

## Chapter 10 Did Nate Send You

Nate's look intensified, brimming with a threatening edge.

Leanna felt her pulse raced.

She realized her words might have been too bold, yet she stood by them, unyielding.

The tension was almost unbearable when Nate finally said with a heavy tone, "Are you determined to work in the Andrology Department? Does your reputation mean nothing to you?"

Internally relieved that the conversation shifted to her reputation, Leanna was unfazed. "There are a lot of female doctors in this department all over the world. I'm here to help people. I see no shame in my work."

Nate remained quiet, and just as Leanna thought she had convinced him, he added, "You might not mind it, but what about the man you'll marry? Will he be as understanding?"

Caught off guard, Leanna chuckled, responding, "Uncle Nate, I appreciate your concern. Thank you so much. But I believe the right man for me would accept my profession."

If he couldn't, they weren't meant to be. Besides, she had no immediate intentions of romance or marriage, satisfied with one profound love in her life.

With that, Leanna exited the mansion.

From the window, Nate watched her leave but remained motionless.

Leanna perched on the barstool, swiftly knocking back a glass of blue liquid. She then handed the empty glass to Maisie.

Maisie's response was firm, "This isn't a charity. If you're not

paying, you're not drinking."

Leanna pleaded, "Maisie, my dear friend, just one more drink, please."

If Maisie didn't care about her reputation, she might have lost her temper. She whispered sharply, "Who do you think you're calling 'dear friend'? Don't get ahead of yourself! When you left two years ago, did you consider me your close friend?"

Leanna strolled around the bar, linking arms with Maisie, gently swaying as she said, "Hey there, sweetie, I missed you, which is why I came back to find you, alright? I'm sorry, please don't be angry."

Flushed from the alcohol, Leanna's charm was hard to resist. Maisie averted her gaze, muttering, "It's hard to tell who you really missed. A message would've been nice, at least, if you really cared."

She had been genuinely concerned.

Leanna explained guiltily, "I was scared Nate would find out through you. I couldn't face him."

Maisie gave her a sidelong glance. "Oh, so now you're feeling brave? Not worried about getting caught? After not seeing you for two years, I'm impressed. Working in the Andrology Department, dealing with all that stuff all day. Doesn't it gross you out? Or was it to get under Nate's skin that you chose that department?"

Leanna released Maisie's arm, feeling slightly lightheaded. She propped her arm on the bar, resting her flushed face on it. "What's he got to do with my choice? I truly find this field fascinating."

Initially, she did aim to disgust Nate with this. However, as she witnessed the gratitude of the patients she helped, her respect for the job grew steadily.

Maisie moved closer, suggesting, "Why not consider a different specialty? You must be competent in other medical fields as

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+120 Points at most

well."

"However, the hospital director appreciates my work in the Andrology Department."

Maisie found herself at a loss for words. It was odd for the hospital director to place a young woman in her twenties in such a department. Wasn't he concerned about the potential repercussions for the hospital?

"You've been in the field for only two years. How can you match the expertise of someone with a lifetime of experience? The director can't be that dependent on you, can he? Please think about leaving the Andrology Department."

Leanna fixed her gaze on Maisie, her intense look almost making Maisie back down.

"Is Nate behind your attempt to sway me?"