

Chapter 530 You're Going To Be A Father!

In the evening, a black RV slowly rolled into the Fowler estate. The vehicle came to a stop, and a handsome young man stepped out.

The individual in question was Marcus Fowler.

Swiftly making his way to the entrance, he inquired of a servant, "Where can I find my father?"

The servant promptly responded, "Sir, he is currently in the study on the upper floor!"

Marcus acknowledged with a nod, hastening his ascent.

Upstairs, in the study, Waylen engaged in a game of chess with a long-time subordinate, exuding an air of contentment.

At the entrance, Marcus uttered a gentle call, "Dad!"

Fathers understand their sons well.

Observing Marcus' expression, Waylen instantly sensed that something significant was happening. He neatly stored away the chess pieces and, with a gentle smile, remarked, "Misaël, let's resume our game another time!"

The companion, understanding the context, offered a smile and rose from his seat. "It appears Marcus has pressing matters to discuss. I shall take my leave."

Despite the urgency, Marcus courteously accompanied his father's guest down the stairs.

In the study, Waylen had already set out two cups of tea. Inviting his son to take a seat, he inquired, "What brings you here in such haste, Marcus? This urgency is uncommon for you."

Marcus settled into his seat with deliberation.

After a moment of contemplation, he began cautiously, "Dad, are you familiar with Genesis Investment?"

Waylen was indeed acquainted with it.

It functioned as an investment firm under Leonel's purview.

Marcus lapsed into a thoughtful silence before continuing in hushed tones, "Within a mere two months, Genesis has amassed a substantial capital influx, predominantly from overseas. Presently, they are venturing into investments across numerous companies in Duefron."

Waylen took a delicate sip of his tea.

After a pause, he raised his gaze to his son and inquired, "Does their significant growth concern you?"

"Dad! They already have surpassed that threshold!"

Waylen placed his cup on the table and remarked, "Marcus, you're not someone who easily succumbs to the success of others. Is your concern rooted in Genesis Investment potentially overshadowing Fowler Group in scale?"

Marcus expressed with gravity, "Typically, having an entity like Genesis Investment would be advantageous for us. As they say, four legs are more stable than two. However, Leonel is taking it too far now. His actions are becoming increasingly impulsive, and I'm uncertain about his motives, but this is far from normal."

Waylen's countenance grew solemn.

After a brief pause, he inquired, "Are you implying that he's doing it for Alexis?"

Marcus refrained from verbalizing a response, but his silence spoke volumes.

Waylen, too, maintained a prolonged silence before speaking in a soft tone, "I comprehend."

Marcus swallowed hard, his eyes narrowing. "I foresee Edwin as the first to suffer! He's in a fierce battle with the Smith family, and given the alliance between the Fowler and Evans families, no one in Duefron dares to intervene. However, Leonel is a different matter. He desires a connection with my sister, and he will undoubtedly exploit this situation. With Leonel wielding such substantial capital, a subtle maneuver behind the Smith family is all it takes, rendering all of Edwin's endeavors in the past six months futile. If we wish to prevent Edwin's downfall, the Fowler family must step in to support him, or at least Alexis will have to do something."

Waylen chuckled. "You're genuinely strategizing for his benefit!"

Being the parent, he remained composed.

Leonel was his protege, and Waylen was aware of his capabilities, but this turn of events was still unexpected.

Acting impulsively for the sake of a woman wasn't characteristic of Leonel!

Waylen now had a clear understanding. Addressing his son casually, he said, "This hasn't garnered notice from others as of now. Let's maintain discretion for the time being."

"Dad!" Marcus objected, "Leonel is really dangerous at the moment!"

"You believe he's gone mad, don't you?"

Waylen smiled. "His mind is lucid. Allow him to proceed!"

He considered it a valuable learning experience for the youngsters.

The Smith family was destined to play the role of cannon fodder.

Marcus gazed at his father, uncertain of his thoughts. Waylen suddenly sighed. "Maybe I pushed Leonel too hard when he was young."

Leonel's background differed from Edwin's.

Edwin experienced a challenging childhood but was born into a prestigious family, with both parents still present.

In contrast, Leonel was practically an orphan.

Following Marcus' departure, Waylen sat in solitude in the study for an extended period of time.

He then dialed Mark.

He provided a succinct overview of the situation, and Mark's response mirrored his own, with nonchalant laughter and a reference to them as brats, proposing to leave them be.

"In this group of youngsters, a victor will inevitably emerge; it has to be," he commented.

"Someone has to take charge when we're gone someday."

Mark sighed. "It's preferable for them to compete for now. Otherwise when a genuine challenge arises, they'll crumble at the first obstacle."

Waylen offered a faint smile. "Are you concerned Edwin might struggle to retain control of the family business?"

Mark remained indifferent. "If he can't, that's his loss!"

Waylen found solace in Mark's response.

However, after ending the call, a heavy weight settled in his heart, along with a constant concern for one individual.

Throughout the night, as he tossed and turned in bed, Rena discerned the preoccupations plaguing his thoughts.

Nestling against him, she whispered gently, "If you're genuinely concerned about him, pay him a visit. You're well aware of the way."

"Who said anything about worrying for him?"

Waylen turned over, pretending to be annoyed. "That rascal is plotting against us!"

Rena enveloped him in an embrace from behind.

She tenderly caressed his lips and, with a light smile, remarked, "I believe

you find a certain satisfaction in it!"

Waylen turned to face her.

He cradled Rena in his arms, his face in close proximity to hers, softly inquiring, "Rena, am I growing old? Is that why I'm becoming more lenient?"

Rena leaned against his chest.

After a brief pause, she whispered, "Waylen, there's no need to blame yourself. You're being strict simply because you regard Leonel as your own child."

Waylen sighed. "Yet he never returns home now."

He felt genuine fear. Understanding Alexis' temperament, if she truly couldn't forgive Leonel, would he never come back to this family?

Before the onset of early summer, Edwin and Laura celebrated their wedding.

Initially, they intended to postpone it until the autumn.

However, Laura was expecting.

A tiny life was silently flourishing within her. One morning, Laura, embracing Edwin's neck, whispered, "You're going to be a father!"

Edwin remained in a state of bewilderment for a considerable duration.

Laura attentively observed his expression. "Aren't you delighted?"

Edwin gazed at her petite visage. "Are you serious?"

Laura, somewhat bashful, hummed in agreement.

Subsequently, Edwin carefully leaned over her, listening attentively to her belly, while Laura gently stroked his head and said, "The baby is still too small to hear anything."

"I simply wish to do this!"

Edwin listened for a brief period, and then delicately touched her flat belly, marveling at the enchantment of the moment.

Laura's gaze exuded an unbelievably tender affection.

Following a moment of reflection, Edwin tenderly kissed her.

After a lingering kiss, he held her fingertips and said, "Laura, let's get married."

Their wedding ceremony was small in size but exceptionally grand.

Attended by only close family and friends, numbering fewer than 50 individuals, the church was adorned with warmth.

The Fowler family attended the event.

To Alexis' surprise, Edwin also invited Leonel, who appeared sharp in a three-piece suit, though visibly leaner.

Leonel approached leisurely and took a seat beside Alexis.

He ardently admired her in the beige dress, gracefully enveloping her slender contours.

This was an outfit he had never seen before.

On the stage, Edwin and Laura swapped wedding rings.

In a hushed tone, Leonel remarked, "If it hadn't been for that night, maybe we would've ended up married as well."

Alexis remained silent.

She was cognizant of Leonel's recent activities.

The dates set up by her parents started getting canceled, with no one daring to ask her out.

She understood it was orchestrated by Leonel.

As a prosperous businessman in Duefron, he now wielded substantial influence.

Born into wealth and privilege, Alexis didn't hold Leonel's strategies in high regard.



She maintained a composed demeanor towards him, unwilling to engage openly in discussions about those matters, deeming it futile.

Concluding the wedding, as she rose to depart, Laura's bridal bouquet unexpectedly landed in her arms.

All eyes were focused on her.

The atmosphere was delicate, especially with Leonel seated beside her. Alexis forced a smile. "It looks like I should invest more effort into dating!"

Clenching his fists, Leonel intensified his hold.

Holding the bouquet, Alexis planted a kiss on Laura's cheek, saying, "Happy marriage!" Afterward, she departed.

All the guests observed Leonel.

His face pallid, he also stood, nodded faintly, and departed.

Alexis had a few drinks at a bar before opting for a cab ride home.

She had moved out of that apartment she once shared with Leonel and into the one formerly occupied by her parents before they got married.

Alexis felt somewhat lonely at times, her sole companion being a cat.

Upon returning to her apartment, she discovered Leonel crouching at her doorstep, sans suit jacket, dressed in only a white dress shirt.

"What brings you here?" Alexis unlocked the door and entered.

Leonel trailed behind.

He had visited this place before during his childhood, accompanying Waylen.

The apartment now housed a cat, a charming little grey one.

Alexis fed the cat.

Speaking casually, Alexis remarked, "Leonel, given your current status, you can have any beautiful woman you desire. You enjoy being pampered and reliving childhood sweethearts. You can purchase that. So, why

Leonel stood in close proximity to her.

He could enfold her with a mere extension of his arm, but he refrained.

He pleaded, "Alexis, I possess everything now! Can we start over? I'll treat you well, and you can have anything you want!"

Alexis paused before softly asking, "Can you resurrect the Leonel I used to know?"

Leonel's countenance paled; he couldn't.

With a smile, Alexis stroked the cat, her voice softer. "Leonel, I'm a perfectionist. It's never about your success or wealth." The other person fell silent. "Just go, and don't return. I don't want to relocate again."

In the end, Leonel tenderly enveloped her.

Leaning against her, he murmured, "I'll provide you with everything I have, alright?"

"I don't desire it!" Alexis gently urged him away. "Please, put an end to this!"

Throughout, she remained gentle, refraining from arguments or harsh words, evidently resolute in letting go.

Leonel rose to his feet, his voice tinged with a trace of anger.

"Back then, I only felt pity for her. I thought it was wrong to speak poorly of a woman who lost a leg. I didn't love her! Alexis, you might consider me heartless, but aren't you the same?"

Alexis responded with a subtle smile, "Indeed! I've lost my love, but she lost a leg. But how is that my responsibility, Leonel? Am I the one accountable for her accident? Moreover, what we shared was merely a fleeting connection from a few nights together. People marry and divorce, don't they? Separation... is commonplace, isn't it?"

She looked at him, still smiling. "You've given up on us before, haven't you?"

Following this, she gestured dismissively, "Okay, that's sufficient. It's

fruitless. You should leave."

Leonel observed her.

Alexis seemed more focused on the cat than on him.

After a brief moment, he eventually departed.

The apartment door swung open and then shut.

Alexis seemed somewhat bewildered.

Meanwhile, in the exclusive presidential suite of Duefron's sole six-star hotel, Edwin and Laura celebrated their wedding night.

Despite Laura's pregnancy, Edwin devised ways for them to relish each other, their romantic kisses elongating the night.

The girl nestled in his arms resembled a ripe peach and was exceedingly delicate.

During their wedding night, Edwin cherished every moment of tenderness.

During the night, Edwin was contacted by a senior executive from his company, who stated, "Mr. Evans, there's troubling information."

Clad in a black robe, Edwin ordered, "Proceed!"

Recently, he had encountered life's greatest joys, such as getting married, anticipating fatherhood, and nearing victory in the battle against the Smith family.

Edwin sensed he was at the zenith of life, brimming with vitality.

The executive paused before revealing, "The Smith family secured \$80 billion in funding."

Edwin's gaze narrowed a bit.

An amount of \$80 billion was sufficient to revive the Smith family.

With controlled tones, he inquired, "Have you determined the origin of the funds?"

The executive refrained from disclosing.

Realization then dawned on Edwin. In Duefron, aside from the Fowler family, only one other person possessed such capability.

Leonel!

He required a meeting with Leonel before the \$80 billion reached the Smith family's hands.

Edwin couldn't afford to wait until morning.

While dressing, he dialed Leonel's number, stating, "Let's arrange a meeting."

Leonel's voice remained composed.

Almost expecting the call, Leonel responded, "It's your wedding night; why choose this time for a meeting?"

Edwin's tone turned cold. "Leonel, there's no need for pretense. Be clear—are you leveraging the Smith family to intimidate me? What are your intentions?"

"You should have deduced it by now!"

Edwin sneered. "Do you believe Alexis would yield to you for my sake? Leonel, Alexis isn't that easily swayed. She would prefer to witness me pleading than compromise her principles for me."

Leonel's voice stayed composed. "That implies you don't understand her well enough!"

After a brief pause, he added, "I'm at home; come over."

Clenching his teeth, Edwin responded, "I'll arrive promptly, Mr. Douglas!"

Leonel's laughter was subdued as he ended the call.

Edwin cast his phone aside and noticed Laura awake, wrapped in blankets, her expression concerned. "Edwin, what's the matter?"

Edwin comfortingly kissed her. "Nothing major, just some business affairs.

"I'll bring you breakfast upon my return in the morning."

Laura had heard Leonel's voice over the phone.

Anxiously, she inquired, "Are you heading to meet Leonel?"

Edwin hesitated briefly, and then nodded. "He's acting irrationally. Trying to side with the Smith family to make Alexis concede."

Laura was taken aback.

She softly asked, "Isn't he afraid of upsetting Alexis, or your uncle confronting him again?"

Edwin lightly tapped her forehead, smiling wryly. "He's extremely wealthy now. Many rely on his favor. He's really giving it all by resorting to such a desperate move."

Edwin simply hadn't foreseen the way he himself would be involved in Leonel and Alexis' entangled relationship.