

Chapter 11 He Hasn't Married

Maisie looked defeated, her expression somber. "Yes, that jerk sent me. He threatened to close my bar if I didn't persuade you. Please, for my sake, will you consider leaving the Andrology Department?"

Leanna couldn't help but chuckle. "He's just making empty threats."

She knew Nate was assertive, but she doubted he would go to such extremes.

"Are you sure? I'm genuinely terrified he might lose it. You weren't here; when you vanished two years ago, Nate was beside himself."

"That sounds like an overstatement."

"I'm not kidding. He looked everywhere for you. It didn't seem like he was indifferent to you. And he never married Jillian."

He hadn't married?

Leanna's heart fluttered, and Maisie continued, "But I can't say for certain. After all these years, Nate finally found you again. His demeanor seems quite usual. It's not like he's reclaiming a lost treasure or anything.. And lately, Jillian has been quite persistent with Nate. There's talk they might reunite."

Leanna remained silent.

She realized she shouldn't concern herself with his romantic entanglements.

While she worked hard overseas, trying to stay out of sight and focusing on her studies, Nate was back home, dealing with rumors about his on-and-off relationship with his celebrity crush.

Reflecting on the situation made Leanna frustrated.

How come Nate could enjoy such freedom while she faced numerous limitations?

Was her profession now off-limits, too?

"I need to get back to my job," Leanna said firmly, clenching her teeth.

Yet, her resolve waned as she pondered. "But the Holland family have so much influence in Elesmond. How can I steer clear of Nate?"

After a moment of reflection, Maisie had a sudden idea. "Wait. I've got an idea. Ever heard of the Lambert family?"

"The Lambert family? Yes, I'm aware of them. They're one of the top families in Elesmond."

"In most aristocratic families, it's usually the oldest son who takes charge, like in the Holland family. Even though Kristy's been talking Colten's ear for ages, he's set on handing the Holland legacy to Nate. Can you figure out why the Lambert family shook things up last year by saying the second son would lead the family? They'd had the oldest son in charge for ages before that."

Though Leanna had been abroad for years and wasn't keeping up with the aristocratic families, from Maisie's hints, it wasn't difficult to figure out. "Is it because the oldest son couldn't have children?"

Maisie moved in closer, sharing what she knew. "Rumor has it that the oldest son Hiram Lambert and his wife attempted IVF abroad multiple times without success. Hiram sustained an injury during his military service that affected his fertility. If IVF isn't working, it suggests the Lambert family's lineage through Hiram might end. If you manage to assist Hiram successfully, not only would you earn a substantial reward, but the Lambert family would be in your debt. With their support, Nate would have to reconsider any attempts to influence you."

Leanna's enthusiasm was evident as she smacked the table.

"I'm on it. I'll take on Hiram's case."

"Hold on... The Lambert family has considerable resources. They've likely consulted with top medical facilities. Are you confident you can succeed where others haven't?"

"You question my expertise?"

Maisie had faith in Leanna's medical abilities.

Leanna had sharpened her skills from her grandfather's medical journals, demonstrating her skills in the field. Back in college, when Maisie had vitiligo and stood out, everyone shunned her. Even the principal suggested she quit, fearing she might spread it.

Leanna, at eighteen, was the one who helped cure her. That was how they became friends.

Maisie relented, "Okay, we'll proceed with that approach. I'll start figuring out how to get in touch with Hiram."

Leanna knew tackling the issue with the Lambert family's eldest son would be challenging, especially in persuading Hiram to undergo treatment.

Just then, Leanna's phone rang. Seeing "Director" on the caller ID made her uneasy.

She answered apprehensively. "Hello?"

"Leanna!" The director's deep sigh was telling. "Was your meeting with Mr. Holland unsuccessful?"

"What's the matter? Has Nate made more threats?" It wouldn't be out of character for Nate.

The director continued to sigh, increasing Leanna's frustration. "Please, just get to the point."

"He has threatened to close our Andrology Department if he

sees you there again."

"Seriously? How can he justify that?" This was a bit overwhelming.

Why would he target the entire hospital just because of me?

Feeling anger, Leanna stood up sharply, her hands balled into fists, her jaw clenched. "This isn't the end of it, Nate."

"Why don't you take a short break at home and discuss this with Nate? Don't stress. The hospital values your contributions and will hold your position for you."

"Alright. I'll take your suggestion. I need to resolve this quickly."

Leanna put down her drink and hurriedly bid Maisie farewell. She was determined to confront Nate.

Leanna looked like she was going to argue with Nate. Maisie tried to talk her out of it, but it didn't work.

As her best friend, Maisie knew well that Leanna was as stubborn as Nate, with a similar streak.