+120 Points at most

# Chapter 45 Emergency Brake

"It's alright." Sean's eyes dropped, and his eyelashes cast soft shadows over his striking features. "Norah, I've mentioned before. You can always turn to me if you need anything."

After a pause, Sean asked, "Do you need my assistance regarding Derek's unwillingness to divorce?"

The car was dimly lit in the late evening, with the light from street lamps casting moving shadows inside. Norah sensed Sean's earnest look. "There's no need for that, Mr. Scott. It's not a major issue," Norah calmly responded.

"You're always this formal, Norah." Sean's voice was deep, and Norah felt his voice carry an electric current, making her shiver slightly at his voice. "I feel like I'm begging to help you."

Norah did feel that way.

"Mr. Scott, you're making light of it. I do not enjoy imposing on others or being in someone's debt. If I were indebted to you, I'd feel it hard to repay." Norah said frankly, "Mr. Scott, perhaps you don't understand. But I don't usually seek help from others. I prefer to handle things on my own and avoid bothering people."

Due to her past experiences when she was young, Norah was wary of accumulating debts she couldn't repay. Take Derek's once life-saving favor as an instance. She had devoted two whole years to taking care of Derek who was in a coma after the car incident. With Derek back to his feet safe and sound, Norah finally felt she had settled that debt.

Sean hadn't realized this was her concern. He suddenly grasped why she was so hesitant to accept his assistance.

"But these are minor issues. You wouldn't need to repay me and won't owe me anything." Sean locked eyes with Norah and challenged, "Do you keep track of how many times Joanna has driven you home or tally up the expenses she's incurred on your behalf?"

"The situation with Joanna is different." Norah countered, "Joanna is my friend."

"I was under the impression that I was your friend too."

Norah recalled the last occasion when Sean had offered her a lift and his timely assistance when she was drenched in the rain at the bus stop. At that time, she thought it would be lovely if she and Sean could be friends. Given their recent interactions, she acknowledged that they could be considered friends.

"There are differences between friends." Norah explained, "Mr. Scott, surely you grasp this concept. There are countless things I can share with Joanna that aren't feasible with you."

"Does that include something as simple as giving you a lift home?"

"Unless it's absolutely necessary, I'd rather not impose on anyone for a ride home."

Having spent time with Sean, Norah concluded that Sean wasn't the heartless character the rumors made him out to be. She found him quite kind. Thus, Norah felt comfortable being open with him.

Sean chuckled. "Norah, you really know how to separate your professional life from your personal one.

Nevertheless, if I see you, I'll still offer you a ride home. It's no big deal to drive a friend home."

Sean wasn't taking Norah's words to heart.

Feeling somewhat defeated, Norah hadn't anticipated Sean would focus solely on their friendship and overlook her hesitance.

Norah assumed their paths crossed mainly through racing events and the medical treatment she delivered to his family members. She figured once she had done with her medical jobs with his family members, their interactions might dwindle, so she conceded. "Alright, understood."

Norah reassured herself, thinking it wasn't a bad idea to accept a ride from someone willing to offer.

"Tomorrow, I'm inviting Susanna over. When do you have time to drop by?"

"Your work doesn't include weekends, does it?" asked Norah.

Sean replied ambiguously, "My business is closed on weekends."

After starting her workdays in the hospital, Norah valued the rarity of having weekends off. Her hospital employed a rotating single-day-off system, assigning days off monthly. This month, her day off was Saturday.

Considering they lived in the same community and wouldn't have to worry about traffic delays, Norah suggested, "I can make it by ten in the morning."

Norah viewed Saturday as her day to unwind and recharge.

"You can have Phillip come to fetch you then," offered Sean. Norah nodded in agreement.

Then, abruptly, a loud screech filled the air as the car came to a sudden halt.

Norah was deep in conversation with Sean, entirely unprepared for the abrupt stop. Caught off guard, she stumbled into Sean's embrace.

Phillip was driving smoothly until a reckless motorcyclist darted out from the left, showing no signs of slowing down even as they almost collided. Thankfully, Phillip's quick reflexes kicked in, braking sharply and swerving right to dodge the motorbike.

As the motorcyclist sped off into the night, Phillip muttered a few choice words under his breath.

Phillip harbored a strong dislike for such reckless motorcyclists, deeming them a danger not just to themselves but to everyone else on the road. He kept his curses to himself.

Once the car was back to its steady pace, Phillip cleared his throat, attempting to apologize, "I'm sorry, that was due to a motorcycle just now..."

Catching a glimpse of the situation in the rearview mirror, Phillip promptly fell silent and diverted his gaze.

After dropping off Joanna, Norah hadn't buckled her seatbelt. As the car took a left turn, she was thrown right into Sean's arms, ending up on his lap, wrapped in his embrace.

Feeling both embarrassed and unstable, Norah clung to Sean's shirt, seeking something to hold onto.

Sean instinctively supported Norah by the shoulder, his touch on her smooth skin sending warmth through him, his heart racing uncontrollably.

As their eyes met, both filled with surprise, Sean quickly averted his gaze.

A palpable tension hung between them.

"I..."

"I..."

Sean and Norah both started to speak simultaneously.

Turning his head, Sean gestured for her to continue, saying, "Please, you first."

With some effort, Norah shifted, suggesting in a raspy voice, "Maybe we should wait until I'm no longer in your lap to talk?"

At that critical moment when the car swerved abruptly, Norah felt the firmness of Sean's grasp, having not only caught her in time but also steadied himself.

The abrupt movement of the car had left Norah momentarily disoriented, only to find herself securely in Sean's hold. They found themselves in a close embrace, like a couple lost in love.

Observing Norah's beauty up close, Sean felt compelled to clear his throat.

Norah's attire, a striking red dress that hugged her figure, accentuated her skin's softness, making her stand out even more.

Sean could feel Norah's soft skin and catch the lovely scent emanating from her.

Seated in Sean's embrace, Norah held onto his shirt, her hair cascading behind her like seaweed, adding a touch of

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allure to her appearance.

Lifting her gaze to his, Norah seemed captivated, with her eyes fixed solely on him.

As Sean caught his reflection in Norah's eyes, he found his hold on her involuntarily strengthening.

Noticing her discomfort, Sean carefully shifted her to the seat beside him. As Norah's sweet and gentle presence slipped away from him, he felt a twinge of reluctance.

Norah sat back in her seat, immediately securing her seatbelt. She cleared her throat softly, trying to disguise her awkwardness. "That was quite the unexpected event."

Sean absentmindedly played with his fingers, the lingering feel of Norah's touch on his skin. Upon hearing her, he acknowledged, "I understand."

"Mr. Scott, I appreciate your assistance at the critical moment. I'll ensure I'm more cautious in the future." Norah made sure her seatbelt was tightened. She thought another incident might make her too embarrassed to face Sean again.

"It was my pleasure to assist. There's no need for concern."

Sean stole a glance at her seatbelt, finding himself annoyed by something he usually never gave a second thought.