

Chapter 540 Leonel, I Want You To Hold Me

Back then, Alexis was just a shy little girl.

She leaned on her father's shoulder with an embarrassed look on her face upon hearing his words.

Waylen recalled what had happened just now.

Leonel was riding a bike to buy tampons for Alexis.

When did these two kids become so close?

Although as a father, Waylen was mentally prepared for this, when the moment came, he still had a hard time swallowing it.

Thus, when Leonel and Rena came over, Waylen shot Leonel a meaningful look, saying, "Leonel, let's go outside and get some fresh air."

Leonel used to be a decent and gracious boy. But now, somehow, he blushed.

Leonel followed Waylen to the terrace on the third floor.

The evening breeze of the summer night hit their faces, the warmth feeling ticklish against their skin.

Waylen lit a cigarette and took a few puffs before asking, "Have you been tried smoking?"

Leonel shook his head.

It wasn't that Leonel wasn't into vices. Rather, he just hadn't thought about it.

Waylen nodded with satisfaction. "It's good that you don't smoke."

With the cigarette nestled between his fingers, Waylen blew a thin wisp of smoke above him. His masculine aura came across as so natural that even Leonel was a bit stunned by it.

Waylen turned to Leonel and smiled. "What's wrong, silly boy?"

Leonel looked away and pursed his lips. He had always been a reserved boy.

Waylen patted Leonel's shoulder and said, "Alright. They have something to talk about. Let's go downstairs and have dinner first."

While heading downstairs, they happened to pass by Alexis' bedroom.

Leonel could hear Rena's voice through the door. With her was another girl whose voice sounded crisp and clear. Normally, Leonel wouldn't feel anything. But in that instance, his body was burning.

His face was red and felt like it was on fire.

After the two men had dinner, Waylen proceeded to deal with business while Leonel finished his homework.

The entire time, Leonel was listening to the sound upstairs. Despite what he heard, he noticed that Alexis had not yet come downstairs.

At ten o'clock in the evening, Leonel couldn't help but go upstairs.

He knocked on the door and waited for her to answer.

Even before opening it, Alexis already knew that it was Leonel. She chewed on the pen cap and let him in. When Leonel opened the door, he was greeted by the sight of Alexis doing her homework at the desk.

She had already changed her clothes—a pure white lounge wear.

Her long brown hair cascaded down her waist like a magnificent waterfall.

Under the light, her face glowed, which further accentuated her natural beauty.

At this point, Leonel's heart was pounding hard against his chest, but his facial expression didn't betray what he was feeling inside. He leaned against Alexis' pink desk and asked, "Why haven't you gone downstairs for dinner?"

Alexis, who was busy reading, answered without looking up, "I have no appetite."

"But you still have to eat," Leonel urged her.

All of a sudden, he gently pulled her hair and asked, "What do you want to eat? Whatever it is, I'll make it for you."

Alexis looked up at Leonel and slightly tilted her head. "You can cook?"

Leonel narrowed his eyes at her for a long time before answering, "There's a lot of things I can do. There are so many things you don't know."

Upon hearing this, a small smile formed on Alexis' face.

Leonel didn't go downstairs at once. Instead, he stayed for a while and stared at Alexis for a long time. When it seemed that he had overstayed his welcome, Alexis kicked him and said, "Aren't you going to cook me something? Why do you just keep staring at me?"

Leonel let out a small chuckle before heading downstairs.

Fifteen minutes later, he went up carrying a tray with a bowl of noodles on it.

There were two poached eggs and several vegetables in the soup, and it looked delicious.

Alexis picked the bowl up and let its aroma waft up her nose before asking, "Did you really make this? Leonel, when did you learn how to cook like this?"

Leonel didn't answer. Instead, he urged her to eat.

He then tucked away a stray strand of her hair while she gingerly ate the noodles.

While he was eating, he said to her in a hoarse voice, "Sometimes, I get hungry at night and I'm too embarrassed to ask anyone to make me something to eat. That's why I learned how to cook by myself."

Alexis nodded in awe. "Wow, Leonel. You really are amazing."

He paused, but eventually looked away from her and said nothing.

Alexis thought that the noodles he cooked was really delicious—so delicious that she managed to finish everything. After putting down the bowl, she said reluctantly, "Your future wife must be very lucky with you."

Leonel looked down at her and still said nothing.

Alexis then quickly picked up the pen and pretended to do her homework. However, after only two strokes, her face grimaced as she put her hand on her belly.

"What's wrong?" Leonel asked her.

Since the two of them grew up together, they were naturally close. So, without hesitation, he reached out his hand and touched her belly.

As soon as she felt his touch, Alexis froze.

She didn't avoid his hand. Instead, she leaned closer to his shoulder and whispered, "It's bleeding again."

Leonel slightly tilted his head to the side.

There was a subtle change in the atmosphere. After a while, he picked her up and carried her to the bed.

"But I've got homework to do," Alexis complained while sitting up.

"I'll help you with it."

After saying that, Leonel sat in front of her desk. His side profile looked neat. He was so good in academics that he managed to finish her homework in under half an hour.

When he was about to return to his room, Alexis began acting like a spoiled child. "Leonel, can you read me a story?" she pleaded.

The two of them grew up together.

They used to often sleep together on the same bed, and she didn't feel anything wrong with that.

However, Leonel's face and ears turned red and he ran as fast as he could.

As Leonel carried Alexis into the elevator now, she started to remember these fragments from the past.

Her face was buried in his shoulder. The two of them were indeed very close. Perhaps because they both thought of their shared past, neither of them spoke a word and let the silence hang in the air.

The red number on the elevator wall was getting bigger.

When they reached the top floor, Leonel was about to go out when Alexis tugged on his arm.

"What's wrong?" he asked in a gentle voice.

Alexis looked up at him as she swallowed hard. This would be the first she would be asking him about the past. "At that time... I don't think

you've forgotten about it."

What she wanted to say was that they clearly had a crush on each other back then.

But then he went abroad and sent her a postcard, telling her that she didn't have to wait for him anymore.

Leonel let out a long sigh. "Alexis," he muttered. He didn't know how to explain it to her. He knew that Alexis wasn't the type of person who would split hairs. However, whenever he remembered how beautiful and pure their love was in their youth, he couldn't help but regret.

It was indeed his fault.

It was obvious that they were each other's first love. Sadly, he chose a relationship with someone else.

The question was left unanswered until they arrived at the apartment.

By then, Alexis didn't ask anymore.

The night was quieter than usual. In order to make her happy, Leonel asked someone to set off some fireworks at the rooftop.

Police officers were soon attracted, and Leonel was fined 3000 dollars.

This was all worth it though. Alexis was curled on the sofa, blanket in her arms and a satisfied smile on her face.

Leonel leaned over and kissed her on the forehead. After a while, he bit the tip of her nose and said playfully, "Bad girl."

It was rare for Alexis to take the initiative.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him on the lips. When she pulled away, she looked into his eyes and said, "I want it, Leonel."

In response, Leonel lowered his head and kissed her on the lips.

When they pulled away from each other, there was now a deeper look in Leonel's eyes.

He began unbuttoning her shirt with his long fingers.

As he did, Alexis' body tensed, her arms clinging more tightly to him. She bit her lips and called out his name. "Leonel..."

Leonel responded, his voice sounding so sexy that it turned her on.

It was rare for Alexis to take the initiative. She pulled him in and kissed him so passionately that it lit his whole body on fire. He then bent over and kissed her back with the same intensity, making sure that she would feel good.

After a long time, she relaxed in his arms.

Her skin was drenched in sweat.

"What's wrong with you?" she murmured as she leaned her head against his neck. Although it was just as good as usual, there was something different about it this time around.

Leonel grazed her cheek with his thumb. "What? Is it not enough?"

Of course it wasn't enough. They didn't really do it just now.

However, Alexis was too shy to say this out loud. She would've come across as sex-starved if she did. So, she gently kicked him away and said, "I'm going to take a shower."

Leonel stood up and let go of her.

As Alexis walked towards the bathroom, he stared at her back and swallowed hard.

He was ligatured today. As such, he couldn't have sex for a week.

He didn't want Alexis to know about it. However, if the two of them didn't have sex for a whole week, Alexis would surely begin to doubt.

Once she was done showering, Alexis came out of the bathroom.

Leonel was outside, talking to someone over the phone. After a while, he hung up the phone and said lightly, "I'm going to Heron tomorrow on business. I'll be there for about a week."

Alexis wasn't the clingy type, so she didn't mind that he had business to do.

She simply sat on the sofa and began applying nail polish on her feet.

"Are you leaving tomorrow morning?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"Then I'll stay at my parents' place this week. I miss Claribel's cooking."

Leonel stared at Alexis for a while. Although he wouldn't be here, he was hoping that she would stay here. If she did, it meant that she belonged to him, and it would be like they never parted.

"You just stay here. I'll be back in a week."

Admiring her nail polish, Alexis casually said, "I'm not your wife. Why would I stay here?"

As soon as she said that, something felt immediately wrong.

It almost seemed that she was forcing him to marry her.

Not wanting a misunderstanding to ensue, she clarified, "I didn't mean that I want to marry you."

Leonel's smile didn't waver. He gently patted her on the head and said, "I know very well that you don't want to marry me."

Alexis scoffed and pouted. "Leonel, don't push your luck. You're still on trial."

"Really?" He then pulled her into his arms, and in a hoarse and sexy voice, he said, "But why do I feel that you're very clingy to me right now?"

Alexis just stared at him, her eyes slowly narrowing.

He then kissed her and said, "Alright, alright. Don't be angry anymore. Can you stay here?"

"No one cooks for me here," Alexis complained as she crossed her arms indignantly.

After thinking for a while, Leonel decided not to force her. However, that night, he slept with his arms around her. As he did, he couldn't help but think that the two of them should get married soon.

They did get along very well.

Perhaps it was due to the fact that they grew up together that neither of them would push each other's buttons, knowing the boundaries.

Although Alexis was a no-nonsense girl outside, she showed her childish side at home. Leonel didn't care about this—in fact, he liked it very much. On one hand, he loved her womanly side, but on the other, he missed the way she was back when they were young.

Luckily, Alexis still had both of those sides intact.

Leonel went on a business trip to Heron early in the morning.

At the same time, his father had just been sentenced to ten years in prison during the court trial.

The penalty felt neither light nor heavy.

That night, Leonel was in the most luxurious hotel in Heron. He was holding his phone, listening to his secretary's report.

After hanging up the phone, he turned to the window and stared at the night sky for a long time.

As his mind wandered, he thought of his mother.

She was a very gentle and docile woman, not the fierce type. And she loved her husband very much.

However, she was cornered by her own husband and jumped off that building in the end.

Kenneth now had to serve time for raping his own son's ex-girlfriend. As such, Leonel had very complicated feelings towards that man.

To Leonel, Kenneth was like an indelible stain that would remain with him for the rest of his life.

But then, he thought of that document.

Kenneth had already signed the papers and severed his relationship with Leonel. Now, Leonel was Waylen's son.

Leonel drained his glass in one gulp.

Memories of the past stung like strong liquor.

From time to time, he would still feel the kick.

But now, Leonel had Alexis. He no longer needed to spend the rest of his life healing those wounds.

At that moment, he wondered what Alexis was doing.

He took out his phone and wanted to call her. He wanted to ask her where she was and if she was still in their apartment. However, before he could dial her number, he heard a knock at his door.

Thinking it was room service, he opened the door.

But as soon as he did, his jaw almost dropped to the floor. Standing in front of him was Serenity.

His eyes fell on Serenity's legs, and he wasn't really too surprised by what he saw. Many years ago, Serenity fell from the mountain and crippled her legs. The doctor said that as long as she underwent physical therapy, there was a chance she could recover. However, she refused the treatment.

She ended up being wheelchair-bound and cried all day long.

Finally, Darwin married her.

Perhaps her legs were never damaged to begin with. She just wanted an excuse so that Darwin would stay with her.

Leonel stood by the doorway and didn't let her in.

Serenity was wearing a pure white dress. Her hair was dyed black, which cascaded smoothly behind her shoulders. She was just as beautiful as when she was still young.

With pitiful eyes, she looked at Leonel and said, "Aren't you going to invite me in?"

"What are you doing here?" Leonel asked, sounding annoyed.

He was about to close the door when suddenly, Serenity grabbed his arm. She bit her lips and said gently, "Leonel, don't drive me away. Don't you know how much I love you after all these years? Or do you think I'm dirty because of what your father has done to me?"

Leonel cast a cold look at her. "You should take these to Darwin."

Serenity's lips began to tremble.

When she opened her mouth, her voice cracked. "But... You're the one I like!"

Leonel remained firm and unfazed. "Serenity, I don't have any feelings for you," he said bluntly, making sure there was no ambiguity in his tone.

"Leonel, you used to like me, right? I don't believe that you've never liked me."

Serenity pulled him closer and hugged him tightly. "We were so good



together back in Acoiclya. You said that you liked girls like me. Why did you suddenly change? Can't we start over, Leonel?"

"Are you crazy?" Leonel snapped as he pushed her hard.

However, Serenity didn't let go. She held on to him as she said with choked sobs, "But Leonel, I love you!"

Then, she raised her head, intending to kiss him.

However, Leonel froze.

It was because he saw Alexis, who was still in her business attire while holding a briefcase.

She was leaning against the wall. Leonel had no idea how long she had been watching them.

Leonel pushed Serenity hard, and because her legs still weren't in good condition, she ended up falling in the floor. "It hurts," Serenity groaned in pain.

Suddenly, blood started trickling down Serenity's legs.

Leonel was stunned, and shortly after, he realized something. He picked up Serenity and rushed towards the elevator. "Alexis, she's bleeding. I'll take her to the hospital," he told her.

Alexis remained in her position and didn't move a single inch.

She still had the same expression on her face—no hint of joy nor sorrow.

"It hurts," Serena groaned again. Her face grimaced as it quickly turned pale.

Leonel hurried downstairs and hailed a cab towards the hospital.

Thankfully, they got there in time, and Serenity's child was saved.

The ward was deathly quiet. Leonel held his phone and said to Serenity, "I'll ask Darwin to come here and keep you company."

But before Leonel could make the call, Serenity slapped the phone off his hand. She seemed agitated, and her voice was more high-pitched than usual. "This isn't Darwin's child."