

Chapter 19 I Can't Do Magic

"Miss Wilson owns a place in Dreamview Villas, huh? That suggests she's not as unremarkable as the reports make her out to be," Phillip said, holding the door open for Sean.

Stepping out of the car, Sean commented, "There is a lot of false information in those files." He had initiated a background check on Norah before the contest. Despite uncovering basic facts, numerous details remained elusive.

"Should we delve deeper into her background? We could leverage Sacredice's resources for this purpose."

Sean gave him a sharp look. "If Sacredice were capable, they'd have located the Supernatural Doctor by now."

Phillip's forehead dripped with cold sweat. "Well..."

As Sean entered his home, he mused, "She's accepted the consultation fee. We'll uncover the truth soon."

Norah watched the black luxury vehicle fade into the distance, musing to herself as she stepped inside her home. Sean, despite his intimidating aura, was a gentleman. She knew he was nice to her because of her medical expertise.

Meanwhile, Joanna grappled with corporate responsibilities, and Norah prepared for a surgical procedure.

Securing a scalpel from her safe, Norah coordinated with Kason before heading to the Hayes family's residence. She had gone in disguise for this trip. She knew Kason wouldn't reveal her identity as Supernatural Doctor to anyone but others might do otherwise.

Standing by the door, Kason was surprised to see the butler bringing in Norah, bundled up in layers of clothing.

"Where is he?" With a mask on, Norah spoke, her voice slightly muffled.

"Come with me." Kason pushed the heavy door open and ushered Norah inside.

Norah had to pass through security and get checked for weapons before she could come in.

Since Norah could come in, Kason didn't ask further.

The room was dimly lit, with a foul odor mixing with the scent of various medicines. It wasn't a pleasant smell at all.

Norah frowned, then went to the window and pulled back the white curtains. Sunlight flooded in, and she opened the window to let in some fresh air.

"Hasn't this room been cleaned? Why hasn't the window been opened?" Norah said, "The air here could make anyone ill if they stayed too long."

To give them some privacy, Kason accompanied Norah by himself. When he heard what she said, he seemed embarrassed. He didn't do a lot. It was mostly the maids who did the work. "I'll have a word with them. Just let me know what your requirements are for the procedure."

Norah approached the bedside, switched on the room's light, and scrutinized Devonte closely.

His hair and beard had turned completely gray. Lying there with his eyes shut, his expression bore signs of discomfort.

Devonte was nearing a hundred years old, his lineage extending to a grown great-grandson.

After a thorough assessment, Norah deduced that Devonte's declining health was primarily due to his advanced age affecting his organ functions.

Kason silently observed from the side. When Norah paused, he asked, "What do you think?"

Over the years, they had run different kinds of tests, and the news was never good. Devonte's health was deteriorating steadily.

Supernatural Doctor was Devonte's last hope.

Back then, Supernatural Doctor's exceptional medical abilities gained her international fame. She even solved some tough cases. Yet, she vanished from public view just as quickly as she had risen to prominence.

Norah outlined Devonte's health status, "I can't do magic. My approach cannot revive his failing organs, but I'll prescribe medication to ease his discomfort. He could gain up to three more years. But that's the extent of it." She shrugged with a sense of resignation.

Kason, though disheartened, was somewhat relieved and said, "Even minimal relief from his suffering would be appreciated."

Kason provided Norah with a chair, eager to hear the treatment plan in detail.

Despite the availability of pain relief options, their prolonged use could lead to tolerance and further damage to Devonte's system.

Kason had previously sought such remedies, only to see Devonte's condition worsen.

Kason had put in a lot of effort for Devonte's condition. He had left the military since he felt the need to tend to Devonte and support the Hayes family.

Having accepted the consultation fee, Norah disclosed everything Kason needed to know about the treatment plan. "This is what his family should do. I'll visit monthly for his treatment."

The duration of Devonte's life was now as much in his own hands as it was dependent on the treatment.

"The charge for each session is one hundred thousand dollars. Is that manageable for you?" Norah teased, "If it's out of your budget, we might consider alternative forms of compensation."

Upon hearing Norah's playful suggestion, Kason's expression momentarily stiffened. His intuition, sharpened by sensitivity, picked up on her probing gaze.

Her eyes sparkled with curiosity, leaving him momentarily at a loss for words.

As he turned toward her, their gazes met directly.

Norah, for the occasion, had chosen a black dress and a peaked cap, concealing most of her hair, and donned a black mask, leaving only her expressive eyes visible. At that moment, those eyes were alight with intrigue.

"Miss Wilson, do you find something intriguing about me?" Kason was unaccustomed to such attention but far from timid. "Have our paths crossed previously?"

Norah thought for a while and said, "No, we haven't met before." She was aware that Kason had no recollection of their past interactions.

Norah then proceeded to unpack her medical supplies and started to treat Devonte.

Kason, initially keen to delve deeper, chose instead to remain silent, not wishing to interrupt her work.

Observing her focused demeanor, he decided to step outside, quietly closing the door behind him.

Madeline, dressed in scanty attire, nestled against Derek on the large bed and said in a sweet voice, "Derek, my parents will soon return. When might we sit down to discuss our wedding plans?"

Her expression was a mix of sweetness and anticipation for their shared future. Derek found himself momentarily captivated by her outlook.

The realization of his long-held aspiration left him wondering if this was the happiness he sought.

Two years ago, in a bid to stop Madeline from leaving the country, Derek had rushed to the airport, resulting in a severe accident that left him unconscious.

He spent a year bedridden. Awakening, the first face he saw was

Norah's, clad in plain, unflattering attire, looking at him with a pleasantly surprised expression.

19 | Chapter 19 | Can't Do Magic

Our ads aim to provide better support for authors.



 I want no ads >