

Madly Yours

Chapter 20

The fire in Edmond's chest raged violently. He tossed his phone aside in frustration.

Just wait.

He was going to see exactly how long she could keep up this stubborn act. This time, she wasn't going to get back in his good graces so easily.

Meanwhile, inside the brightly lit precinct.

The moment Nora rushed into the lobby, she spotted Xavier huddled defensively on a corner bench. His hair was a disaster, a dark bruise stained his jaw, and his uniform jacket was covered in dirt.

Two of his friends sat next to him, looking equally bruised and battered.

Spotting Nora storming in, Xavier immediately slapped a hand over his face and turned away, refusing to meet her eyes.

He was dead meat. She was going to lecture him to death.

Unlike Jade, who had been completely spoiled by the family, Xavier had always been closest to his half-sister, Nora.

Knowing she was flying back to San Francisco today, he had actually skipped class and bolted across town just to buy her favorite crab dish.

But while waiting in line, he spotted an incredibly familiar face.

Edmond Sterling.

Had that piece of trash followed Nora all the way back home? The guy was like a relentless plague!

Xavier had always despised Edmond, but Nora had been hopelessly in love with him.

He had planned to ignore him, grab the food, and leave.

But then he overheard Edmond's disgusting friends running their mouths.

"Man, you're giving Nora way too much credit by flying out to fetch her."

“It’s just a tantrum,” Edmond had drawled lazily. “Women always come around if you humor them enough.”

“Haha, you’re a saint, Edmond,”

“Right? Nora is gorgeous and sweet, but it’s such a shame she’s deaf. Only Edmond would put up with defective goods like that.”

“Sweet? I heard she slapped Juliette twice the other day! Haha!”

“Seriously? She’s got some bite, huh?”

Edmond exhaled a cloud of smoke. “I’ll make sure to discipline her properly once she’s back.”

Discipline her?

That arrogant bastard was begging for a death wish.

Xavier had handed his takeout to his friend, grabbed a plastic chair, and charged straight at them.

“Miss Reed, sign here.”

The female officer slid the clipboard across the desk, her tone surprisingly polite.

Anyone working the night shift at the West Precinct knew how to read a room.

The girl in front of her was as breathtaking as a movie star, but the man standing behind her...

The officer discreetly peeked at him. One hand was shoved casually in his pocket, while the other hovered protectively over Nora’s waist—a silent, lethal warning that she belonged to him.

It was Hudson Lancaster.

The upper echelons of San Francisco weren’t exactly a secret society, and a face like his was impossible to forget.

But why was a billionaire at the precinct bailing out a street brawler? And the deadbeat son of the Reed family, no less?

Suppressing her shock, she professionally handed over a pen.

As Nora bent to sign the forms, Hudson strolled past her, heading straight for Xavier.

His pace was agonizingly slow, yet he radiated such overpowering dominance that half the lobby turned to stare. The chaotic noise of the room instantly died down.

Xavier was busy sulking when a massive shadow fell over him.

He looked up, crashing right into a pair of pitch-black eyes.

He looked vaguely familiar... like someone he had seen on TV.

Hudson stared down into the boy's eyes, noting the faint resemblance to Nora. He arched an eyebrow. "Did they beat you?"

"Huh?"

Xavier blinked in confusion before his teenaged arrogance flared up. He lifted his bruised chin defensively. "Hell no. I knocked those Sterling bastards into the dirt."

He sounded completely unhinged, radiating the reckless bravado of a high school brawler.

Hudson's smirk deepened slightly. "Good job."

Xavier froze, convinced he was hallucinating.

Did this guy just praise him for street fighting?

Who the hell was he?