

## Chapter 41 Kason's Words

Norah had already planned to hire a designated driver, aware that avoiding alcohol at Glamour Club was unlikely. But running into Kason here was unexpected.

Kason mentioned he was here looking for Kaiden. Yet, it was a known fact among Glophia's elite that Kaiden and Spencer were regulars at Glamour Club when they didn't have classes. Why hadn't Kason dropped by Glamour Club before to look for Kaiden as he claimed?

With a thoughtful look, Norah quickly responded, "Mr. Hayes, I really appreciate it. But I'll go with arranging a designated driver."

Despite Norah's rejection, Kason didn't show any signs of discomfort. "Miss Wilson, are you trying to maintain some distance from me?"

Norah immediately remembered Sean's sarcastic remarks and answered, "No, nothing like that."

Norah found both Sean and Kason showed an unexpected interest in her. Perhaps it was due to her role as the doctor for their significant family members.

With Kason persisting, Norah ceased her protests. "Joanna and I plan to stay at Glamour Club a bit longer. Mr. Hayes, if you're here for Kaiden, please feel free to look for him. We'll let you know when we're about to leave."

Norah realized the Scott and Hayes family would continue to afford her certain privileges amid her time delivering medical treatments to their family members.

At this thought, she glanced up at Kason.

Even in such a casual setting, Kason was impeccably dressed in a sharp black suit, his hair perfectly styled, showcasing his striking features. His military background was not visible, yet his authoritative presence was undeniable.

Right then, she could sense Kason's subtle stare fixed on her. She gave a sly smile and asked, "Mr. Hayes, is there something else you'd like to discuss with me in private?"

Kason appeared briefly unsettled as he rose to his feet. "No. Miss Wilson, just make sure you don't slip away unnoticed."

After Kason had left, Norah couldn't help but laugh. Kason was certainly a character. Did he think her previous words were some excuse to drive him away? His parting words were peculiar.

Joanna, barely focusing through her drunkenness, urged Norah, "Come on, drink up! We're not heading home until we've had our fill! I think I can handle three more bottles!"

Norah gently brushed off Joanna's hand and said, "That's enough. You've had plenty."

With a giggle, Joanna drained her cup. "Norah, have a drink... Oh no..."

As Joanna seemed on the brink of vomiting, Norah quickly pressed a spot on Joanna's hand, averting the immediate crisis.

"Let's head to the restroom." Norah supported Joanna, guiding her toward the bathroom with care.

Joanna's alcohol tolerance was notably low, yet her enthusiasm for drinking was high. Without Norah's

supervision, she likely would've overindulged.

Following a relieving session in the restroom, Joanna regained some clarity and clung to Norah, eager for more drinks.

"Okay, you've had enough to drink. Time to take a break and then head back," Norah helped Joanna back to their spot, advising restraint.

Joanna, now a tad more clear-headed, pouted and said, "Yes, yes, I get it."

Joanna appreciated Norah's concern, but the desire to continue drinking was hard to ignore.

"Did I really see Mr. Hayes earlier? I didn't imagine that, did I?" Joanna felt dizzy, her memories a bit fuzzy. "Did he come to invite you for something, Norah?"

With a light tap on Joanna's head, Norah reassured, "You're not making it up, but the alcohol's messing with your memory. Mr. Hayes did stop by, but he has already left."

Joanna, touching her forehead, accepted, "Oh, I must've been mistaken then."

Down on the dance floor, Kathy was having a blast with Madeline. Everything was fantastic except for the rule against getting too cozy with guys issued by Derek.

Madeline's uninhibited vibe at the bar took Kathy by surprise. Earlier, before Derek's intervention, Kathy observed Madeline almost glued to an unfamiliar man.

Kathy realized Madeline was a good-time girl, wondering when she could have a blast like this with Madeline again. She started to hitch some plans for this.

The three returned to their table for a breather.

Derek's expression was grave as he said, "Have you had enough fun? If so, let's head home."

Kathy pleaded, "Derek, can we stay a little longer? Rosy Secret's performance isn't over yet. I'd love to hear the end before we leave."

Madeline, clinging to Derek's arm, playfully persuaded, "Derek, a little longer won't hurt. We're almost ready to leave anyway."

Madeline nudged closer, whispering, "We don't get out much. Might as well make the most of it."

"Fine, one more hour."

Joanna was captivated by the band's performance. "Rosy Secret's talent is undeniable. It's clear why they're a favorite among bars and clubs. Each of their original songs hits the mark."

While not an expert, Joanna's passion for music allowed her to appreciate the band's compelling tunes and meaningful lyrics, leaving her eager for more.

Norah scoffed. "Oh? Well, yeah."

Norah pondered what kind of reaction the band members would have when they spotted her later.

With a curious glance, Joanna asked, "Norah, are you acquainted with the band members?"

"Acquainted? Of course, why wouldn't I be?"

Joanna, slightly drunk, asked boldly, "Could you introduce me to the guitarist then? I think he's really good at playing the guitar, and his voice is so pleasant. Can I meet him? Of course, just friends, nothing beyond that."

Norah knew Joanna's sudden interest was sparked by the guitarist's musical talent despite her vow to avoid romantic entanglements.

"Rosy Secret has a strong online following. I haven't followed them closely, but the guitarist's singing caught me by surprise." Dreamily propping her chin, Joanna fixated on the masked guitarist at the center stage, saying, "Do you think he's good-looking?"

"Not particularly. Best not to get your hopes up." Norah quickly quashed Joanna's budding curiosity.

"Okay, okay. Norah, it seems like your standards for men are quite high, aren't they?"

At that, Norah's mind flashed a few faces. In terms of looks, Sean and Kason were definitely striking, while Derek could be considered handsome by general standards. Sadly, Madeline's return had tarnished Derek's once appealing image in her eyes, rendering it utterly detestable.

"Norah, I've had a few drinks tonight and am really keen on getting the guitarist's details. Could you help me out?" Joanna's face was flushed as she adorably latched onto Norah's arm. "You can make it happen, can't you?"

Norah offered a smile, though her eyes remained cold. "Of course."

Her agreement wasn't just to fulfill Joanna's wish. Norah had her own reasons to confront the band.

Under Norah's watchful eye, Joanna stuck to drinks with lower alcohol content, counting down the moments one by one.