

## Chapter 505 What Do You Take Me For

After fulfilling her social obligations, dawn was approaching for Alexis.

The night sky was adorned with only a smattering of stars, and the moon shone brilliantly.

The nocturnal breeze remained persistently chilly. Her assistant draped a coat over her shoulders, gently cautioning, "Miss Fowler, your father will be worried if he is aware you're out socializing and drinking again."

Alexis cinched her coat tightly.

She muttered softly, "His liver isn't in great shape. I just can't allow him to do this himself."

By the club's entrance, her car sat parked, but Alexis, still experiencing a headache, sought solace in the cool night air. She leaned against the wall and lit a slim cigarette, watching the ember glow between her fingers.

In their family, great wealth came with significant responsibilities.

There were tens of thousands of employees in both the Fowler Group and Exceed Group. Marcus was still young and already burdened with the Fowler Group's affairs. Exceed Group was typically overseen by their father, but his age and health were slowly taking a toll on him.

As the eldest daughter of the family, how could she simply stand by and do nothing?

Moreover, Exceed Group rested squarely on her shoulders.

As for Elva, she and Marcus took delight in pampering her. Every family, after all, needed someone who led a carefree existence, right?

Alexis directed her gaze downward to the smoldering cigarette.

Her loosely curled brown-colored locks partially veiled her visage, leaving only a small, radiant area visible.

Her assistant remained at her side.

Once the cigarette had burnt down, Alexis straightened up. "Let's go. Take me back to my apartment. My father will give me another one of his lectures about drinking!"

She suddenly chuckled, "I'd rather he think I'm out causing a ruckus!"

The assistant hesitated momentarily, and then spoke in a hushed tone. "You could easily find a suitable young man to share your burdens, especially considering that prenuptial agreements these days can mitigate potential trouble."

Alexis laughed. "Marriage itself is a handful."

In just a few words, they arrived at the car.

The driver courteously held the door open for Alexis, who bid farewell to her assistant before slumping into the seat.

Ross, an elderly family servant, couldn't help but engage in chatter.

With her eyes closed, Alexis playfully whined, "Oh, I didn't intend to get so drunk. Please don't snitch on me to Dad!"

Ross found himself exasperated by her antics.

The car began to glide away, but from the shadows behind, a figure gradually emerged.

Leonel.

He observed the black car fading into the distance, his thoughts a silent whirlwind. He pondered whether Alexis felt a sense of injustice every time she had to drink with those business partners, whether she wept afterward or harbored resentment towards him.

All the while, he savored his freedom abroad.

Meanwhile, Alexis carried an immense burden, something she never discussed with him.

She perpetually appeared to be frolicking with life, never affording anything a sense of gravity.

But who was she truly when alone?

Alexis returned to her apartment.

It was spacious and had sat vacant for days, an emptiness that felt simultaneously expansive and forlorn.

She switched on the thermostat and reclined on the sofa to recuperate.

The warmth gradually seeped into the floor, yet she still felt a chill. She reached for a blanket, cocooning herself beneath it for a brief respite.

Perhaps it was time to seek companionship.

It didn't matter if they couldn't alleviate her work burdens; at the very least, they could brew her tea and warm her bed.

Massaging her temples, Alexis contemplated whom to persuade or perhaps even coerce.

And then, the doorbell rang.

She presumed it was Calvin, the sole person who would appear at such an hour, willing to cook for her, share his youthful warmth beneath the covers, and then leave without a fuss.

Such a well-behaved, good-hearted young man.

Alexis grinned, extracting a slim cigarette and nestling it between her lips.

She lit it and trotted toward the door.

She reached the door, only to discover Leonel standing outside. Upon spotting her smoking, his countenance darkened, and he promptly relieved her of the cigarette. "Look at you, all grown up. I recall you never had these bad habits as a child! Smoking, drinking, cavorting with younger fellows, huh? Alexis, what other revelations do you have that I'm unaware of?"

Still reeling from the effects of alcohol, Alexis reacted sluggishly.

She observed him discard the cigarette, a trace of remorse flickering within her.

Staggering backward, she collapsed onto the sofa. "I thought you were Calvin!"

Approaching her, Leonel cast a disdainful gaze downward at her.



Alexis donned a white blouse with a tied collar paired with a dark blue knitted fishtail skirt. As she lay sprawled across the sofa, her slender legs were on full display.

Leonel seldom encountered legs as exquisite as hers.

Nonetheless, he harbored no inclination to admire them. Instead, he couldn't restrain a scoff. "So, do you thoroughly enjoy his doting service?"

With that remark, he knelt down, brushing aside her hair in an attempt to discern her expression.

Alexis grappled with a pounding headache.

She truly had no desire to contend with Leonel. Rolling over, she lightly patted his handsome visage. "His service is quite impeccable! Would you like a detailed account? Ten thousand words, a hundred thousand, I can oblige!"

Leonel clenched his teeth. "Utterly shameless, aren't you?"

Alexis chuckled, her delicate fingers tenderly tracing the contours of his handsome face, her voice taking on a softer tone. "You used to bring home quite a few women. Why haven't I witnessed any wedding bells for you? If you had to marry them all, how many divorces would you have under your belt by now?"

Her legal acumen rendered her quick-witted and sharp-tongued.

Unable to match her in verbal sparring, Leonel opted for a straightforward approach and leaned in, capturing her lips in a kiss.

With her head spinning and feeling light, Alexis was too lethargic to resist.

During the kiss, Leonel's hands continued their playful exploration of her figure. She gazed up at him, her finger tracing lightly over his lips. "A '98 Lafite!"

Leonel promptly removed her stockings.

His long, dexterous fingers elicited a sense of comfort.

Alexis abruptly embraced his head, gently nipping at his shoulder while suppressing any sound.

Leonel rediscovered her lips, engaging in a deep kiss that rendered her entire body languid. He murmured softly, "Is it him who tends to you so

Alexis clung to his neck, returning his kiss. "Each has their own merits!"

Her acerbic tongue was undeniably exasperating.

Leonel withdrew, leaving her in place. Sensing a peculiar discomfort, Alexis parted her crimson lips slightly, her voice husky. "What's the matter?"

Leonel gently grasped her chin and inquired softly, "Alexis, what do you take me for?"

Even when he treated her that way, she offered no resistance.

He harbored no illusions that her sentiments for him had reignited. It was far more probable that she simply didn't care and was simply willing to engage in the charade.

To her, he was no different from Calvin or any other man.

Well, there was a distinction.

In her heart, she held fondness for that youthful, vibrant young man, and to her, Leonel was merely an unwelcome intruder.

Rising to his feet, Leonel took off his coat.

He cast another glance at Alexis, appearing somewhat ill at ease, and experienced a faint sense of contentment.

"I'll whip up some hangover tea for you. Are you hungry for anything?"

Becoming somewhat more lucid, Alexis shielded her eyes from the light with her hand.

It was excessively bright, dazzling even.

After a brief pause, she murmured, "Anything will do."

Leonel made his way to the kitchen, where most things in the fridge seemed to be spoiled.

He commenced cooking; like Edwin, he possessed culinary prowess. In less than half an hour, he had prepared a simple meal and concocted some hangover tea.

Alexis took a shower and emerged in a bathrobe.

She silently seated herself at the dining table.

Leonel served her the meal and settled down beside her. "Dig in."


Alexis ate in silence, her contemplative gaze fixed on the meal before her.

After a spell, she raised her eyes to meet Leonel's and whispered in a soft voice, "Leonel, we could have been an ordinary couple, cooking a simple meal like this, enjoying a few drinks together. But we are not. So why this?"

Suddenly, she swiped the dishes off the table, sending them crashing to the floor.

Pointing vehemently toward the door, she declared, "Leave! Do you think I, Alexis Fowler, lack for men who would gladly cook for me? Who would share my bed?" Leonel maintained his silence. "If I so desired, I could have men queued up from one end of Duefron to the other, all eager to cook for me and warm my bed without any repetitions. What do you take yourself for, fawning over me like this?" Alexis retorted.



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