

A Second Chance With My Billionaire Love

Chapter 521:



Alexis slipped into another shirt in the bedroom.

Leonel trailed in after her. She didn't bother to look back.

"I'm changing. Do you have to play the spectator?"

But she miscalculated his shamelessness.

Leonel embraced her gently from behind, assisting in buttoning up her shirt and, of course, taking a few liberties. Eventually, his face found refuge in the crook of her neck.

"Isn't it cozy at home? I'll whip up some Italian food for you."

Alexis turned her head, "I'm in the mood for Thai cuisine today."

She playfully patted his cheek, slipped on a coat, and headed towards the door.

Leonel escorted her to the door without any protest this time.

"Then I'll work from home! Return early, and I'll prepare some mulled wine for you."

Alexis didn't respond and just bent down to change her shoes.

But as she departed, her gaze involuntarily returned to Leonel. He was engrossed in a phone conversation, standing by the floor-to-ceiling window, dressed in casual attire but retaining his allure, much like her father.

Silently observing him, Alexis couldn't help but linger.

Abruptly, Leonel turned his head. The voice on the other end of the line persisted, but it became indistinct to him.

His gaze locked onto Alexis.

He contemplated questioning her about the intent behind that look, wondering if she still harbored feelings for him.

Alexis averted her eyes and took her leave.

The door closed, and Leonel continued to gaze for a prolonged moment.

Alexis leaned against the door panel.

She cast her eyes downward and lightly licked her lips, her heart in a state of restlessness.

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That couldn't go on with Leonel any longer.

Attempting to divert her thoughts, she took Olivia and Laura shopping, but her mood remained elusive.

Affectionately, Olivia hugged her arm and even treated her to a massage when they arrived at a dessert shop.

Alexis gently pulled the little girl's hand.

Sighing softly, she murmured, "Looking at you young girls as beautiful as flowers, I feel like I'm already eighty!"

Olivia blinked and shared, "Uncle Waylen seemed upset last night, pacing back and forth. Auntie Rena then told him to stop, and he just said, 'How could Alexis do this? And that Leonel, he was rebelling! These two ended up sleeping together in such an ambiguous situation. Rena, aren't you going to do something about it?'"

Olivia vividly recounted the events.

The introverted Laura smiled with pursed Lips.

Alexis blushed, giving Olivia a playful glare.

"I seriously need to sew up that chatty mouth of yours."

"But you wouldn't do that to me!"

Olivia teased, snuggling up, "Alexis, spill the beans! What's the deal with Leonel now? He must have some top-notch features, both hardware and software, to catch your attention!"

Taking a sip of her juice, Alexis mumbled, "Well, he's quite handsome."

With stars twinkling in her eyes, Olivia held her little face in admiration.

She silently rooted for them.

Yet, Alexis quickly added, "But it was just a temporary thing, so it doesn't really count! He's moving out in a few days."

Olivia couldn't accept this.

"That's not going to fly! You can't let the good stuff slip through your fingers and fall into the hands of outsiders. Take it back, capital and all, just like Edwin did to get Laura back! He's like a bone-hungry dog, chewing on every last bit!"

Laura blushed a bit.

But she couldn't be upset with Olivia, whom she liked so much.

Alexis playfully patted Olivia's little hand.

"Haha! Uncle Mark and Aunt Cecilia have been quite generous to Laura. I reckon Edwin is just a bad investment!"

Olivia mulled it over and found the logic in it too.

She rambled on, divulging every little detail about Alexis and Leonel's escapade in bed. After the meal, Alexis made a quick retreat.

She aimlessly drove around.

She kept muttering under her breath. At her age, she couldn't believe she was getting grilled about her feelings by a little brat.

This is all Leonel's fault! She thought.

The meal didn't quite hit the spot. Alexis had always been a picky eater.

She sought out a place to satisfy her appetite.

The phone interrupted her thoughts. It was Leonel.

In his usual gentle tone, Leonel asked, "Where are you? Should I come pick you up?"

Alexis, stubborn as ever, retorted, "I'm having a blast! Mr. Douglas, what's the deal? You don't have any friends, so you have to cling to me all the time like this? Honestly, I'm starting to feel sorry for you!"

Leonel flashed a playful grin.

"Yep, you're all I have now!"

Teased by his comment, Alexis promptly hung up on him.

Shortly afterward, Leonel sent her a snapshot of a table adorned with a spread of Thai cuisine.

It looked undeniably authentic at first glance.

Having such a dashing man at home, who had taken the time to prepare a feast of her favorite dishes, the mere thought of it stirred her heart.

Alexis tried to suppress the temptation repeatedly.

In the end, she made up her mind to visit Calvin.

It had been nearly a week since they last met. She aimed to maintain a simple relationship with Calvin. Once he fully recovered, he could resume shooting, find a girlfriend, and eventually embark on the path to marriage.

What Calvin desired from her, she had long ago bestowed upon Leonel.

Alexis carried a bouquet and a basket of fruits.

She entered the hospital.

She gently pushed the door of the VIP ward open, finding Calvin seated by the window, gazing outside.

The untouched food on the nearby table caught her attention.

Alexis sighed softly as she approached and took a seat.

“Why haven’t you eaten? Is it not to your liking?”

Calvin turned to face her.

He observed Alexis in silence for a prolonged moment before asking softly, “Are you with Leonel now?”

Alexis, not wishing to deceive Calvin, chose honesty.

She pondered for a moment before admitting, “I won’t deny that I still have feelings for him.”

Calvin’s eyes showed a hint of redness.

Alexis gently took his hand and said softly, "Calvin, you should find a girl who suits you. Get married, have children, and build a family of your own."

She had once considered a future with Calvin.

Yet, Calvin needed an all-encompassing love that she couldn't provide.

Thoughts of such a nature surfaced briefly in her mind, only to be promptly dismissed by Alexis.

To her, Calvin was akin to a little brother she had nurtured.

"Have something to eat, okay?" Alexis' demeanor toward him was always tender.

Calvin's voice sounded hoarse.

"I'll eat when I'm hungry! Go. I'm fine."

Alexis scrutinized him, her gaze suddenly drawn to the bedside table.

Several photos adorned it.

All captured moments with Leonel. In one, he had her pinned against a car, the intimacy palpable.

Alexis picked up the photos and flipped through them.

"Did you have me followed?"

She tossed the photos in front of Calvin.

Calvin retrieved the images, his expression more indignant than ever.

"Yes! I had you followed. I was losing my mind without you, but I hesitated to call. I feared you'd see me as bothersome, worry that I'm not as mature as him! Despite everything, I don't want to messed up things and drive you away!"

After Calvin poured out his feelings, a heavy silence enveloped the room.

His heart pounded as if it would get out of his chest.

He had never poured out his emotions to Alexis in such an intense way before.

Alexis appeared bewildered.

It took her a considerable moment before her lips stirred. She seemed on the verge of explaining something to him but eventually decided against it.

After a prolonged pause, she finally uttered hoarsely, "Concentrate on getting better."

As she departed, Calvin called her name.

But Alexis didn't stop. The long, vacant hospital corridor reverberated with the sharp clatter of high heels.

Despite the coat she wore, a chilling cold lingered within.

She recalled that night when she initially brought Calvin home; he clung to her, unwilling to release her embrace.

He regarded her as his savior.

But who would be her savior? Alexis leaned casually against the hallway wall.

She lit a long, slender cigarette with a contemplative air.

She smoked it in silence.

Someone approached from the front. It was Calvin's assistant, Karin Boyd, with reddened eyes.

Alexis said casually, "Take good care of him! Find him a psychologist.

No, let me arrange one! I'll have someone come over tomorrow for a session with him."

Karin dried her teary eyes and uttered softly, "It's of no use, Miss Fowler!"

Alexis was momentarily startled.

Karin sobbed quietly, "Calvin has acute leukemia. The doctor said it was dire. He probably won't make it past the summer!"

Alexis stood there, stunned.

Leukemia, a prognosis with no summer.

She leaned against the white wall, the world spinning around her.

It took her a while to steady herself.

"Have top-notch specialists, both domestic and international, been sought out?"

Karin shook her head.

“He didn’t want anyone to know, and he didn’t want me to inform you.”

Alexis’ eyes welled up. She gently comforted Karin with a pat on the shoulder before returning to the ward.

Calvin remained at the window, his gaze fixed on the outside world.

She remained adrift in a cloud of mystery about his thoughts.

Alexis removed her coat, slipped into slippers, and entered. She playfully tapped him on the head.

“Are you still sulking? Dig into your food. If you resist, I might have to force it into your mouth!”

With that, she headed to warm up the meal.

The microwave hummed softly, filling the quiet ward.

Calvin whispered quietly, “Did they tell you?”

“About what?” Alexis suppressed her emotions, “Don’t assume forgiveness comes easy. Hey brat, you shouldn’t be dabbling in adult-like stalking even before reaching maturity, engaging in all these futile endeavors.”

Calvin remained silent. After a pause, he uttered, “I don’t need your pity! I don’t need you sticking around because I’m unwell. I’ve reflected on it. If you genuinely fancy him, just be with him.”

At least that man was healthy.

At least that man knew her well.

They spent their childhood together. And that man now possessed the strength to offer her everything she desired.

While he, Calvin, was fractured, both in body and soul.

He aspired to confine her, but it was nothing more than wishful thinking.

Alexis listened in silence. After a pause, she interjected, “Rubbish!

Time to eat!”

She didn't bring up Leonel to Calvin, but Calvin was aware of her affection for that man.

From the past until then, Leonel was the only one in her heart.

Alexis spoon-fed Calvin, who finally relented and ate. She grumbled to him, her voice hoarse.

"I'm just Like your mom."

Calvin gazed at her silently.

Alexis tousled his soft hair.

"If you don't want to kick the bucket, seek treatment. Otherwise, I'll toss you straight into the river, and you'll never catch sight of me again."

Calvin embraced her.

He nestled his head in her arms, resembling the fragile, helpless child of yore.

Not a word escaped his lips.

Alexis' eyes welled up. She held him close and said gently, "I'm here. I won't let anything harm you. Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

Calvin whispered, "I was afraid of being a burden to you."

Alexis caressed his face. Her heart felt tender and sorrowful.

Calvin's voice was muffled.

"You may be with him, but you can't abandon me! Don't ever leave me alone."

"I'm not ready to be with him yet."

Alexis sighed softly. What a tangled web!

Her day at the hospital was a flurry of activity.

She arranged expert consultations for Calvin and filed for matching.

All that was left was to await the results.

By the time she returned to her pad, it was already eight o'clock at night.

She parked the car and exclaimed, "I'm so worn out!"

But soon, her mind drifted again. She couldn't bear to forsake Calvin or allow any harm to befall him.

A knock on the car window interrupted her thoughts.

Glancing over, she spotted Leonel, cigarette dangling from his mouth and a trash bag in hand, looking surprisingly at ease.

Alexis rolled down the window.

"Mr. Douglas, what a surprise!"

Leonel extinguished the cigarette.

"I've been waiting for you forever.

Looks like Miss Fowler is quite the sought-after lady with her appointments."

"As if!"

Alexis stepped out of the car, secured the door, and entered the elevator with him.

Exhausted and famished, all she desired was a hearty meal without any squabbles with Leonel.

Upon opening the door, she found the empty dining table.

"What happened to the Thai food?"

Leonel casually scrolled through his phone with one hand.

"Oh, I figured you didn't fancy it, so I ditched it."

Alexis felt irritated.

She never mentioned that she didn't want to eat it.

Leonel hugged her slim waist from behind and chuckled.

"It's in the kitchen. Shall I warm it up for our busy Miss Fowler? Hey, you're supposed to be popular. How come you couldn't even manage a meal?"

Originally, Alexis intended to offer a comeback, but her mood was already sour.

So she dropped the bomb.

“Calvin’s got Leukemia.”

Leonel’s eyebrows twitched in surprise.

Gently releasing Alexis, he strolled into the kitchen to heat up the untouched food. Alexis trailed after him.

In a hushed tone, Leonel queried, “How did this hit out of the blue?”

Alexis spilled the details she was informed.

Leonel pondered for a beat.

“I know some top-notch hematologists over at Acoiclya. I’ll give them a buzz later to check on Calvin.”

Alexis found his generosity a bit unexpected.

In an unprecedented move, she slipped her arms around him. Her voice became tender.

“You don’t strike me as the benevolent type.”

“It’s all because I love you!

Maybe your father has a point. When faced with a love rival you can’t beat, turn them into your family. Calvin seems ripe for the picking. Tomorrow, let him know he’s got new parents on the block.

Alexis found herself at a loss for words.

It dawned on her. Leonel had indeed been schooled by her dad, a chip off the old block.

She released herself from his embrace.

Yet, Leonel snagged her hand, drawing her closer.

The pot exuded a tantalizing aroma.

Holding her close, he gently said, “Alexis, by sharing this with me, you’re showing you trust me, right?”

“Perhaps.”

Alexis’s tone remained light.

“But remember, you’re still on track to move out by the end of the week.”

Leonel offered a faint smile.

He reheated her dinner and stayed by her side as she ate, and then took care of the dishes.

In her chaotic life, Alexis couldn’t deny that Leonel’s presence brought her a measure of comfort.

After dinner, she indulged in some mulled wine he prepared.

While she sipped on her drink, Leonel dialed a number, engaging in a lengthy conversation for about half an hour. Upon ending the call, he remarked, “They’ll be here tomorrow.”

Alexis expressed her gratitude.

Leonel arched an eyebrow playfully.

“Getting praise from Miss Fowler is no easy feat.”

Alexis scrutinized him.

He still looked golden.

She couldn’t deceive herself. Her feelings for him persisted. She understood why she had always favored Leonel. He was the dependable one and strong enough.

Calvin was young, adorable, and kind.

Alexis could tend to him, but her heart wouldn’t sway his way.

What she’d always craved was a companion strong enough to stand shoulder-to-shoulder with her, and that person had always been Leonel.

Alexis rubbed her forehead.

No, she mustn’t think anymore. She must have been enchanted by Leonel.

After her shower, Alexis lounged in bed, engrossed in a medical magazine.

Draped in a silk bathrobe, her long hair spilled over her shoulders, lending her an unusually tender appearance.

Leonel wasn’t one to cling to her all the time either.

Upon concluding his workday and entering the bedroom, that was the scene that awaited him.

He bent one leg, kneeling by her side to kiss her, all the while teasing, “Are you all clean now?”

Alexis was exasperated.

It had only been three days since she got her period! How could he be so ridiculously horny?

She tugged at his black hair.

“Deal with it yourself.”

Leonel grinned.

He switched off the lights, prompting a playful hit from Alexis.

“What’s going on? I was reading that article!”

In the dimness, he breathed deeply, “Aren’t you curious? Don’t you want to feel me?”

Alexis gently caressed his face.

“What are you getting at?”

Leonel sucked on her lips and whispered, “How about a change of role tonight? You can do anything you like to me.”

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Chapter 522:



Alexis remained silent for a beat after Leonel’s words hung in the air.

In the dimly lit surroundings, the only sounds were the subtle breaths exchanged between the man and the woman, accompanied by the fragrance emanating from her hair.

Leonel couldn't restrain himself any longer.

His kisses ventured to the nape of her neck, inhaling her scent as he uttered in a husky tone, "What do you say?"

They melded together, his senses filled with the undiluted essence of masculinity.

The exhilaration was palpable!

Finally, neither could contain their desires any longer.

Seizing the back of Alexis' head, he kissed her fervently.

The bedclothes crinkled and then settled into place.

In the dim bedroom, rays of tender passion lingered.

In the late hours of the night, Alexis lay serenely on the pillow, embraced from behind by Leonel.

Following the earlier intensity of passion, a sense of tranquility and affection now enveloped everything.

"What made you decide to dye your hair black?"

"It just felt like a change! Black suits me, don't you think?"

Leonel planted a kiss on the tender spot behind her ear.

"Your natural brown was lovely, and this black is equally enchanting."

Alexis playfully kicked him.

"Smooth talker! Loosen your grip. I want to get some sleep."

Yet Leonel persisted, shamelessly whispering in her ear, "Enjoy what we had earlier? After your period's gone, we can have a rerun. A better one actually."

Alexis chuckled softly.

"Oh yeah? A better one?"

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Leonel remained in good spirits. Regardless of her attempts to provoke him, anger eluded him.

Fatigue tinged Alexis' demeanor.

She snuggled against him, her mind dwelling on Calvin's ailment, yet sleep eluded her.

"Concerned about Calvin?"

Leonel's voice resonated in the obscurity.

Alexis murmured her assent.

In moments like these, she found herself open to sharing with Leonel.

She delved into details about Calvin's situation, discussing his parents and recounting the past when she took him under her wing.

Alexis spoke in hushed tones, and Leonel absorbed her words in unwavering silence.

As she concluded, with his face nestled in her neck, he posed a quiet question.

"Alexis, if I hadn't left then, would you still have welcomed him into your life?"

A faint smile graced Alexis' lips.

"Absolutely! Although I would've had you handle most of it."

Leonel's voice lowered, its warmth accentuated.

"So, will you allow me to take care of it now?"

Alexis remained silent for an extended period of time.

She responded casually, "Even if I accept your assistance, don't anticipate a permanent residence."

"Okay! I'll move out as we agreed.

But I bet you'll miss me, Alexis. You'll get addicted to having me around."

Alexis could barely endure continuing to listen.

Leonel projected an air of dignity outwardly, but in private, he was such a flirt!

But a gentle flutter touched her heart.

From the age of 20 onward, she bore the weight of life alone. Even during her most struggling time, dependence was a foreign concept.

His departure left her determined not to lean on anyone again.

Independence became her unwavering stance.

Yet he returned, uttering, "Alexis, let me handle it!"

Alexis shut her eyes briefly. Alexis, you've always been pragmatic.

Why, when it comes to Leonel, does emotion sneak in? She thought in confusion.

A night of tenderness passed.

In the early morning, Alexis rose to freshen up. The toothpaste was neatly squeezed out, and the towel was carefully placed in its place.

A faint smile graced her lips. Leonel, the unexpected housekeeper, was doing quite a commendable job.

Beyond that, the toaster emitted a satisfying sound, accompanied by the aroma of perfectly toasted bread. Alexis completed her ablutions and stepped out.

Leonel sat at the dining table, clad in a snow-white shirt paired with gray trousers, presenting a neat and tidy appearance.

The morning feast consisted of a ham sandwich, a glass of milk, and a plate adorned with assorted fruits.

Alexis desired a cup of coffee, but Leonel forbade her from having ...

"Milk is all you're gonna get. Plus, I plan to break your smoking habit. Second-hand smoke isn't ideal either."

Alexis bit into the sandwich, her words muffled.

"Then why don't you quit smoking?"

Leonel lifted his gaze, a touch of depth in his eyes.

"Do you want me to quit smoking?"

Alexis remained silent. Convincing a man to quit smoking was a task for his wife.

At present, it wasn't her problem.

She continued to eat in silence, sipping her milk. Leonel maintained a fixed gaze. Suddenly, he remarked, "Last night, I quite enjoyed it!"

In response, Alexis accidentally sprayed a mouthful of milk on his face.

A moment of hushed stillness followed.

Alexis managed a strained smile.

"Apologies, Mr. Douglas!"

After a while, Leonel wiped his face with a napkin and remarked, "Sooner or later, I'll get even with you!"

Alexis opted not to engage in the banter.

Following breakfast, she headed to the law firm for a morning court session. The plan was to visit Calvin at the hospital once her Legal duties concluded.

Throughout the day, Leonel refrained from intruding on her space.

Upon departing the hospital, she encountered him conversing with the hospital director.

Choosing not to interrupt, she observed, from a distance beneath a tree, a solitary figure.

While conversing, Leonel periodically cast glances her way.

It was only after concluding the discussion that he approached her.

Alexis observed him.

"Impressive connection you have, Mr. Douglas.

Forming a bond with that hospital director is no small feat."

Leonel offered a faint smile, relieving her of the briefcase.

"Just a matter of past favors! Have you visited Calvin?"

Alexis nodded.

"Do you want to visit him as well?"

Leonel opened the car door, gesturing for her to enter and shielding her from the elements. However, his words carried a hint of bitterness.

"Humph! Visiting him? I'm not that generous. I'd rather not see him for now, at least."

Alexis didn't push the matter.

Fastening her seatbelt, she declared, "Drop me off at the grocery store. I'd like to make some pork rib soup."

Leonel expressed skepticism, turning his head with a quizzical look.

"You're adept at making soup? And is it for Calvin?"

Alexis muttered an affirmative response.

Leonel's elegant hands rested on the steering wheel. After a brief pause, he suggested, "How about we go grocery shopping together? I can handle the cooking later. I worry that if you do it, Calvin might end up with an upset stomach."

"Do you think so poorly of my cooking?"

"Well, you know... perhaps, I suppose!"

Alexis chose to disregard his comments.

After a stretch of driving, Leonel said tenderly, "Alexis, in essence, you're still the same as when you were little. I find myself having to pamper and coax you. Even when you look tough, you're actually remarkably easy to handle."

"Enough with the cheesy talk!"

Leonel chuckled softly, appearing content.

Thirty minutes later, they reached the familiar grocery store from their previous visit.

The atmosphere between them carried a distinct tone from their previous visit though.

Leonel piled items into the cart energetically. Alexis protested, "This is excessive; we won't be able to consume it all. Besides, I'm clueless about cooking the steak! And I'm not a fan of this brand of milk."

"It's meant for two people. I'll take care of the steak, and the milk is for my consumption."

Following Leonel's statement, Alexis muttered under her breath, "You're moving out in a few days, right?"

"Can't I still drop by often?"

He turned to her and added, "If Miss Fowler craves Thai, I'll whip up Thai. If she leans toward Italian, I'll craft an Italian feast.

And if the mood strikes, I might even offer some special complementary services... Intriguing, isn't it?"

Uttering these shameless remarks audaciously, he drew laughter from the nearby girls.

Thankfully, Alexis had a resilient spirit, yet she wasn't keen on providing a free show to onlookers.

"Leonel, do you have no shame?"

In response, Leonel leaned in and planted a kiss on her lips.

Nonchalantly, he proceeded as if everything had been perfectly normal.

"Let's head to the fresh section and check if there's any sea bass available!"

Craving something spicy, Alexis skipped any pretense of refusal.

She trailed alongside him, their actions resembling those of a newlywed couple selecting groceries.

Leonel took charge of most decisions.

However, from time to time, he sought Alexis' input, inquiring about her preferences for fruits and snacks.

An hour later, their cart brimmed with an assortment of items.

Upon returning to the apartment, Alexis promptly discarded her high heels and stretched out on the sofa.

"I'm drained! Leonel, I swear I'm not doing this again! It's more exhausting than a day in court!"

Leonel rinsed the pork ribs and commenced the stewing process.

Additionally, he organized the purchased items, stowing them away meticulously. His familiarity suggested he was right at home.

Concluding his tasks, he washed an apple for Alexis.

“Once we’re married, let’s employ two house maids-one for cleaning and another for cooking, but they don’t have to be here all the time.

Alternatively, I could take charge of the cooking, but it might impact my career. Can’t have overly high expectations for a house husband, you know.”

Following his words, he affectionately nuzzled his tall, straight nose against hers.

Alexis couldn’t help but find him shamelessly audacious.

Ha! He’d barely been at her place for a few days, and he was already discussing marriage?

Biting into the apple, she remarked, “You’re overthinking! This is temporary, remember?”

Leonel grinned.

“I’ve mentioned it before-you’ll grow addicted to me!”

With that, he immersed himself in the kitchen tasks.

Alexis reclined against the sofa, engrossed in TV and nibbling on the apple. Occasionally, her gaze drifted toward Leonel’s figure in the kitchen. Elegance and poise, coupled with culinary skills-not a bad combination!

Were it not for his murky past, he would genuinely embody the qualities of an ideal husband!

A soft sigh escaped her Lips.

After completing the pork rib soup, Leonel prepared a meal for Alexis.

Instructing her to eat first, he headed out to deliver the soup to the hospital.

“I’ll handle it!” Alexis hesitated to impose on him further.

Yet Leonel had already donned a coat.

Securing the car keys, he uttered gently, “When pursuing someone, a bit of sincerity is in order, Alexis. I’m sincere about this.”

Alexis intended to offer some perfunctory responses, but words eluded her.

Only after a considerable amount of time had passed did she finally express her gratitude.

Following Leonel's departure, the door closed softly, leaving Alexis alone at the dining table.

The dinner spread was abundant, featuring a steamed sea bass, some vegetables, and a light yet nourishing soup.

Alexis took a few bites before her mind wandered into contemplation.

Leonel persistently claimed she'd become addicted to him. In truth, she believed she already was! It wasn't solely about physical pleasure but rather a profound spiritual connection.

Leonel understood her desires and could fulfill her needs.

This sentiment wasn't replicable by just anyone.

Alexis felt a tinge of irritation. She yearned for a cigarette.

But as the slender stick rested between her fingers, she broke it in half and discarded it in the trash.

She contemplated whether she still harbored affection for Leonel.

Despite his prolonged absence, the time they spent apart, and the divergent paths taken over eight years, she believed her heart remained steadfast.

His return prompted her to follow suit.

By the floor-to-ceiling window, Alexis stood, vigorously rubbing her face while muttering, "Ensnared by desire! Shame on you, Alexis!"

Upon Leonel's return, it was already late.

He consumed all the leftovers Alexis left behind, proceeded to wash the dishes, and took out the trash. Alexis emerged from the study as he completed these tasks. The corners of her eyes displayed a hint of redness. She uttered softly, "Leonel, you needn't be overly kind to me. We are..."

Leonel still had a cigarette in his mouth, but it remained unlit.

Clearly, he intended to smoke outside. In that moment, he removed the cigarette from his lips and asked gently, "What's wrong? Have you been crying?"

Alexis felt uneasy.

“No!”

Leonel approached, extending his hand to gently stroke her head. He then said softly, “Alexis, you don’t have to be strong all the time.

You’re a girl; and just like Olivia and Elva, you deserve to be pampered.”

Alexis considered mentioning that she was the eldest.

Leonel kissed her and added, “Plus, I’m a few months older than you!

It’s my duty to look after you.”

Alexis averted her gaze.

After a moment, she spoke softly, “But what about all those years?

Where were you? Leonel, curse you!”

Her emotions surged unexpectedly.

Alexis prided herself on being rational, but in that moment, she couldn’t contain her feelings.

The stronger her attraction to Leonel became, the more she found herself fixating on the past.

Observing her reddened eyes, Leonel swallowed visibly. Lacking an explanation, he simply enveloped her in his arms, planting kisses on her hair and whispering softly, “I’m sorry, Alexis. I’m sincerely sorry!”

He whispered, “Henceforth, I won’t depart again.

I won’t stray from your side.

I’m committed to remaining with the Fowler family for the entirety of my life, tending to your parents and siblings.” He could only hope she would afford him a second chance.

Alexis soon pulled herself together.

She gently pushed him away, saying, “Weren’t you heading downstairs to dispose of the trash? Why haven’t you done so?”

“Okay, just refrain from crying.”

“I wasn’t crying!”

Leonel smiled tenderly, playfully nipping at her beautiful, straight nose.

Alexis chided, “Are you trying to act like a dog?”

Nonetheless, he enveloped her waist, drawing her closer. Subsequently, he kissed her rosy lips. Swaying and stumbling, they reached the sofa, where he hastily began to unbuckle his belt.

In the brightly-lit room, under the grand crystal chandelier, Alexis steadfastly resisted.

With a slightly flushed face, she rebuked, “You jerk! That’s enough!

Be cautious, or you’ll exhaust yourself prematurely.”

She lost count of how many times they engaged in it last night.

Now he harbored a desire for another round?!

Leonel’s face bore a noticeable flush, signifying his strong desire.

However, with Alexis unwilling and he partly undressed, the ambiance became awkward.

Gazing at her, he whispered, “Miss Fowler, I’m merely 28! Men my age entertain such thoughts daily.”

Furthermore, in her presence, his self-control evaporated entirely.

Alexis playfully kicked him, saying, “Head downstairs and dispose of the trash!”

Leonel grinned amiably, standing to straighten his attire. Winking at her, he zipped up his trousers.

Alexis’ face flushed against her will.

Truly, he was a shameless rogue!

Three days later, Calvin’s surgery was scheduled.

Alexis organized for him to undergo the procedure and receive treatment overseas. She intended to accompany him during the 10-day round trip.

Once Calvin’s condition stabilized post-surgery, Alexis returned home.

During the journey back from the airport, Leonel lingered in her thoughts. They had agreed that he would vacate the premises after two weeks.

Calculating the days, it had exceeded what they had agreed on.

Upon her return, the apartment should be pristine, with Leonel and his belongings relocated, correct?

Reflecting on the morning of her departure, she realized she had intended to convey something. Yet, amidst their busyness, the matter remained unaddressed.

Throughout those 10 days, Leonel rarely reached out.

She refrained from contacting him in Calvin's presence. In hindsight, an entire week had passed without any communication between them.

An hour later, Alexis arrived at the apartment.

Everything appeared unchanged.

Leonel's belongings remained, including a pack of cigarettes and a lighter atop the dining table.

Alexis contemplated them in silence.

Approaching them, she picked them up, gently running her fingers over them.

Previously uncertain about the depth of her yearning, now she comprehended-it was a longing for Leonel. She relished having him reside here with her.

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Chapter 523:



Alexis had been occupied for several days and felt exhausted.

She kicked off her shoes as she made her way to the bedroom, and drifted off to sleep immediately after her head touched the pillow.

She finally woke up as the sun began to set.

The aroma of food roused her. The room was lit with a soft yellow glow from the bedside lamp, which made it hard for her to know if it was dusk or dawn.

The sound of footsteps echoed through the hallway, and Leonel appeared, leaning casually against the doorframe.

"I bet you've missed homemade food while you were away!" he said softly, radiating warmth and kindness.

Dressed in a crisp white shirt and black pants, he looked perfectly handsome, as though he had always lived there like this.

Alexis gazed at him.

Her expression showed a mix of confusion and surprise.

Leonel stepped closer, bent his head, and kissed her softly.

"Are you speechless because you're surprised to see me?"

Alexis embraced him.

Her long, dark hair flowed over her shoulders as she leaned back.

She looked both graceful and alluring.

"Why are you home?" she asked.

"Do you wish I wasn't?" he replied.

Alexis yearned for his presence, but she couldn't voice her feelings.

With a smile, Leonel said, "I'll head out after you have dinner."

His directness left Alexis feeling unsure internally. She struggled to express her desire for him to stay.

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Asking him to stay would imply her acceptance of a relationship with him.

She was still undecided.

Finally, she quietly said, "I need to shower first."

Leonel responded with a faint smile.

Alexis entered the bathroom and started the shower, but the warm water only intensified the turmoil in her heart. She found Leonel waiting with a towel after her shower. He acted respectfully and did not overstep any boundaries.

“Thanks!” Alexis said. She wrapped herself in her bathrobe and tossed back her damp hair.

While Alexis was applying her skincare products, Leonel took the task of drying her hair.

Their reflections were clear in the mirror but they both avoided lingering eye contact.

A single glance might spark something more.

Finally, Leonel gently ran his fingers through her dark hair and muttered, “Let’s have dinner.”

She followed him to the dining area.

A lavish meal awaited her. There was a spread of various delightful dishes. Just the sight of the food made her stomach rumble.

As Alexis took her seat, she casually commented, “You could make a great housekeeper.”

Leonel looked at her.

“I’m up for it, if that’s what you want.”

Alexis glanced at him with a subtle smile as she began to eat.

Midway through her meal, she casually asked, “Your belongings are still here. When do you plan to take them?”

Before she could finish talking, he served her some food.

“Eat first!” Leonel urged.

Raising an eyebrow, Alexis asked, “So, you’re not planning to move out anymore?”

She received no response from Leonel so she mumbled to herself, “It’s actually nice having you come by to cook now and then. You’re quite a chef!”

“You want me around just because of my culinary skills? I thought I pleased you even more in the bedroom.”

Alexis nearly choked. She shot him a sharp look.

“Keep it down!

Don’t be so shameless!”

Leonel looked at her with deep affection.

“I just want to express these feelings to you. Isn’t it normal for people in love to speak this way to each other?”

Poking around in her plate with her fork, Alexis responded, “Nobody is your lover here. Hey, could you pass me the sauce, please?”

He handed it to her without hesitation.

Alexis grumbled under her breath as she ate.

“You ought to be at my service. After all, I was the one who brought you into my home and cared for you when you were young.”

Leonel looked at her with a soft, tender gaze.

Not sure what to say next, Alexis simply concentrated on her meal.

He tidied up after their meal and put on his coat, signaling his intention to leave.

Alexis escorted him to the door.

However, he looked down and softly suggested, “Why don’t we go for a stroll? It shouldn’t be all about sex for couples, right Alexis?”

She was about to object, but he was already assisting her into her coat.

Before she fully realized it, she was already in Leonel’s car.

He had upgraded to a more luxurious vehicle and he looked rather stylish behind the wheel. Alexis cleared her throat.

“Where are we headed?”

“Let’s just stroll around!

There’s a square up ahead with a night market. How about there?

Girls usually enjoy these places, don’t they?”

Alexis reclined in her seat.

“I’m not like Olivia and Laura.”

Leonel gave a slight smile and said nothing, but he drove towards the market.

The early spring night was serene, and the car ride was peaceful.

They had had feelings for each other since they were young. And now that their relationship had gotten physical, there was a sense of vagueness between them.

Silence enveloped the car.

After ten minutes, Leonel pulled up the car and walked around to open Alexis’ door.

Observing a group of middle-aged women dancing in the square, Alexis squinted, reluctant to leave the car.

“You mentioned a night market, why are we at a square dance?”

Leonel responded with a smile.

He gently helped her out and leaned in to kiss her ear.

“The night market is close to this area. No need to rush.”

Alexis looked at him curiously, “You seem quite familiar with this place.”

“I live around here. I often stroll down here whenever I’m free.”

Alexis looked at him with a mix of curiosity and bemusement.

Leonel held her hand and led her on a leisurely walk like a long-married couple.

This was a new experience for Alexis.

She felt a little uncomfortable at first but he wrapped an arm around her and asked with a husky voice, “Is this better?”

In response, Alexis playfully kicked him.

Seizing the moment, he leaned in to kiss her.

In the cool night air, his lips were warm. It carried a strong masculine energy that shrouded her right at the bustling park.

The onlookers looked at them, but the couple was lost in their own world!

After the kiss, Leonel whispered in her ear, "I've been longing to kiss you and I was worried you wouldn't like it. How have the last 10 days been for you? Did you even miss me? Because you didn't call."

"You didn't call me either," she retorted.

He kissed her once more.

"Then I'll make it up to you tonight!"

Feeling her cheeks warm, Alexis gently pushed him away and walked ahead.

Leonel quickened his pace to catch up with her.

After some time, Alexis pointed at a small stall and exclaimed, "Is that candied chestnut being sold there? Leonel, you knew about this, didn't you?"

Leonel just gave a knowing smile and accompanied her to the stall.

"Hello, I'd like to purchase a pound of your candied chestnut, please."

The vendor was greeted by the sight of a stunning couple. While he busied himself with the order, he asked, "Are you two a couple here for some snacks? You seem like a perfect match."

Leonel handed over a hundred-dollar bill and told him to keep the change.

With a casual smile, he replied, "Yes, we are! We've just moved here after our wedding, a little over a month ago."

The vendor handed over the package along with his well-wishes, "Congratulations, and may you be blessed with a child soon!"

Alexis coughed slightly. She chose not to expose Leonel.

As they continued their walk, she snapped lightly, "Can't find anyone else to marry? Are you really stuck on me?"

Leonel peeled a chestnut and offered it to her. He then replied slowly, "Isn't it nice for us to be together? We seem to match well in every aspect."

Alexis remained quiet.

Understanding she needed time to think, he didn't press further. He gently rubbed her hair and said, "There's no rush. Take your time to think."

In the meantime, he wanted to look after her. He didn't want her seeing anyone else.

Leonel wasn't typically a possessive man.

He only felt jealous around Alexis, especially if she paid attention to someone else.

Under the night sky, their eyes met.

A voice exclaimed out of nowhere, "You're the reason Colin and I are divorced! His business is ruined too! If not for you, I'd still be enjoying my life."

The woman who spoke made a move to claw at Alexis' face.

Her action seemed practiced, as if she had done this to many before.

Alexis was caught off guard.

To her surprise, Leonel stepped in to protect her. He received the vicious scratches on his face. His face was marked with five deep, bleeding scratches. It was terrifying.

"Leonel! Don't be reckless!"

Despite the pain, Leonel continued to shield Alexis. He didn't hold back against the woman and he forcefully kicked her so she Landed hard. She began to throw a fit that lacked any grace one would expect from a lady.

It could be heard from her cries that after her divorce from Colin, his business struggled.

She had shown concern for her ex-husband and even lent him 5 million dollars, which didn't end up helping him at all.

She was now blaming Alexis for her loss.

Bystanders turned to Alexis and Leonel, curious to hear their response.

Alexis responded with a cold sneer, "I secured 50 million dollars for you in the divorce. You had enough for a comfortable life. But you chose to give the money back to Colin. Who's to blame now?"

The woman sat quietly on the ground, defeated.

Alexis was strong-willed. She felt no sympathy for the woman and immediately called the police.

The police soon arrived and took the woman for questioning.

By the time everything was sorted, dawn was breaking. As they left the police station, Alexis told Leonel, "Let's get you to a hospital."

"We can't let your face get worse."

Leonel calmly replied, "Let's head to my apartment instead. I have a well-stocked first aid kit there."

Without much hesitation, Alexis got into his car.

Leonel had protected her, and now she felt compelled to tend to his injuries.

Shortly after, he drove to a skyscraper and escorted Alexis to his apartment on the top floor.

The 460 square meter space appeared luxurious. It was obvious that whoever resided there had good taste.

Settling on the sofa with a first aid kit, he reminded her, "Weren't you going to take care of my wounds?"

Having changed her shoes, Alexis sat beside him and gently cleaned the wounds.

"You were scratched so badly. Leonel, weren't you being a bit reckless?"

He looked at her and said softly, "For a man, it's fine. It would be worse if a young lady's face like yours was hurt."

"But a man's face is important too!"

She gently touched his face.

"Mr. Douglas, it wouldn't be good for you to be scarred."

"Would you still want me if my face was scared?"

In a low and serious tone, Leonel asked. His gaze was intense and the air was filled with an unspoken tension.

Alexis met his eyes.

In that moment, words were unnecessary. Leonel tenderly held her face and kissed her.

He carefully angled his head to avoid further hurting his injured face.

The kiss left them both disheveled.

Alexis was panting. Her long, slightly curled black hair cascaded over her shoulders.

Her slim frame wore a thin woolen dress.

She began to return his kisses, starting from his chin and gradually moving down. Suddenly, Leonel grasped her black hair and muttered with a rough voice, "Alexis?"

Her voice was equally hoarse in the quiet of the night.

"Isn't this what you've always wanted?" she whispered.

"Leonel... Stay still... Relax, and I promise you'll enjoy this."

Gradually, their clothes dropped to the floor and they made love to each other deep into the night.

It was hours later when they finished.

Exhausted and content, they lay together on the spacious bed, too tired to move a muscle.

Leonel said after a while, "Should I help you to the shower?"

Alexis turned her back to him and clutched the sheets.

"Shower? No way! I'm completely spent! Leonel, are you even human?"

His endurance was extraordinary!

He always begged her to torment him and by the end, transformed into something wild.

With a soft chuckle, Leonel brushed his lips against her shoulder.

"I'll go freshen up then."

Alexis closed her eyes. She didn't feel like uttering even one more word.

After his shower, Leonel tended to the marks on his face. Alexis had made them look too gruesome, as if he had been domestically abused for a long time.

Feeling wide awake now, he stood in his high-rise apartment and poured himself a glass of red wine which he took his time to enjoy.

He thought of the person he desired who was now in his bedroom.

He'd left her behind yet he couldn't forget her over the years. He sensed Alexis' wavering now and chose not to rush her.

In matters of the heart, mutual consensus was always important.

Right then, a phone call interrupted his thoughts. It was Jayden Gibson, his financial advisor from Acoiclya, informing him that the massive 20 billion dollars fund was ready for investment.

Leonel responded calmly, "Hold off on any investments. I have another plan for that money."

Jayden protested, seeing a lucrative chance, "This is a great opportunity! We could double it if we're lucky."

Leonel replied with a slight smile, "I have a more important use for it. Even more crucial than making money."

Jayden, on the other Line, couldn't grasp Leonel's intentions.

After ending the call, Leonel thought that if Alexis wished for Edwin's success, then he would support it too. He longed to see the joy on Alexis' face!

When Alexis woke up in the morning, she was wearing one of Leonel's black shirts.

Beside her on the table was a check for 20 billion dollars.

She gazed at it in disbelief for a moment before taking it with her.

As expected, Leonel was in the kitchen.

He was preparing a lavish breakfast feast with a spread of mouth-watering dishes.

Alexis wrapped her arms around him from behind.

She said softly, "20 billion dollars for a night?! Mr. Douglas, you're truly generous!"

Leonel's laughter filled the room.

Continuing with breakfast preparations, he replied, "This money was actually borrowed for Edwin. But if you prefer to think of it as an overnight fee, that's fine too. Though, we might need to rename it a bride price! If you really charge this much, my net worth would only afford me a handful of nights with you."

Alexis deliberately challenged him.

She teased, "Isn't that a good investment though? You seemed to quite enjoy it last night, Mr. Douglas."

Finally turning to her, Leonel responded Lightly, "Watch out, or I might just wear you out again!"

Alexis, aware of his stamina, decided not to tease him further.

She became serious and asked, "Why not give the money directly to Edwin? Why pass it through me?"

Leonel paused for a moment.

"He probably hates me. He might refuse it if it comes directly from me."

Although Leonel didn't say it, Alexis could guess the underlying reason.

A brief silence settled between them.

Then, Leonel said softly, "Alexis, let's build a life together. We could start a family and have children. If you're not keen on childbirth, that's okay too. Edwin and Marcus could have more kids, and you'd have the joy of playing with them. We'll both work, and during holidays, we could take the kids out. If we have a daughter, we can dress her up and you can teach her piano, and I'll handle the boys' activities."

Alexis remained silent. But she didn't release her hold on his waist either.

After a moment, Leonel added, "Okay?"

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