

## Chapter 541 You Better Get Rid Of This Child!

The tension in the room escalated rapidly.

Leonel fixed his gaze on Serenity, his incredulous question cutting through the air. "Isn't it Darwin's?"

Serenity's face displayed a strange mix of emotions.

Their silent confrontation took on an almost surreal quality.

Leonel couldn't help but think that their past relationship was nothing more than a fleeting and insignificant teenage affair.

It meant absolutely nothing!

If only Serenity hadn't fixated on it, she could have been a devoted wife to Darwin, and Leonel would have had no lingering ties with her.

Leonel's stare was intense, with a hint of barely noticeable disdain.

Serenity caught that subtle nuance.

She chuckled softly, a bitter tone underscoring her resentment. "Leonel, you've already figured out whose child this is, haven't you?"

Leonel sneered coldly. "Does it concern me?"

With that, he headed toward the door, ready to leave.

Knowing Serenity since their youth, he once thought of her as pure and sweet, but now she seemed more like a vicious serpent.

Leonel had no intention of getting entangled in her affairs.

As he reached for the door handle, Serenity's shattered voice broke the silence. "The child is your father's!"

As she uttered these words, her chest heaved violently.

Her voice, hoarse, continued, "Leonel, you must take responsibility!"

Leonel's gaze dropped, and he stared at his hand on the doorknob, his veins pulsating with intense anger.

After a prolonged silence, he restrained his voice. "Serenity! Did you even bother finding out who my father is before making this decision? I've severed ties with him. Waylen is my father now."

"That's impossible!" Panic filled Serenity's voice.

She refused to accept that this was all in vain.

But Leonel had no intention of prolonging the confrontation. After a momentary distraction, he opened the door, only to be abruptly pulled into a hug.

"Leonel, please don't leave!

Think about the child growing in my womb, carrying your blood. Can't you sense it? Maybe a healthy boy or a sweet little girl, Leonel... Can't we raise the child together?"

She even guided his hand to her belly.

Leonel recoiled as if electrocuted, yanking his hand away sharply.

Through gritted teeth, he exclaimed, "Serenity, have you no shame? How dare you!"

Serenity looked at him with a pitiful gaze, tears welling in her eyes.

Growing somewhat hysterical, she pleaded, "Leonel, I did all this for you! What's wrong with loving you? I'm the one who's been hurt—the one who's been there for you. Can't you spare a thought for me? What does Alexis have that I don't?"


Leonel sneered. "You're incomparable to her in every way!"

His Alexis is perpetually resilient on the surface yet tender-hearted.

She'd go to great lengths for Edwin's success, treating her siblings with the utmost care. Despite things didn't work out between them back then, she remained the familial sentiment for him.

The idea of comparing Serenity to Alexis was an outright insult, as they were clearly not on the same level.

Leonel's fridity heightened. "If life brings you misfortune, it's a consequence of your own actions. If you wish to avoid future regrets, rid

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yourself of the child."

Serenity's complexion paled, struggling to believe what she just heard.

Leonel was asking her to have an abortion?!

Leonel studied her petite features and offered a faint smile. "Serenity, you've held on for all these years. But do you truly understand the person I am? You might perceive me as sentimental, but you're unaware of the ice running through my veins. Unless it concerns someone I cherish, the value of other lives is negligible to me." A quiet hush settled over the other person. "Don't entertain thoughts of wielding life and death as threats. You hold no significance in my life, and if you were to meet your demise, only one person would mourn, and that's Darwin."

Having uttered these words, Leonel departed without looking back.

Tears cascaded down Serenity's cheeks as she witnessed his departure, her lips bitten in anguish.

Believing that using a child could manipulate Leonel was nothing more than her wishful thinking.

Collapsing onto her bed, she buried her face in the pillow, sobbing uncontrollably. Darwin's call rang, and she answered tearfully, "Darwin, I'm expecting, what should I do? The child carries the Douglas surname!"

Darwin lapsed into silence.

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Upon Leonel's hasty return to the hotel, Alexis was still present.

In his hotel room, she stood coatless, barefoot, leaning against the floor-to-ceiling window, her chin resting on her propped-up hand, deep in contemplation.

Leonel approached silently, embracing her from behind, his face nestled in her neck.

"What prompted your sudden visit?"

Alexis shifted her head slightly, her voice tinged with hoarseness. "I intended it as a surprise, but turned out I was the one got surprised! So, how's Serenity? Did she miscarry?"

Leonel stayed silent for a moment before speaking in a low tone, "Aren't you curious about who the father of the child is?"



Alexis turned to face him, leaning against the wall, her voice gentle. "It's not your child, is it?"

"Absolutely not!"

"Alexis, I've never had any entanglements with her before, and I certainly won't in the future, not to mention now."

Alexis raised her hand, delicately tracing his eyebrows and eyes.

He was quite handsome.

Leonel was brought up by her father, and though not sharing blood ties, he occasionally exhibited expressions reminiscent of her dad.

Using her slender fingers, she lightly brushed against his rather prominent nose.

In a tense tone, she continued, "Then why do you seem so troubled? Let me make a guess. Is the child your father's? After that night, Serenity was aware that she might conceive, yet deliberately refrained from taking precautions, correct?"

Leonel remained silent, yet his gaze spoke volumes with intense clarity.

As though he desired to consume her entirely.

Alexis pushed him aside and walked towards the sofa. "Have you eaten? I'm feeling hungry. Let's order some food!"

He seized her delicate wrist, drawing her into a distinctly masculine hug.

Leonel's voice, deeply resonant, whispered, "Alexis, I need to kiss you."

He pressed her against the wall, his hand sensuously tracing the hemline of her shirt with fervor.

Alexis felt a stir of emotion, yet her rationality held firm.

Nevertheless, she gently pushed him away, stating, "You have the scent of hospital. I don't like it. Let's eat first!"

Leonel adamantly held onto her, keeping her close, his head lowered as he spoke tenderly. "Are you still bothered? There's nothing between her and me. I merely didn't wish to abandon a expecting woman in distress."

Alexis placed her trust in him.

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Given their present relationship, Leonel wouldn't entangle himself with Serenity.

Yet women's emotions are frequently enigmatic, and she had no desire to alter her small quirks.

Alexis stayed quiet.

Leonel persisted in kissing her, pinning her head against the wall. He then delicately tilted his head, engaging in a kiss from various angles, intensifying the intimacy.

After an extended period of time, the kiss concluded.

Alexis' cheeks exhibited a faint blush, particularly her lips, which appeared rosy and slightly swollen.

Pinned against the wall, Alexis exclaimed, "You're out of breath! You're simply..."

Leonel tilted his head, his lips in proximity to her ear, murmuring, "You've become accustomed to such passionate kisses, haven't you?"

"Leonel, you're insatiable!"

Alexis kicked him. "I'm famished! After a long day at work, I rushed over without having a meal, and you're still being so annoying!"

Given their intimate connection, it felt natural for her to express her feelings. "You don't care about me the way you did in our childhood."

Leonel offered no response.

After a brief pause, he delicately shifted his lips, bestowing a tender kiss on her.

Subsequently, she reclined against his chest, attuned to the rhythmic pulsations of his heartbeat.

Embracing her, Leonel used one hand to call room service, ordering food for them.

Alexis silently encircled her arms around his waist.

After hanging up, Leonel gazed down at her, asking, "Did you miss me?"

"A bit!"

Alexis wasn't one to engage in playing hard to get. She whispered, "I returned to the apartment, and it felt so empty. I just wanted to come and see you!"

Leonel sighed. "Just as clingy as you were as a child."

Alexis playfully pulled at his shirt collar and said, "Mr. Douglas, I'm not fond of the scent on you. Please freshen up within 10 minutes. Otherwise, you might have to vacate this suite."

"I booked this room!"

Miss Fowler, let me remind you. There's only one bed in this suite!"

"Ha! So what there's only one bed? It's not like I came here specifically to sleep with you."

"So we draw a line on bed between us tonight?"

Expressing himself with genuine sincerity, Leonel elicited laughter from Alexis, who playfully remarked, "Leonel, since when did you turn so annoying?"

Leonel started unbuttoning his shirt and strolled towards the bathroom, casually stating, "I have limited energy! Guys need to look after themselves as well!"

Alexis burst into uncontrollable laughter.

She embraced a cushion, rolling on the sofa, her face turning red as she leaned against the pillow.

In reality, she experienced a distinct yearning when they kissed.

She was inclined to take action.

Was she really that thirsty? No, she was only 28. She shouldn't be!

It had to be attributed to Leonel's influence.

He always entices her.

The thought made Alexis blush even more, prompting her to cease contemplation. She sat up and reached for her laptop to focus on some cases.

The doorbell chimed, and she proceeded to open it.

A waiter brought their meal, observing Alexis' flushed countenance.

She signed up for the meal and wheeled the cart into the room.

At that moment, Leonel emerged, and Alexis commented softly. "You even got a bottle of wine. Is revelry a customary part of your business trips?"

Leonel, drying his hair with a towel, chuckled softly.

"What's the issue? Can't I enjoy a drink during a trip? You're already giving orders even before becoming Mrs. Douglas?"

Alexis poured herself a glass of wine, swirling it gently as she smiled.

"If we ever tie the knot, you'll take my surname, not the other way around, Mrs. Fowler!"

Discarding the towel, Leonel swiftly pulled Alexis into his arms.

Wine spilled in all directions, and she protested, "Are you out of your mind?"

Leonel playfully nibbled her ear, responding with impatience, "What did you just call me? Mrs. Fowler?" After a moment of silence, he continued, "Alexis, do you have what it takes? Without it, how can you handle me?"

Alexis responded, "Quite the kinky one, aren't you, Mr. Douglas? Is this a hobby of yours as well?"

Leonel chuckled softly. "If it is, would you be willing to participate?"

In verbal sparring, women were often not a match for their men. Failing to come up with a response, Alexis simply glared at him.

However, Leonel spared her, saying, "Alright, are you hungry? Let's eat."

Alexis stared at him intently.

How could Leonel not comprehend what she was thinking? After sipping red wine elegantly, he remarked, "Miss Fowler, I believe after certain experiences, you'll surely reconsider your views on men!"

Alexis snorted, "Huh! As if you're that impressive!"

"Sooner or later, you'll understand!"

Leonel harbored his own unspoken torment. Could he reveal that he underwent a vasectomy and was currently unable to take her in bed?



His girlfriend had journeyed a considerable distance to be with him, only for him to feign busyness in the study.

Upon Leonel's return to the bedroom, the clock neared one in the morning.

Alexis was already in a deep slumber.

Standing beside the bed, he leisurely unbuttoned his shirt, wore a bitter smile, and then settled down beside her. Assuming she was fast asleep, he didn't expect her to soon snuggle into his embrace, softly inquiring, "Leonel, have you been burdened lately?"

Leonel tenderly caressed her head. "No! Don't overthink!"

Leaning on his shoulder, Alexis asserted, "I'm not overthinking. But at the meanwhile, you refrain from impulsive actions, alright?"

Leonel's throat was constricted.

Embracing her delicate frame, he tenderly kissed her and concurred.

The two held each other, peacefully sleeping through the night.

The following morning, Leonel had official commitments. He requested that Alexis remain in Heron for a few days.

She agreed after careful consideration.

Being someone who doesn't cling and understanding that he truly had responsibilities to address, she opted to explore Heron independently. Fortunately, she had numerous friends in the area, providing the opportunity to reconnect over coffee.

In the afternoon, following an opera outing with a friend, they bid each other farewell.

Upon returning to the hotel, Alexis planned to take a shower due to the overwhelming perfume smell in the theater, particularly from two foreigners who appeared to have liberally applied half a bottle each, almost suffocating her.

Upon arriving at the hotel lobby, she was taken aback to find someone seated there—Darwin!

He appeared worn out, as if he hadn't slept all night, and his eyes, upon gazing at Alexis, were bloodshot.

Alexis surmised the reason for his presence. She was not someone who



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easily let people off the hook.

"Are you here for Serenity?" she inquired.

"Darwin, if your love for her is so strong, why not consider remarrying?"

Darwin's gaze was piercing.

He yearned to confess to Alexis that his feelings were directed at her and that he had, at one point, contemplated getting to know her better. Yet articulating these sentiments would prove embarrassing.

Attempting to preserve a composed demeanor, he stated, "I need a word with you!"

Alexis, tilting her head, responded with a smile, "The discussions I typically engage in revolve around divorce cases!"

Darwin frowned. "Alexis!"

"Individuals I'm not acquainted with usually address me as Miss Fowler!" Alexis retorted.

Darwin finally witnessed her unapproachable side—a cold and hardened demeanor. Yet he had also observed her gentle and coquettish nature, but always in the presence of Leonel.

He had known her for years.

Numerous occasions where they crossed paths etched in his memory, yet she remained oblivious to his existence.

Her heart was always saved for Leonel.

He had once stood up for her, sensing that Leonel had disappointed her, but now... He regarded her with the same disdain as Leonel.

Despite Serenity having nothing, they remained utterly unwilling to show even the slightest hint of mercy.

Darwin's throat constricted. "Alexis, have you perpetually been this aloof? Is it the reason why Leonel parted ways with you? Have you contemplated the duration for which he can tolerate this?"

Tolerate?

Alexis chuckled. "Darwin, have I incited you in any way?"

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"I've never vented my frustrations about my relationship with Leonel to anyone! If I had sought revenge, I believe Serenity wouldn't have been able to complete her studies in Acoiclya. I possess myriad methods to retaliate against her, but I refrain from descending to that level. Isn't what she's experiencing a consequence of her own actions?"

Darwin's lips compressed. Following a prolonged silence, he eventually disclosed, "Serenity is expecting. She claims the child will bear the last name Douglas!"

With sincerity, he added, "Alexis, they are anticipating a child. Can what Leonel feels for you truly be labeled as love?"



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