

## **Love's Remedies: Falling For My Stoic Hero novel by Rascal**

Chapter 1 He Doesn't Want Me Anymore

Leanna Powell burst through the door, a folder in her hand.

Just as she was about to yell, the sounds from the bedroom halted her, altering her facial expression instantly.

"Nate, be careful... It's too much for me..."

She heard the voice of a woman whose moans intensified.

At twenty, Leanna was no stranger to what these sounds usually meant.

Yet, in this villa, it was just her and her uncle, Nate Holland. She refused to believe he was the one that made the woman moan in the bedroom.

The folder fell from her grip, papers scattering everywhere, as Leanna hastened to the bedroom door and flung it open.

Inside, the light was faint, a man's back visible, moving in a steady rhythm, his lower half obscured by a thin quilt. The man's face was out of view.

Just by seeing his back, she knew it was her uncle.

Underneath him, a woman appeared to be in the throes of immense pleasure.

Overwhelmed with emotion, Leanna picked up a shoe by the door and threw it at them, shouting, "Nate, I hate you!"

Then, she bolted from the room.

After she slammed the gate of this villa, Nate sat up, tossing aside the quilt.

His upper body was bare, but he was wearing pants.

Lighting a cigarette, he inhaled deeply and exhaled, the smoke blurring his attractive features. His eyes were cold and menacing, showing no lust.

The woman sat up, too, clad only in her bra. She reached for Nate's waist with a seductive smile. "Let's not let this upset us. Shall we go on?"

Nate looked at her unemotionally and ordered sharply, "Leave now."

The woman hesitated, longing to turn their staged act into reality, having made it to Nate's bed.

"Nate," she whispered, tracing her fingers along his waist.

In this city, Elesmond, Nate Holland's authority was unmatched. His commands were seldom challenged, and those who did often faced severe consequences. Without a second thought, Nate shoved the woman off the bed.

"Darren, escort her out."

"Understood, boss."

The woman put up a fight but eventually, Darren Willis, his assistant, escorted her out. Standing beside the bed, Darren reported, "Sir, Miss Leanna left for her friend Maisie's house. She hasn't signed the papers for traveling abroad yet."

"Bring them to her and ensure she signs them. She will."

"Understood, sir."

After leaving the villa, Leanna headed straight to her best friend, Maisie Fowler.

At this moment, she sobbed on Maisie's shoulder, saying, "Maisie, how could he do this to me?"

Maisie consoled her, "Leanna, remember he's your uncle. A romantic relationship isn't possible. Plus, he's thirty. It's natural for him to want a partner or even start a family. You must move on from your feelings."

Leanna, feeling wronged, protested, "But he isn't my biological uncle."

"Even so, he's the one who raised you. To the world, he's your uncle, and you two are family," Maisie reminded her.

Leanna became quiet, contemplating.

Maisie's words hit. Denying their familial connection made little sense when everyone viewed them as family.

Their lives were entwined, barring any chance of a different kind of relationship.

Leanna remembered fleeing from her abusive uncle and aunt at sixteen, seeking refuge with the Holland family.

Her grandfather had once said that Colten Holland, the former head of the esteemed Holland family, owed him a favor and could be approached for help in tough times.

However, when she found herself in the grand hall of the Holland family, she discovered that Colten had retired and isolated himself, no longer residing there.

Sitting in the living room, she caught the critical eye of Kristy Holland, the new wife of the current head of the Holland family.

In the grand reception area, young Leanna felt out of place, twiddling her thumbs as Kristy, with a look of scorn, ordered the maid to hand her a hundred dollars and dismiss her.

Just as Leanna's cheeks turned red with humiliation and she was about to reject the money and storm off, a scornful and derisive voice echoed, saying, "Mrs. Holland, is your generosity only for the show when my father's around? Why can't the Holland family take care of a young girl? What's the fuss about? Making a scene over this seems unnecessary."

Leanna glanced up in surprise and spotted a chilly man standing on the stairs.

Dressed in a gray suit, he stood with his arms folded, watching them from above like he was amused by the scene.