

## Love On The Fast Track novel by Critter

Protagonist:

Norah Wilson, Derek Carter, Norah Wilson and Derek Carter novel, Norah and Derek novel

Chapter 1 Divorce

In the softly lit room, a man and a woman on the spacious bed engaged in affectionate moments.

Above the bed, a painting of a bride adorned the pristine wall, her expression one of gentle joy.

"Imagine if Norah caught us here, in her bed. Do you think she'd be furious enough to cry?" the woman said in a flirtatious tone.

"Not her bed. After all these years, I've never even shared a touch with her. She's always sleeping in the guest room next door," the man snorted before replying.

"Derek, you're so good to me..."

The soft murmurs of the two mingled with their heavy breathing.

Right then, a young woman at the door clasped her hands over her mouth, tears streaming down her face upon overhearing them.

After a while, their intimate moment came to a halt.

Derek Carter slipped into his shorts to fetch a glass of water. Finding Norah Wilson sitting silently in the living area brought a flicker of surprise to his face. He pondered when Norah had come back and what she might have heard.

"Did you hear everything?" Derek casually asked after he lounged on the couch in the living area with a glass of water.

Hickeys hinted at Derek's slim frame, yet he paid no mind if Norah caught sight or how she might feel. He just sipped his water.

"It's time you sign this." Derek pulled a folder from a drawer and tossed it onto the table. "Given you might have heard it all, there's no sense in prolonging matters."

Norah timidly reached for the document, her eyes quickly finding the words "Divorce Agreement" on the opening page. She flipped to the end, noting Derek Carter's flamboyant signature.

"Review it. Should you wish to add any terms, let me know. Otherwise, just sign it," Derek ordered.

Leaning back, Derek lit a cigarette, the smoke cloaking his detached demeanor.

"Can't you give another shot for us?" With her head bowed and her voice rough from tears, Norah's sleek bangs fell over the dark rims of her glasses, highlighting her sorrowful look.

Ever since marrying into the Carter family, Norah had devoted herself to Derek, hoping for a future filled with happiness.

Memories of the boy who had protected her from a snowstorm tightened her grip, wishing for even the slightest hope of remaining by his side.

"Norah, don't be so pathetic. You knew what had transpired between me and Madeline. So why cling to being my wife? Don't be so cheap." Derek's impatience showed as he tapped ash into the tray and added, "Our marriage was never more than a convenient arrangement."

Norah felt her heart drop. She realized that Madeline Powell was the one Derek truly loved. She finally understood this.

She hunched over, fiddling with her clothes' hem. It struck her that when Madeline showed up, Derek's focus would shift entirely to Madeline.

Years ago, when Madeline left for overseas, Derek chased after her but ended up in a tragic car crash that left him unresponsive. Derek was supposed to marry Luna Wilson from the Wilson family. However, Luna became involved with another man and had a child, prompting the Wilsons to offer Norah as a substitute bride. Norah stepped into Luna's shoes, becoming Derek's wife.

Norah devoted herself to Derek's care, cutting off almost all ties to her previous life for him. She abandoned her passions, including design, car racing, medical surgery, and coding, just to focus solely on him.

When Derek woke up from his coma a year ago, it was still Norah who tirelessly looked after him, staying by his side without fail. Yet, Derek seemed to be blinded by her tenderness when Madeline returned from abroad.

Despite two years of marriage and care, Norah had to admit she failed to win a place in Derek's heart.

Receiving no response from Norah, Derek couldn't help but frown, studying Norah sitting across from him.

Norah was undeniably attractive, even with her thick bangs and large glasses framing her face, yet she often neglected her appearance, looking disheveled. Her personality was overly reserved.

After Derek woke up from his coma, Norah was by his side around the clock, yet he felt no emotional connection to her. He found her incredibly dull.

The constant care and attention, the mundane look and routine of life, were as dull as plain water. Derek found it all incredibly boring.

He acknowledged Norah's role as a capable caretaker for the Carter family over the past two years but never felt she was fit to be his partner.

As he extinguished another cigarette, Derek said casually, "This is the Carter family residence..."

He stopped and noticed Norah still bowing her head. The sadness evident in her posture irritated him.

"I'm aware of your misery with the Wilson family. After the divorce, I'll grant you three villas and thirty million. You can pick up any car from the garage. This should ensure a comfortable life for you in the future," Derek offered.

Derek wouldn't forget Norah's diligence in caring for him while bedridden and her companionship during his recovery exercises after he woke up from the coma.

Though he harbored no affection for Norah, Derek was willing to offer a generous settlement for her years of dedication. She had indeed devoted the best two years of her life to him.

As Derek crossed his arms, Norah caught sight of a small tattoo on his collarbone, worsening her anguish. It bore the initials MP for Madeline Powell.

Derek's patience wore thin. "Given the circumstances, I'll allow you a day to think it over. If the terms don't meet your approval, feel free to suggest adjustments, but don't go too far. I'm not known for my patience..."

"There's no need for me to think it over." Norah took the pen from the table and smoothly wrote her name on the divorce papers. "I'll pack my things and leave soon. I won't get in your way anymore."

Derek gave a nod of approval. "That's good to hear."

Derek appreciated how Norah always complied, much like a servant who never questioned his decisions. Take today, for instance. She could have caused a commotion but instead kept her peace.

To Derek, Norah's demeanor was too dull. He worried that being around someone so unremarkable might rub off on him eventually. Love, after all, wasn't something one could force.

Just as Derek was about to say something after going through the contract, Madeline, dressed in a white shirt, elegantly strolled out.

Her shirt barely covered her thighs, with only a couple of buttons done up, exposing a lot of skin.

Her hair was damp, causing the shirt to cling to her skin slightly, which added an enticing aspect to her appearance.

Hearing the movement, Norah turned to see Madeline wearing what she immediately recognized as Derek's shirt, which she had picked out for him.

Their eyes met, and Madeline gave Norah a smug, taunting smile.

When Derek's gaze followed, Madeline quickly masked her grin.

"Norah, we finally meet. I'm Madeline Powell." With grace, Madeline approached Derek and took a seat beside him. Leaning on his shoulder, she said, "I've heard Derek mention you often. It's a pleasure to meet you."

Norah looked down, saying nothing in response.

Madeline then nudged Derek playfully. "I heard you're offering Norah three villas. Didn't you know that I wanted that villa near the lake? Why would you promise it to her? Don't you love me anymore?"

Derek, ever so indulgent of Madeline's requests, turned back to Norah. "I'll choose another villa for you."

Norah looked up at Derek through her glasses. "But didn't you say that one was meant for me?"

Madeline's pout intensified. "Derek..."

Derek's face showed a flicker of annoyance. "Norah, didn't you understand what I just said? Take these as a favor. If you're not on board with making changes, kindly refrain from making requests."