

## Chapter 533 Alexis, You're Blushing Intensely

Leonel cast a gaze in Alexis' direction.

Alexis expressed her reluctance to hear that again, whispering, "Haven't you prepared dinner? I'm hungry and would like to eat something."

"Sure, dinner it is."

Leonel's intense gaze hinted at a desire to sweep Alexis off her feet.

Yet Alexis declined.

Resting against the bed's headboard, she appeared delicate. "I'll manage on my own. You step out. I need to change."

Unfortunately, there were no alternate outfits available for her.

Leonel fetched a sweater and somewhat snug trousers from the closet for Alexis, who managed to slip into them.

Unfazed, she proceeded to change without avoiding him.

Leonel's gaze remained fixed on her.

As she undressed, a faint red mole adorned her taut and flat abdomen, exuding a captivating allure. The memory of tender moments during their intimate nights lingered, where he had kissed that mole countless times.

During those intimate moments, Alexis habitually wrapped her arms around his neck, whispering, "Leonel, enough with the mole."

Lost in reminiscence, Leonel couldn't resist running his fingers through her hair.

Sensing his touch, Alexis turned her head.

When their eyes met, a brief moment of silence ensued.

Alexis pursed her lips and strolled into the living room. Leonel remained indoors until he tidied up the bedsheet.

Seated at the table, Alexis scrolled through her phone.

Leonel served the heated food and placed it on the table. Though tempted to snatch her phone away and advise against playing, he restrained himself, opting for a gentle suggestion. "Save the phone time for after dinner."

Alexis glanced at him, complying by stowing her phone.

Leonel served Alexis a bowl of soup and, as she sipped, inquired casually, "Didn't you have work at the law firm today?"

Alexis hesitated.

She offered a faint smile, saying, "Don't I have the duty of keeping you company?"

Clearly, it wasn't a sweet sentiment. How could Leonel be oblivious? Yet he chose to feign ignorance.

Leonel showcased his culinary skills, and Alexis, mindful of her stomach, savored the meal.

After dinner, she settled onto the sofa, engrossed in her phone.

She downloaded a few games, deeming them entertaining.

With housework completed, Leonel joined Alexis on the sofa. He powered up the TV, enveloping her in a tender embrace. A romantic movie played on the screen. Kissing her forehead, he suggested, "This is a film you've mentioned. Interested in watching together?"

Alexis carried on with her game.

She casually replied, "Maybe I'll catch it some other time."

Leonel remained silent. Perhaps, having compelled her to accept him, he chose to yield to her in other aspects of life.

He respected Alexis' choices and didn't insist if she wasn't inclined.

The impasse persisted between them. It wasn't until 9 o'clock that Alexis stretched, signaling her readiness for bed.

She avoided seeking conflict.

Observing Leonel emerge from the bathroom clad only in a towel, she set aside the magazine she was holding and reclined on the bed.

Leonel glanced at his pillow.

Resting on the pillow was a box of condoms.

Suddenly, he felt a bit disconcerted. Despite his desire for intimacy, he found himself less aroused when Alexis expressed it so openly.

Raising the quilt, he settled beside her.

Enveloping her in his embrace, he bestowed patient kisses on her.

Intertwining his fingers in her hair, he deepened their kisses.

Exhausted, they both gasped for breath. Leonel, in a husky voice, traced her flushed face and remarked, "You're blushing intensely."

Leaning against his shoulder, Alexis' breath was slightly erratic.

She inquired, "Do you want to continue?"

Naturally, Leonel wanted to continue. He intensified his kisses, one hand bracing the bed, the other securing her body. Being young, they inevitably became aroused after all the kissing and touching.

During their intimate moment, he softly asked her about her feelings, whispering into her ear.

Alexis chose not to tell him.

She remained silent, her face pressed against his shoulder. Occasionally, when she couldn't bear it, a soft groan escaped her lips.

Perhaps it was the most taciturn lovemaking they had experienced.

Yet Leonel found it difficult to retain control.

After several rounds, exhaustion claimed Alexis, and she drifted into a slumber, too fatigued even to shower.

Leonel tenderly helped her clean up with a warm towel.

Sleep eluded him.

Nestled beside her, he delicately grasped her finger, reminiscent of their childhood antics.

After some time, his face became flushed.

Reflecting on his actions, Leonel acknowledged that what transpired with Alexis wasn't befitting of his childhood self.

But he couldn't resist the urge.

She had blossomed into a woman of maturity and allure. Leonel's countenance softened as he envisioned the prospect of having children with her after marriage.

Aware that Alexis anticipated his eventual weariness, he was resolute not to grow weary of her.

It almost took him everything to get her back. How could she ever let her go?

At the crack of dawn, Alexis' phone rang, rousing her from sleep.

The caller was Waylen.

Leonel propped himself up and, after a brief contemplation, answered the phone for her. "Mr. Fowler?"

Once again, they shared the same bed. Waylen wasn't really taken aback though; he foresaw the events unfolding today after Leonel chose Alexis. Yet, Waylen refrained from intervening.

Waylen hit Leonel and demanded that he leave.

However, as an adult, it was now Alexis' prerogative to navigate her relationships.

Waylen, with conflicting emotions, queried in a hushed tone, "Is Alexis still asleep?"

Leonel affirmed. "Yes."

Extending his hand, he tenderly caressed Alexis' head. In a husky voice, he remarked, "I'll bring Alexis back for lunch later."

Waylen scoffed. "You don't need to inform me. It's up to Alexis whether she wants to bring you back."

"Mr. Fowler,"

Leonel softly called.

Waylen snorted. "How did I instruct you as a child? I never taught you to intertwine personal emotions with your career, but now you've involved

< Chapter 533 Alexis, You're Blushing Intensely 🌸 +120 Points at most  
everyone. You're gambling on Alexis caring for you. She doesn't want you  
to spiral into despair, but, Leonel, do you consider this fair to Alexis?"

Leonel acknowledged the unfairness.

Struggling with his words, he choked out, "I'll treat her well."

Waylen let out a hollow laugh. "Haha! Many are willing to be good to her."

However, as Alexis' father, Waylen understood that Leonel was Alexis' only vulnerability. Leonel, aware of this, effectively wielded control over her.

Waylen fell silent and promptly ended the call.

After setting down his phone, Leonel noticed that Alexis had awakened.

Resting against the pillow, she gazed at him. Her thoughts remained a mystery.

Leonel bent down, planting a morning kiss on her lips. "Good morning."

Alexis didn't evade the kiss. After it concluded, she said quietly, "Please don't answer my phone for me from now on."

Leonel regarded her and replied, "It's your dad calling. Are you mad at me?"

Slipping into a shirt, Alexis rose and stated, "We aren't that close."

Leonel grasped the implication. Seizing her hand, he drew her beneath him. Gazing into her eyes, he sighed, "Alexis, I'm not toying with you. I'm sincere."

Lifting her head, Alexis met his handsome visage.

She tenderly caressed his face and smiled. "I do enjoy the company of a man like you, and I feel good being intimate with you. However, when it comes to marriage, I can only say that you can bring a horse to water, but you can't make him drink."

"What if I want to marry you?"

Wearing a subtle smile, Alexis remarked, "Leonel, you've compelled me to come around and accept you. We're already sharing the same bed. What? If I choose not to marry you, will you resort to threats or force me into marriage?"

She doubted he was ready to go to such extremes.

Leonel fixed his gaze on her, offering a smile.

Indeed, this was the essence of Alexis.

Her nature didn't incline her to marry obediently.

She gently pushed him aside and headed for the bathroom. "I have other commitments this afternoon. Moreover, I have work to attend to, and I can't always be by your side. Let's plan to meet again this weekend if our schedules align."

Leonel, with his upper body exposed, leaned against the headboard.

Why did it strike him as unsettling? He wanted a life companion, not someone to share his bed during weekends!

Nevertheless, he couldn't argue.

Reluctant to pressure Alexis, he relented, allowing her temporary freedom. In the afternoon, Alexis headed to the law firm.

Admittedly, it was a minor case.

However, she simply didn't wish to be in the company of Leonel.

Following the completion of her work, she strolled leisurely outdoors, briefcase in tow. Unintentionally, she found herself on a bustling street adorned with stores dedicated to mother-and-baby products.

The crowd consisted mainly of expectant women, their rounded bellies evident as they moved about.


The men accompanying them exhibited a certain tenderness on their faces.

Reflecting on the previous night, Alexis recalled that Leonel had been unwilling to use a condom, expressing his desire to have a child with her. However, she declined, not only because she didn't want to have a child with him but also because she wasn't particularly enthusiastic about the responsibilities of childcare.

Yet now a hint of envy crept into her thoughts as she observed these couples.

She speculated that these expectant women were likely in blissful relationships, evident in their joyous pregnancies.

As Alexis prepared to depart, she unexpectedly bumped into an

< Chapter 533 Alexis, You're Blushing Intensely  +120 Points at most acquaintance, none other than Laura.

Laura emerged alone.

Interestingly, despite being just a year younger than Alexis, Laura's wardrobe choices gave her a youthful appearance, especially in her light yellow overalls. Alexis observed as Laura meticulously perused baby items in a store.

Stepping into the store, Alexis called out, "Laura?"

Laura expressed surprise. "Alexis?"

Alexis picked up the rubber duck that had caught Laura's interest, giving it a couple of squeezes. The quacking sound it emitted was undeniably adorable.

"Interested? I'll get it for you."

Laura blushed and commented, "It must be amusing to have it in the bathtub."

Alexis had been silently observing Laura. It occurred to her that she hadn't seen Laura in such a light-hearted manner before.

A realization struck Alexis—Laura must have been influenced by Edwin.

Alexis found the duckling toy intriguing as well. Consequently, she purchased four and tossed two into her own car.

With time on her hands, Alexis joined Laura for dinner and later escorted her back home.

Upon leaving, Alexis noticed a middle-aged man skulking around near her car.

Alexis frowned and questioned, "Who are you?"

Recognition struck, leaving her momentarily stunned. The man was none other than Leonel's father, Kenneth.

Kenneth greeted her with a smile. "You're Alexis, correct? Has Leonel spoken about me?"

Alexis heard about the things Kenneth had done.

Deep-rooted animosity toward this man welled within her.

Crossing her arms, she sneered. "Should he? Why would he mention you to me?"

Kenneth, somewhat peeved but prioritizing financial gains, stifled his anger and stated, "It doesn't bother me that Leonel hasn't mentioned me to you earlier, but there's no harm in acknowledging it now. Alexis... I understand you two are on the path to matrimony. When is the wedding? Which hotel is it to be held in?"

Resting against the car, Alexis cut to the chase. "You're after money, aren't you?"

Kenneth grinned and remarked, "I appreciate your astuteness."

Wearing a covetous expression, he continued, "Leonel is rising in prominence. I don't anticipate him proudly acknowledging me as his father. However, ponder this. The illustrious Leonel has a destitute father. If word gets out, it could tarnish his reputation. Isn't preserving the Fowler family's business reputation paramount?"

Having said his piece, Kenneth chuckled.

Alexis glanced downward, kicking a stone. "Alright. You better bring down Leonel swiftly. If you dawdle, I'll hold you in contempt."

Kenneth was taken aback.

He hadn't anticipated Alexis' indifference.

Alexis opened the car door and swiftly got in. Kenneth attempted to intercept her, but her vehicle sped away abruptly, narrowly avoiding a collision.

He glared at the departing car, cursing vehemently.

"Damn it! How conceited she is! Wealthy, big deal."

In that moment, a young woman approached in a wheelchair, addressing him softly, "Mr. Douglas."

Kenneth scrutinized the woman attentively.

She was well-dressed, exuding an air of affluence. Observing this, Kenneth rubbed his hands together and inquired, "You're acquainted with Leonel?"

The woman was none other than Serenity.

Gazing at Kenneth, Serenity replied gently, "I've known Leonel for quite some time. If you're willing, I'd like to treat you to dinner."

Kenneth, too, was a womanizer.

It was evident to him that this woman harbored affection for his son.

Despite Serenity being physically challenged and not as visually striking as Alexis, she demonstrated a certain deference toward him.

Moreover, Kenneth could only reap benefits if Serenity was genuinely enamored with Leonel.

Kenneth found himself with no alternative. Discarding any pretense of propriety, he bluntly inquired, "How much are you willing to offer me?"

Serenity extracted a check of \$100 thousand from her purse.

"Take this sum and use it as you wish."

Kenneth grinned. It had been a while since he had seen such a sum. Clutching the check, he remarked with a smile, "I believe Leonel is oblivious. He doesn't recognize your true worth. Rest assured, I'll speak favorably on your behalf."

Serenity smiled.

Subsequently, she treated Kenneth to dinner, purchased him a new ensemble, and escorted him to her residence.

She believed that with Kenneth residing there, Leonel would eventually reconsider and recognize who truly cared for him.

Nightfall saw Kenneth donning a pair of shorts.

He was bathed and fed, obviously in a good mood.

Reclining on the sofa, Kenneth dialed Leonel's number. "Leonel, it's me. I'm currently at Serenity's place. She's genuinely kind and deeply in love with you. Give it some thought, won't you? Serenity is the ideal match for you. Alexis is quite aloof. Can she truly be a wife?"

In a stern tone, Leonel inquired, "Did you visit Alexis?"

"That woman nearly ran me over."

After a brief silence, Leonel delivered a chilling warning. "Do not attempt to contact her again. Otherwise, I will not show mercy."

With that, Leonel ended the call.

Kenneth cursed.

Enraged, he tossed the phone aside.

Serenity felt a twinge of disappointment; it appeared that Leonel harbored no affection for his father. Her financial investment seemed futile.

Serenity intended to ask Kenneth to leave, but as soon as she began, she realized it was easier to mount a lion than to dismount.

Kenneth chuckled.

Displaying a grin that revealed yellowed teeth, Kenneth playfully remarked, "Serenity, aren't you the caring one? Why dismiss me now? This place feels rather vacant. With your mobility challenges, I can be of assistance."

Kenneth discerned that Leonel held no interest in Serenity.

Despite her physical limitations, she was affluent and beautiful.

It had been a while since Kenneth engaged in intimacy with an attractive woman.

Clad in a flimsy pajama, it was evident that Serenity sought to entice a man.

Kenneth circled his arm around Serenity's waist, causing her to tumble onto his lap. Through the thin fabric of his trousers, he pressed against her fair and delicate form.

Serenity cried out, "What are you trying to do?"

Kenneth exhaled heavily. "Naturally, I want to bring you pleasure. Be cooperative. If Leonel isn't interested, I'll ensure you're satisfied. I'm no less capable in bed than he is. Over the years, I've honed my skills in pleasing a woman."

Serenity fought vehemently.

However, how could she contend with an aroused man?

The flimsy pajama clinging to Serenity's body was ripped away as Kenneth proceeded to engage with her directly.

< Chapter 533 Alexis, You're Blushing Intensely 🎁 +120 Points at most

During her time with Darwin, Serenity abstained from intimate relationships.

This marked the first instance in which she had been subjected to the advances of such a coarse and merciless man.

Kenneth expressed heightened enthusiasm. "I never imagined you were still a virgin. Didn't your ex even lay a hand on you?" Despite Kenneth's advancing age, the allure of the beautiful Serenity compelled him to continue. The encounter persisted for more than half the night.

Eventually, Kenneth found contentment.

He dressed and retrieved a chilled watermelon from the fridge, devouring it eagerly.

Lying face down on the bed, tears welled in Serenity's eyes.

She harbored resentment toward Leonel.

She blamed Leonel's callousness for her predicament, questioning how she ended up being violated by Kenneth.

Her animosity toward Leonel stemmed from the fact that he showed concern for only Alexis.

Shaking, Serenity retrieved her phone and dialed a number.



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