+120 Points at most

# Chapter 59 Checking Kason's Health

Norah softly stated, "Mr. Hayes, I'll keep your words in mind." She wished for Kason to be more reliable than Derek had been.

From her observation, Norah perceived Kason as a man of integrity, likely a trait sharpened from his time in the military, where directness was valued.

Curiously, Norah asked, "Mr. Hayes, at the peak of your youth, do you ever regret departing the military so early?"

This question had been on her mind since she met Kason. Kason, still under 30 years old and at the height of his capabilities, left her puzzled by his choice to exit the military and lead the Hayes family. Norah doubted she could make such a decisive move if she were in his shoes.

After a pause, Kason responded in a low voice, "The Hayes family lacked a suitable leader. As part of this family, stepping in was my responsibility. Plus, with my grandfather's severe illness, it was only natural for me to return and support him."

Norah was aware that Kason's parents had perished in a tragic plane crash, a story that had deeply moved Glophia and garnered widespread sympathy for the Hayes family.

Unlike most Hayes family members who pursued military careers, only Kaiden diverged, focusing on art in college.

Gazing at his right hand, Kason's voice carried a hint of sadness. "My departure from the military was also for health reasons."

Norah's brow furrowed as she regarded him, asking, "What health issues were you facing?" She observed Kason's appearance, noting his robust complexion and sturdy physique. Norah couldn't discern any indications of ailment.

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"A few years ago, during an operation, I damaged the tendons in my right hand, rendering me unable to shoot with precision ever since," Kason said with an air of nonchalance as though discussing something distant from his own experience. Yet, Norah detected a note of sorrow in his voice.

"Why didn't you seek my help amid my medical checks?"

Norah's back was to Kason, hiding her face from his view. He shared, "The doctors mentioned even after being repaired, my hand's sensitivity wouldn't match its former level. It would never fully recover."

Kason had endured much from that incident...

Facing him, Norah said earnestly, "I'll examine your hand after checking on your grandpa."

Kason, taken aback, declined, "There's no need. My military career is behind me."

The famed group Kason had belonged to had already disbanded. Kason's fists tightened. He believed returning would be pointless if he was the sole remaining member of his team.

Norah insisted, "Allow me to assess it first."

Stepping out from Devonte's room, Norah entered the living room to find Kason on the sofa. Dressed in an army green tank top, the snug material outlined his muscular physique, accentuating his formidable presence.

Norah took a seat beside him on the couch. "Show me your hand, please."

Kason held out his hand, revealing its rough, callused texture. Norah gently grasped his wrist, her touch delicate against his hardened skin.

The stark contrast between Kason's large, rugged hand and Norah's smaller, softer one was striking.

When Norah's hands made contact with Kason's, a shiver coursed through him. Feeling slightly bashful, Kason found himself looking away involuntarily.

Norah asked, "Well, it's clear you've sustained more injuries than just to your hand. You've got internal issues, too. Have you not considered a

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thorough medical check-up?"

With a furrowed brow, Norah added, "And let's not even start on your tendon problem. Your knees must give you trouble when the weather changes, am I right?"

"Yes," Kason admitted, acknowledging her accuracy. "It's not a major issue most days, so I've never sought medical attention."

"You really ought to consult a physician soon. With already one ill family member, do you wish to be bedridden alongside your grandfather?" Norah half-jokingly cautioned him, "Had it not been for me, would you have waited until mobility became an issue before seeking treatment?"

Kason conceded with a nod.

Norah sighed and said, "Lucky for you, our paths crossed."

Norah was aware that Kason's condition would deteriorate with time. Delaying treatment meant that, even with future surgery, he risked losing his mobility.

"Well, considering you're the Supernatural Doctor, handling my little ailment should be effortless for you." Kason wasn't overstating. Given the Supernatural Doctor's global fame for resolving numerous challenging cases, he was confident in Norah's ability to treat him.

Kason considered himself fortunate to be under the care of the Supernatural Doctor. He glanced downward, observing Norah as she meticulously inspected his body, feeling somewhat bashful.

It dawned on him that they were very close, allowing him to detect Norah's scent. Though he couldn't identify the perfume, it intrigued him deeply.

Understanding that her unique ability wouldn't remedy his issue, Norah pulled back her hands. "You knew I was working at Silver Boulder Private Hospital, right? Make an appointment for surgery, and I'll assist in reattaching your tendons. You must be evaluated at the hospital for any internal problems. The medical team there will guide you on the next steps."

Her tone was matter-of-fact as if tendon repair was no more challenging

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than treating a minor ailment.

"Thank you, Norah."

"No need to thank me. Just don't forget the consultation fee."

Kason responded with a grin and said, "Of course."

As Norah departed from Kason's residence, the evening had settled in, marking the close of the day.

The city's streetlights began to sparkle, transforming Glophia into a mesmerizing spectacle of vibrant lights.

Norah made her way to the Glamour Club but first detoured to the Splendor Building to meet Aaron to get a new outfit.

Upon her departure, Aaron half-jokingly implored, "Noelle, don't forget to send me more of your design drafts."

It had been a while since Norah last visited Glamour Club due to her demanding schedule.

Reflecting on the band members' previous actions, Norah felt anger and a sense of betrayal. Having achieved fame and recognition, Rosy Secret kicked her, the songwriter, from the band. Their actions were the epitome of ingratitude.

Yet, Norah was confident that if she could lift Rosy Secret to stardom, she could do the same for another group.

Glamour Club stood as a prominent entertainment hotspot in Glophia, bustling with activity under the glow of neon lights each night, where patrons indulged freely.

"Fuck off!" The security guard at Glamour Club's entrance dismissed a man and said arrogantly, "Rosy Secret is headlining tonight. Your unknown band should hit the road!"

The man, clutching a guitar, appeared roughed up, his attire disheveled and hair unkempt, resembling a nest. He found himself shoved to the ground by the security guard, his guitar crashing down with a resounding twang.

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He hurriedly checked his guitar for damage, enduring the guard's scolding and beating without uttering a single protest, merely clutching his instrument protectively.

"To earn a spot at Glamour Club, you'll need to make a name for yourself first," the security guard mocked, his gaze dripping with disdain.