

A Second Chance With My Billionaire Love

Chapter 516:520



Edwin guided Laura back to their cozy abode.

His affection for her ran deep, and he insisted she relax on the sofa while he took charge of the cooking duties.

As Laura indulged in watching TV, Edwin emerged from the kitchen, bearing a plate filled with succulent strawberries.

The vibrant red hues of the fruit were truly captivating.

Laura cradled the plate with pure delight. After savoring a strawberry, she picked another and extended it toward Edwin.

However, Edwin didn't partake in the strawberries. Instead, he leaned in, tenderly kissed her on the Lips, and then wore a gentle smile as he resumed cooking.

A rosy blush painted Laura's cheeks.

But her desire to be by his side overcame her shyness. She trailed after him into the kitchen, strawberries in tow.

Edwin hoisted her onto the kitchen counter.

His rolled-up sleeves revealed a wristwatch worth several million dollars. In a hushed tone, Laura murmured, "I could always live with my parents, so you wouldn't have to toil so hard."

"Are you feeling sorry for me?" Edwin inquired, his smile warm and inviting.

Laura did indeed harbor a sense of pity for him, but she chose to keep it to herself, engrossed in the task of savoring strawberries from the plate.

Edwin's gaze remained fixed upon her, a smile gracing his lips.

After a brief silence, Laura suddenly broached a subject that had been weighing on her mind.

"Even if Miss Smith ever approaches me again, I won't hand you over to her."

The corners of Edwin's lips reached his eyes.

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Without a word, Laura hopped down from her perch, nestling against his back as she softly murmured, "Honestly, I do care. She's so beautiful and accomplished. At the time, I genuinely believed you were going to marry her."

Edwin glanced back at her.

He chose to remain silent. Sensing that the conversation had run its course, Laura didn't say anything further.

She simply tightened her embrace. In her own way, she could be a bit childish at times.

Edwin's voice dropped to a hushed tone as he disclosed, "I might be a bit busy later. You can find something to occupy yourself with. If you ever get bored, you could go back to Czarny with my parents. The Evans Garden is vast and quite intriguing."

But Laura declined the offer.

She yearned to be with Edwin. Even if he had a demanding schedule, he had to return home each night.

Laura softly suggested that she could learn to cook.

Edwin hesitated; he wasn't keen on Laura taking up cooking duties.

After some contemplation, he resolved to arrange for someone from the villa to prepare meals for her. As for the upkeep of their apartment, he could tackle it during his days off.

Seeing Edwin's compromise, Laura beamed with joy. She dashed out of the kitchen, clutching the plate of strawberries, and proceeded to enjoy her treat.

Edwin shook his head slightly.

Just then, his phone chimed with an incoming call from Alexis.

The background noise on the call hinted that Alexis might be at the airport.

As expected, Alexis exchanged a few words with Edwin and prepared to board her flight.

She was in the midst of preparing to pass through security when her phone chimed again.

Assuming it was Edwin, she answered with an intent to address the matter upon her return.

“Edwin, let’s discuss this when I get back.

Something just came up with Calvin, and I need to go meet him right away.”

A protracted silence hung on the other end of the Line.

Leonel asked, “Are you heading to meet Calvin?”

Finally checking the caller ID, Alexis realized that it was Leonel on the line. She rolled her eyes and countered, “Mr. Douglas, does this concern you?”

Leonel’s tone carried a touch of tension.

“What’s the reason you’re visiting him?”

“Ha! What exactly is our relationship?

Am I obliged to report my every move to you? Besides, you never told me when you decided to start dating someone else, did you? Leonel, we’ve been intimate twice, but we’re both free. I won’t interfere in your affairs, so please refrain from meddling in my personal life, alright?”

“Alexis!”

Leonel’s voice carried a despondent undertone.

“Do I mean nothing to you?”

Alexis proceeded to seek out someone else without hesitation.

She was acutely aware of Leonel’s anxiety.

With Calvin’s recent accident weighing on her mind, Alexis found herself in a foul mood. Having to contend with Leonel’s accusations only soured her disposition further. She huffed in response, “Yes.

You mean nothing to me.”

With that, she swiftly ended the call and proceeded through airport security.

Her destination was bound to Yarmse.

Calvin had suffered grave injuries in the shooting, with no relatives to turn to. As his lawyer, Alexis had to take on the responsibility of signing some forms for him.

She remained in Yarmse for a week before making her return to Duefron.

Alexis had diligently coordinated with a hospital for Calvin's care; he was expected to stay there for approximately three months.

Fortunately, his youth offered hope for a full recovery without lasting complications.

When her work was finally concluded, nearly half a month had passed.

Exiting her law office, Alexis headed home, arriving at her apartment building. Upon stepping out of the elevator, she was met with the sight of Leonel.

He sported a black windbreaker, leaning casually against the wall while indulging in a cigarette.

His tall and handsome appearance drew her attention for a fleeting moment .

Alexis swiped her keycard to access her door and inquired casually, "What brings you here again? Haven't we settled this?"

Leonel fixed his gaze on her for a moment.

Snuffing out the cigarette, Leonel followed Alexis into her apartment.

"With Calvin being in such a condition, how long are you planning to play as his nurse?"

Alexis tossed her briefcase onto the sofa.

Then she proceeded to pour herself a glass of ice-cold water. She took a leisurely sip before responding, "You're crossing boundaries here."

Leonel approached her, his tone earnest.

"I'm genuinely curious about the nature of your involvement. Are you his girlfriend or just a caring lover?"

Alexis set the glass aside.

She placed her hands outstretched before her and offered a sardonic smirk.

"Leonel, what answer are you hoping for?"

Leonel found himself growing irritated by her retorts.

Her words further irked him.

He cupped her face with his hands as if to initiate a kiss, but Alexis stopped him with two fingers.

"I'm exhausted. I really don't have the energy to deal with you."

She retrieved her wallet, extracted several hundred-dollar bills, and tossed them in his direction.

"Find yourself a woman."

The money slipped down from his body, and Leonel maintained a steady gaze upon her. After a prolonged silence, he spoke in a husky voice.

"Alexis, I genuinely want to start over with you."

"Have you ever sought my consent? Do I have to oblige just because you want to?"

Alexis persisted with a mocking tone, gesturing toward the exit.

"The door's right there."

Beneath the glow of the crystal chandelier, Leonel appeared pallid as he fixed his gaze on Alexis.

After a substantial pause, he inquired, voicing the question that had been weighing on his mind, "Has Calvin replaced me?"

Alexis met Leonel's eyes in silence.

Leonel's eyes were bloodshot, a sight Alexis had never witnessed before. He then said in a strained voice, "If I could turn back time, I wouldn't choose to walk away, Alexis. Life is a long journey, and I yearn for another chance."

His self-awareness had crystallized.

Only Leonel comprehended the cost of his pursuit of freedom.

During the years he spent abroad, his relationship with Alexis had disintegrated. He returned to the Fowler family's household.

Waylen continued to regard him as a son, and Elva treated him like a brother. Leonel resumed his place in the Fowler family as if he had never left, but he was acutely aware of the disparity.

When Alexis got married one day, Leonel would feel Like an interloper in that household.

And if Leonel were to have a wife of his own, he would no longer belong there.

In truth, he was an outsider.

He was filled with remorse and bitterness. He wished to remain in that household, to be part of that family forever.

Eight years had elapsed, during which he had amassed a fortune of hundreds of billions of dollars.

He had indulged in a life of luxury, attaining the pinnacle of success and reveling in the envy of others. But in the process, he did not only lose his most cherished family, but also Alexis.

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Chapter 517:



Alexis and Leonel stared at each other under the light.

Neither of them was willing to yield, both resolute in their convictions. Their gaze remained locked for so long that Alexis began to feel a slight soreness in her eyes.

In a hushed and raspy tone, she uttered, “This is pointless.

Leonel, we’ve moved on with our lives. Eight years have gone by, and I’m not the same person from before. In fact, I realize that I don’t know you all that much either. We’ve only had sex on two occasions because we were tensed. What else exists between us beyond that? If you insist on talking about feelings, it was all gone a long time ago.”

Alexis made a casual gesture with her hand.

“You should go back now.

I've been occupied with a case lately, and I'm quite exhausted. I'll also need to prepare myself to help Edwin. Mr. Douglas, I really don't have the energy to engage in a love game with you."

Leonel still didn't move.

His eyes were so profound that peering into them proved to be a challenging task.

Lowering her gaze, Alexis smiled with a hint of self-deprecation.

"You wouldn't understand the feeling of waiting for someone to come back. Leonel, the more I hold onto hope, the deeper the disappointment will cut. I don't want to endure that suffering ever again."

Leonel's heart trembled.

It felt as though his heart had been gnawed at, a painful sensation, yet it left him clear-headed.

His source of frustration stemmed from Alexis' refusal to accept him.

Simultaneously, he recognized that he could no longer bring her happiness.

Leonel was completely cut off from Alexis' world. Their pasts had long been buried.

After uttering those words, Alexis walked over to the French window.

She had turned away from him, her back facing him.

She spoke with a light yet firm tone.

"Please, don't pester me any further, or I'm uncertain about how I might react. It's in your best interest not to push me."

"I'm still affecting you, aren't I?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

Alexis didn't answer.

She stood upright, gazing at the nighttime scenery beyond. In the corner of her eye, where Leonel couldn't see, a hint of tears glistened. Leonel left

The door swung open and then closed shut.

The apartment was enveloped in profound silence. Alexis remained the sole occupant, standing quietly in the elevated perch of Duefron, savoring her solitude.

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It was late at night.

She contemplated that it wasn't a matter of being unable to accept Leonel.

When she embraced him, her emotions still stirred.

It was because she held such deep affection for him and she had offered him all the purest aspects of her youthful life, only for him to turn away and leave with contempt.

Accepting him now would only make her feel sorry for younger herself.

Alexis lifted her head slightly and straightened her posture.

A week later, Alexis was sitting in her office at the law firm.

She was engaged in a phone conversation with Edwin.

The conflict between the Evans family and the Smith family had escalated significantly. Mark's message conveyed that he wouldn't intervene, nor would he allow Waylen to take action. Obviously.

Mark's intention was for Edwin to confront the Smith family on his own.

Whether Edwin could succeed or not, it served as a test for him.

Alexis was not a fool.

It appeared that Mark wasn't particularly concerned about his son. In reality, Mark was exerting pressure on the stubborn elders of the Evans family in Czanch. Those men must have been so anxious to witness the volatility in the Evans Group's stock. Mark displayed no fear whatsoever. If he were to face financial hardship, he could rely on his wife.

Of course, Mark refrained from intervening in affairs involving younger individuals.

Alexis had the strongest bond with Edwin. Although they might not have been closely related by blood, their physical resemblance was striking. Edwin had a bossy exterior, but Alexis could always be assertive towards him.

They had a lengthy discussion.

Following the phone call, Alexis summoned the firm's chief financial officer and her personal treasurer.

As the chief financial officer arrived, Alexis leaned against the back of her chair.

“How much working capital does the law firm have?”

And how much money can I withdraw from my personal account?”

The chief financial officer checked.

“Miss Fowler, you have over thirty billion dollars available in your personal account. As for the firm, there’s approximately one billion dollars allocated for its operational needs. The remainder is invested in various ways,” the chief financial officer explained.

“That’s it?” she asked with a hint of surprise.

Alexis tapped the desk with her pen and instructed, “Transfer all the available funds from my personal account to Edwin, and also inquire about my savings in the Rouemnn bank. I need to access a significant sum of money.”

The chief financial officer hesitated for a moment.

“Would you like to retain a portion of it?”

Alexis chuckled.

“Huh... The Smith family has deep roots in Duefron for decades. While Edwin is a business elite, his foundation is still not on par with the Smith family. I can’t bear to see him fail. If Edwin loses, he’ll be deeply ashamed in front of his wife.”

The chief financial officer smiled and said, “You really care about him.”

With a smile, Alexis sighed.

“I’ve been meaning to treat him to a milk tea for quite a while.

Alexis recalled the time when she had gone to visit her mother with the driver and had crossed paths with her aunt and Edwin.

It had been the first occasion when Alexis had laid eyes on Edwin.

Edwin bore such a striking resemblance to Alexis that she was almost certain at first glance that they were family.

But Edwin lived in such a small house.

Edwin had followed his mother, standing in line under the scorching sun to purchase milk tea. When he finally received his milk tea, he drank it so fast...

Alexis was fiercely protective of her family members.

Despite being the prospective heir to the Evans family, in Alexis' Edwin still remained that little brother who needed her to eyes, take care of.

The chief financial officer promptly carried out Alexis's instructions.

In the afternoon, Alexis received a message from Edwin, which read, "Thanks, Lexi."

After reading the message, Alexis just smiled.

At that moment, her assistant whispered at the door.

"Miss Fowler, Mr. Leonel Douglas from Genesis Investment wishes to discuss matters related to setting the legal team with you."

Leonel?

Alexis hadn't anticipated his return. Was he determined to continue bothering her?

Alexis raised her head and saw Leonel.

The assistant, aware of the underlying tension between them, quickly devised an excuse and excused herself.

Alexis gestured for Leonel to close the door. She poured a glass of water for him and placed it in front of him. In a professional tone, she said, "Actually, you could have delegated this minor matter to one of your subordinates."

"I wanted to see you."

Leonel had spent a considerable amount of time abroad, so he was always quite frank when talking about his feelings.

Fortunately, Alexis was also thick-skinned.

She smiled serenely.

"Unfortunately, I have no desire to see you.

Well, let's get down to business."

He had no reason to pay her another visit if they had already settled the matter previously.

When discussing business matters, they refrained from playful banter.

They were both professional regarding.

Throughout the negotiation, both of them sought to secure terms that were most favorable to their respective interests.

Ultimately, it was Alexis who decided to make a concession.

After signing the documents, Leonel fixed his gaze on her and inquired, "Are you facing financial difficulties?"

He was well aware of her temperament. If she had no urgent need for the money, she wouldn't have budged during the final negotiation.

Alexis cleared up the desk.

She let out a disdainful snort.

"Mr. Douglas, it's none of your concern."

Leonel remained composed and withdrew a cigarette from his pocket, though he didn't light it.

He seldom smoked in front of Alexis.

Even though there were times when she would light a cigarette, he subconsciously didn't want her to inhale second-hand smoke. In his eyes, she remained the beautiful girl in a bubble skirt.

But now she was a little rough.

He asked Alexis, "Is it for Edwin? I can help."

Alexis laughed.

"That's new. Weren't you and Edwin so close in the past? Didn't you go abroad to study together? And now, you want to assist him, but you're negotiating terms with me? Leonel, know this.

Edwin will never betray me. Just give up."

Leonel fixed his gaze on her and uttered, "Alexis, you know me all too well."

There was something Leonel didn't mention to Alexis.

After he had sent her that letter that year and after they split up, he later got a girlfriend.

During that period, Edwin had engaged in a heated dispute with Leonel.

Since then, their interactions had been minimal. In fact, among the younger generation of the Evans family and the Fowler family, Edwin harbored the strongest aversion towards Leonel.

Despite his feelings, Edwin didn't display any animosity on his face and maintained a polite demeanor when interacting with Leonel.

Alexis' concern for Edwin made Leonel refrain from broaching the subject.

Alexis wasn't in the mood for an argument. She rose from her seat and stated, "Our discussion is concluded, Mr. Douglas. Please leave."

Leonel's gaze remained inscrutable, his eyes deep and enigmatic.

He whispered.

"Can I invite you to dinner? It's nearly the end of the workday. You must be thinking about dinner, aren't you?"

Alexis refused.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Douglas. I have an appointment."

Leonel didn't force her.

Alexis summoned her assistant to escort Leonel out. Once he had departed, she took the check, contacted the accountant to document it, and subsequently sent the money to Edwin.

Alexis did it not only for Edwin, but also for her aunt Cecilia.

Cecilia had endured significant hardships during that period.

Alexis liked Cecilia and she wanted to do something.

She didn't feel tired until she finished her work.

Perhaps she had been overly occupied lately, which had left her feeling quite tense. She contemplated on drinking alone tonight to unwind.

In a bar that night, though Alexis donned a business suit, her striking appearance and demeanor made it inevitable that many would attempt to approach her.

She didn't make advances towards others.

She simply sat there in silence, savoring her cocktail.

Leonel stood a few meters away, silently observing her. She preferred getting intoxicated alone over sharing a meal with him.

Alexis also saw him.

They looked at each other without saying anything...

At that moment, a well-dressed man approached and offered to buy Alexis a drink.

She was distracted, and she didn't notice it.

The man audaciously encircled his arm around Alexis' slender waist and whispered something into her ear. Just as she was about to frown and decline, Leonel had already seized the man by the collar.

Leonel swung a powerful punch at the man.

"Don't you fucking touch her!"

A scream erupted from the bar as the man staggered backward, colliding with a table and sending it toppling over.

The glass shattered.

Leonel didn't believe the previous punch was sufficient. He hoisted the man by his collar and delivered another blow. The man appeared to be a good-looking individual who lacked the ability to defend himself.

Leonel gave the man a good beating and kicked him a few more times.

The man groaned on the floor.

Leonel wrote a check and tossed it onto the man. Then, he took hold of Alexis and pulled her away from the scene.

Throughout the entire incident, Alexis remained remarkably composed.

When men engaged in altercations on her behalf, it didn't affect her in the least, let alone Leonel's underlying intentions...

Others might not know, but Alexis was clear about it.

Leonel just...

He simply couldn't bear the thought of losing her. The fact that they had been apart for eight years due to his own choices, or that she might not be his for the remainder of his life, drove him to lose control of his emotions.

Outside, Alexis asked in a cold tone, "Are you sober now? If you are, I'll take you to the hospital."

Leonel's hand was injured and showed signs of bruising.

But he paid no heed to his injuries. He squinted his eyes and fixed his gaze on Alexis. In the next moment, he pressed her against the body of the sports car.

In the dark of the night, Leonel was unlike the composed elite he appeared to be during the daytime.

He resembled an injured and primal beast.

He buried his face beside Alexis' neck and spoke in a hoarse, anguished voice.

"Alexis, tell me what I should do. What do I need to do to bring us back together?"

With a faint smile, Alexis replied, "The past is in the past. We can't turn back the clock."

Perhaps it was because Leonel appeared particularly vulnerable that she was more considerate towards him.

"I'll take you to the hospital," she offered.

Leonel refused, whispering, "Calvin is in the hospital. Aren't you concerned that he'll be jealous when he sees us together?"

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Chapter 518:



Alexis had her drink and Leonel's hand was injured, so neither of them could drive. Eventually, Alexis summoned her driver to transport them to the hospital.

At the medical facility, Leonel underwent an X-ray examination.

The results revealed a broken bone on his palm, rendering Alexis momentarily speechless.

“You’re rather delicate. Why did you brawl with that man?” she chided, puzzled by his choice.

Leonel remained tight-lipped, allowing the nurse to cast his hand in plaster. The nurse was surprised as she rarely encountered such a handsome patient.

Of course, she had never laid eyes on anyone as striking as Alexis.

Alexis exuded an air of sophistication.

Her facial features and figure were impeccable. Clad in a shirt, her curves were accentuated by the way it hugged her breasts and tapered her waist.

The nurse couldn’t help but conjure mental images of Leonel and Alexis together.

Lost in thought, she became careless and inadvertently inflicted further discomfort upon Leonel.

Leonel sought solace, burying his face in the comforting curve of Alexis’ soft belly. She playfully tugged at his ebony locks and remarked, “Leonel, you’re nearly thirty. Do you think you’re still a baby?”

The nurse discreetly smiled from her amusement, covering her mouth with her hand.

Leonel nestled against Alexis, his voice a hushed murmur.

“It really hurts.”

Alexis disapproved of his mischievous demeanor and warned, “When you return, you better not divulge the real cause of your injury.”

Leonel glanced up at her.

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Then, after a lengthy pause, he whispered, “Aren’t you somewhat responsible for my injury? If you evade your duty, I can always summon that person to initiate legal action. I’ll make it a public spectacle. Miss Fowler, I doubt you’d want the entire world privy to this gossip, would you?”

Alexis responded with a contemptuous sneer.

“Humph! Looks Like that’s all you picked up while abroad,” she retorted, a sardonic edge to her tone.

Turning the tables, she inquired, “How, pray tell, am I responsible for this? Shall I marry you, then?”

Leonel gingerly flexed his injured hand, his words deliberate.

“I’m not that greedy. I’ll stay at your place until my hand heals, and you should look after me in the meantime.”

Arms folded across her chest, Alexis peered at him skeptically.

“Did you injure yourself on purpose?” she inquired.

Leonel offered a faint smile.

He patiently awaited her decision, confident she wouldn’t make a fuss.

She feared her family discovering the incident; on the other, she didn’t wish to provoke Calvin.

Leonel felt a pang of frustration that he had to leverage his love rival’s involvement to secure his place by her side.

Alexis remained tight-lipped.

For the moment, Leonel refrained from pushing her further. They exited the hospital and stepped into the waiting car.

In a casual tone, Alexis directed, “Take us to my apartment.”

The driver, Ross, appeared shocked. He swallowed hard and inquired, “Is Mr. Douglas accompanying us?”

Alexis cautioned, “Don’t tell my father about this.”

Ross wore a displeased expression.

“Miss Fowler, having Mr. Douglas with you is a welcome development. Your father will be delighted.”

Alexis shot Ross a meaningful stare.

It was evident that Alexis held the upper hand in their dynamic, effectively silencing Ross.

The sleek black limousine smoothly pulled up to the apartment building's entrance. Once they exited the vehicle, Alexis courteously held the door open for Leonel.

"Step out of the car."

Leonel complied with a gracious smile directed at Ross.

In response, Ross mustered a strained smile that bore more resemblance to a grimace than genuine cheer.

In the dead of the night, Alexis led the way, with Leonel trailing behind.

As they stepped into the elevator, a heavy silence enveloped them.

Leaning against the elevator's wall, Alexis appeared lost in her own thoughts.

Eventually, they reached her apartment.

Without pause, Alexis made a beeline for the kitchen. Nighttime had found her sipping on some wine, and with an empty stomach, she felt a pang of hunger.

Meanwhile, Leonel sought respite, leaning against the sofa.

She turned to him and asked, "How about some pasta?"

"You can cook?" Leonel reacted with mild surprise.

Alexis took off her jacket, letting it casually drape over the sofa.

She retorted, "I have to. How else can I cater to your needs, Mr. Douglas?"

With that, a hushed silence descended upon the two of them.

Particularly Leonel, he regarded her quietly for a prolonged spell before he spoke up, his voice tinged with huskiness.

"Let me handle this."

"No need," Alexis dismissed the offer with a wry smile.

"If you injure your hand again, will I have to be your lifelong caretaker?"

Undeterred, Leonel followed Alexis into the kitchen. Her lithe figure moved gracefully as she prepared their midnight snack, her back a testament to its elegance.

He propped himself against the kitchen counter, observing her silently.

Had he not been so foolish in the past, that might have been their everyday life with Alexis. They would each pursue their own careers, work through the day, return home in the evening, and share the task of cooking. Although most of the time, it would likely fall to him.

Perhaps they would occasionally work late, and then unwind together in front of the television when they had free time.

They would have their own children, preferably a boy and a girl.

Leonel swallowed hard, unable to resist uttering, "Wouldn't that have been nice?"

Alexis expertly sliced through vegetables with a measured hand.

She cast her eyes downward, a gentle smile gracing her lips.

"You wish. Leonel, this is just temporary. Once your hand heals, you'll have a legion of servants at your beck and call in your home."

"What if I only want you?"

However, Leonel closed the distance, his breath against her ear as he whispered, akin to the delicate caress of feathers upon her neck.

Alexis paused in her task, taken aback.

Before she could muster a response, he gently swiveled her around.

Her face was nestled against the side of his shoulder.

Her senses were inundated with the scent of his crisp, white shirt and the faint stubble of his newly grown beard. It sent a shiver down her spine.

"Leonel, what are you up to?" she asked, her voice betraying a hint of excitement.

"May I kiss you?"

Their lips met in a natural embrace.

His hand, hindered by the injury, lacked nimbleness. Gently, Leonel cornered Alexis against the kitchen counter; another hand cradled the back of her head to prevent any escape. Their lips collided in a passionate kiss, entangling them both.

A sudden nip; Alexis had bitten his tongue.

Leonel paused, his obsidian eyes revealing a tumultuous storm of emotions as he gazed down at her.

Then, he fervently pleased her, his lips and tongue driving her wild.

With his hand injured, he made sure to compensate with his mouth skillfully.

“Leonel,” she moaned his name. Desperate to redirect his attention, Alexis tugged his hair, trying to pull his head away. Despite that, underestimating his determination only deepened his drive as he continued to indulge her desires.

Following that intimate moment, Leonel sensually licked her lips, his voice a low murmur.

“Does it feel good?”

In a hoarse reply, Alexis confessed, “Not bad, but you’ll have to release me now. The water’s about to boil; I need to add the noodles.”

Leonel refrained from pursuing further.

Instead, he fixed his gaze upon her for a while before heading out.

On the balcony, he sought solace in a cigarette, attempting to regain his composure.

Back at the hospital, he had convinced himself that he merely desired more time with her. However, lying to himself was futile.

He yearned for Alexis in both body and soul.

Ten minutes later, Alexis emerged with a steaming bowl of noodles, inviting him, “Come and enjoy some noodles.”

Leonel shifted his gaze, noticing the way Alexis lowered her head; her slender, soft neck possessed a certain allure.

Taking a seat, he sampled a forkful of noodles.

They exceeded his expectations, a delicious surprise. He looked up and praised, “You’re quite the cook, aren’t you?”

Alexis nodded, modestly replying, “I only know how to make this.”

Leonel contemplated, “If I stick around for a month, am I expected to have only this as my daily meal?”

With a soft chuckle, Alexis retorted, "Hey! You're quite a demanding guest. At least you have something to eat."

Leonel's gaze deepened.

After a brief silence, he said softly, "Once my hand recovers, I'll prepare meals for you."

Alexis didn't buy into his words; she let out a snort and countered, "Once your hand heals, it'll be time for you to head back."

Leonel played along, posing a hypothetical.

"What if my hand never recovers?"

With a sly grin, she shot back, "Then I'll marry a random man just to keep you jealous sick."

Leonel continued to savor the noodles. As he neared the end of his meal, he suddenly remarked, "Alexis, you've changed quite a lot since childhood."

Alexis finished the meal up to the last bite.

With a faint smile, she replied, "You're right. People change. You, however, have evolved into something rather repulsive."

Leonel offered a gentle smile.

Alexis playfully kicked his foot.

"Time to wash those dishes. Don't think your nimble hand gets you off the hook. I won't pamper you."

He teased, "So, all your spoiling is reserved for Calvin, isn't it?"

Alexis rose gracefully, flipping her long hair with flair.

"That's right. If it bothers you, feel free to leave. The door's to your left."

With that, she headed straight for a refreshing shower, exhaustion weighing heavily on her.

With one hand, Leonel managed to wash the two plates, punctuating his task with the occasional puff of a cigarette. Alexis emerged from the bathroom, tossing a bathrobe in his direction.

“Make do with this for now. Tomorrow, you can arrange for some clothes to be brought over.

Oh, and, you’ll be in the guest room on the right.”

Leonel examined the bathrobe in his grasp.

Curious, he inquired, “Has Calvin ever worn this?”

Unimpressed, Alexis retorted, “If you’d rather go naked, be my guest.”

Leonel clenched his jaw in frustration; Alexis had a knack for getting on his nerves. She stretched languidly and announced, “I’m going to sleep. Help yourself.”

Leonel intercepted her, pleading, “My hand is injured. I can’t handle water. Can you assist me?”

Leaning against the bedroom door, Alexis squinted at him skeptically.

She sneered.

“That’s your true motive, right? You’re here to stay and share my bed, aren’t you? Leonel, your hand is nearly broken. How can you still think of such carnal things?”

Clearly, she had underestimated his shamelessness.

Leonel closed the distance between them, lowering his voice suggestively.

“I wouldn’t mind you taking the lead.”

Alexis was left nearly speechless, almost choking at his bold statement.

His audacity knew no bounds.

She decided she didn’t want to engage further, turning away to Leave.

However, Leonel seized her arm, his voice low and needy.

“Could you at least help me freshen up? I feel sticky and uncomfortable.”

Alexis simply patted his face dismissively.

“Either endure it or clean yourself.”

With that, she retreated into the bedroom, firmly shutting the door.

Leonel's gaze lingered on the closed door, a wry smile dancing on his Lips.

As a man of cleanliness, he couldn't bear to skip a day without a shower. He wiped his body with a lone hand, forgoing the bathrobe entirely.

Clad in his underwear, Leonel gathered his suit pants and shirt as he made his way into Alexis' room.

Inside, the atmosphere was a bit dim and tranquil.

Alexis appeared to be already in slumber.

He hadn't anticipated her swift descent into sleep, considering there was a man in her home.

As Leonel settled beside her, Alexis roused from her slumber promptly.

She muttered a curse under her breath.

"Leonel, what is it you have in mind?"

"Sleep."

As Alexis lay on the bed, a silent contemplation prompted her to flick on the light.

There, sprawled across her bed, was a man.

His upper body bared, his handsome visage undeniably captivating.

Alexis regarded him with an icy demeanor.

"I didn't bring you here to warm my bed. Even if I were seeking someone to share it with, it certainly wouldn't be a cripple."

Undeterred, Leonel clung to his pursuit.

Lazily reclining against the bed's headboard, he retorted, "Why not give it a shot? My hand may be injured, but my other aspects are in perfect working order."

He leaned in closer, his voice taking on a seductive tone.

"Alexis, I remember how you used to enjoy teasing me when we were kids. Don't you want to give it a shot now? You might find it rather addictive."

Alexis scoffed, "I never expected you had a penchant for masochism."

Upon realizing she might not be able to drive him away, she decided to turn off the light and return to sleep. Her voice emanated from the darkness.

“If you even think of laying a hand on me, I’ll ensure you won’t be able to touch a woman again for the rest of your life.”

Unfazed, he drew nearer.

Despite Alexis’s tall stature, Leonel, at 6.1 feet, easily towered over her, his broad shoulders making her seem petite when he cradled her in his arms. She endured in silence, discovering that the warmth of another body in her bed was oddly comforting.

Turning away, she uttered something biting.

Leonel leaned in, resting his chin on her shoulder, and whispered, “If you desire it, I can oblige at any moment.”

Alexis couldn’t help but sneer.

She wielded a sharp tongue, yet her body betrayed her true intentions.

In the depths of slumber, she turned and nestled into his embrace.

Just like the days of their childhood, she clung to his waist.

Leonel remained uncertain if he had really heard Alexis call his name.

Her voice had been a faint murmur, the words escaping his comprehension, He strained to listen, but her voice fell silent.

The night stretched on.

Yet, his wakefulness was not driven solely by desire.

But it was mainly because he had once again held her in his arms.

Even if it meant resorting to unsavory tactics, he had, at last, embraced her once more. In the shrouded darkness, Leonel flexed his injured hand.

To his relief, it remained intact and agile.

By morning, when Alexis awoke, Leonel had vanished.

She rubbed her eyes and sat upright.

Inside the apartment, a profound silence prevailed.

Had her rude attitude led to his abrupt departure?

Alexis felt like she was in paradise.

Yet, her bliss was short-lived. The door outside swung open, accompanied by hushed conversation. The voice sounded distinctly female, resembling Leonel's secretary.

Without hesitation, Alexis dashed out barefoot.

In the living room, she was confronted with four hefty suitcases, each appearing to weigh a solid hundred pounds.

Strewed amidst them were various documents and office paraphernalia.

Upon seeing Alexis, Leonel's secretary offered a polite nod, her smile tinged with embarrassment.

With her arms crossed defensively, Alexis awaited an explanation.

She cast a sidelong glance at Leonel, her curiosity piqued.

"Are you planning to stay here temporarily, or is this a long-term arrangement?"

Leonel, are you planning to spend your lifetime with me?"

Leonel assessed his belongings.

Instructing his secretary to leave first, he closed the door behind her and explained, "I'm someone who values the quality of life. Even if it's a short stay, I want it to be comfortable."

Alexis pointed at the scattered items.

"So you just moved your stuff out of my parents' house?"

A smile tugged at Leonel's Lips.

"I have another apartment where most of my things here were previously stored."

Alexis fixed him with a stern glare.

He was toying with her, possessing an alternative residence yet insisting on occupying her apartment. As she was about to issue an ultimatum for him to remove his clutter, Leonel interjected, "I've prepared breakfast. Omelets and juice."

Omelets and juice, huh?

Alexis' gaze immediately gravitated towards the table.

Indeed, omelets and juice were prepared in a tempting array. She felt her appetite stir just by the sight of them.

Nonchalantly scratching her head, Alexis remarked, "Well, you better dig in before you go."

Leonel's smile was tender. He approached and gently ran his fingers through her long hair.

His voice was soft as he murmured, "I happen to be quite the culinary artist. Wouldn't you like to taste them?"

Alexis hesitated.

She scrutinized him for a long moment before finally asserting, "Don't think a few meals will grant you access to my bed. I'm not that easy."

Leonel whispered, "Truth be told, I'd prefer you to do things to me than the other way around."

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Chapter 519:



Alexis rolled her eyes and snapped, "Well, keep dreaming!"

She retreated to her room, cleansing herself and donning a tasteful, professional ensemble.

As she savored her breakfast, Leonel ushered in suitcases into her bedroom.

"Hey! Are you seriously planning to move in?" Alexis inquired.

In a measured tone, Leonel affirmed, "Yes!"

Alexis paid him no mind.

Sipping on juice and savoring the omelet, which she didn't know he made with just one hand, she continued her breakfast.

Once done, she geared up for work.

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Stepping into the bedroom, she silently propped herself against the dressing room door, observing Leonel arrange clothes in the wardrobe with an air of domesticity, formal attire grouped together, casual wear given its own space.

He displayed meticulous attention to detail.

Observing his awkward one-handed efforts, Alexis harbored no inclination to assist.

She stated, "First and foremost, you need to vacate within half a month, along with all your belongings."

Leonel's movements slowed a bit.

Turning to glance at her, he remarked lightly, "You obviously have feelings for me too. Why don't you just accept me?"

Alexis chuckled.

"Do feelings automatically translate to marriage? I have feelings for the Labrador next door. Does that mean I should marry a dog?"

With that, she shot him a look as if he were a complete imbecile.

Alexis headed off to work, leaving an access card for Leonel on her way out.

He was free to go wherever; she had no intention of fetching him anymore.

Then, Alexis departed.

Leonel removed the plaster cast, swiftly organized the clothes, and meticulously cleaned the bedroom, Alexis didn't seem inclined toward household chores; even the bedding from last night remained disheveled, untouched by her.

Leonel tidied everything diligently.

Once those tasks were completed, he brewed himself a cup of coffee and initiated a video conference on his Laptop.

A company executive inquired, "Where are you, Mr. Douglas?"

Sipping his black coffee, Leonel responded with calm assurance, "At my girlfriend's place. You all know her, Miss Fowler from Sterling Law Firm."

Miss Fowler from Sterling Law Firm, huh?

It was none other than the daughter of Waylen Fowler.

Suddenly, those individuals weren't so composed. Mr. Douglas had displayed audacity by tangling with Miss Fowler.

Who held the reins in their relationship? Was it Mr. Douglas, or did Miss Fowler call the shots?

Yet, nobody dared to question it.

A profound reverence was reserved for their boss.

Leonel subtly leaked the information, gently disseminating news of his association with Alexis to the upper echelons of Duefron. The circle was so small that their relationship was destined to become common knowledge.

Alexis remained unaware of that development.

She attended a court hearing that morning and spent the afternoon engrossed in her tasks.

As the workday neared its end, her assistant entered, hesitating to speak.

"Miss Fowler, Mr. Douglas is here."

Alexis was too busy to even lift her head.

"Who?"

Even as she spoke, Leonel was already at the door, clad in casual attire that accentuated his striking presence.

The young women in the law firm were on the verge of losing their composure.

Leonel gazed at Alexis affectionately.

"I'm here to pick you up after work!"

Putting down her pen, Alexis reclined in her chair.

“Huh? A man with a single hand, disabled, aiming to fetch someone from work. Are you serious about this?”

Leonel had a good-natured demeanor akin to that of a caring husband.

He approached and pulled Alexis to her feet.

“Come on, enough with the banter. There isn’t much food in the fridge, and I need to buy some daily necessities. Let’s head to the grocery store before going home.”

The assistant at the door sported a gossip-laden expression.

“They were cohabiting, officially living together,” one murmured.

Another uttered discreetly, “Miss Fowler and Mr. Douglas are an item.

They make such a charming couple.”

Alexis felt rather helpless.

She asked her assistant and the gathering employees to depart. Once the door was shut, she inquired of Leonel, “What’s the purpose of all this? Must you ensure everyone is in the loop? It’s just accommodating you for a few days. Don’t exaggerate and turn it into a spectacle!”

Leonel regarded her.

After a prolonged silence, he suddenly queried, “Why did you decide to share a bed with me on that night?”

Alexis was taking a sip of water.

She nearly spat it out.

Locking eyes with Leonel, she eventually set the glass down.

“Fine, let’s go! I’ll accompany you to the grocery store.”

The two walked with one in front of the other.

Alexis donned sunglasses. The employees kept their distance. Even her secretaries refrained from gossiping.

Once inside the car, she removed her sunglasses.

Leonel secured his seatbelt.

“What’s the matter? Am I that inept for you?”

Alexis scoffed icily.

“How would I know your level of competence?”

Leonel gazed at her for a brief moment, opting not to respond. He shifted his focus ahead in silence.

They were adults. Rehashing those regrettable, pretentious words would only undermine his self-worth. As a man, he looked forward to a future with Alexis.

Alexis, full of thorns, occasionally pricked him painfully.

Yet, no matter the pain, he had to endure.

The atmosphere in the car grew somewhat somber. Alexis decided to play some music to lighten the mood. The soothing tunes worked wonders, bringing relief to both of them.

After a half-hour drive, Alexis halted the car.

Following a brief pause, she spoke softly.

“Let’s refrain from bringing up those things from the past!”

Her words held a touch of ambiguity.

Yet, Leonel grasped her sentiment; the past held no beauty for Alexis.

She preferred not to dwell on it.

His heart ached, and he nodded in understanding.

The two stepped out of the car and strolled together in silence.

After a while, Leonel brought over a small cart. They walked side by side, resembling a couple, almost like a young married pair, conspicuous and harmonious.

Unexpectedly, they encountered an old high school teacher.

It was Carlos Gibson, their physics instructor.

Both Leonel and Alexis was top students.

Carlos naturally had a lasting impression of them.

After not crossing paths for many years, his hair had turned gray.

He gazed at Leonel for a while and remarked, "You're Leonel Douglas, aren't you?"

With a sharp memory, Leonel recognized him immediately.

Being a successful businessman, he was naturally adept at social interactions.

The conversation with their teacher flowed smoothly. After a few exchanges, the teacher looked at Alexis with a satisfied smile.

"I didn't expect you two to still be together. Very nice, very loyal.

Alexis offered a faint smile.

Leonel glanced at her and informed the teacher, "Yes! We're still together!"

Carlos' wife was nearby, shopping for groceries, so he left in a hurry after providing his contact information.

Once the teacher departed, Leonel turned to Alexis, saying, "Let's go and buy our groceries!"

Alexis remained silent. Her demeanor grew even more subdued than before. Leonel understood she was dwelling on the past.

He had gone abroad without completing his senior year of high school, leaving Alexis behind.

As Alexis selected groceries, her choices were limited to imported fruits. For staples, it was merely eggs and pasta. She bypassed everything else.

"You can't survive on just these!"

Leonel gathered a substantial amount of meat and vegetables, placing them in the cart.

Alexis calmly remarked, "I mostly eat out! Plus, I have a week-long business trip starting the day after tomorrow."

"A business trip? What should I do without you then?" Leonel asked.

Alexis let out a slight snort.

"Should I start looking for a babysitter for you?"

Leonel gazed at her with depth.

"I'm joining you on the business trip!"

Alexis froze in her tracks, locking eyes with him.

"Leonel! Enough with the cheesy gestures! Do you genuinely believe that just because Mr. Gibson assumed we're still together, we truly are? How have you fared all these years? You know well in your heart. If you harbored any remnants of feelings for our relationship, you wouldn't have brought your girlfriends home back then! What was your intention when you brought them home? Was it to prove to my dad that you've become successful, or to demonstrate to me that you weren't exclusively mine, that Leonel Douglas could have anyone he desired after Leaving the Fowler family? Was it that you could lead whatever fantastic life you pleased?"

Leonel's complexion turned pale.

Alexis' tone softened a bit.

"Alright, discussing this is pointless!

Frankly, you shouldn't have come to my place, and I shouldn't have let you in either!"

She had lost the desire to continue shopping.

She headed back to the car first.

Leonel paid the bill and followed, carrying the groceries and settling in beside her. He then noticed a faint scent of smoke lingered in the car.

Did Alexis smoke while she waited?

Leonel often felt powerless, unsure of how to regain her affection.

Alexis could have anything she desired. If she wanted a man, she could easily find one.

It all hinged on her mood.

Unexpectedly, Alexis lowered her guard for the first time. She began, "Sorry, I shouldn't have said those things. It's all in the past.

You're right that I still have feelings for you, but I genuinely can't find a reason for us to be together. We're both adults. We should act more maturely. I don't want to deceive you, nor do I seek revenge."

Her voice carried a trace of weariness.

"Leonel, I just want to lead a slightly better life!"

She sighed and added, "I have my parents and siblings aside from you."

Leonel's complexion paled progressively. Anxiously, he added, "But you're everything to me!"

"And who brought us to this point?"

Alexis let out a bitter laugh, turning her head.

"Let's stop blaming each other. Once this half-month is over, you move out. Let's act like nothing transpired between us. It's the best choice for both of us."

Leonel fell into silence.

Once back home, Alexis secluded herself in the study.

Behind the desk, she opened the drawer and retrieved a photograph.

It was a snapshot of a sixteen-year-old Leonel and Alexis.

They sat on the grass, Alexis embracing him from behind, her chin resting on his shoulder.

They held hands, radiating youthful smiles.

She hadn't mustered the courage to glance at this photo in a long time. Each time she did, her resentment toward Leonel deepened a bit more.

Why didn't he leave decisively if he didn't love her?

They could have remained like family, perhaps even grabbing a drink together at a bar without any extra complications. Yet, he chose to frolic outside and return home, expecting her to offer love after sating his desires.

Love, huh?

Did she still feel that?

In the dimly lit study, Alexis' face felt warm, and she made no attempt to wipe it.

She ignited a long, slim cigarette, took two puffs, and then let it burn between her fingers as she lost herself in thought.

Meanwhile, Leonel was in the kitchen preparing dinner.

He rapped gently on the study door.

“Alexis, dinner is ready.”

It took about five minutes before she finally emerged from the study.

Her expression was remarkably composed.

Beneath the crystal lamp, the dining table was meticulously. A vase in the middle adorned with roses added a touch of elegance.

Alexis took her seat.

Leonel observed her as she glanced up with a faint smile.

“You cook quite well! Mustn’t have been easy with just one hand, huh?”

“I’ll be your personal chef for a lifetime if it tickles your taste buds!”

“I’m afraid I can’t afford the services of you, Mr. Douglas.”

Alexis found herself not particularly hungry. After finishing her meal, she retreated to the study. Meanwhile, Leonel, embracing the role of a diligent homemaker, tidied up the house with the precision of a devoted husband and even took care of the trash.

Downstairs, he savored a cigarette.

As wisps of smoke swirled around him, a sleek black vehicle glided to a halt. The car door opened, revealing an impeccably dressed elderly gentleman.

It was Waylen.

Even Leonel, typically unflappable, momentarily lost his poise. He extinguished his cigarette and greeted, “Mr. Fowler!”

Waylen was holding a thermal food box.

He scrutinized Leonel before shifting his gaze upstairs. His tone took on a slightly elevated pitch as he asked, “Are you Living here?”

Leonel responded with a modest smile, neither confirming nor denying.

Waylen placed the food box atop the car.

With hands on hips, he paced back and forth a few times, eventually coming to a stop.

“Are you serious, or is this just a game to you?”

Leonel's smile waned.

"I'm serious!"

Waylen shot him a stern look.

Then, he thumped the car window loudly, resonating like thunder.

"Ross, get out here! Tell me, did you know from the beginning that these two kids were living together? And you had the nerve to claim Alexis wasn't feeling well and needed soup! You spineless fool, letting these youngsters push you around like that. all these years of living, and what have you achieved?"

Ross emerged from the car, seemingly indifferent.

Waylen glared at him.

"If you had just told me outright, could they have done anything to you?"

Ross scratched his head.

"I was worried you and Mrs. Fowler couldn't handle it."

Enraged, Waylen jabbed a finger at Leonel.

"Grab that soup and come upstairs with me!"

The two men ascended.

Waylen headed straight to the study in search of his precious daughter. Upon opening the door, he was greeted by the unmistakable scent of smoke.

He stood still.

Alexis was equally frozen, as was Leonel trailing behind Waylen.

It seemed Alexis had been smoking after dinner.

Quick on her feet, she opened the window to disperse the smoke.

"I just lit a few sticks. I didn't smoke much, really."

Positioned in the doorway, her father interrogated, "And how do you explain the extra person living in your home?"

Alexis leaned against the window.

Her smile emerged.

“Leonel injured his hand. I’m looking after him.

It’s sibling affection. You should be pleased, Dad!”

Waylen wasn’t buying her excuses.

Just as he was gearing up to say something, Leonel approached, lifting a photo from the desk.

It captured a moment from his past with Alexis.

In it were sixteen-year-old Leonel and Alexis, their smiling faces an unwelcome reminder of how challenging it would be to rekindle their connection.

The study was filled with a heavy silence.

Finally, Waylen spoke up.

“You two aren’t kids anymore. If you want to be together, do it properly. Don’t mess up to the point that we can’t even be family!”

After his words, he seemed somewhat fatigued.

Alexis, the daughter he adored the most, and Leonel, equally emotionally invested, were causing each other pain. It didn’t sit well with him.

A lingering silence hung in the air.

Alexis grinned and said, “Dad, you’re overthinking! If you’re concerned, why don’t you take him home now?”

Waylen shot her a stern glance before making a swift exit.

Alexis escorted him to the door, calling after him, “Drive carefully, Dad!”

Unexpectedly, Waylen halted in his tracks and turned around.

Fixing his gaze on Alexis, he said in a hushed tone, “If you genuinely care for him, then give him a chance! Alexis, Dad doesn’t want to witness you tormenting yourself. Instead of claiming you can’t forgive Leonel, aren’t you truly struggling to forgive your past self?”

Alexis’s smile dimmed.

Without further words, Waylen departed. Their children had reached adulthood, and as parents, perhaps they shouldn't meddle too much in matters of the heart.

Alexis returned to the study.

Alexis leaned against the door frame, observing Leonel still clutching that photo. His voice floated across.

"Alexis, you still love me, don't you? You've always loved me! Tell me."

"Perhaps!"

Alexis flashed a subtle smile.

"You were quite the charmer in the past."

As she turned to depart, Leonel embraced her from behind. His hand delicately explored her lower abdomen, tracing every contour with a tender touch as if kindling a flame of passion while also savoring the simple pleasure of contact.

His gestures exuded an undeniable intimacy.

Alexis couldn't remain unaffected.

Suddenly, Leonel grew more insistent, pressing her against the study wall. Her professional suit posed a hindrance, but he paid no heed, discarding any semblance of gentleness. Nestling against her from behind, he whispered huskily and sensually, "It's not too late to turn me away now. Alexis, I want you."

His words carried a beguiling allure, prompting her response.

But as soon as he finished speaking, he couldn't resist taking things further. Alexis swatted at him, exclaiming, "You jerk! Isn't your hand injured? How on earth can you still be so strong? Are you even human?"

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Chapter 520:



“I turn into a beast whenever I lay eyes on you!”

Leonel’s voice, low and husky, sent shivers down Alexis’ spine, exuding an irresistible allure.

In the throes of their passion, they locked in a fiery embrace on the sofa, exchanging fervent kisses from every conceivable angle, eager to explore every inch of each other.

Alexis couldn’t help but wonder if she was out of her mind.

She found herself openly entwined with Leonel, of all people.

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Only Leonel had the power to evoke such feelings within her. Even amidst their conflicts and indifference, their bodies intertwining somehow rediscovered a connection, a long-lost essence.

This inexplicable force made them yearn to possess each other, a desire destined to last a lifetime.

After their intimate encounter, Alexis kicked Leonel and quipped, “Hey, your cast fell off!”

Leonel groaned with a hoarse voice, somewhat lazily.

Without bothering with the inconvenience, he simply lowered his head to kiss the woman in his arms.

“Up for another round?”

“Go to hell!”

Without hesitation, Alexis got up, throwing on his shirt as she headed towards the bedroom.

After a few steps, she halted and said, “Go get me some medicine!”

Leonel, with some reluctance, commented, “If you happen to get pregnant, just go ahead and have the baby; it’s not like we can’t afford it!”

Alexis directed her gaze toward him.

After a moment of silence, she offered a faint smile.

“Alternatively, why don’t you give pregnancy a shot?”

Leonel reclined on the sofa, discarding his polished demeanor, and there was no trace of the businessman about him only raw instincts and pure hormones.

"If you succeed in impregnating me, I suppose I wouldn't object!"

Alexis scornfully remarked, "It appears your lifelong aspiration has been to transform into a male mother!"

With that retort, she made her way to the bathroom.

Nearby, Leonel extracted a cigarette from his pant pocket, igniting it and leisurely drawing in the smoke.

Eventually, he rose, utterly unapologetic, and strolled into the luxurious master bathroom.

With a mere glance, Alexis found herself enveloped in his arms as he suggested, "Shall we shower together?"

As they emerged from the bathroom, her entire body felt weak.

She marveled at Leonel's seemingly inhuman stamina, feeling both embarrassed and angered at her own inability to keep up. In frustration, she kicked him directly and demanded, "Go buy me the morning-after pills!"

This time, the man acquiesced, head bowed, and stole a kiss before departing.

Under the cloak of night, Leonel ventured out to the pharmacy, seizing the opportunity for a breath of fresh air and a couple of leisurely cigarettes during his excursion.

Upon his return, Alexis had succumbed to slumber.

Placing the medicine and two small boxes on the nightstand, he settled at the bed's edge, gazing at her. Illuminated by the gentle lamplight, her profile mirrored that of her younger self, yet her brows and eyes bespoke a womanhood adorned with a subtle allure.

He enjoyed the expressions Alexis made when they were intimate, knowing that she took pleasure in those moments as well.

Leaning down, Leonel pressed his lips to hers. Aroused from her slumber, Alexis gazed at him, momentarily dazed. Only in such moments did she relinquish her defensive facade, embodying a soft vulnerability.

Yielding to temptation, Leonel deepened the kiss, the intimate exchange lasting for a while.

Eventually, he rasped, "I've procured the medicine."

Alexis elevated herself, sweeping back her long tresses.

"Fetch me a glass of water," she requested.

Leonel's gaze held a profound depth.

She touched her own face and remarked, "I know I'm pretty. Now stop staring and go get me some water!"

Leonel offered a faint smile.

"Indeed, you are the most beautiful."

He stood up to fetch water while Alexis lay back, quietly murmuring, "I'll just view it as having someone to keep my bed warm and prepare meals for me; it's actually quite economical when you think about it!"

Moreover, Leonel was so good in bed too.

She mulled over these thoughts while lying prone.

Shortly thereafter, Leonel returned with a glass of warm water. As Alexis accepted it and began to open the medicine box, she noticed his gaze fixed on her. She offered a subtle smile and cautioned, "Don't entertain any notions of me bearing your child!"

Leonel remained silent.

Displeased about the necessity of taking medicine, Alexis exhibited irritability. She administered another kick, directing him, "Go organize the study! Pay special attention to that sofa; give it a thorough cleaning with a sofa cleaning machine. Oh, I spent a fortune acquiring it from Italy! And you've just spoiled it."

Initially content, Leonel now acknowledges his error.

During Alexis' repose, he occupied himself with tidying up. By the time he completed the task, it was well into the night.

Not having drifted into slumber, Alexis reclined uncomfortably against the headboard, fixing her gaze on him.

"Leonel, was that contraception or poison you had me ingest? Why is my stomach in such agony?"

"Is the pain severe?"

Leonel extended his hand to caress her lower abdomen, his touch gentle as he observed her.

His warm, firm palm provided a certain comfort.

However, Alexis lacked the courage to permit him prolonged contact in that area.

After a while, she reclined, stating, "Okay, that's sufficient!"

Subsequently, Leonel reclined beside her, positioning himself near her ear.

"You just felt like being pampered, didn't you?"

"In your dreams!"

Leonel remained unruffled, enfolding her and tenderly caressing her lower abdomen.

The gentle embrace served as a connection across the years of their separation.

In moments like these, neither desired to utter anything that might sour the atmosphere.

Alexis shut her eyes, resolving to savor the moment a bit longer.

In the early hours of the morning, Leonel was jolted awake by a kick.

As consciousness returned, a painful throb pulsed through his scalp.

Gripping a fistful of his hair, Alexis demanded, "It hurts! Take me to the hospital!"

Were it not for their recent intimacy, he might have mistaken her distress for contractions, assuming she sought assistance for childbirth.

Leonel rose and donned a shirt.

He also assisted Alexis in getting dressed. While doing so, he noticed a small pool of dark blood beneath her. Did she just get her period or something?

A weightiness settled in Leonel's gaze.

Alexis once again tugged at his dark hair, lamenting, "It's excruciating!"

The pain compelled her to lean feebly against his shoulder, an embodiment of fragility.

Leonel dared not procrastinate. He proceeded to the cloakroom, fetching clean panties for her, affixing a sanitary pad, and draping a coat over her. Without bothering to attire himself further, he queried, "Is the pain severe?"

Stripped of her usual arrogance, Alexis nodded faintly.

“Yes, it hurts a lot.”

Cradling her in his arms, Leonel descended the stairs. Before long, he settled her into the car, reassuring her, “We’ll reach the hospital shortly.”

Alexis was afflicted with a blood clotting disorder from birth.

Was her discomfort during her menstrual cycle a perpetual ordeal?

The car’s speed increased slightly. With a pallid countenance and closed eyes, Alexis murmured softly, “I’ve never experienced such intense pain before. It must be due to the medication I ingested.”

Leonel faltered briefly and felt a momentary surge of emotion.

He then delicately held her hand, not maintaining the grasp for too long, before redirecting his attention to driving.

Five minutes later, he arrived at the nearest hospital with her.

Following emergency care, it was concluded that the distress stemmed from both the medication and her menstrual cycle. The doctor perused Alexis’ electronic medical records, and then directed attention back to her.

“If the blood loss becomes too severe, we may need to contemplate a transfusion! Procuring blood of your type isn’t a straightforward task.”

Leonel interjected quietly, “We share the same blood type.”

The doctor, somewhat incredulous, jestingly remarked with a smile, “You two are married, correct? That conveniently resolves matters, self-sufficiency”

“No!”

Alexis raised her head, declaring, “I’ll arrange for someone to procure blood for me! I have a freezer containing nearly 10, 000 ml of stored blood.”

The doctor was taken aback.

His gaze shifted to Leonel, surmising that it was his blood.

Alexis dialed a number, her voice hushed as she directed someone to fetch two bags of blood.

After ending the call, she slouched wearily over the table.

Witnessing Alexis in such a state for the first time, Leonel experienced a sense of distress and guilt.

He arranged a room for Alexis.

Twenty minutes later, the blood bank supplied the blood. The doctor personally connected Alexis to the IV, observing as the blood trickled into her veins, drop by drop. Leonel's heart was fraught with intricate emotions.

Seated by her bedside, his voice raspy, he uttered, "I'm so sorry, Alexis!"

Alexis contemplated expressing her satisfaction from their session too, yet ultimately refrained from uttering such a distant and acerbic comment.

She felt intensely uncomfortable.

In this state of distress, she had no desire to be in conflict with Leonel any longer.

After a while, her expression took on a somewhat peculiar Look.

Leonel immediately grasped the situation.

"Do you need to change it?"

Even a seasoned woman like Alexis blushed at that.

"Yes, it feels like the blood flow is too intense! Leonel, looks like your blood comes in handy at crucial times."

Leonel was unfazed by any sense of disgust.

After thoroughly cleaning her with a fresh napkin, he leaned his head against hers, remarking, "Not only that! I'm quite adept at many other things, too! Alexis, let's reconcile. I assure you, I'll indulge you in comfort."

"What a caring role you've assumed!"

Alexis laughed mockingly, but her Laughter ceased soon.

Damn, it hurt!

Yet with Leonel right in front of her, she could pull his hair when in pain. Not like those nights in the past eight years when she suffered alone, disclosing her agony to no one and silently enduring it by herself.

Blood dripped steadily.

Throughout the night, Leonel didn't sleep a wink.

Similar to caring for a sick child, he vigilantly watched over Alexis.

As dawn approached, he contemplated her tranquil countenance.

He wondered, just how much had he missed in all these years?

Alexis' hand felt slightly cool. He cradled it in his palm, lifting it to his lips as he gazed at her. Perhaps only now did he finally discern what truly lay in his heart.

He yearned to care for her.

In sickness and health, until death do them part, he desired every moment of life to be shared with Alexis.

Leonel's eyes unexpectedly became slightly wet.

Upon awakening, Alexis' attention was drawn to the shimmer in the corners of Leonel's eyes. Pausing briefly, she gently inquired, "What's the matter?"

Leonel shook his head, replying, "Nothing."

He carefully arranged the blanket around her, asking, "Still experiencing discomfort?"

Alexis shook her head. With her cheeks resting against the pristine pillow, she expressed, "I have a craving for sweet red bean porridge, the kind that's not overcooked, where you can still discern the beans.

It becomes unappealing when it turns into mush."

Leonel planted a kiss on her Lips.

"Quite the princess, aren't you? Nevertheless, I'll fulfill your desire!"

Naturally, they couldn't purchase what the princess desired from any restaurant. Leonel arranged for Alexis to be discharged and escorted her home.

The bed linens were replaced.

Alexis reclined against the bed, calling her assistant to convey that she wouldn't be going to the firm.

After ending the call, she sighed.

The enticing aroma of cooking pervaded the air, playing with her senses. She sensed that her association with Leonel had taken on an ambiguous nature. She understood they shouldn't persist, yet she found it hard to resist the allure.

She drifted into a reverie for a considerable duration.

Leonel soon entered, carrying a tray adorned with red bean porridge, milk, and eggs.

Alexis furrowed her brow, expressing her disinterest in the eggs.

Leonel placed the aromatic red bean porridge in front of her, the sight was incredibly appealing.

"allow me to feed you!"

He added, "There'll be a reward if you consume it all."

Alexis felt a sense of intrigue. She lacked nothing and pondered the nature of the reward he referred to. Suddenly, a box of condoms was placed in her hand.

Alexis' face flushed with anger.

She hurled the item at his face, exclaiming, "Leonel, you have no shame!"

He chuckled softly, soothing her with a gentle tone.

"Alright, stop fooling around and just eat."

Alexis declined his offer to feed her, assuming control and consuming small bites on her own.

Leonel simply observed her.

A silent moment lingered between them, accompanied by a subtle sense of ambiguity.

After a considerable time, Alexis stated dryly, "Once I've recovered, you relocate!"

He agreed.

Alexis gazed at him. She desired to articulate something but remained uncertain about the words. Given their current situation, Leonel didn't push her. He kissed her, encouraging her to drink her milk.

Ultimately, the eggs found their way into his stomach.

Alexis experienced a significant blood loss.

Feeling unwell, she lounged idly around the house. She contemplated and came to the realization that, ever since attaining the position of partner at the firm, she hadn't truly rested. Even during her menstrual period, regardless of the blood loss, she never dedicated time for recovery. She consciously refrained from utilizing Leonel's blood as well.

She vehemently declined it.

However, having Leonel in this apartment felt different.

It felt as though she could finally find solace.

Due to his efficient management and maintenance of cleanliness, he even washed her bed linens and undergarments. Alexis was highly content.

She wasn't someone who preferred maids to handle such tasks.

But Leonel was a man...

Subsequently, she thought, he deserves it!

That audacious man. She'd assert her authority a bit, as was fitting.

Alexis took two days off to recover. Initially planning to return to work, she decided to extend her break by two more days since it was the weekend. Just as she was contemplating inviting someone for a meal, Leonel entered the study, holding his phone.

He conveyed, "Dad wants us to join for dinner!"

Nonchalantly lying on the sofa and reading a book, with her long legs hanging casually, Alexis responded with composure, "That's my dad! Not yours! Quit addressing him incorrectly!"

Leonel chuckled.

"Are you going to argue with me about this too?"

Didn't you always make me call him that when we were kids?"

Alexis didn't bother to engage in an argument with him.

She mused. It had been a while since she had visited her old man.

She should do this.

However, Leonel spoke again, saying, "I've already turned down the invitation!"

Alexis was left speechless.

“Then why bring this up to me?”

He approached her, bending down to kiss her.

“Let’s go on a date to a restaurant or do grocery shopping and cook together at home. Take your pick.”

“I don’t want to choose either!”

“But you have to.”

Alexis continued flipping through her book, stating, “I want to invite someone out to eat! I don’t want your company or cooking!”

Having expressed that, she lightly patted his handsome face. She then intended to get up.

Leonel didn’t permit it.

He restrained her, his long fingers delicately caressing her Lower abdomen.

“You haven’t fully recovered yet. Why go rushing around everywhere? What’s wrong with being with me? You can’t deny I have the best physique you’ve ever seen! You even lost your voice from all the screaming that night! Alexis, is it truly difficult to admit you enjoy being with me and that you like having intimate moments with me?”

Alexis seized his neck, whispering softly, “Quite the exaggerator, Mr. Douglas! It was evident that you took liberties that night!”

Despite losing so much blood, she hadn’t made him pay yet.

Incapable of tolerating her actually going out, Leonel grew anxious.

“Who are you meeting? Calvin?”

Alexis lightly tapped his handsome face again.

“It’s none of your concern!”

Honestly, she desired to meet Laura and Olivia; the idea of taking those two little girls shopping filled her with joy, with Waylen covering the expenses, naturally.

However, she didn’t want to disclose it to Leonel.

As she departed, observing Leonel feigning composure, she approached in high spirits, her hand trailing the back of his neck.

“Take care of the house!”

Leonel firmly grasped her waist.

The next moment, Alexis also lost her composure, exclaiming, “Damn you, Leonel!”

He licked and nibbled, biting her a few more times. Alexis exclaimed, her voice undergoing a transformation.

“Bastard!”

Leonel gazed up at her, his voice hoarse with desire.

“Tell me who you’re meeting, or you’re not stepping out today!”

Alexis was so furious that she pulled his dark hair.

Damn him! How could she go out like this?

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