

Madly Yours

Chapter 10

She wasn't holding her breath.

"Attention passengers traveling to San Francisco. Flight *** is now boarding..."

The announcement echoed through the terminal, and Nora wheeled her suitcase toward the gate.

Once on the plane, she leaned back in her seat and watched the city shrink away.

She had poured all her romantic hopes and dreams into this place. She had thought it would be her forever home.

Now she knew better. It was just a naive fantasy.

Snapping back to reality, she pulled out her phone to switch it to airplane mode, but a notification popped up.

[You have added H as a friend. You can now chat!]

Nora stared at the timestamp in sheer disbelief.

He accepted instantly?

She clicked on the profile picture, checking it three times just to be sure.

It was definitely Hudson Lancaster.

"..."

What... what was happening?

Did his finger slip? Or was his assistant managing the phone?

Whatever the case, it wasn't like he was sitting around waiting for her request.

Dismissing the thought, Nora slipped her phone back into her pocket.

At 3:00 PM that afternoon, Nora stood in the arrivals hall of the San Francisco International Airport.

The moment she stepped outside, her phone buzzed with an unknown local number.

She answered.

"Ms. Reed," a deep, respectful voice came through. "I'm Arthur, Mr. Lancaster's driver. He sent me to pick you up. The car is waiting at Exit 3."

Nora froze.

Hudson?

How... how did he know she was back?

"Understood."

She hung up and rolled her suitcase toward Exit 3.

A black Maybach was parked aggressively by the curb. Sleek and imposing, with heavily tinted windows, it exuded a quiet, dominating power.

Seeing her approach, Arthur stepped out quickly. He looked to be in his early twenties, dressed in a sharp dark gray suit, respectful but professional.

"Ms. Reed, allow me." Arthur took her suitcase and opened the rear door.

The moment the door opened, the crisp scent of cedar mixed with a faint hint of tobacco drifted out.

Nora froze mid-bend.

The back of the car was dimly lit. A man sat turned slightly to the side, wearing a black silk dress shirt with the top two buttons undone, revealing a pale, strong neckline. His long legs, clad in tailored trousers, were casually crossed, taking up most of the space.

Hearing the movement, he lazily lifted his gaze.

The moment his eyes locked onto hers, Nora's breath caught.

They were striking. Deeply set with pronounced eyelids, sharp contours, and high brow bones. His irises were an abyss of black. Paired with thin lips, his face exuded a cold, untouchable perfection.

Even having never seen him in person, Nora instantly knew who he was.

Mr. Lancaster.

Hudson...

"Jade... Reed?"

His voice was low, a rough, dark rasp with an upward lilt that carried a hint of dangerous amusement.

Nora's heart hammered against her ribs. Snapping out of her daze, she pressed her lips together and nodded. "Yes, that's me..."

Hudson's gaze swept over her, taking her in from head to toe with slow, deliberate precision.

His scrutiny made her skin prickle. She was about to look away when he finally spoke.

"Did you bring your ID?"

Nora blinked, instinctively nodding. "I brought it."

The moment the words left her mouth, she realized how bizarre the question was.

Asking for an ID the first time they meet?

Her stomach dropped.

Was the Butcher actually running a background check on her right here?