

Chapter 27 Why Bother Getting Wet

Reflecting on the recent silence from Derek, Norah pulled out her phone and sent him a message, saying, "Mr. Carter, are you available tomorrow? When can we finalize the paperwork?"

It had been almost a week since the racing competition.

While Derek savored his moments with Madeline, did he ever ponder the rumors about Madeline being a home wrecker? Such a lack of responsibility on his part.

After waiting ten minutes without a reply, Norah felt compelled to send more texts, nudging him for a response.

"Mr. Carter, have you considered the gossip about Madeline being a home wrecker? We should settle the formalities soon. It's beneficial for everyone. What's the delay?"

"You were the one keen on divorcing. Now, why the silence? Both our time is valuable. I can't afford to wait endlessly. When will we proceed?"

"Is it possible to get a clear response from you? Mr. Carter, the world won't stop if you take an hour off. Can't you make time for this?"

Without any response to her messages, Norah sat on the sofa, pondering whether she should head to the Carter Group and confront him face-to-face.

Since the race, Derek hadn't reached out about finalizing the divorce, which irked her.

After a while, her phone finally signaled the arrival of replies.

Derek replied, "Okay. When?"

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Norah arched an eyebrow as she typed her response, saying, "Meet me tomorrow at 2 p.m. in the court. Please, don't be late." At least he had agreed to meet.

Closing Derek's phone, Madeline's face still held traces of bitterness. When she heard noises from the bathroom, she quickly tucked Derek's phone out of sight.

Derek emerged from the bathroom, draped in a towel, and asked, "Madeline, have you seen my phone? I left it on the table before my shower, but now it's missing."

His tone was marked by impatience, a hint of annoyance in his voice.

Madeline feigned nonchalance and offered, "Maybe you forgot where you put it? Check again. Let me check the bedroom for you."

"Alright," Derek agreed, seemingly convinced by Madeline's suggestion that he might have misplaced it. He then left the room.

With her heart pounding, Madeline watched Derek leave. She quickly retrieved Derek's phone, erasing the recent exchange with Norah while preserving only those from days ago.

Madeline exhaled deeply, her gaze hardening as it landed on Norah Wilson's contact name. "Just a bitch who knows a few tricks. Trying to get close to Derek under my watch? Not a chance."

In Madeline's mind, Derek was hers and hers alone. She couldn't tolerate Norah's presence.

Norah waited in the court for Derek from 1:50 to 2:30 in the afternoon, yet Derek hadn't shown up yet. Glancing impatiently at the entrance, Derek was still nowhere to be seen.

Norah was overwhelmed with frustration, feeling like she couldn't breathe.

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After a moment of thought, she decided to call Derek. "Sorry, the number you have dialed is currently switched off..."

Norah scoffed, realizing he had blocked her number.

She flooded Derek with numerous messages.

"Mr. Carter, playing games now, are you? You promised you'd be here, didn't you?"

"Where could you possibly be?"

"Are you planning to show up at all? Will you come or not?"

Despite sending these messages, Norah didn't receive any response.

Feeling her patience wearing thin, Norah couldn't fathom how the situation had deteriorated to this point.

Derek was the one who had proposed the divorce, yet now he was the one avoiding finalizing it.

Resolved to take matters into her own hands, Norah decided to pursue the legal route if he continued to stall. She wondered if Derek underestimated her resolve.

Tucking her phone away, she made her way outside.

As she stepped out, it started pouring rain.

The timing couldn't have been worse. To keep the divorce proceedings on track, she refrained from driving today. After all, Derek's opinion of her car could cause unnecessary delays.

She figured the procedure wouldn't drag on too long. She paid no mind to the gloomy weather as she headed out.

Unbeknownst to her, she would end up waiting in vain and getting caught in the sudden downpour. What a stroke of misfortune!

Opening her contacts list, Norah briefly considered calling

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Joanna but decided against it, remembering Joanna had an important tutorial and not wanting to disturb her over something so minor.

The rain cascaded down in gleaming strands, the droplets merging with the urban clamor into a symphony of rainfall.

Under normal circumstances, Norah might have found solace in the rain, but Derek's evasion had sparked a loud rage within her. As she watched the relentless downpour, an impulsive thought struck her.

Embracing the deluge, Norah stepped into the rain, allowing it to drench her through, finding an unexpected sense of liberation. With renewed determination, she made her way to the nearest bus stop.

"Mr. Scott, it looks like that's Miss Wilson." At a red light, Phillip spotted a familiar figure sitting on the roadside, soaked to the bone.

"Let's check it out," Sean suggested, momentarily setting aside the documents he was reviewing to glance outside.

The figure of a woman dressed in black stood out even in her disarray, her attire clinging to her form, revealing her silhouette in the downpour.

Water dripped from her chestnut-colored hair, obscuring her face as she hung her head low.

For some reason, Sean felt a hint of compassion.

Norah, busy looking up the bus schedule to Dreamview Villas on her phone, was suddenly covered by a large black umbrella.

The umbrella protected her from both the wind and the rain.

Thinking it was just some guy trying to impress her, Norah glanced up only to find a familiar face. "Mr. Scott?" She widened her eyes, somewhat shocked. Seeing Sean in such an unexpected place caught her off guard. Even more surprising was that he held an umbrella over her.

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Sean, with his long fingers gripping the umbrella handle, stood with an imposing presence. Norah got to her feet, barely reaching his chest.

She stepped back, her back against the bus stop's billboard. "What... What a coincidence!"

Sean looked at Norah intently and said, "Miss Wilson, in this downpour, wouldn't it be wiser to wait it out rather than get soaked? Why bother getting wet?"

Norah looked at him and responded, "That seems to be my own business, Mr. Scott."

The lack of makeup only enhanced her natural beauty, especially evident after the rain had drenched her. Her effort to keep her distance intrigued Sean even more.

"Miss Wilson, considering your expertise in medicine, shouldn't you know better than to let yourself get drenched?"

Because of the rain, there were few people at the bus stop.

With the raindrops tapping rhythmically, Sean's voice sounded even smoother.

Norah casually glanced and noticed a sleek black car parked on the roadside, with Phillip seemingly behind the wheel.

Curiosity sparked as she pondered why Sean, despite having someone in the car to assist, stepped out alone with an umbrella. She couldn't help but notice the mud stains on his expensive leather shoes.