

Chapter 28 Where Are You Going, Miss Wilson

Norah raised her gaze, taking a careful look at Sean.

Sean sported a sharp suit, his shirt buttoned to the top and a dark blue tie neatly in place, giving off the vibe of just stepping out from a corporate meeting.

With eyebrows sharp as blades and eyes twinkling like stars, he stood out with his remarkable looks.

Yet, his expression was stern, and his eyes met hers with a chill, clearly not pleased with her observing him. "Miss Wilson?" Sean called again. "Should you wish to discuss something, we can discuss it in the car."

After a moment's pause, Norah, still fixed on Sean's face, nodded in agreement. "Okay." It seemed rude to decline since Sean had offered the ride himself.

There was no bad blood between them. Besides, she was the physician for Rodrigo and Susanna. Once having treated them, Norah planned to distance herself from Sean then. For now, they were simply acquaintances.

As Sean led Norah to the car, she felt ashamed, her clothes clinging to her from the rain. She aimed for the seat next to the driver but was taken aback when Sean held the back door open for her instead.

Given the stormy weather, Norah didn't protest and climbed into the back.

Sean shut the door behind her, and Norah noticed his suit had got wet on one side.

Unlike him, she hadn't caught a single raindrop walking from

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the bus stop to the vehicle.

Norah mused that Sean seemed kinder than the rumors suggested. Though their paths had crossed a few times, she never witnessed the harsh side of him.

Phillip offered two clean, dry towels.

Norah accepted them, dried off her completely drenched hair, and saw her wet skirt had left marks on the leather seat and mud was everywhere. She was sure she looked a mess.

Trying to be calm, she murmured, "Thank you, Mr. Scott."

"Dry off well. We wouldn't want you catching a cold," Sean said, not even glancing up.

Norah bowed her head to towel dry her hair, contemplating that despite Sean's chilly demeanor, he might not be as difficult to deal with as people said. The fact that he had tilted the umbrella to her side had already improved her opinion of him. Maybe being friends with him wasn't such a bad idea after all.

Seemingly casually, Sean asked, "Miss Wilson, I recall you own a car, don't you? Why would you choose to wait for a bus in the rain?"

"I came out for some personal stuff." Norah briefly stopped drying her hair, then resumed. It was clear she didn't want to go into details.

Sean sensed her reluctance and smoothly shifted the conversation, saying, "Are you on your way to Dreamview Villas, Miss Wilson?"

"Yes," Norah answered, her eyes downcast, her voice soft.

Phillip chimed in, "Mr. Scott, the office..."

"Let them wait."

"Mr. Scott, do you have important matters to attend to? You

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don't have to go out of your way for me. You can drop me off along the road, and I'll catch a taxi." Norah, with her hair and body mostly dry, overheard Phillip's words and promptly interjected, "I'd feel bad if I hinder your work."

Phillip, torn between whose advice to trust, used the red light to ask, "Mr. Scott, what do you think I should do?"

With Dreamview Villas and the company lying in opposite directions, making the round trip would eat up hours.

Sean, with a hint of laziness, lifted his eyes. "Miss Wilson, if you're worried about holding up my schedule, then accompany me to the office. Once there, I'll get another car to take you home."

"There's no need to bother. I can easily flag down a taxi by the road."

"With the storm like this, are you sure about that?"

Norah glanced outside. The relentless downpour seemed to be getting even worse. The weather wasn't on her side. Turning down his offer now would seem rather ungrateful. "You're right, Mr. Scott."

Norah surrendered the fight, realizing it would only slow her down. She'd already faced enough delays today because of Derek.

At the thought of Derek, a flicker of irritation passed over her face, her heart momentarily burning with annoyance.

"Miss Wilson, is something troubling you?"

Caught off guard while checking her phone, Norah paused before responding, "No."

"I saw your expression change. I wondered if you were facing a problem you couldn't solve, Miss Wilson."

Sean retrieved a business card from the side pocket and passed it over. "If there's anything you can't handle, don't

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hesitate to call me. And if I'm not around, you can contact
Phillip."

He held the card out and added, "Feel free to mention my name."

Norah took the card, tucked it away, and said, "Thank you, Mr. Scott."

She assumed his gesture was mainly because of her role as his sister's and grandfather's doctor, which made it easy for her to accept his offer.

A quiet moment fell over the car.

Norah's phone still showed no response from Derek. Frustration crept in. Was Derek playing games with her? She had always been kind to Derek, driven by her previous feelings for him.

But now, with Derek leaving her for Madeline, any affection of their bond had vanished. Derek's nerve to mislead her with messages, leaving her waiting in the court for more than thirty minutes, irked her deeply.

Norah was not one to sit idly by. Before taking on her position at the hospital, she made sure to handle her personal matters efficiently.

After more than an hour of driving, the car stopped in front of a grand office building.

The skyscraper, boasting over 30 stories and clad in blue glass, and from a distance, one could see the company name on the surface—Nexa Tech.

Norah guessed this was just one facet of Sean's vast business empire.

The Scott Group had its hands in various industries, and their deep-rooted aristocratic heritage meant they had plenty of money to spare.

It was rumored that Sean was keen on venturing into the technology industry, and this company appeared to be his

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passion project.

The car's engine quieted to a halt.

Norah, seated in the rear, stayed put. "Do we have any extra umbrellas?" she asked.

Phillip quickly offered, "I've got one, and so does Mr. Scott. Miss Wilson, I can brave the rain for you if needed."

Norah dismissed the offer with a wave and said, "No, that's alright."

Phillip was about to follow Sean into the office, needing to keep up appearances.

"In that case, I'll hang out in the car until Mr. Scott sorts things out." Norah chose to stay put in the car and nodded at Sean. "Thank you, Mr. Scott," she acknowledged.

Sean glanced at her and said, "Do I seem like one of Miss Wilson's subordinates?"

Norah straightened up, saying, "Certainly not."

"Come with me then."

Back under Sean's umbrella, Norah felt a twinge of uncertainty. Why was she under Mr. Scott's umbrella once more?

Beside her, Sean's towering form commanded attention. Worried about possibly getting on his nerves by lingering too close, she shifted away to the side.

"If you keep moving, you might as well not be under the umbrella at all." Sean's playful tone came through as he shifted the umbrella slightly toward Norah.

Phillip, umbrella in hand, trailed behind them and glanced up. He spotted Mr. Scott, half his shoulder getting wet from the rain, still adjusting the umbrella toward Norah, who was fully shielded.

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Phillip remembered Sean's silence when he chose to park in the public lot earlier. It was then Phillip realized the special consideration being given.

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