

Chapter 12 Leanna Is Cornered

The alcohol and hot taxi air made Leanna feel dizzy and sick to her stomach.

Stepping out of the taxi and hurrying to the villa's entrance to ring the bell, she paused at a clear voice's greeting.

"Miss Powell, a pleasure to see you."

Leanna glanced back and spotted Jillian emerging from a fancy car, showing a charming smile.

Two years had gone by, and she was even more alluring than ever.

"Do you know me?" Jillian used to be her idol, but after catching her in bed with Nate, Leanna couldn't look up to her the same way again.

"Absolutely. How could I forget our first encounter? It was in Nate's room... That moment was memorable," Jillian said.

Leanna's expression darkened instantly, as Jillian seemed to intentionally remind her of past wounds.

Oblivious to Leanna's discomfort, Jillian continued with a smile, hinting at the villa, "Do you want to see him? If it's not urgent, perhaps tomorrow's better. We've just been... Well, he's probably exhausted. He's taken a shower and gone to bed."

Jillian's gaze was so suggestive that it seemed like they had just shared an intimate moment.

Frustrated, Leanna kicked the villa's gate.

While she toiled at work, Nate found pleasure with another

woman.

Jillian's laugh, hand covering her mouth, filled the air. "Miss Powell, you're quite adorable. Growing up under the care of someone as caring and attentive as Nate, it's no surprise you turned out to be such a sweet person."

Leanna blinked, puzzled. Was she referring to Nate?

It was well known that Nate Holland from Elesmond was ruthless, but it was the first time Leanna had heard someone see him as caring and attentive.

Seeing Leanna's confusion, Jillian clarified, "You don't get it. He used to plan out every detail of my affairs. He even instructs others in the field to look out for me. Otherwise, how else would I get all these great resources? Even investors show me respect because of him."

Jillian's eyes sparkled with fondness as she glanced toward the villa, as if declaring, "He's really a good man. Meeting him was the highlight of my life. I couldn't imagine marrying anyone else. Can I call you Leanna like he does? Feel free to call me 'auntie' when we're alone."

It took Leanna a bit to shake it off after Jillian hopped in her car and drove off.

So, was she only here to watch their relationship unfold?

Although Nate and Jillian weren't married, their feelings for each other appeared to have grown stronger.

This realization left Leanna feeling awful. She retraced her steps, heading back from where she came.

Upon entering her rented house, Leanna discovered an unfamiliar man lying in his briefs, engrossed in a video game on her sofa.

She wondered if she'd had too many drinks and stumbled into the wrong place. Just as she glanced up at the door number, the man, without even looking up, said, "No need to check

"You're in the right spot. I'm the landlord's son. This place is no longer for rent. You have to pack up and leave right now. You'll get all your rent money back."

Leanna sighed deeply. It had been a tough day already, and now this bad luck. She shut her eyes, holding back the urge to slug the guy. "Why didn't you tell me earlier? How in the world am I supposed to find a new place at this time?"

"You can stay at a hotel for now. Keep looking tomorrow."

Entering the room, Leanna stood her ground. "I won't leave. I've paid my rent. It's you who should go."

The guy acted all casual. "You're welcome to stick around. My buddies are coming over for drinks and games all night. Hope you're up for it."

Leanna got really mad. The man was dressed in a way that showed he didn't care she was there, and he even made eyes at her.

She guessed his friends wouldn't be any different, leaving her no option but to pack her belongings.

Just two days in, and things were already going downhill fast.

Leanna's only hope was Maisie, but Maisie already shared her place with someone else and couldn't take her in.

Leanna found herself with no other option but to spend the night in a hotel.

But when she attempted to use her card at the hotel, the clerk told her, "Miss, your card isn't working."

"How can that be?" Leanna was shocked. Her card was new, just issued since she returned home, and hardly used.

"Could you try running this credit card?"

"Miss, this card is frozen too."

"Frozen?"

Leanna was puzzled, taking back her card. "Why would they freeze it?"

Contacting her bank's customer service, Leanna discovered all her cards had been reported as lost that day, resulting in their freeze.

It had to be Nate. She couldn't imagine anyone else who would do such a petty thing. He probably used her old ID to report them as lost.

He not only aimed to mess with her work but also wanted to have a grip on her finances, leaving her with no choice but to compromise with him.

This man's actions were both horrifying and contemptible.

Leanna clenched her teeth, grabbed her suitcase, and left the hotel. She wished she could confront Nate and give him a piece of her mind right then and there.

"Miss, please get in the car. Mr. Holland is waiting for you at home," Braydon Carter, Nate's driver, pulled the car to a stop right before her.

Just as she figured, he probably knew she would have no choice but to go back to him.

Leanna scoffed. She was determined not to do what he wished.

"Braydon, go and tell him he's wrong. I'm not backing down that quickly." With that, she reached for her phone to make a call.