down half a glass of red wine in one go, set it on the table, and said, "Joanna, I'm heading out now."

As Norah reached for her purse, she anticipated Kason's intervention.

"Stop!" Kason's voice halted her as she rose to her feet, promptly agreeing, "I accept."

Kason turned his gaze elsewhere and asked briskly, "When can you pay my grandfather a visit, Supernatural Doctor?"

Norah, with a sly grin, replied, "I'll have Joanna arrange it. Until next time, Mr. Hayes." She gestured a goodbye, moving toward the exit.

Kason walked over to the door, lifting his hand a bit to halt her.

"Supernatural Doctor, just to be clear, should you heal my grandfather, I will accept your terms without dispute. However, if you fail..." Kason's tone grew cold. "You should be aware that actions have consequences."

Norah spun around, her gaze fixed on Kason. "Mr. Hayes, are you trying to intimidate me?"

Kason withdrew his hand, clarifying, "No threat, merely a caution. Success will bring you the Hayes family's gratitude."

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. "Mr. Hayes, Mr. Scott is waiting for you."

Upon hearing this, Kason's demeanor softened. He addressed Norah, "I must handle something now. Supernatural Doctor, we'll continue our conversation another time." He then nodded their way and departed the room.

Spencer, lounging against the railing on the upper floor, noticed a familiar figure. He said to Kaiden, "Look, Kason's coming out. He was just in that chamber. Weren't Joanna and Norah seen entering there earlier? When did your uncle become acquainted with them?"

Kaiden, equally baffled, replied, "Since taking charge of the Hayes family, Kason's been all business, rarely frequenting spots like the Glamour Club for leisure, much less mingling with women. For the past couple of years, he's not been seen on any dates. Where's he off to now? I'll go and have a look."

The door slammed shut. Joanna turned to Norah, attempting to lighten the mood. "Norah, don't dwell on Kason's words. With your skills, we shouldn't worry about him. Norah, where are you going? I'll drive you."

Norah responded with a hint of annoyance, "Joanna, you think I'm intimidated? It's been a while since we caught up. Have you forgotten who I am?" Her eyes gleamed playfully. "He may act high and mighty now, but once he witnesses what I'm capable of, he'll regret it."

Joanna, feeling uneasy, urged, "Norah, let's leave quickly."

Joanna's anxiety had spiked ever since she overheard Kason's conversation with his bodyguards. "Glamour Club doesn't feel safe."

Joanna rushed forward, seizing Norah's hand, eager to whisk her away.

"What's going on?"

Suddenly, their conversation was drowned out by screams and the distant sound of gunfire. Panic ensued throughout the Glamour Club.

Norah's face got serious, and she swiftly took Joanna's hand, standing in front of Joanna like a shield. "Stay inside. There's trouble out there."

She hurried to secure the chamber's door, then comforted Joanna, "Don't worry, I'm here."

With a quivering voice, Joanna said, "I should have taken you out as soon as I heard the mention of Mr. Scott! Someone called me earlier, saying Mr. Scott would be at the Glamour Club and telling me to leave soon. I figured we would have been away before his arrival. Norah, I'm sorry. I should've taken you left with me earlier!"

Norah softly patted Joanna's back and comforted her, "It's okay. Was that the Mr. Sean Scott you were talking about?"

"Yes, that's him."

Joanna leaned on Norah, sharing her fears, "He's a member of the Scott family, more terrifying than Kason. His reputation precedes him as both ruthless and cunning. His presence here tonight isn't without reason. We

should've avoided coming."

Joanna regretted not sharing the warning she had received sooner with Norah. Had she done so, they might have avoided this dangerous situation.

"Life is unpredictable. Sometimes, what seems like a setback might be a hidden opportunity. Good and bad fortune often come hand in hand, Joanna," Norah said calmly. "When things get tough like this, staying calm is key."

Growing up in a protected environment, Joanna was unaccustomed to real danger. While she had some basic self-defense training, the thought of facing actual gunfire was beyond her worst fears.

Norah gently imparted her wisdom, "In moments like these, ensuring your safety should be the top priority. Ignore the chaos outside and focus on staying safe."

Joanna, covering her ears, nodded in agreement. "Understood."

Joanna had always claimed she wouldn't be scared in such situations. Yet, without Norah's presence, she might have collapsed in fear.

Joanna said, "I'll ask my parents to teach me how to handle guns and learn survival skills once I'm home."

Despite her reputation as the wild child of Giophia, Joanna had no real experience with firearms, shielded by her family and her untouchable status.

Joanna was grateful for Norah's presence. She couldn't figure out why Norah wasn't scared of the chaos, but she knew Norah was quite something. She really admired Norah. Norah was the most impressive woman she had known.

If only Derek hadn't made the mistake of marrying Norah and confined Norah into his home to take care of him, they wouldn't have lost touch for years.

Joanna was still puzzled over Norah's decision to marry Derek and her

commitment to his care and miraculous recovery, especially given Derek's coma. While others might be oblivious to the truth behind Derek's miraculous recovery, Joanna knew that Derek's healing was all because of Norah's efforts.

Suddenly, a loud thud echoed against the door.

Joanna's body shook with fear, yet she tried to mask her anxiety with a gulp. "Norah, there's someone knocking on the door."

Chapter 10 The Information

Norah was cautious about the gun but reassured Joanna, "It's fine. The door of the Glamour Club is tough. Let's wait for help to arrive."

Joanna had previously reached out to the Andrews family for assistance. Given their protective stance toward her, she was confident help would arrive soon.

Norah was confident that as long as the Scott and Hayes families were present, they would be safe, no matter what was happening outside.

Joanna was the only one who seemed worried.

Norah took her time with her drink, making efforts to soothe Joanna. As Joanna's friend, Norah felt the need to protect and comfort her.

Joanna, drawing comfort from Norah's composed demeanor, eventually relaxed, saying, "Alright."

The noise outside eventually died down, followed by another knock at the door. "Is Miss Andrews here? I'm a bodyguard from the Scott family. It's safe now. You can come out now."

Joanna looked at Norah and asked, "Norah, should we answer it?"

After listening attentively, Norah said, "Just open it. Don't worry. As a lady of the Andrews family, you should show some confidence."

Joanna chuckled, regaining her usual self-assurance. "Understood!"

Kason, cleaning his hands of blood, noticed the distinguished man lounging on the couch and greeted, "Mr. Scott."

Sean Scott reclined on the sofa with his legs crossed, exuding an air of nobility and aloofness despite his seemingly relaxed posture. "It seems bloodshed is inevitable whenever we cross paths."

Tossing the bloody handkerchief away, Kason asked, "How did you know to find me here? Have you set the trap for me?"

Kason's visit to Glamour Club was spontaneous, prompted by a call from the Andrews family.

With a slight downturn of his gaze, Sean responded, "What trap? It was merely a coincidence. Tracking the movements of the Hayes family's head isn't a challenge."

Sean's attention shifted to Kason, probing, "What brings you to Glamour Club? Who were you here to meet?"

Kason remained tight-lipped, avoiding the question, and said, "That's none of your concern, Mr. Scott. Now that this ordeal is over, I'll be on my way. Your team can wrap things up here."

Sean's expression subtly shifted, betraying a playful curiosity. "I'm curious. Who could make you this agitated? The Supernatural Doctor?"

Sean smiled and added, "I was wondering if you had seen Supernatural Doctor tonight."

Kason's expression soured, saying, "Mr. Scott, just be direct with what you're after. Why beat around the bush?"

Sean's response was even-tempered. "My intentions are clear. I'm looking to buy details about the Supernatural Doctor. The Supernatural Doctor has disappeared for two years. Both Mr. Devonte Hayes and the Scott family need Supernatural Doctor's services."

Sean was pressing Kason for the information about Supernatural Doctor.

Kason, recalling the intriguing Norah he had encountered, clenched his teeth and responded, "I need to ask for Supernatural Doctor's permission before I can share any details. Mr. Scott, you're aware of Supernatural Doctor's capabilities. A measure of respect is due."

Sean understood the need for patience. Remaining calm, he stated, "I'm in no rush. Go ahead and seek Supernatural Doctor's consent first."

The tension was palpable in the luxurious chamber, with neither party willing to back down.

Despite Kason's military background, he acknowledged Sean's more intimidating presence. It puzzled him how the head of one of the elite families in Glophia could exude such animosity.

Right then, Sean's assistant, Phillip Dixon, entered and announced, "Mr. Scott, Mr. Hayes' nephew, and Spencer from the Morris family are here."

Sean nodded and said to Kason, "You can catch up with the two youngsters outside. I'll wait here for the news."

Sean then lit a cigarette and skillfully formed a smoke ring. "Phillip, please show Mr. Hayes out."

Next to Sean stood the tall, muscular Phillip dressed in a black suit, motioning for Kason to accompany him. "Mr. Hayes, please follow me."

Catching a glimpse of Sean's serious demeanor, Kason realized Sean was determined to have details about Supernatural Doctor.

After leading Kason to another chamber, Phillip returned and informed Sean, "Mr. Scott, we've located Miss Andrews. Should we bring her here?"

Impatiently, Sean gestured dismissively and said, "No, just ensure she gets home safely. This place isn't a refuge. There's no need to detain her here. Keep an eye on Kason and update me on any news regarding the Supernatural Doctor."

Phillip hesitated but ultimately said, "Understood."

Norah trailed behind Joanna, anticipating a meeting with the renowned figure in Glophia, Sean. However, they were swiftly sent out of the Glamour Club.

Bryson himself came to pick them up. Upon seeing Joanna, he scolded her, "Didn't you receive the warning about Mr. Scott's visit? Why linger here? Do you wish to court danger? Imagine the risks you faced!"

The back door of the sleek black Volkswagen Phaeton swung open.

Inside, Bryson, clad in a sharp gray suit and silver-framed glasses perched on his nose, reprimanded Joanna with an icy look.

Joanna smiled apologetically and said, "It was Norah's first day out of divorce. I thought a little outing would be nice. I didn't anticipate crossing paths with Mr. Scott's crew. I see the error now and won't repeat it."

Hearing Norah's name, Bryson's stern face softened. "I'm relieved Norah was with you."

He glanced at the woman behind Joanna and said, "Thank you again, Norah."

With a casual shrug, Norah replied, "Don't mention it. All's well. I'll be on my way. Joanna, you should head back with Bryson."

Bryson, adjusting his glasses, caught a glimpse of Norah. He paused momentarily, captivated, then quickly looked away, feigning indifference. Norah always seemed to catch his attention.

"Norah, do you want me to drive you home?" Bryson offered, hinting at concern. "It's not safe at this hour for you to be out alone."

Joanna quickly supported the idea. "Yes, Norah. Let us drive you. It's really late."

Joanna worried about the risks for Norah traveling alone at night.

Norah accepted their offer and climbed into the car.

Bryson, Joanna's sibling, was a business acquaintance of Norah's.

Norah had once played a crucial role in averting a crisis at Bryson's company. Her actions had earned his deep trust.

Indeed, Bryson's empire, which Norah had helped safeguard, was his labor of love.

Thus, Bryson always treated Norah with the utmost respect, while Joanna playfully accused Derek of pandering every chance she got.