Chapter 506 Do You Still Have Feelings For Me

The night hung heavy.

In the expansive yet somewhat empty apartment, two people who had once shared an innocent childhood stood face to face.

In their youth, they had huddled together under a single blanket.

Alexis had once assured Leonel, "Don't be scared."

But here and now, between them, there existed nothing but emptiness. Perhaps all the serenity of their past was merely a prelude to this moment of eruption.

Eight years had elapsed, and Alexis hadn't forgotten.

Nor had Leonel. If he could have, he wouldn't be grappling with that torment.

They had each pursued their own life's endeavors, but their hearts should never have been the pawns. Anyone else could have been embroiled, anyone but Leonel and Alexis.

"You should go!"

Alexis regained her composure and strolled over to the floor-to-ceiling window, leaning against it casually.

In a soft tone, she uttered, "This is pointless."

Leonel remained seated, his gaze fixed on Alexis.

After a prolonged silence, he ventured in a subdued voice, "Do you still have feelings for me?"

He didn't even dare to inquire about the nature of those feelings, dreading an immediate dismissal, an outright rejection from Alexis.

Alexis rested her head against the transparent glass.

🎁 +120 Points at most

She offered a gentle smile. "Leonel, what response are you hoping for?"

Leonel found himself taken aback.

Alexis was more enigmatic than any woman he had ever encountered. Unpredictable, proud, impervious to all his allure, his looks, wealth, and gestures of servitude. In her eyes, they held no value whatsoever.

He had to concede that version of Alexis was irresistibly attractive.

He could fathom why Calvin was utterly captivated by Alexis.

She possessed that charm.

Leonel was a man of pride, and he recognized that Alexis was even prouder.

Her gaze, perpetually a blend of chilly disdain and derisive mockery, kindled in him an insatiable desire to press her against that glass and surrender to his desires.

After a brief interlude, Alexis reiterated, "Just go! Don't ever come back!"

Leonel felt exceedingly embarrassed.

Instead of departing immediately, he tidied up the living room and prepared a fresh cup of hangover tea for her.

With his coat in hand, he declared, "I'm leaving."

Alexis held her position, her head resting against the glass. From that vantage point, her delicate form and dainty countenance exuded an air of vulnerability.

Leonel's throat constricted.

In the end, he succumbed to the yearning in his heart and approached her, enfolding her in an embrace from behind.

It was a tenderness he had never exhibited before.

Beyond the realm of physical desires, it was an emotion entwined with familial and romantic sentiments. His heated face pressed against hers. Leonel's voice emerged husky and barely intelligible, "Alexis, I'm sorry."

Alexis maintained her silence.

And he, gently encircling her with his arms, cradled her in his embrace.

🎁 +120 Points at most

The night fell into a deeper dusk.

He simply held her, experiencing the tumultuous surges of his emotions.

Leonel's anguish stemmed from his decision to depart from Alexis at the age of twenty, only to realize after years of wandering that she remained his foremost desire.

He had no idea how to win her back.

He didn't possess any certainty of a second chance. All he grasped at that moment was his yearning to hold her. As if they had never been separated, as though Alexis was still the one who shared everything with him.

She used to share her bed.

Even her parents and the guardianship of Marcus and Elva she shared with him. She delighted in introducing Marcus to him and relished observing Elva's interactions with him.

It had been so perfect.

Undoubtedly, Alexis constituted his entire youth. Life within the Fowler villa had mended all his childhood wounds, nurturing the self-assured Leonel of today.

But he had relinquished it all so readily.

Leonel wept, his scorching tears searing both their hearts.

Alexis gently pushed him away.

Clutching her bathrobe, she said softly, "Whether you return or not, my parents, Marcus and Elva, they can always find a way to forgive and accept you. Because in their eyes, you're a son, a brother. But I'm different, Leonel. How many eight years do I have to waste?"
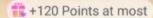
"Let's just be family."

Alexis thought that after all those years, there was nothing to forgive anymore.

Discussing it suddenly felt overly sentimental.

She remained composed, but Leonel was burdened with an almost unbearable pain.

He departed, shutting the door behind him, and leaned against her door with his head tilted back and eyes closed.

After a prolonged interval, he descended the stairs and settled into his car.

The driver had left, and Leonel remained seated without turning the AC on.

Resting his elbow on the window, he puffed a cigarette, exhaling the smoke in repetitive motions.

Smoking was the only thing occupying his mind.

Around two hours later, a sports car pulled up, and the sight of the person who emerged caused Leonel's eyes to sting.

It was Calvin.

The young man who had some involvement with Alexis.

What was he doing there in the middle of the night?

Leonel regarded the young man, wearing a baseball cap, and a surge of anger welled up within him. The mere thought of Calvin being close to Alexis infuriated him. It was a possibility he couldn't bear.

Leonel stepped out of his car.

Calvin also noticed him, slightly tilting his chin, and the two men locked eyes in silence.

Leonel's tone was icy. "What brings you here?"

Calvin had been putting on a front of vulnerability in front of Alexis, but he showed no signs of weakness when facing Leonel. He sneered, "Whatever brings you here, Mr. Douglas, I come for the same reason."

Leonel extinguished his cigarette and replied, "She's asleep."

"Is that so?"

Calvin scoffed, "That sounds perfect. She's afraid of cold, and I'm here to warm her bed."

With that, Calvin got ready to head upstairs.

He adeptly punched in the passcode at the elevator lobby.

🎁 +120 Points at most

Leonel's eyes blazed with anger.

Just as Calvin was about to enter the elevator, Leonel rushed forward and landed a punch on him.

Calvin staggered back a few steps, bracing himself against the wall.

Wiping the blood from the corner of his mouth, Calvin snapped, "Wasn't it you who didn't want her? You gave her up, remember? And now you're upset seeing another man by her side? What were you doing all this time?"

Breathing heavily, Leonel retorted, "Even so, she's not yours!"

"Is that so?"

Calvin's handsome face bore a mocking expression, but he remained silent, opting instead to land a punch on Leonel when he least expected it.

Provoked by his words, Leonel momentarily dropped his guard.

That was why he took a solid hit to the face.

The two men then engaged in a wild struggle akin to alpha males locked in fierce combat.

Each punch they exchanged seemed fueled by a burning desire to obliterate the other.

Half an hour later, a police car pulled up, and both of them were taken away.

Calvin hastily put on his hat, obscuring his face completely. Leonel taunted him, "Why the sudden shyness?"
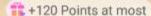
Calvin scoffed in response. "You really should worry about yourself. You're always hovering around Alexis, but does she even care about you?"

Leonel's expression soured.

Calvin continued to needle him. "I bring her medicine. She always gets headaches after drinking. She lets me stay the night, but how about you? You don't even have the privilege to be in her house, yet you act like you own the place."

With a trace of bitterness in his voice, Calvin added, "She'll never marry. Give it up!"

🎁 +120 Points at most

Surprisingly, Leonel remained uncharacteristically silent, not offering a retort.

Leonel sat battered and disheveled in the car.

He was trying to wrap his head around Calvin's words when he said, "Alexis won't marry!"

Leonel covered his face with his hands, lost in thought. Then Calvin continued, "You think it's just a fling between her and me? Leonel, I've known her for four years! When I was twenty, my dad committed suicide due to gambling debts, taking my mom with him. It was Alexis who paid off all the debts for me, using her connections to get me into the entertainment industry."

He was twenty years old, and there was suicide in the mix of his story.

As Calvin recounted his past, Leonel listened in a daze.

He was struck by the eerie similarity of Calvin's story to his own.

So, Alexis had taken Calvin under her wing after Leonel left her. Was it because Calvin reminded her of him? Did Calvin replace him in her heart already after all these years? Leonel had no idea.

He looked up, his eyes misty. Calvin's words hit home.

Calvin vowed softly, "For her, I'd give up everything!"

Unexpectedly, Leonel nodded in agreement, saying, "I know!"

Leonel gazed at Calvin's pale, youthful face. He noticed how it looked so much like his own when he was his age. Then, the realization hit him that Calvin had become a replacement for him in Alexis' life over the years.

A heavy feeling settled in Leonel's heart as if it were sinking in water.

At the police station, the officer asked them why they had caused trouble.

Leonel, who typically cared about his image, remained silent.

Calvin bluntly replied, "We fought for a girl!"