

Madly Yours

Chapter 5

Asked to do it?

By Edmond?

Nora's pen hovered over the paper.

For the past year, she had watched Edmond run himself ragged trying to find a cure for her, all to no avail.

It wasn't until six months ago, when Liam took over her case, that her hearing had slowly started to return...

But something felt off.

Was Edmond really that close to Dr. Harrison?

Whenever she came in for check-ups, Liam had never given Edmond the time of day.

She looked up at Liam, a question in her eyes.

Liam didn't elaborate. "Alright, I'll let you rest. Take it easy."

"Thank you, Dr. Harrison."

The door clicked shut.

The room fell silent again.

The phone on her pillow buzzed repeatedly.

Nora picked it up. Most of the messages were from her mother, asking if she had booked her flight and when she was coming back to San Francisco.

The first text was from 3:00 AM, the latest at 7:00 AM.

She typed back: [Mom, something came up. I'll be back in a couple of days.]

Right after she hit send, the phone vibrated again.

At the bottom of her screen was a message from Edmond:

[Nora, how bad are you hurt? I'll come see you soon. What do you want to eat? I'll bring it over.]

Nora stared at the words, a cold smile touching her lips.

She opened the chat and typed a single line:

[Edmond, we're done.]

She sent it, immediately blocked his number, and deleted his contact. Done.

She dropped the phone onto the sheets and closed her eyes, her face as calm as if nothing had happened.

Meanwhile, in the morning rush hour traffic, a black Mercedes crawled behind the car in front of it.

Ding!

The phone resting on the center console lit up.

Edmond, sitting in the driver's seat with one hand draped over the steering wheel, picked up the phone. When he read the text...

He frowned.

In his distraction, the brake lights of the car ahead flared bright red. Snapping back to reality, he slammed on the brakes.

Screech!

The tires shrieked against the asphalt. The car jerked violently. The passenger groaned as the seatbelt dug into his chest, nearly spilling his coffee.

"Whoa! Edmond, what the hell are you doing?"

The man steadied himself and looked over. "What's on your mind?"

Edmond didn't answer. He just stared at his phone, his frown deepening.

The man in the passenger seat was Ferris Quinn, Edmond's childhood buddy, who had also been in the VIP room last night.

Seeing Edmond's expression, Ferris couldn't help but ask, "What's wrong? A text from Nora?"

Edmond remained silent, tossing the phone back onto the console and easing off the brake.

Taking his silence as confirmation, Ferris leaned back in his seat and sighed. "Look, Edmond, you can't blame Nora for being mad. Given what happened last night, who wouldn't be upset?"

Edmond's grip on the steering wheel tightened, but he said nothing.

Ferris continued, "But don't stress too much. Nora is soft, and she's head over heels for you. Just go to the hospital, buy some flowers, say a few sweet things, and it'll all blow over."

Edmond stayed quiet.

Oblivious to the tension, Ferris rambled on. "Honestly, I feel bad for Nora. She left everything in San Francisco to come to Northampton just for you. She has no family here, she's deaf, and she just swallows all her grievances. Juliette put her through hell, right? And she took it. Why? Because she loves you. Women like that are easy to coax."

"She said she wants to break up," Edmond suddenly said.

"What?" Ferris looked at him like he was crazy.

Edmond stared at the traffic ahead, his jaw tight. "She texted me. She said we're done."

"Done?" Ferris paused for a second before bursting into laughter. "Come on, Edmond, stop joking. Nora breaking up with you? No way."