

Chapter 8 Bringing Her Back

After being apart for two years, Nate appeared even more forceful than he used to be. His stare was more menacing.

Leanna hadn't anticipated their reunion to unfold in this manner.

"What do you want?" Leanna asked.

"Shouldn't that be my question to you? Why are you dealing with these disgusting men?" Nate's eyes darted to the patient, filled with loathing, as though he wished to harm him. Startled, the man hastily dressed and exited the room.

The patient was gone, and Leanna's frustration grew.

At that time, Nate didn't want her nearby, so she obediently left.

Now that she had returned, all she wanted was to steer clear of him. Why was he poking his nose into her work?

"I'm a doctor. This is my duty," she asserted.

"Is examining men part of your duty?" Nate chuckled. "It's been two years, Leanna. Let's not start our reunion with a scold."

"Who are you to scold me?"

"I'm your uncle. Though we're not blood-related, I did raise you!" Nate looked down at her and said, "While you're part of the Holland family, you shouldn't be working here. It's a disgrace to our family."

Leanna was astounded. "You find this profession disgraceful?"

Was this the perspective of the prestigious family?

She scoffed internally and murmured, "I find this profession

Chapter 8 Bringing Her Back

+120 Points at most

honorable. You might disdain it, but who says you'll never need its services?"

Before she could finish, an overwhelming pressure and a chill enveloped her neck.

Looking up at Nate, she found his presence terrifying.

Having once been humble, compliant, and anxious around him, she felt those old feelings resurface.

Leanna's urge to flee kicked in.

"I... I just meant... Anyone might need medical attention here. I wasn't being disrespectful..." she faltered.

However, Nate disregarded her clarifications, simply hoisting Leanna onto his shoulder and carrying her away.

Leanna found herself powerless to escape Nate's grasp. Before they departed, she managed a quick farewell to the hospital director.

"Mr. Patton, apologies for today's trouble. Could you please take over my appointments for the afternoon?"

She had believed her career choices were solely hers to make. How naive she was.

Despite bearing the Powell name, she was still linked to the Holland family in the eyes of others.

And so, they couldn't permit her to tarnish the Holland family name.

Nate took Leanna back to the same mansion they had lived in four years ago.

To her astonishment, the mansion looked just as it had when she left.

Paula was at the entrance, tears of happiness streaming down her face. "Miss Powell, you're back at last."

"Paula."

Seeing Paula again brought joy to Leanna, and they shared a heartfelt embrace.

Paula had been her steadfast support over those four years, witnessing Leanna's growth from a tentative girl to a self-assured woman.

Leanna had grown to consider Paula as much a part of her family.

During her time overseas, Paula's memories—her cooking, her care—lingered with Leanna, second only to Nate.

Paula, drying her eyes, glanced at Nate's retreating figure heading upstairs and whispered to Leanna, "Come, let's get you something tasty to eat."

"Sure."

The villa's interior remained unchanged, and as Leanna ascended the stairs, it felt like stepping back in time, though she had changed.

Nate lounged by the tall window in the study, his legs casually crossed, appearing poised to grill her.

Leanna, unfazed, positioned herself confidently in the room's center. "I'm sticking with my career."

Having been pushed away by him once, she felt he no longer had a say in her choices.


Nate smirked and approached her.

He seemed even more sophisticated than he did two years ago, exuding masculine allure with every gesture.

"You're still wearing that stubborn look, just like old times," he said, gently tucking a strand of hair behind Leanna's ear.

Leanna sidestepped, avoiding Nate's touch, which merely

Chapter 8 Bringing Her Back

 +120 Points at most

skimmed her hair.

He halted, reassessing her. Now clad in a white suit, she carried an air of sophistication, a stark transformation from two years back. The light and joy that once danced in her eyes when she saw him were missing.

His eyes suddenly became intense. "So now that you've grown up, I'm not allowed to touch you?"

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