

Chapter 527 She Truly Doesn't Want Him Anymore!

In that moment, Leonel felt his scalp might burst from the tension.

"Who is he?"

His voice echoed in the spacious apartment, cold and outraged.

Alexis stirred awake.

Her eyes fluttered open, her long lashes quivering. Her gaze settled on Leonel. She shook her head, noticing the young boy who had also awoken.

The boy seemed intimidated by Leonel's menacing presence and looked genuinely frightened.

Alexis, touching her forehead, whispered, "The check is on the coffee table. You should leave first!"

The boy grabbed his shoes and left swiftly.

He thought if he were not decently dressed, he might not have left in one piece.


Once the door shut, Alexis stretched and coldly met Leonel's gaze. "Why do you still have the key to my apartment?"

Leonel didn't answer directly but asked, "You paid him to stay the night?"

"What's it to you?"

Alexis' gaze fell. "I heard you left home, which is good. We're literally nothing to each other now! Leave the key and go!"

Leonel picked up a wine bottle from the table, swaying it before noticing another empty bottle.

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She had drunk two bottles of wine and then shared a room with a man. He wondered if she was not scared of any consequences.

Alexis smirked. "Scared of what? Being intimate with a stranger I brought home? Mr. Douglas, you don't strike me to be the innocent type!"

Her words provoked him.

Leonel, his voice low, said, "Alexis, won't you ask about my wellbeing?"

She looked at him, silent.

She knew of his recent troubles.

Leonel had been beaten by her father, forced to make a choice, and had left home.

Alexis felt no sympathy for him.

The affection she once had was now all gone.

She stood up. "I have to go to the law office. Please leave."

He grabbed her hand.

Suddenly, Alexis found herself pinned on the sofa by Leonel.

His face hovered close to her neck, his voice hoarse and pained. "Alexis, I've wronged you over the years! But can't you give me another chance? I've lost everything! I never loved her, truly!"

"But you thought you could fall for her!"

Alexis spoke calmly. "Leonel, discussing this serves no purpose. Be direct, like you used to be. No one dies from a breakup. You've lived well these past 8 years. And you should keep doing so. Why continue this torment?"

She tried to push him away.

But Leonel's grip on her wrist tightened.

Suddenly, he kissed her.

Alexis resisted. He forced her chin up, making her succumb to his advances.

His kisses were fervent, his tongue relentless.

His hand moved under her clothes, caressing her, trying to rekindle something. Yet, she was unmoved.

Alexis was sweating, and she looked away.

"Leonel, intimacy changes nothing. I don't like you anymore!"

Finally, she freed herself, went into the bedroom to get ready for work, and left the apartment.

If he wouldn't leave, she would!

Leonel lingered in the apartment, hopeful. He purchased an array of groceries and prepared her favorite Thai, Italian, and French dishes...

Yet, Alexis never came back.

She relinquished her home just to avoid him.

At last, Leonel grasped the gravity of her words!

On the fourth dawn, he messaged her. "I'm leaving. You should return."

Coat in hand, he returned to his own place.

Unexpectedly, someone awaited him.

It was Serenity.


Seated in her wheelchair, a bouquet on her lap, Leonel met her gaze dispassionately. "Why are you here?"

Serenity's voice was soft. "Leonel, today's my birthday."

Leonel's response was frigid. "Then celebrate with Darwin."

He moved to enter his apartment.

Serenity's voice followed him. "You know my true feelings. Darwin only

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married me due to my injury. There's no love."

"That's your concern, not mine!" Leonel pushed the door, stepping in.

Serenity caught him from behind.

She looked up earnestly. "I'm aware of your split with Alexis. I've requested a divorce from Darwin. Can we not be together?"

Leonel's eyes wavered...

He hadn't anticipated Serenity's revelations.

He'd always viewed her and Darwin as happily married and he was content to be friends with them. But now...

He whirled, shoving her back. "Did you orchestrate everything that night? Knowing Alexis would misunderstand?"

Serenity's expression froze briefly.

Then, she confessed, almost hysterically, "Yes! I thought you'd remain alone. But you returned to Duefron, rekindling things with Alexis! Leonel, you fault me, but you're the one who repeatedly lost her. Why leave her for a life abroad? Why break up with her for me? You chose this path! Now you regret it? It's too late!"

"You're crazy!"

Leonel stormed into his apartment, slamming the door.

Leaning against it, he covered his face, realizing Serenity's words struck a chord.

He was the one to let her go.

Had he waited for Alexis, or they ventured abroad together, how different their life might be.

They might have a family, and at this moment, Alexis might be asking, "Leonel, could you get me some juice?"

Tears filled his eyes, a mix of regret and realization.

Alexis returned to her apartment, finding it untouched yet devoid of Leonel's presence.

His belongings, even the meals he had prepared, had disappeared as if he had never been there.

She sat quietly in the living room before heading to her car. On the phone with her assistant, she instructed, "Put my apartment on sale for me."

As she drove, her mind wandered through memories of Leonel.

She wondered how long it would take to erase him from her thoughts.

Arriving at the mountain's base, she stopped abruptly, her heart pounding.

Gazing at the star-filled sky, she let out a faint, bewildered smile. That night, she slept in her car, catching a cold and not returning to the law firm for three days.

Upon her return, her secretary informed her that Mr. Douglas from Genesis Investment had called, needing her negotiation skills for a case.

Alexis, maintaining her composure, acknowledged and later contacted Leonel.

Their conversation was strictly professional, discussing a five-day business trip to Czanch.

Alexis, ever separating her personal and professional life, confirmed her availability for the following Monday.

After the call, as fatigue set in, her father rang, reminding her of her father's birthday.

There was a feast at home and her presence was requested.

It had been a while since she last visited home. Agreeing to attend, she inquired about a preferred gift.

Waylen jovially responded that her presence was the best gift but also playfully warned her against too much celebrity mingling.

Alexis offered a gentle smile.

After wrapping up her work, she headed to the villa.

As evening approached, the house buzzed with life.

The aroma of food filled the air, and servants bustled about. In the dimming light, Alexis warmly embraced Waylen.

She then retrieved a large bouquet of roses from her sports car's trunk.

"A gift for my dearest Mom and Dad!"

Waylen chuckled. "You always know the perfect gift, especially one to brighten Mom's day!"

Holding the bouquet, Alexis entered the villa.

Waylen watched her with a thoughtful gaze, pausing momentarily to survey the cars of family members who had gathered to celebrate. Yet, one person's absence was palpable.

In the solitude of his study, Waylen had reflected deeply since Leonel's departure that morning.

He believed his actions were justified but couldn't shake off a sense of regret.

If he truly saw Leonel as his son, how could he justify driving him away?

These thoughts lingered for days, accompanied by memories of Leonel's childhood, his help with business matters, and their shared time together in the study.

Now, that connection felt lost.

Waylen smoked a few cigarettes, his thoughts interrupted only when someone called him back inside.

He walked slowly, occasionally glancing back, half-expecting Leonel to appear.

During the birthday celebration, the younger members of the Fowler and Evans families, including Edwin, Laura, and Olivia, gathered around a large table adorned with Rena's homemade cake and longevity noodles,

Waylen's favorites.

A place was set for Leonel as they always did, but as dinner commenced, his absence was unmistakable, and his name remained unspoken to keep Alexis' spirits up.

The butler then interrupted with a delivery. "Mr. Fowler, this is from Mr. Douglas!"

Waylen stood abruptly. "Where is he?"

The butler hesitated. "He left the gift and didn't come in."

Waylen resettled into his chair with a soft smile.

"Well, he's very nice to bring me a gift. Please, take it to my study."

The butler nodded and ascended the stairs with the package.

Waylen glanced at Alexis. "Haven't seen him around lately?"

Alexis responded with characteristic frankness. "We have a case next week in Czanch. It's strictly professional."

Waylen didn't press further.

Feeling unsettled, Alexis excused herself after dinner and ascended to the balcony to breathe in the cool night air.

In the back of the villa, she noticed a Land Rover, unmistakably Leonel's.

He was there, leaning against it and smoking.

Their eyes met, bridging the distance with a silent exchange.