

Chapter 545 Leonel Had Undergone A Vasectomy

A flush of color tinted Leonel's cheeks.

Peeking at the woman cradled in his arms, he couldn't resist a smile at her adorable vulnerability, leaning in for a sweet kiss.

Overwhelmed, Alexis couldn't take it anymore, and he simply gathered her up in his arms, holding her close.

They dove into each other passionately.

After a considerable amount of time had passed, he tenderly gave her a reassuring pat and uttered, "Allow me to take you to the bath."

Lifting Alexis, he strolled toward the bathroom, their laughter blending with the soft echoes in the hallway.

Filled with enthusiasm, he desired to repeat the experience, feeling the contact of his body against hers. Wrapping her arms around his neck, Alexis whispered, "Not again! Leonel, you're quite mischievous."

A soft chuckle escaped Leonel's lips.

In the cozy embrace of the night, under the quilt, it felt like heaven. Alexis playfully nudged him. "No plans to escape, huh?"

Softly, Leonel pressed his lips against hers.

Eventually, he leaned in again, capturing her lips. He asked, "Still want me to leave, or are you having second thoughts?"

With affection in her gaze, Alexis smiled back at him.

Playfully, he ran a hand over her shoulder and joked, "After all those rounds, my legs won't carry me home. I'm stuck with you."

Blushing, Alexis shot back, "If you're not keen on leaving, stay put. Shouldn't you be ashamed of your dirty talk?"

A grin spread across Leonel's face.

Softly brushing his fingers against her lips, he planted a tender kiss before placing his forehead against hers. With a gentle tone, he remarked, "You weren't this shy when you did it with me just now. What's this? Are you trying to knock down the ladder?"

Trying to turn away, Alexis was caught in his gaze. In the bedroom's soft glow, he stared at her with playful intensity.

Clarity shone through his eyes.

His eyes spoke of both love and desire.

Surrendering to his gaze, Alexis leaned over his shoulder. Whispering, she pondered, "Are you really Leonel? Feels different somehow."

Young Leonel was nothing like this.

Even after returning from Acoiclya, he wasn't the same.

A sense of unreality crept over Alexis.

Leonel's heart skipped a beat, a mix of bitter and sweet emotions washing over him.

Perhaps they had been involved with others at different points in time, but the truth remained that, after all these years, they found solace only in each other. The destiny he had once attempted to evade still bound Alexis to him.

Unexpectedly, Leonel pulled Alexis into a tighter hug.

However, Alexis was making an effort to distance herself from him. Yet he lowered his head and kissed her once more. The impulsiveness of youth often led them to lose control, capable of making out until dawn and then rising to face the demands of the workday.

At the crack of dawn, as Alexis sat down for breakfast, she noticed a soreness in her lower back.

Pondering, she mused, "Am I showing signs of age?"

Across the table, Leonel, neatly groomed, sat in front of her.

He gazed intently at the space between her fingers, where the diamond ring he had gifted her was proudly adorned. Alexis showed no hesitation in wearing the ring.

Alexis finished her milk.

Just as she was rising to grab her coat and briefcase, Leonel's sudden proposal interrupted. "Alexis, how about we tie the knot?"

A stunned expression washed over Alexis.

She stared at him, taking a while to regain her composure. She had envisioned countless ways he might propose, but this wasn't one of them.

Amidst breakfast and work preparations, his unexpected marriage proposal turned the usual order of things upside down.

Slowly settling back into her seat, the diamond ring on her finger sparkled in the light.

Recollections surfaced—this apartment once housed her parents.

Alexis pondered—Perhaps her mother conceived her right here.

Now Leonel had proposed to her here as well. Despite knowing her own feelings for him, Alexis found herself hesitating to utter the words "I do" for an extended period. It seemed as if she felt that, no matter how she articulated it, her response wouldn't be careful enough.

"Do you still need time to consider?"

Miss Fowler, is there something about me that doesn't meet your satisfaction? Whether it's appearance, performance in bed, or any other aspect, I'm all ears."

Blushing, Alexis bit her lower lip, admitting, "Tonight, I'll let you know."

Smirking, Leonel countered, "Nights aren't for such talk. They're for romance and other delightful pursuits."

Alexis crinkled her nose, maintaining her insistence that she would discuss matters with him later in the night.

Leonel escorted her downstairs, opened the door courteously, and took care of her briefcase. As she settled into the car, he leaned down to give her a kiss. In a soft and tender tone, he uttered, "Alexis, if you agree, you'll have a perfect husband."

Alexis, securing her seat belt, retorted with a grin, "You must have quite the audacity to say something like that."

Glancing up at him, she remarked, "But I must admit, last night was truly enjoyable."

Leonel's Adam's apple bobbed as he wished he could whisk her back to the apartment for a few more intimate moments. She was undeniably, excruciatingly, driving him wild.

In high spirits, Alexis headed to the law firm.

The morning found her with some leisure. Engaging in a game of pool, Leonel's words lingered in her thoughts.

The idea of getting married did have its appeal.

By chance, Alexis received an invitation from a college classmate to attend her wedding. Given their amicable relationship, Alexis accepted without hesitation.

Casually, her classmate inquired, "What about you? Have you found your Mr. Right?"

Within her social circle, Alexis had earned the reputation of being unattached.

A hint of self-satisfaction crept in. Clearing her throat, she revealed, "Actually, I've recently started dating someone. Our relationship is blossoming, and marriage seems imminent."

Alexis' classmate on the other end of the line promptly extended her congratulations.

After ending the call, Alexis absently touched her face, sensing a slight stiffness.

Did she perhaps indulge in laughter a bit too liberally?

Riding on her good mood, Alexis opted for another round of play.

At that moment, a knock echoed through the door, announcing the arrival of her secretary. "Miss Fowler, a Miss Flores is here, claiming to be an old classmate of yours."

Serenity?

Alexis' brow furrowed. She wasn't particularly keen on encountering Serenity.

However, realizing that avoidance might lead to unwelcome disruptions elsewhere, Alexis pondered briefly and consented, "Allow her in, and bring me a glass of water."

The secretary acknowledged it with a nod.

A short while later, the secretary returned, accompanied by Serenity.

It had been a few days since their last encounter. Serenity appeared noticeably worn and thinner. Any signs of pregnancy were conspicuously absent.

Alexis scrutinized Serenity from head to toe, and in return, Serenity fixed her gaze on Alexis.

Envy colored Serenity's emotions.

Serenity had prided herself on excelling in both character and academics since childhood.

Due to her diligence, she boasted superior piano skills compared to Alexis. Yet, what significance did it hold at this stage in their lives? The widening gap between them was evident.

At a remarkably young age, Alexis had already established herself as a premier lawyer in Duefron.

In contrast, Serenity found herself dependent on Darwin for support.

The injustice of fate weighed heavily on Serenity.

But one thing was undeniable. Serenity had the ability to bear a child more successfully than Alexis. The baby growing in Serenity's womb belonged to the Douglas family, and the thought of Leonel somewhat being responsible for the situation filled her with confidence.

With a smile, Alexis inquired, "What's going on?"

Following her words, Alexis gracefully leaned over, effortlessly sinking a ball.

Serenity fixed her gaze on Alexis, observing her slender legs and thin waist. Merely looking at Alexis ignited a sense of jealousy within Serenity. She pondered whether, during their moments together, Leonel held and caress Alexis' waist with his big hands.

Lifting her head, Alexis locked eyes with Serenity.

Dismissingly, Alexis retorted, "Have you not had your fill of men? Is my company suddenly appealing to you?"

Serenity sneered. "I truly don't understand what Leonel sees in you.

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Perhaps he'll regret it soon, or could he resist a deception?"

Despite the insinuations, Alexis remained composed.

Serenity, with a colder smile, continued, "Alexis, maybe you're not aware that the man calling you honey has no intention of having a baby with you. He underwent a vasectomy. This implies that even if you marry, having a child is not on the cards for you, and my child is set to be his only heir."

Unfazed by the tangled web of relationships, Alexis remained indifferent.

The revelation left her stunned.

Leonel... had undergone a vasectomy.

Questions swirled in Alexis' mind. Why had Leonel undergone a vasectomy? And why was he reluctant to share the prospect of parenthood with her?

A realization then dawned on Alexis. Leonel's fear that something untoward might befall her, coupled with the possibility of pregnancy, could be the driving force behind his decision.

Despite her disappointment, Alexis, resilient in spirit, chose not to become the subject of Serenity's amusement. She nonchalantly declared, "That's a matter between us."

Disbelieving, Serenity pressed further, "Is it really just between the two of you? If so, why was he hesitant to share this with you?"

Alexis chose silence.

Sensing Alexis' distress, Serenity closed the gap and spoke in hushed tones. "I've been with him before. I believe I understand him more than you do. Do you genuinely believe he's leading a content life in the Fowlers' residence? If so, why did he depart that year? What level of security have you provided him now? Leonel and I share the same nature. We're the perfect match."

Alexis, adopting an indifferent tone, remarked, "It appears you not only conceive children but also harbor suspicions."

Alexis instructed to escort the guest out, stating, "I presume that's what you wanted to convey. Farewell and good riddance."

Observing Alexis' countenance, Serenity sought to discern her emotional state.

Sensing Serenity's probing, Alexis, determined to maintain composure, casually dismissed her, stating, "You should leave now."

The secretary intervened, approaching to escort Serenity out.

Following Serenity's departure, Alexis sank onto the sofa with a sense of dejection, tossing the cue stick aside.

The considerate secretary offered, "Miss Fowler, would you like a cup of coffee?"

Gesturing dismissively, Alexis reclined on the sofa.

Shutting her eyes, Alexis softly uttered, "No, thank you. Step outside and shut the door for me."

Sensing Alexis' contemplation, the secretary discreetly exited, granting Alexis the solitude she sought.

Truly, Alexis was taken aback.

She had no idea Leonel had undergone a vasectomy.

Recalling events from a week ago, Alexis reminisced about the night when Leonel, claiming fatigue, embarked on a business trip to Heron. Despite her visit, their intimacy was absent, likely during the recovery period post-vasectomy.

Subsequently, their physical connection resumed once he had healed.

An unsettling thought lingered in Alexis' mind. Had she not inquired, would she have remained oblivious to the fact that they were incapable of having children of their own?

The urge to call Leonel surged within her.

But after all, she exercised restraint. As an adult, she recognized the need for caution after Serenity's deliberate unsettling revelations.

The evening found Alexis disheartened and disengaged.

Disinclined to return home, Alexis aimlessly drove to downtown, parked her car, and took a leisurely stroll. Despite Leonel's call's urging her to return for dinner, she remained elusive.

Amidst the neon glow, Alexis responded to the phone call.

The light cast on her face gave it a gilded appearance, as if coated with

It exuded a gentle radiance.

She was aware that Leonel had likely arranged a table with delicious food and even prepared gifts for the evening, but she simply didn't feel like going home. The sound of his gentle voice, speaking so much, had an effect on her, leaving her in a distracted state of mind.

Eventually, she uttered softly, "Leonel, Serenity paid me a visit."

Confused, Leonel questioned, "What was her purpose?"

Perceiving Serenity as a potential troublemaker at Alexis' workplace, he asserted, "I'll take care of it."

Dismissing his concern with a shake of her head, Alexis revealed, "She conveyed a single piece of information to me."

A brief silence enveloped both ends of the call.

After a pause, Alexis continued, "She mentioned that you had a vasectomy."

A sharp inhale from Leonel suggested his unease. Alexis speculated on the veracity of Serenity's revelation.

Alexis opted not to inquire about Serenity's source of information. She surmised that Serenity delved into Leonel's affairs, driven by an unwillingness to relinquish him.

Focused on Leonel's response, Alexis awaited his explanation.

Expressing her sentiments, Alexis' voice carried a subtle tension. "Our future should have been discussed when you proposed. Shouldn't decisions about our future be mutual? Leonel, this doesn't sit well with me."

He underwent the procedure for her well-being.

But he should have told her about it; otherwise, she might carry a lifelong regret, believing she couldn't bear children. She would therefore feel sorry for him in the future, not knowing the truth and simply believing she was unable to provide him with a complete family.

An emotional tinge colored Alexis' nose.

It had been years since she last felt such vulnerability. It wasn't about

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someone failing her.

Rather, it was the realization that everything wasn't as she had envisioned it to be.

Breaking the prolonged silence, Leonel gently implored, "Alexis, come home. We can sit down and talk."

With lowered eyes, Alexis confessed, "Leonel, I'm feeling a bit upset."

Understanding her emotions, Leonel adopted a conciliatory tone. "Let me clarify, alright? Either return home or share your location, and I'll come to get you."

Hindered by her emotional state, Alexis refrained from driving.

Despite her intention to take a taxi, Leonel insisted on fetching her. Eventually, she relented and provided him with the address.

In no time, Leonel arrived, covering the distance in approximately 20 minutes.

Spotting Alexis at Fortune Square, he observed her squatting, captivated by children engaged in a chase with a dove, lost in contemplation.

Approaching, Leonel mirrored her posture, tenderly running his fingers through her hair. "It's late, and you haven't headed home. The other kids have already left."

Casting a sidelong glance at him, Alexis sniffed, cautioning, "Don't attempt this."

Assisting her to rise, Leonel inquired, "Feeling hungry? Shall we dine out or head home?"

Opting for an outdoor conversation amidst the crowd for better restraint, Alexis considered the multitude as a buffer.

They visited a renowned French restaurant. Once the dishes were presented, however, neither of them had much of an appetite. Instead, they engaged in sporadic conversation throughout the meal.

Finally, the conversation delved into the crux of the matter.

In a hushed tone, Leonel admitted, "Alexis, I erred in concealing this from you. Yet our potential child faces the prospect of a genetic ailment. Bringing it into the world under such duress might be more detrimental than not having it at all."

Alexis blinked in response.

After a pause, she softly conveyed, "Leonel, consider this--my mom could've abandoned hope when she brought me into this world. I was destined for a difficult life, yet she chose to have me. It took my dad three years to rescue me from the brink of death. Before you decide, remember that we share the responsibility of being parents if we're to have children. We could consult with a doctor before I conceive; rather than resorting to a unilateral vasectomy."

Leonel's gaze lingered on her.

The unyielding expression in his eyes conveyed that he had not relented.

Acknowledging the divergence in their upbringing, Alexis realized certain emotions remained unshared between them.

Despite her disappointment, she compelled herself to adopt a positive demeanor. "Let's conclude our discussion here for today."

Leonel wisely refrained from further conversation.

Settling the bill, Leonel escorted her home. Given her diminished appetite, he prepared a light soup for her.

"I'm fine." Alexis reassured with a smile.

Observing her sipping the soup, Leonel, tenderly embracing her from behind, whispered in a hushed tone, "Alexis, we can consider adoption. We can still provide love to a child."

Avoiding confrontation, she managed a forced smile, suggesting, "We can discuss this later."

Gazing into her eyes, he inquired, "Do you regret it?"

Setting down the bowl with care, she cast her eyes downward, whispering, "Leonel, do you truly want the unfiltered truth? You initiated the vasectomy, kept it concealed, stifled my opinions, and denied me a chance for reflection. Do you believe I must comply today to validate your efforts?"

If so..."

Her voice carried a tinge of tension, and she refrained from continuing.

In silence, Leonel continued to gaze at her.