

## Chapter 26 Implication

Norah's response made sense and Sean couldn't find anything to retort.

Sean found himself at a loss for words and averted his gaze. It appeared Norah had quite a few misconceptions about him, given her indifferent attitude.

"If you're up for a race, just say when. I'll be ready," replied Sean.

Holding a glass of wine, Sean added, "I only hope you'll make it by then."

Nora smiled and lifted her glass of watermelon juice in response. "Of course."

As she sipped her watermelon juice, she noted the roughness of Sean's hands, filled with calluses. Wasn't Sean supposed to be the wealthy Scott family's heir? Being born into Glophia's most influential family, one would expect Sean to lead a life of luxury. Yet, his hands told a story of hard labor.

Norah's knowledge of Glophia was limited. She had returned only a few years ago to marry Derek, learning about the Scott family through stories Derek shared upon awakening. She understood Sean's prowess in business. Not only did Derek speak highly of Sean, but Bryson did, too.

Norah could tell those calluses were from Sean's frequent handling of firearms. She lowered her head and continued to eat.

Susanna stepped outside, casting a curious glance backward. "She must be pretty behind that mask. Her voice is so sweet, and her eyes are captivating. She can't possibly be otherwise. Phillip, do you have any idea what she looks like?"

After escorting Susanna out, Phillip respectfully responded,

"She's very mysterious. I've no clue about her appearance."

Susanna nodded. "I guess that makes sense. Anyway, I really like her. I wish I could see her more often."

"Perhaps one day, Miss Scott," Phillip said as he held the door open for her.

Susanna was puzzled. "What do you mean? I'm not following."

Phillip said calmly, "Just as I said, Miss Scott. Please head back now. And don't forget to inform your brother of your safe arrival."

Susanna knew Phillip might be implying something, but she didn't quite grasp it and replied, "Okay."

As he watched the car pull away, Phillip considered giving space to the two individuals inside and decided to wait in the yard.

Unlike Kason, who would talk to fill the silence, Sean and Norah concluded their meals in silence.

During their meals, Norah scheduled another appointment with Sean for a medical check-up, discussing the consultation fee she would charge each visit.

"Miss Wilson, I'll have someone drive you back to Dreamview Villas." Then, Sean instructed Phillip.


"Please follow me, Miss Wilson. I'll take you home," Phillip offered.

"Farewell, Mr. Scott," Norah said, donning her mask and parting with a polite goodbye. Unseen by her, a chill lingered in Sean's gaze.

Norah found herself in the same custom luxury car again, but this time, without Sean's company, she took the opportunity to inspect the car's features more closely.

"Could this be the newest bulletproof material? Wow, the

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 +120 Points at most

design inside and this windshield!" Norah observed with curiosity and commented.

Norah then recalled her cars had also been upgraded, boasting an interior even better than this one.

Remembering those cars she had sold, she felt a pang of sadness. Why had she parted with those vehicles merely for the sake of marriage? How could she be that stupid and blinded by so-called love?

A shadow passed over her eyes, reflecting on her naive illusions. Leaving her profession for a man was her most foolish decision.

"Please drop me off at Silver Boulder Private Hospital," Norah said, gazing out the window at the swiftly changing scenery.

Upon meeting Gil again, Norah conveyed her new request.

Gil was so astonished that his voice nearly cracked. "What? You want to work in the Cardiac Surgery Department? You aren't going to the Neurosurgery Department?"

"Yes, Gil," Norah confirmed with conviction.

Gil, sipping his coffee, attempted to reason with her, "Norah, you're skilled in many areas, but Neurosurgery Department is where you truly excel!"

With a determined look, Norah responded, "Gil, I'm drawn to study heart disease now. Plus, I can still assist in surgeries in the Neurosurgery Department."

Gil hesitated, admitting she was right. "Well... So, why not stick with the Neurosurgery Department? What's drawing you to the Cardiac Surgery Department all of a sudden? The patient load is heavy there, and they might not entrust you with critical surgeries immediately."

He understood the circumstances well. The standards of the Cardiac Surgery Department were demanding, the surgeries lengthy, and the risks significant. Nobody would entrust Norah

with surgeries who was a newcomer to the job. It would be a waste of her medical talent.

However, in the Neurosurgery Department, Gil could have Norah operating almost immediately.

Norah smiled and said, "Gil, what's worrying you? Don't you know me? And it's not just neurosurgery I excel in. Gil, have you been having trouble sleeping lately?"

Gil said, "Since you've found it. Yes, I am."

With a gentle smile, Norah offered, "I was hoping to assist you with that once I start working here."

She declared confidently, "I'm heading to the Cardiac Surgery Department to challenge myself. The past two years were all wasted."

Gil exhaled, accepting he couldn't sway her decision. "Alright, I'll support you. But you must assist me with surgeries when needed."

Norah looked up, her face alight with determination. "Absolutely! Saving lives is my passion."

"But let me make this clear. Working as Supernatural Doctor definitely earns you more. The Scott family must have paid you big money, right?" Gil teased. "Did you visit Susanna? How is she doing?"

Norah shared her diagnosis, "I'll be treating her, but she'll need you for the chemotherapy."

Gil expressed his relief, "That's comforting to know. She's too young to face such hardships."

Leaving the hospital in the afternoon, Norah wandered toward a school, enticed by the snack options. The snacks there were the best.

A street lined with food stalls lay just outside the school, filling the air with delicious aromas.

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🎁 +120 Points at most

Norah munched on her snacks as she strolled, observing the students' joyful expressions with a touch of envy.

As she grew older, she longed for the carefree days of her youth when she felt most liberated. She had been out of school for so long. Why did she still have the urge to return?

She found it amusing. Once she had her fill, she hailed a taxi and headed back to Dreamview Villas.

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