

Madly Yours

Chapter 7

Two days later, Nora's injuries had mostly healed, and her voice had fully returned.

During that time, Edmond never showed up.

She did, however, receive a package from her mother in San Francisco. Inside was Jade's ID card.

Standing by the hospital window, she watched the busy street below, a faint, bitter smile tugging at her lips. It was half mocking, half resigned.

The door clicked open.

Liam walked in. He wasn't wearing his usual white coat today. Dressed in a dark gray button-down with the sleeves rolled up to his forearms, he looked less clinical and more approachable.

"Paperwork's done." He handed her a folder. "You're cleared to leave."

Nora took the file, glancing at it. "Thank you, Dr. Harrison."

Liam didn't reply. He just stood there, studying her face as if weighing his words.

"Dr. Harrison? Is something wrong?"

"You're heading back to San Francisco today?"

Nora nodded.

Liam flashed a rare, wide grin. "Fantastic!"

"Huh?" Nora looked at him in confusion, wondering why he sounded so thrilled.

She was just going home. What was so 'fantastic' about it?

Catching her bewildered look, Liam coughed lightly into his fist. "Right, well, you should get packing. Don't want to miss your flight."

"Thank you, Dr. Harrison."

After Liam left, Nora began gathering her things.

There wasn't much to pack.

She opened the drawer of her bedside table. The only thing inside was the small velvet box.

She popped it open. A simple silver men's ring rested inside. Engraved on the inner band were the words: [Edmond & Nora].

She snapped the box shut and tossed it into the trash can without a second glance.

By the time Nora returned to her apartment, the sky had cleared. Sunlight spilled across the living room floor, illuminating the dust motes dancing in the air.

She stood in the entryway, looking at the place she had called home for two years.

A half-empty coffee mug sat on the coffee table, Edmond's lighter tossed casually beside it. On the TV stand sat a framed photo of them—she was leaning her head on his shoulder, her eyes crinkling with a bright smile.

She had been deaf then, but she had felt like the luckiest woman alive.

Nora looked away, walked into the bedroom, and pulled her suitcase from the closet.

She didn't have much. A few changes of clothes, her passport, a phone charger, and a photo of her and her mother from the nightstand.

She zipped up the suitcase and wheeled it out of the bedroom.

As she crossed the living room, she paused.

On a display shelf nearby sat a framed plane ticket from San Francisco to Northampton.

Two years ago, she had abandoned her entire life in San Francisco to follow him here. He had promised she would never regret it.

She truly believed she wouldn't.

Even though she was a brilliant music major born with perfect pitch, and she had lost her hearing because of him, she never regretted it...

She only felt a deep sense of loss.

Loss that she would never hear the piano again, loss that she could never play the music she composed, and loss that the radiant girl who once owned the stage was now a broken burden relying on someone else's care.

But now...

Nora tore her gaze away and walked out, dragging her suitcase behind her.

The door clicked shut.

She didn't look back.

Meanwhile, on the way to the hospital.

Edmond's brow was tightly knit.

He had been stuck dealing with Juliette for the past two days. It wasn't until he finally tried texting Nora and realized he was blocked that a creeping unease settled over him.