

Chapter 3 Not Liking Her At All

That evening, a tired Leanna returned home. She immediately noticed Nate on the sofa, engrossed in his computer work.

"Serious men are the most attractive." Leanna wholeheartedly believed in this saying. Even though she was hurt by what he did today, her heart still fluttered at the thought.

However, her face lost color again when she saw his black loungewear.

The humiliating scene from earlier lingered in her thoughts, leaving no room to ponder the identity of the woman involved.

But upon thinking about it, she recognized the face as familiar.

The woman was Jillian Murray, the famous actress and singer, wasn't she?

Leanna had looked up to Jillian before today's events.

Jillian had recently shared some photos on Twitter, casually clad in loungewear from the same brand.

Oh. Her idol and the man she cherished...

They didn't live together, yet they shared a style in loungewear as if their hearts were aligned, transcending distance.

Leanna hadn't anticipated her uncle's preference for more mature individuals.

Well, Jillian was undeniably captivating, drawing the attention of many men.

Leanna examined herself. With her perfect skin and delicate features, she was considered beautiful at college but lacked a certain allure. Her and Jillian's allures were worlds apart.

Leanna felt a pang in her heart.

She wasn't Nate's type, even in terms of looks.

Nate heard a sound and glanced up, seemingly oblivious to her discomfort. He motioned towards the sofa across from him, saying, "Come over here."

Leanna approached at a leisurely pace and took a seat across from him.

He slid a folder over to her and suggested, "Why not sign it?"

Grasping the pen, Leanna couldn't resist asking, "Is Jillian your girlfriend? Are you planning to marry her?"

Nate reclined, a smile playing on his lips. "Why did you get so upset earlier? You should have seen intimate scenes on TV. How old are you now? Surely you're not that naive, are you?"

Nate's smile, tinged with mockery, struck a chord. Leanna's hold on the pen tightened.

His ease in discussing his sex life with her confirmed he did see her just as a niece.

Maybe she wasn't seen as a woman in Nate's view.

Nate's demeanor softened when he talked about Jillian, clearly showing his deep affection for her.

His fondness was so intense that he felt compelled to be intimate with Jillian, even with her possibly in the house.

Marriage could even be on the horizon...

"Aren't you excited about having an aunt?"

Nate prodded when Leanna stayed silent, once more hitting a sore spot with uncanny accuracy.

An aunt... The word felt alien to Leanna. She had dreamt of being his partner, not bound by some obligation.

Leanna bowed her head to hide the sourness in her gaze and hastily scribbled her signature on the paper.

She planned to leave the country as soon as possible and never return.

Nate took the signed document. "In two months, you'll head abroad for your studies. Tomorrow, make time to visit our family home."

Leanna gave a soft acknowledgment and withdrew to her room, fearing she'd soon be unable to suppress her tears.

As Leanna vanished into her room, Nate's gaze lingered before he removed his glasses and massaged his forehead.

Despite her fatigue, Leanna lay awake in bed, unable to sleep, as troubling thoughts danced through her mind.

Suddenly, she sat up in bed.

Leanna's eyes turned towards the closet, sparkling with a sudden idea.

She recalled a recent shopping trip with Maisie, where Maisie picked out a very alluring lingerie dress that somehow ended up with Leanna.

Did Nate really not like her at all?

Given that she was already on her way out, why not give it a shot before she left? How could she let it slip away without even attempting it?