

Madly Yours

Chapter 19

Hudson slipped his watch off and dropped it onto the glass vanity. The metallic clink was sharp in the quiet room. "I'll drive you."

"You don't need to do that," Nora immediately declined. "I can just call a cab."

Hudson arched an eyebrow, a mocking smirk playing on his lips. "Really? You think a cab is going to come out here?"

Nora shut her mouth.

When they were pulling into the estate earlier, she noticed how completely isolated this stretch of Azure Bay was. The winding roads were flanked by towering palms and heavy iron gates. There wasn't a single pedestrian, let alone a stray taxi.

Seeing her hesitation dissolve, Hudson smirked. "Let's go."

The black Maybach tore through the streets toward the West Precinct.

Neon lights blurred past the windows-the night in San Francisco was only just beginning.

Nora sat nervously by the window, twisting the hem of her skirt. The smooth white fabric caught the passing streetlights, drawing a stark contrast against the porcelain glow of her legs.

"Worried?" Hudson's low voice echoed in the darkness.

Nora turned her head.

He was leaning back into the leather seats, his long legs crossed lazily. The flickering city lights painted a masterpiece out of his sharp jawline.

"Yes," she whispered. "Xavi has a terrible temper. I'm afraid he provoked the wrong people."

"Relax." His dark eyes met hers, his voice rumbling with an intoxicating calm. "It's nothing I can't fix."

Nora nodded, but her fists remained tightly clenched.

She knew that to a man like Hudson, a teenage boy throwing punches was nothing more than a rich kid throwing a tantrum. It happened every day in their circles.

But that wasn't what terrified her.

The police had been extremely clear on the phone.

The man Xavier had assaulted was Edmond Sterling.

What the hell was Edmond doing in San Francisco? And how did he run into her brother?

The West Precinct was blindingly bright.

As the Maybach pulled into the lot, several luxury cars were making their way out.

A silver Porsche led the pack, its window rolled down to reveal Ferris Quinn, leaning out with a bored expression.

"Damn, look at that," Ferris pointed at the arriving Maybach. "That license plate is untouchable in this city. Has to be Hudson Lancaster's ride."

In the backseat, Edmond looked up.

The sleek black car idled quietly in front of the station, looking like a lethal predator waiting to strike.

The license plate was impossible to ignore—a single black 'H' stamped on gold.

In San Francisco, you couldn't just buy a plate like that. It was a symbol of old-world bloodlines, a golden ticket meant only for the absolute apex of the city's hierarchy.

"Hudson Lancaster?" the passenger gasped. "What's a billionaire doing at a precinct? That's insane."

"You think he's bailing someone out? Who on earth has enough leverage to drag the boss himself down here?"

"Whatever. Move, move, get out of his way," Ferris muttered, stepping on the gas. The Porsche sped off, narrowly brushing past the Maybach.

As they passed, Edmond caught a fleeting glimpse into the Maybach's tinted windows.

He saw the silhouette of a man in a black shirt. The streetlights flashed over a sharp, arrogant jawline and the lethal profile of an undisputed king.

Sitting directly next to him was a slender woman, partially hidden in his shadow. Edmond only saw a flash of her pale skirt.

Edmond scowled. An unexplainable surge of rage gnawed at his gut.

He tore his eyes away and checked his phone. Still no new messages.

Normally, Nora texted him all day long, even if she couldn't call. Blocking his number and cutting him off completely like this was entirely out of character for her.