

## Chapter 526 I Can't Imagine My Life Without You

Alexis cradled her head, squeezing her eyes in response to the pain.

Leonel paused, momentarily surprised.

It wasn't his intention; he only wanted to prevent Alexis from departing. Numerous explanations surged within him, all devoid of any intention to strike her.

However, he understood that no explanation could undo the occurrence.

A slap was the result of her comments about Serenity.

That was an undeniable truth.

Tenderly cradling her head, Leonel attempted to evaluate her condition, saying, "Allow me to assess the extent of the injury."

Alexis forcefully pushed him aside.

Lifting her gaze, her eyes met his with a cold and distant expression.

Leonel's heart was pierced with an indescribable pain, and his voice was rough and unsteady. "Let's set everything else aside for now, Alexis. We can talk about that later, but now, I need to take you to the hospital."

"What other things do we have to talk about?"

Alexis's laughter was cold and scornful. Rising gradually, she moved past him towards the door.

While passing each other, Leonel extended his hand, but she brushed it off.

Swiftly reaching the door, she suddenly collapsed.

"Alexis!

Alexis!"

In the hospital, late into the night, Alexis received a diagnosis of a mild concussion, necessitating an overnight stay for observation.

Having settled the fees, Leonel returned to her room.

Alexis was awake, elevated in bed, gazing into the night through the window, lost in contemplation.

"Do you feel hungry? I can fetch some food."

Without meeting his gaze, she responded softly, "Go back home. My assistant will come to stay with me."

Leonel departed silently.

However, after half an hour, he returned, bearing a box of her preferred rice noodles.

"Try having something to eat."

He organized the rice noodles and presented them to Alexis. "If you can't manage, I'll assist you."

Alexis swayed her hand, causing the food to scatter across the floor in disarray.

In a steady voice, Alexis uttered, "Please go. I can't bear to see you. I'll repay your \$20 billion within a week. Leonel, you don't owe me anything; you've simply pursued your desires. Henceforth, our paths separate."

Leonel swallowed hard.

Nonetheless, he persisted. "If you feel hungry later, I'll bring more."

He meticulously cleaned the floor and then poured water for Alexis. Unable to convince him to depart and feeling truly unwell, Alexis lay down, disregarding his presence.

She wouldn't have to face him again in the morning.

Their paths wouldn't cross by then.

However, it still hurt.

Her cheek throbbed, evidence of the man's enraged slap that made its impact. Alexis had never experienced being struck by anyone before.

However, she could have never fathomed that it would be Leonel hitting her, all for the sake of someone else.

Was this the Leonel she was familiar with?

The one who grew up alongside her in her home, sharing her small princess bed?

If it was indeed him, how could he develop feelings for someone else?

If it was him, how could he hit her?

Alexis gently closed her eyes, murmuring, "A dream that has spanned almost 20 years. Alexis, it's time to awaken."

They maintained a standoff, spending a sleepless night. With the arrival of dawn, Alexis sat up and contacted her assistant to arrange her discharge.

Concluding the call, Leonel's gaze lingered on her, profound and filled with unspoken words.

He whispered, "Alexis, it's not what you think between her and me. We dated for only three months. We separated because we were not suitable for each other. She subsequently married Darwin, and now we're just friends."

Alexis had no desire to hear any excuses.

She draped her coat over her shoulders, approached the window, and opened it, gazing outside. She said in a hushed tone, "Leonel, I've extended all my tolerance to you, but you've reciprocated with what truly disgusted me.

Whether you and Serenity are still entangled or not doesn't truly matter.

What matters is that you have her photo on your desk. What really matters is that you slapped me because of her. What else do you have to say for yourself? Do you think so little of me? That I'm unwanted by everyone?"

Finishing her statement, Alexis steadied her forehead.

She still experienced slight dizziness.

Leonel slowly approached from behind, holding her shoulders and resting his head against hers. "Alexis, forgive me this once! I can't imagine my life without you."

After drifting for 8 years, he had come to realize what he truly desired.

He couldn't comprehend why, but in the face of Alexis' harsh words, he responded impulsively. He found himself unable to justify his actions, and his sole request was for her forgiveness.

However, Alexis gently pushed him aside.

There was nothing more to be said between them.

In that instant, her assistant entered, pausing awkwardly as they felt the tension in the air.

Alexis said in a soft tone, "Please arrange for my discharge."

The assistant, observing her expression, hesitated. "Miss Fowler, What happened to your face?"

Alexis replied with indifference, "A dog bit me!"

With that, she grabbed her bag and proceeded directly to the door.

"Alexis!"

Leonel called out from behind, his voice weighing down, "Regarding us..."

He was abruptly silenced as Alexis sharply interrupted, "I don't want you anymore!"

With that, she walked away.



The door of the hospital room swung open and closed.

Leonel stood there, suddenly feeling the sunlight piercingly sharp. The assistant asked in a hushed tone, "Mr. Douglas, what's happening between you and Miss Fowler? Her face..."

"I hit her! She no longer wants me!"

Leonel spoke with a despair the assistant had never witnessed before.

The assistant remained frozen.

Alexis left the hospital and proceeded directly to her apartment, bypassing her office.

She needed some rest.

Sleeping meant steering clear of thoughts and harboring any resentment toward Leonel.

In the afternoon, she awoke with the intention of cooking. However, upon being confronted by reminders of Leonel throughout, she closed the fridge and opted for takeout. Subsequently, she commenced packing his belongings. Initially, he had brought four large suitcases. Now she crammed all his elegant clothes and accessories into them, leaving them in the living room.

She believed that Leonel would come to collect them.

True to expectations, he arrived in the evening, using the key she gave him to access the apartment.

Clad in a black silk robe and holding a wine glass, Alexis nudged the luggage with her foot, stating, "Leave the key. Take your belongings."

Leonel started removing his coat. "I'll prepare dinner!"

He proceeded toward the kitchen.

Alexis hurled the wine glass at the back of his head, red wine splattering all around.

Alexis walked to the door, gesturing outside. "I told you to leave; didn't

< Chapter 526 I Can't Imagine My Life Withou... +120 Points at most  
you hear? Leonel, I explicitly stated that I no longer want you. Leave my house, leave my life!"

Leonel turned, his eyes burdened with unshed emotions.

He inquired about what he could do to pacify her.

Alexis lowered her gaze. "When you abandoned me and rejected me back then, being with all those foreign girlfriends of yours wouldn't have sickened me as much as this does now! Leave, I can't bear to see you!"

Leonel retrieved two tissues, wiping his shirt.

He glanced at Alexis. "What if I pleaded with you?"

Alexis smiled faintly. "Do I appear easily influenced?"

Leonel stared at her intently. "What if there was someone capable of influencing you?"

Alexis emitted a cold laugh, saying, "Then go ahead and try me."

Leonel advanced slowly towards her. Alexis held her ground, but he cradled her head and kissed her passionately. Alexis momentarily stiffened, resisting instinctively, but his resolve was disconcerting.

The kiss endured for about ten seconds.

Leonel's lips were stained with blood.

Alexis slapped him. "Leave!"

She tossed all his possessions outside, leaving nothing in the room.

After closing the door, Alexis leaned against it.

Gradually sliding down, she embraced herself tightly, her face buried in her knees. It lasted for a prolonged period.

Later, Alexis returned to her normal routine.

She would visit bars after work from time to time to get a drink. Upon returning to her parents' house, she encountered Leonel a couple of times. But she always pretended she didn't see him.

A week later, she succeeded in accumulating \$20 billion.

She dispatched her assistant to personally deliver the check to Leonel.

On that day, Leonel stared at the check, immersed in contemplation for the entire afternoon.

He came to the realization that Alexis was the only person he had ever genuinely loved.

After spending years in an open country like Acoiclya, he hadn't considered his short-lived relationship with Serenity to be significant until Alexis brought up the photo frame, jolting him into the realization that she couldn't tolerate it.

His instinct was to hide it.

However, Serenity's unexpected visit to his apartment took not only Alexis but also him by surprise.

Toward the end of the workday, his phone rang.

It was Waylen.

Leonel responded, "Mr. Fowler!"

Waylen's tone carried a slight strain. "Leonel, come home."

Leonel, examining the check, surmised the reason and nodded. "Alright, I'll come immediately."

Thirty minutes later, Leonel parked his car in front of the villa.

The house was strangely quiet, with no servants in view. Waylen sat in the living room, evidently awaiting him.

Leonel entered and respectfully called out, "Mr. Fowler."

Waylen regarded him in silence.

After a pause, he said in a gentle tone, "Leonel, you've all grown up. Rena and I have talked about it, and it's time for you to stand on your own. Marcus will inherit the Fowler Group, Alexis has joined Sterling Law Firm,

< Chapter 526 I Can't Imagine My Life Withou... +120 Points at most  
and Elva is under Rena's care. As for you, I'm considering giving Exceed  
Group to you. Henceforth, you'll chart your own path."

Leonel was briefly surprised.

The prospect of receiving Exceed Group and gaining independence, it  
seemed like a shift in familial responsibilities, but, in reality, he knew  
Waylen was allowing him to depart.

Leonel understood that the primary reason for this decision was Alexis.  
Waylen must have become aware of their situation, not directly from  
Alexis, but he always had means of discovering information.

Leonel didn't desire to depart.

He had little regard for Exceed Group; without the Fowler family and all  
those he cared about, what purpose did all that wealth serve?

He appealed softly, "Mr. Fowler, I don't wish to depart from the family."

He had grown up in the Fowler residence and was well-acquainted with  
the family rules.

Placing his briefcase aside and shedding his coat, he knelt in the study.

Waylen scoffed. "Why are you kneeling? You were bold enough when you  
struck your sister. Leonel, despite everything, you grew up together and  
Alexis is like your sister. I would venture to say that even Rena and I  
combined haven't treated you as well as she has. Yet you hit her,  
resulting in a concussion! Who in this house would dare harm her like  
that? Have you considered that?"

Leonel began unbuttoning his shirt, eventually leaving him bare-chested.

Waylen, without restraint, took out his belt, initiating a rigorous family  
discipline.

Men from both the Fowler and Evans families abstained from striking  
their women.

Waylen's actions were driven not only by concern for Alexis but also to  
discipline Leonel, delivering blows without a hint of mercy. Leonel's back  
soon transformed into a canvas of open wounds and blood.



The pain was excruciating.

Nevertheless, Leonel made no sound, enduring it with stoicism.

Only when Waylen grew weary did he curse, "You little rascal! I've always cared for you, but this is too much, and I can't quell my anger without doing so."

Leonel mumbled an apology.

Waylen tossed the belt aside!

Observing the figure kneeling in front of him, the child he had raised himself, Waylen's heart brimmed with indescribable pain.

He declared, "Leonel, if you want to stay in this house, you must break things off with Alexis!"

"Mr. Fowler!"

Leonel, through clenched teeth, asserted, "I love Alexis, and I can't end things with her!"

Waylen, equally unwavering, retorted, "Choose between being my son or being Alexis' husband. Leonel, you're intelligent, you know the prudent decision. Even if you choose Alexis, she might not respond in kind."

Leonel looked up at the man.

He had never implored Waylen for anything, but today was an exception.

However, Waylen remained resolute.


Leonel knelt in the study throughout the night, yet Waylen's decision remained unwavering.

At dawn, Leonel left.

Wearing a white shirt stained with blood, he walked out of the Fowler mansion.

Rena called out, "Leonel!"

Leonel turned, locking eyes with Rena, the woman who had always

< Chapter 526 I Can't Imagine My Life Withou...  +120 Points at most  
shown him warmth like a loving mother.

He knew he could stay in this house if he abandoned Alexis.

He could have Mr. and Mrs. Fowler and his siblings.

But he had to also renounce his claim to Alexis. A man's commitment bore such weight.

He was unwilling to give up on Alexis.

He had already let her go once for 8 years; he couldn't do it again. This time, even if it meant losing everything, he wouldn't lose Alexis. Perhaps if he persisted, Alexis might take notice and come back.

With a faint smile, Leonel stated, "Mrs. Fowler, I am truly sorry."

Henceforth, Leonel never returned to the Fowler estate.

During the night, Alexis found herself in a bar, indulging in drinks.

Her beauty and affluence consistently drew a crowd of attractive and respectable individuals.

On that particular night, a young newcomer pursued her.

A 20-year-old with a fresh appearance.

Neat and appealing.

In a sour mood, Alexis leaned on the bar counter and smiled. "I'll pay you \$5 million to sing for me all night, alright?"

Absolutely!

As Alexis left the bar, a cold smirk played on her lips.

Exchanging money for happiness is such an efficient transaction! She thought.

She brought that young man home, lying on the couch as he played the guitar, singing for most of the night. As drowsiness took over, she gestured for him to leave, but he wished to stay, half-kneeling by the couch.

Alexis gently tapped his face. "Then come here. Let me tell you a story."

He moved closer to her.

Alexis, her eyes closed, murmured, "Once upon a time, an 8-year-old girl found a boy and took him home! The boy was handsome. She treated him with kindness, never anticipating that he would eventually depart. He belonged to the wilderness, not destined to be confined to her small world."

The young man listened intently.

Alexis chuckled, tears streaking down her cheeks.

She drifted into slumber, a blanket tenderly covering her.

In the early morning, the apartment door swung ajar.

Leonel, carrying breakfast, was met with the sight of coats on the couch and two figures reclining there.

Alexis' face, nestled cozily in the arms of a young man.