

Chapter 538 I'm Interested In Getting A Vasectomy

Alexis sensed Leonel's body quivering.

After some time, Leonel pivoted and embraced Alexis, burying his face in her neck. His skin radiated an unusual warmth, bordering on abnormal.

Never had Alexis witnessed him in such a vulnerable state.

Turning her face to the side, she murmured, "The doctor will find a solution when the time comes, Leonel. It's merely an unfortunate incident. I haven't experienced bleeding in quite a while."

He remained silent, simply cradling her in his embrace.

Time passed before Leonel, in a hushed tone, questioned, "Do you also desire to have a child with me?"

Alexis, feeling a mix of embarrassment and irritation, asserted, "I'm being sincere."

His demeanor grew earnest. "I'm sincere too, Alexis. Don't you want to marry me? We could start our days together, sharing breakfast in the morning before heading to work separately. I'll even prepare dinner for you in the evenings. Doesn't that prospect excite you?"

"Sounds delightful."

She smiled, adding, "However, compatibility is key. Familiarity doesn't guarantee smooth sailing."

Leonel bestowed a gentle kiss on her lips.

"Don't we have a good rapport?"

"Are you referring to our compatibility in bed?"

Playfully patting her on the rear, Leonel advised, "Ladies should exude more elegance. Let's not always dwell on such matters."

Alexis enveloped him in an embrace.

Her hands roamed freely. "So, what? Are you partial to more reserved women?"

Actually, what Alexis wanted to inquire about was whether that was the reason he went out with Serenity.

However, Alexis refrained from dampening the mood at that moment.

Knowing Alexis intimately, how could Leonel be oblivious? He simply smiled and turned to attend to the cooking. Awkwardly, Alexis retreated to the living room. After a while, she couldn't help but ask, "Is it really okay if we don't go back to Mr. Gibson's place?"

"I'll pay them a visit on another occasion."

The sound of Leonel's voice echoed from the kitchen.

"Alright," Alexis acquiesced.

Thirty minutes later, he completed the cooking and joined her for dinner.

Alexis suspected he harbored concerns. Perhaps her minor blood loss was the source of his lingering worry. This was a rare moment when she genuinely sought to cheer him up a little bit.

After the shower, she adorned herself in nothing but a white shirt.

Seated on the ebony leather sofa beside the window, Alexis delicately dried her hair. Her slender form exuded an air of purity.

Engaged in business matters, Leonel later returned and found her in this state.

He experienced a momentary surprise.

Subsequently, he approached and effortlessly relieved her of the hair dryer. Temporarily shutting it off, he huskily posed the question, "Are you up for it?"

He then resumed the operation of the hair dryer.

Alexis lifted her head to meet his gaze, but he gently pressed it down. "Behave."

Swiftly, she pivoted, dropped to her knees on the sofa, and enveloped his waist with her arms.

Leonel's gaze held a profound intensity.

After a brief pause, he methodically switched off the hair dryer and set it aside. Subsequently, he kissed her and slipped his hand beneath her shirt. In a whisper, he declared, "This shirt belongs to me. I must reclaim it."

Not only did the shirt belong to him, but her entire essence belonged to him.

Leonel knew all too well how to please Alexis.

He exerted himself to ensure her happiness, even if it meant lust gnawing at him and beads of sweat forming on his forehead. His priority was always to make her feel good.

Embracing him tightly, Alexis commanded, "Let's go to bed!"

The two youthful bodies pressed against each other gradually, but he halted at the crucial moment.

"The condoms are still in the car," Leonel admitted, a hint of embarrassment gracing his countenance.

Alexis silenced him with a kiss, pressing her lips to his.

In a safe phase of her cycle, she paid little heed to contraceptive precautions.

However, Leonel was insistent. After a few lingering kisses and ensuring her pleasure, he rose. "I'll retrieve them."

Once he departed, a chill settled over Alexis.

Upon his return, their intimacy unfolded with less urgency than before.

In a hushed tone, Alexis queried, "Is something amiss?"

Leaning against her, Leonel, in a husky voice, suggested, "Perhaps we should abstain tonight. I'm not feeling quite myself."

Alexis didn't push the issue.

After taking a shower, she nestled against his chest, inquiring softly, "Are you still troubled by that matter? We're not expecting a child at the moment. Let's discuss it later, alright?"

Alexis's perspective was straightforward.

If they decided on having a child eventually, consulting a doctor was always an option.

It didn't have to affect their current sex life!

Leonel forced a smile, tenderly patting her.

"It's late. Get some rest."

The following morning, Alexis drove to the law firm, having a court trial scheduled for later.

Leonel opted not to go to the office, spending the entire morning in the apartment.

Shortly before noon, his secretary called. "Mr. Douglas, I've scheduled an appointment with Dr. Jones for you. He's presently at the hospital."

Leonel acknowledged and ended the call.

Retrieving the car key and donning his coat, he descended the stairs.

Thirty minutes later, he arrived at the hospital. Boris Jones, an expert in the Department of Hematology, awaited him.

Leonel engaged in a conversation with Boris for approximately an hour. His countenance bore signs of distress upon exiting.

The prognosis was grim—there existed a significant likelihood that the child conceived with Alexis would be afflicted with a blood disorder.

Opting against having a child seemed like the wisest course.

Leonel grappled with the ethical dilemma of denying a woman her right to motherhood, especially when that woman was Alexis.

Leonel stood within the confines of the elevator.

Observing the ascending numbers, he pondered whether opting for a vasectomy could conclusively resolve the issue.

This way, Alexis would be spared any potential adversity.

They could share a secure and harmonious life together indefinitely.

Exiting the elevator, he proceeded directly to the registration window, leaning in to declare, "I'm here to register for the andrology department. I'm interested in getting a vasectomy."

Initially inattentive, the toll collector's gaze inadvertently met Leonel's face as she handed him the invoice, leading to a moment of stunned

surprise.

She couldn't fathom that such an attractive individual would opt not to have children.

Unable to contain her curiosity, she ventured, "Sir, would you reconsider?"

Leonel accepted the registration form and departed promptly.

As the doctor penned the appointment slip, he offered a reassuring smile to Leonel. "In fact, this is not permanent. If you later desire to have children, a minor procedure can reverse the vasectomy. However, it's advisable not to delay beyond eight years, as an extended interval may adversely affect sperm quality."

Leonel acknowledged it stoically.

The doctor couldn't refrain from commenting, "There's an increasing number of dual-income, no-kids couples nowadays."

Surprisingly, Leonel admitted in a soft tone, "I genuinely desire to have a child."

The doctor was taken aback.

It dawned on the doctor that perhaps Leonel's wife had reservations about having children.

Concluding the appointment slip, the doctor informed, "Our schedule is full for this afternoon. You can come back tomorrow to undergo the procedure. After your surgery, you're free to leave. It's convenient, though having your wife accompany you would be optimal."

In a husky voice, Leonel declined, "Not necessary."

Leonel opted to keep this decision from Alexis, sparing her any psychological burden and ensuring she didn't perceive it as a sacrifice for her sake.

His desire for a child was eclipsed by his longing for Alexis.

Stowing away the appointment slip, Leonel exited the building.

Surprisingly, he crossed paths with Serenity and Darwin.

Darwin, in a reconciled conversation with Serenity while pushing her wheelchair, indicated they had resolved their differences somehow.

Without a word, Leonel swiftly departed.

However, Darwin intercepted him, urging, "Leonel, let's have a word."

Observing Serenity and then shifting his gaze to Darwin, Leonel casually remarked, "There's a company meeting awaits."

A furrow creased Darwin's brow.

Gesturing toward Serenity, veins pulsating on his forehead, Darwin asserted, "Look at Serenity. Shouldn't you take responsibility?"

Leonel sneered. "Seriously? In what way should I take responsibility? Marry her? You were responsible for her when you initially decided to marry her. How did that turn out? Did you two genuinely love each other? She divorced you and now wants to pester me. She should've discovered my father's true nature. She has only herself to blame. Am I really to be held responsible?"

In a composed tone, Leonel added, "If responsibility is insisted upon, financial compensation is the only recourse."

Darwin swung a punch.

Leonel made no attempt to evade, resulting in a bruised eye.

Touching the bruise, he sneered. "Well done, Darwin. Take care of her properly. Don't harbor any other thoughts."

Darwin stood in bewilderment.

Leonel's words carried a veiled implication. What did he mean by those words?

Upon reflection, a cold sweat broke out on Darwin's back. He questioned if Leonel had seen through him. Darwin harbored feelings for Alexis but had kept them a secret. He had contemplated pursuing Alexis when she and Leonel ended their relationship some time ago. Darwin had even sought his parents' help for a blind date with Alexis, but Waylen thwarted the plan.

To him, marrying his precious daughter to a divorced man like Darwin was out of the question.

Darwin appeared distressed.

Leonel adjusted his collar, choosing not to engage in a prolonged argument with Darwin. He entered the car.

Deliberately, Serenity spoke up. "Leonel, we used to be together, a thorn always in Alexis' heart. You understand her, don't you? How could she endure your betrayal?"

"You needn't concern yourself with my affairs."

Observing the couple, Leonel couldn't shake the feeling that their history had been tumultuous.

Starting the car, Leonel departed swiftly.

Serenity's lips quivered.

Turning to Darwin, she queried, "You also believe I deserved this, don't you? Yes, I took Kenneth back. He had nowhere else to go and I pitied him. Leonel never understood me. He believed I got what I deserved. Darwin, what's the purpose of my existence? I'd rather not live."

Following her words, Serenity wheeled herself towards the center of the street.

Embracing her from behind, Darwin pressed against her, murmuring, "Serenity, don't do this. It's not your fault. You simply love someone."

Tears streamed down Serenity's face as she questioned, "Do you genuinely believe that?"

Darwin nodded affirmatively.

Serenity collapsed into his arms, seeking solace as she wept softly.

Serenity refrained from divulging to Darwin that Kenneth, during the assault, hadn't used protection, leaving the possibility of pregnancy looming.

Since she refrained from taking any medication during her hospital stay, there was a possibility that she would get pregnant.

It was speculated that she might be carrying the child of the Douglas family, making the baby biologically related to Leonel. In such a situation, how could Leonel distance himself from her? Darwin, innocent and benevolent, would undoubtedly champion justice for her.

A wry smile played on Serenity's lips.

Gently stroking her belly, she harbored a fervent wish for pregnancy.

In the evening, Alexis steered her car to Leonel's apartment.

A sense of unease lingered within her.

There was an unsettling air surrounding Leonel from the previous night.

Ascending the stairs, Alexis opened the door to find Leonel at home, engrossed in a book on the sofa, with music resonating in the background. Cooking was not on his agenda.

The table was adorned with gourmet French cuisine from a five-star hotel, accompanied by a bottle of red wine.

Not inclined towards sentimentality, Alexis avoided revisiting past conflicts as long as her relationship with Leonel remained harmonious.

She was attentive to Leonel's emotions, comforting him when he was feeling unhappy.

Setting aside her briefcase, Alexis half-knelt beside Leonel, planting a kiss on his lips. "What's the occasion today? It feels quite extravagant."

Exquisite details extended beyond the French cuisine and red wine to include Leonel's impeccably stylish attire—a crisp dress shirt, paired with straight suit pants.

Even at home, he adorned himself with shinning cowhide shoes. He indeed looked quite charming!

Setting aside his book, Leonel tenderly encircled Alexis' waist as she approached. Upon closer inspection, Alexis noticed a bruise on the corner of his eye. She delicately inquired, "What happened?"

Leonel divulged the truth.

"I encountered Darwin at the hospital. He hit me."

Curious, Alexis inquired, "Why were you at the hospital?"

Leonel, employing his acumen, touched his nose, pondered briefly, and provided an explanation. "I went to see a doctor and procure sleeping pills. My recent sleep has been troubled."

Alexis accepted the explanation without skepticism.

She scoffed. "This is all because you intended to settle things with me earlier."

Seating herself beside him, she administered a massage.

Subsequently, she inquired about his well-being.

Leonel lifted his gaze to meet hers. In the glow of the crystal chandelier, Alexis' eyes and brows exuded delicacy.

Her visage carried the tender allure and beauty reminiscent of Rena, coupled with a hint of Waylen's noble spirit. Alexis indeed presented a striking beauty.

Contemplating the appointment tomorrow, Leonel pondered the potential consequences of the operation for his intimate encounters with Alexis.

The desire to engage with her intimately surged within him.

He drew her into an embrace, initiating a passionate kiss.

Anticipating his intentions, Alexis placed a hand against his chest and whispered, "Let's dine first."

Impatience prevailed within Leonel.

Against the sofa, he initiated their intimate encounter before fully undressing her.

Perhaps it was due to their previous unsuccessful attempts, but Alexis found herself unusually aroused. While in his embrace, she bit her lips and endured his movements, uncertain if it was just her perception or if Leonel was indeed behaving somewhat differently that day.

The intimacy persisted, with no immediate conclusion.

Subsequently, her voice, nestled in his arms, underwent a transformation. She pleaded for him to stop.

Bending down, Leonel pressed his lips against hers.

The protracted kiss reignited her passion.

Their intimate encounter spanned a duration of two hours.

"You bastard!"

Exhausted and unable to eat, Alexis reclined on the sofa. "Leonel, you must have consumed gunpowder today. I need to rethink our relationship."

Unfazed, Leonel carried on as if the events had no impact on him. He was the resilient one.

Embracing her, he bestowed another kiss on her.

"Weren't you silently criticizing me for not performing well last night? Yet you've worn yourself out today."

Alexis nipped at his hand.

Leonel offered a gentle smile, followed by a lingering kiss, before scooping her up and leading her to the dining area.

A faint blush colored Alexis' cheeks. "Tidy up the sofa. The cleaning lady might spot it tomorrow. It's not good."

Chuckling, Leonel remarked, "You're not one to be bashful."

Nevertheless, he proceeded to tidy up the sofa.

Settling into the chair for a moment of repose, Alexis, fueled by a small glass of red wine, grew disenchanted with elaborate meals. Playfully, she kicked his leg and declared, "I'm in the mood for spaghetti bolognese."

Displaying good-natured patience, Leonel promptly headed to the kitchen to prepare the desired spaghetti.

Contentment washed over Alexis.

As he busied himself in the kitchen, she stealthily approached and enveloped him in a gentle embrace. "What prompted this sudden change today?"

Leonel grinned. "Tell me, when have I ever left you dissatisfied?"

A lingering sense of unease persisted for Alexis, yet he quipped, "After dinner, I plan to replicate the recent experience a couple more times."

Softly murmuring in his ear, Alexis disclosed, "Tomorrow's packed for me. Perhaps next time."

Leonel turned towards her and inquired, "What if I need to do it tonight?"

Resting against him, Alexis quipped, "You gentlemen have your ways, don't you?"

"I'm committed now."

Alexis enjoyed engaging in such banter with him. Her cheek pressed against his shoulder, and as he turned to kiss her, he playfully advised, "Behave. Let's focus on your dinner."

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Subsequently, he proceeded to the study room.

Despite her inclination to take a shower, Alexis, passing by the sofa, inadvertently discovered a book Leonel had been engrossed in— a book centered around the topic of adopting children.

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