

## Chapter 503 Do You Hate Me, Alexis

Alexis leaned back in her seat, her gaze on Leonel icy.

"I'm not interested, Leonel. Did you really think everyone wants to dredge up the past?"

Pain pulsed in Leonel's forehead.

He was puzzled by his own behavior. He was the one who had walked away from her, after all.

When he had gone abroad at the age of twenty, he had embraced a new life without the Fowler family, relishing the freedom he found there.

He had thought he could repay Waylen's and Rena's kindness in a million ways, but not by marrying their daughter.

After much contemplation, he had decided to let go of Alexis, his childhood sweetheart.

Leonel seldom thought about Alexis, except when something reminded him of her--travels, fine wine, or an auction item she would like.

Over the years, he had sent her many things, but she never responded.

He wondered where all those gifts had ended up.

After several relationships abroad and establishing his own career, Leonel began to miss life in Duefron, the villa he shared with Alexis, Marcus, and little Elva growing up.

During those years, he rarely contacted Alexis and hardly ever returned home.

His memories of her face began to fade.

When he did return, Alexis treated him as nothing more than an old playmate.

She spoke openly about her dates with other men, sharing intimate

details without hesitation.

This tormented Leonel deeply.

In a soft tone, he asked, "Do you hate me, Alexis?"

Alexis, looking straight ahead, laughed.

"Hate takes too much energy. You were the one who wanted us to part ways, Leonel. I just went along with it. Are you tired of your adventures now? Do you no longer see home as a prison?"

Annoyed, Alexis took out a pack of cigarettes.

She smoked only when stressed.

Lighting a cigarette, she whispered, "Why should I welcome you back? I'm not a recycling bin for discarded loves. Did you see the young man I was with? Fresh and exciting..."

Leonel's breathing became erratic, his voice strained.

"Stop it, Alexis!"

Her light laugh offered no further explanation.

This was better for him. He should let go of this twisted fantasy of getting her back.

He could just live his life abroad and bring someone home on holidays.

That would be perfect for everyone!

Alexis leaned her head back, eyes half-closed, savoring her cigarette. Just as she was about to put it out, it was plucked from her fingers.

She then tasted a familiar scent on her lips.

Opening her eyes, she saw Leonel close to her.

She gently pushed him away. "What are you doing?"

Leonel held her gaze. "Is it just physical with him, or do you actually like him?"

Alexis replied sarcastically, "Taking a survey, are we?"

Don't pretend I'm your wife. It's none of your business even if I choose to

be with him right now."

When he didn't back off, she nudged his foot sharply.

"Drive. I need to go home and rest!" Alexis said firmly.

But Leonel didn't budge. Instead, he grasped her chin and kissed her quickly, his expertise evident.

Alexis, unable to push him away, decided to just enjoy the kiss instead.

She wrapped her arms around his neck, their movements in sync, tasting each other.

After the kiss, Leonel rested his forehead against hers, his breath light.

"Alexis, let's start over," he whispered.

Alexis laughed, pushing him away.

She straightened her shirt and ran her fingers through her hair, amused. "Leonel, have you lost your mind?" she asked.

Leonel's gaze was intense. "Are you serious about that boy?" he asked.

Alexis replied with indifference, "I've told you. It's none of your business."

She added, "You're a good kisser, but it was just a kiss. Don't read too much into it."

Frustrated and feeling unable to communicate with him, Alexis opened the car door to leave.

Leonel caught her hand.

She looked at him calmly. "Leonel, I talk to you out of respect for my parents. Don't think it's anything more. There are plenty of men out there. Don't flatter yourself."

He still wouldn't let her leave.

Suddenly, someone approached the car with a hammer.

Bang!

The hammer left a huge dent in Leonel's Porsche, triggering the alarm and drawing a crowd.

Leonel cursed softly as he got out of the car.

Alexis recognized the person with the hammer as Calvin Swain.

His face was partly hidden by a hat, and he had a bruise on his lip. He swung the hammer again.

Alexis sighed and got out of the car.

She grabbed Calvin's hand, stopping him. "Stop smashing it!"

Leonel watched her, noticing she was holding the man's hand.

Alexis wrote a check and threw it on the car's hood. "This is for you!" she said.

Leonel remained still, watching her. He had asked her earlier in the car if she liked this young boy. Now, he thought he just got his answer.

Alexis clearly had feelings for him.

Leonel sneered. "You like this type?"

Alexis crossed her arms. "Yes, at least he's devoted to me," she retorted.

Leonel's stare was intense.

After a moment, he tore the check into pieces and turned to open the car door. "Alexis, are you coming home with me?" he asked.

Alexis gestured for him to leave, gracefully.

Leonel's face turned ashen, but he eventually drove away in the damaged car.

Alexis stood quietly for a while.

When the night breeze chilled her, she turned to the person beside her. "Let's go. I'll take you back," she said.

Calvin clasped her hand.

"Is he the reason you won't be with me for real?" he asked.

Alexis simply smiled faintly, not answering. She took the car keys from his pocket, found his sports car, and got in. "Aren't you coming?" she asked.



Calvin got into the car, silent and upset.

Alexis spoke softly. "I told you we're not suitable. I don't want to be torn apart by your fan girls. It's better we part on good terms."

Calvin looked out the window, ignoring her.

Alexis reached out and patted his face. "Be good now," she said gently.

Calvin turned to look at her, his eyes red. He unbuckled his seatbelt, hugged her around the waist, and buried his head in her abdomen. "Stay with me tonight," he murmured.

"Fine, but don't expect more," Alexis replied.

Calvin remained silent.

As she drove, Alexis reflected. She was Calvin's lawyer and had met him four years ago.

They had a brief, intense relationship but later realized they weren't suited for each other.

Alexis could easily let go, but Calvin got serious.

Their relationship was complicated by her role as his lawyer.

Calvin was endearing, and despite everything, Alexis did have a soft spot for him.

After dropping him off, she closed the car door.

Calvin tried to kiss her as he opened his apartment door, but Alexis stopped him.

"If you keep this up, I'll leave," she warned.

Calvin buried his face in her neck, his voice husky. "If he hadn't come back, you would've stayed with me tonight! You still love him, don't you?" he asked.

Alexis patted his face. "What are you thinking, Calvin?" she asked.

He didn't let her go, so she kicked him.

Calvin grunted but Alexis paid him no more attention.

She walked to the liquor cabinet, poured a glass of red wine, and sat by

the window, sipping slowly, her mood gloomy.

Calvin knew that although she was physically present, her heart was elsewhere.

He sat beside her. "Did you stay here just to make him misunderstand, to push him away?" he asked.

"Nonsense!" Alexis said, drinking her wine and sighing.

"What would a kid like you know!"

She knew Calvin wasn't really a kid.

At 24, he was a man with his own intentions toward her.

Their relationship was unclear, but since neither was committed to anyone else, they didn't need to explain anything to anyone, especially not to Leonel.

Calvin went to the kitchen and cooked Alexis a meal, even opening their best bottle of wine.

Alexis looked at his handsome face. "Such a good boy," she said, pinching his cheek.

She instinctively wanted to kiss him.

In the end, Alexis restrained herself from kissing Calvin.

He smiled faintly, a hint of mockery in his expression. "Just got a kiss from Leonel in the car. You wouldn't want an indirect kiss from him, right?" Alexis quipped.

Calvin clenched his teeth in frustration. "You really know how to infuriate people!" he exclaimed.

Calvin suddenly reached for her, attempting a kiss, but Alexis blocked him. "You might not care, but I do! Let's just eat," she said firmly.

Calvin, visibly dissatisfied, harbored a desire to confront Leonel.

Without Leonel in the picture, he believed he could have Alexis all to himself.

Even if she never married him, as long as she didn't get involved with anyone else, it was enough.

His status as a top celebrity didn't matter to him.

His affection for Alexis had been unwavering since he was 20.

After dinner, Alexis spent the night in the guest room and left at dawn.

Calvin was awake when she left, but he just stayed in bed.

He knew Alexis disliked being bound by anything.

He had managed to stay by her side for four years because he respected her boundaries.

Taking a taxi home, Alexis arrived at dawn.

The housemaids were already up and greeted her respectfully.

"Quiet! Don't let my Dad hear," she whispered, tiptoeing to the foyer and removing her shoes.

But just a few steps in, a familiar voice stopped her.

"You're back?"

It was Leonel.

Alexis, agitated, put her shoes back on and looked toward the sofa.

There sat Leonel, looking haggard in the dim light, surrounded by empty wine bottles.

"Oh, up early, aren't you?" she remarked dryly.

Leonel's face was stern. "Can't even compare with you, Miss Fowler! Had a wild night and still up early. Was he not satisfying, or are you just that resilient?"

His tone was bitterly sharp.

Unperturbed, Alexis poured herself a glass of water, sipping and taunting simultaneously.

"I know Duefron well, unlike you, Mr. Douglas, who can't even find a place to drink."

She mocked, "You know, you could've brought someone home. No need for passive-aggression."

Leonel watched her coldly as she sat comfortably across from him, stretching her bare legs onto the coffee table.

"What, was it so intense he tore your stockings?" he asked.

"Yes! You're almost 30, right? You can't match the stamina of a 24-year-old!" she retorted.

Leonel clenched his fist. "Is he really that good?" he asked, his voice tense.

Alexis blinked. "You'll only know if you try," she teased.

Frustrated and unwilling to continue the conversation, Leonel stood up to leave but ran into Edwin halfway up the stairs. Edwin had stayed the night, anticipating the drama.

Seeing the early morning excitement, he knew Alexis was the key to handling Leonel.

Edwin naturally took Alexis' side. With an air of feigned ignorance, Edwin grinned. "Everyone's awake so early, huh?"

Leonel, without a word, brushed past him and continued upstairs.

Descending the stairs in his thick white bathrobe, Edwin approached Alexis. She stretched out her leg. "A massage, please! I've had a long night and I'm exhausted!" she said, half-joking.

Edwin, who had always shared a close bond with Alexis, began massaging her leg thoughtfully.

After a moment, he inquired, "What's your plan now?"

He nodded subtly towards the upper floor. "He's back. Are you planning to push him away?"

Alexis tapped his head playfully in response, her smile faint.

"You're worrying too much, Edwin. The world doesn't offer many chances to mend broken relationships."

Edwin returned her smile gently, choosing not to probe further.

Upstairs, Leonel stood frozen, his fingers tightly gripping the railing, turning white from the strain.



He overheard Alexis' comment about the rarity of mending broken relationships, her tone tinged with indifference.

The feeling in Leonel's heart was indescribable. Once in his room, he leaned heavily against the door. He contemplated returning to Acoiclya in a few days, to return to their previous dynamic.

As polite, courteous family members, they could assist each other during difficulties but not as lovers.

This would bring ease to everyone.

After their breakup, Alexis had made no attempts to win him back.

He knew there had been a time when she awaited his regret and return, believing he would eventually come back to their shared home.

But he never did, not through all those years.

Her decision to move on was understandable.

Now, he questioned his right to feel upset.

Preparing to pack for Acoiclya, Leonel felt an unbearable ache in his heart.

Memories of his traumatic childhood, witnessing his mother's tragic end, weighed heavily on him.

He had learned to live with repression.

To Leonel, Alexis had been a beacon of light in his life, but its intensity had once seemed too glaring, prompting him to shut it out.

Now, longing for that very light, he realized Alexis was no longer willing to bestow it upon him.

Clutching his chest, Leonel felt a deep pang of pain.

As he grappled with these thoughts, a sudden knock at the door jolted him back to the present.