

Chapter 546 I Don't Believe You Don't Want To Do It

Though Alexis and Leonel hadn't fought, a sense of discontent lingered between them.

After some time, Alexis, feeling calmer, announced, "I'll spend some time in the study."

Just as she began to walk away, Leonel swiftly grasped her wrist.

His voice was soft but firm as he called her name, "Alexis."

Gently patting his hand, Alexis reassured him, "Let's stay calm. I don't want to fight with you, and I've never considered letting you go."

His tension eased at her words.

Yet, he couldn't help but add softly, "Please don't smoke."

Alexis froze momentarily. The mention of smoking brought to her mind the sad reality that they might never have a child. To her, smoking seemed inconsequential now.

But she held back these thoughts, not wanting to wound Leonel's feelings, and chose not to voice them.

With a heavy heart, she entered the study and closed the door, leaning against it.

The warmth they had shared the previous night felt like a distant memory, leaving her with a sense of loss only she could perceive.

Alexis did care deeply for Leonel.

Her desire for a child could have been a spur-of-the-moment feeling, but it was something she would ponder over time.

He had suggested adoption, but Alexis wasn't keen on the idea.

She would have nieces and nephews from her siblings to love. Adopting didn't seem necessary to her.

Deep down, Alexis knew she wasn't ready for such a commitment.

Her capacity to love was limited, but her affection for Leonel was undeniable... It was a difficult situation, with both needing to give in a bit.

Sitting on the sofa, Alexis gazed out of the French window into the night.

On the surface, she had it all. She had stunning looks and wealth beyond the average person's reach. But what many didn't realize was that, despite being a Fowler, Alexis' path had been much rockier compared to her siblings Marcus and Elva.

Alexis gazed at her flat stomach, her thoughts heavy.

She couldn't even choose to have a baby, and though it wasn't Leonel's fault, the feeling of sadness lingered.

She toyed with the idea of lighting a cigarette; she didn't smoke, but craved the scent. However, she resisted. Leonel disliked it, and she was willing to compromise for their relationship.

Perhaps they could discuss having a baby later.

In her heart, Alexis knew she was steadfast in her principles, yet she found herself unusually forgiving towards Leonel. It wasn't just love. It reminded her of her mother's words about their exceptional bond.

After spending about thirty minutes in the study, Alexis opened the door.

Leonel was still there in the living room, not yet showered, smoking on the sofa.

His surprise at seeing her was evident.

He didn't expect her to come out so soon.

Alexis approached, gently removed the cigarette from his lips, and softly chided, "You told me not to smoke. Why are you smoking?"

Leonel remained silent, simply gazing up at her.

Eventually, he drew her close, burying his face in her hair, and whispered, "I'm sorry. Alexis... I'm sorry."

Alexis' heart ached with the weight of her sacrifices for Leonel.

Resting against his shoulder, her voice tinged with emotion, she finally said, "Leonel, you've captured my heart for a lifetime."

Leonel gently patted her back, saying with a grin, "Feels good to be stuck with me, doesn't it?"

Alexis responded with a smile.

Everything seemed settled, yet neither Alexis nor Leonel brought up marriage again. They were content just living together and enjoying each other's company.

Now and then, Edwin and Laura would visit.

By late May, Laura's pregnancy was showing, and Edwin became even more attentive.

During one visit, Edwin assisted Leonel in the kitchen.

While Alexis and Laura sat awaiting lunch, Alexis seemed noticeably nervous, especially compared to Laura, who was visibly pregnant.

Gently, Alexis touched Laura's belly.

"I bet it's a girl," Alexis guessed.

Laura looked down, caressing her belly, and shared with a smile, "Edwin's hoping for a boy first, and then a girl for our second."

Surprised, Alexis asked, "You're planning on two kids?"

A bit shy, Laura nodded in confirmation.

Then she turned the question to Alexis. "How about you and Leonel? Any thoughts on kids?"

Alexis ran her fingers through her long, black hair, hesitating before replying, "We haven't really planned that far yet."

Laura, ever the introvert and quiet one, simply nodded and didn't pry further.

During lunch, Edwin attentively served Laura.

Alexis observed as Laura accepted the small portion of food Edwin offered, and then remarked, "That's not enough. Remember, you're eating for two now."

Edwin, serving more soup, commented casually, "She's only three months along and keeps saying she feels heavier. I checked with the doctor. And now she needs to be careful with what she eats."

Alexis glanced at Laura again, contemplating.

Laura carefully sipped her soup, clearly eager to have a feast instead of such a well-balanced nutritious diet.

Alexis, feeling the weight of her pregnancy, thought about how exhausting it could be.

Edwin, on the other hand, seemed overbearing towards Laura. But luckily, Laura didn't mind his controlling ways. They were a match made in heaven. Alexis mused that she could never tolerate such behavior.

After lunch, Edwin and Leonel retreated to the study.

It was clear this wasn't just a casual get-together. They had business to discuss.

While the men talked shop, Alexis and Laura lounged on the sofa, engrossed in a movie.

They were watching "History of the Demise of Romantics," an old movie directed by Antony Stewart. In one erotic scene, the heroine sat in the hero's lap, which made Laura blush.

Alexis seemed really into the movie.

She glanced at Laura and teased, "Haven't you and Edwin ever done anything like that?"

"No," Laura replied, her voice barely above a whisper. She was clearly not telling the truth.

Alexis just smiled and let it slide.

Right then, Leonel and Edwin emerged from the study. Edwin raised an eyebrow at the movie scene. "You are watching this."

Alexis casually turned off the film.

Laura looked away, embarrassed.

Edwin, not wanting to tease his girl further in front of others, waited until they were in the car to speak up. Casually buckling his seatbelt, he asked, "Did that movie scene excite you?"

Laura whispered, "It was intense."

Edwin chuckled and gently lifted her chin. "We haven't been intimate in

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nearly two months. Don't you miss it?"

Laura turned beet red, struggling to find her words.

Finally, she said, "The doctor advised against it during my pregnancy."

Edwin gently touched Laura's face, his voice hoarse. "I talked to the doctor. He said you'll be okay as long as I'm careful during your first trimester."

Laura bit her lip, looking puzzled. "Why did you ask the doctor about that?"

Edwin didn't answer. He just gazed at Laura, causing her to feel shy and look away.

He smiled faintly and started the car.

Instead of heading home, he drove to a nearby five-star hotel, arriving at the parking lot in five minutes.

Laura was hesitant to go in.

She felt uneasy about being intimate in a hotel during the day.

Edwin calmly unbuckled his seat belt, his voice low. "I've got a meeting at four. If we're quick, we can have some real fun."

Laura couldn't help but mutter under her breath, "You're just too driven by desire."

Edwin wasn't bothered by her comment.

He took her arm and they walked to the front desk to get a suite. In the elevator, Laura's anger was palpable.

She whispered, "You know this won't work."

Edwin found her irritation charming and pinched her cheek affectionately.

Her skin seemed softer, perhaps due to her pregnancy. Those times when they couldn't be intimate, he found comfort in just touching her.

Before they knew it, the elevator reached the top floor.

Laura, still fuming, walked ahead.

Her pregnancy made her waddle adorably, resembling a penguin.

Edwin trailed behind, his gaze softening when she wasn't looking.

Frustrated, Laura tapped the room key card against the door. She turned to confront Edwin, but stopped short, taken aback by the sight before her.

The suite was adorned with countless fluffy white bunny dolls scattered across the carpet.

On the white bed lay roses and an elegantly wrapped large box.

Leaning against the door frame, Laura faced Edwin.

"You did all this? Why didn't you tell me?"

Her voice was gentle despite her surprise. Edwin reached out, caressing her head. "Do you like it? It's our two-year anniversary today."

Laura's eyes sparkled with joy.

She was more enchanted by the bunny dolls than the lavish gifts on the bed. Cradling a doll, she looked up at Edwin, concern in her voice. "How will we take all these home? Our apartment's too small for them. But I can't leave them behind. What do we do?"

Edwin, leaning close, offered a solution. "Don't worry. The villa is nearly ready. I'll have them sent there."

Laura felt a deep sense of satisfaction.

She approached the bed and lifted the lid of the box, revealing a wedding dress inside.

Tears formed in her eyes as she realized it was her first creation, the one auctioned off long ago. Edwin had kept it.

Edwin wrapped his arms around her from behind, his voice low and soothing. "Back then, I hadn't fallen for you yet. I bought this dress because it caught my eye. Let's save it for our daughter, okay?" he suggested.

Laura, overwhelmed with emotion, nodded in agreement.

In the midst of her joy, Edwin scooped her up and gently laid her on the bed.

"Edwin!" she exclaimed softly. "Aren't we here to celebrate our anniversary?"

With a hint of excitement in his hoarse voice, Edwin began to undress her. "We've just celebrated. Now, let's focus on something more important."

Laura felt a world of difference from when she first arrived.

Despite Edwin's eagerness, she was at ease. She wrapped her arms around his neck, whispering, "Be gentle."

Edwin lifted her into his embrace and made her sit on his lap.

Laura harbored mixed feelings about this. It made her both angry and embarrassed.

Edwin was always aggressive and would even make her watch whenever they were in this position.

Yet, she found herself irresistibly drawn to him.

Later, at three in the afternoon, Edwin gently kissed his nearly asleep wife. "I'm off to the office. I'll pick you up later for dinner out," he murmured.

After Laura's pregnancy, she grew more reliant on him.

Whenever he tried to leave, she would wrap her arms around his neck and pout playfully.

Without a word, she just clung to him tightly.

Edwin found this endearing. He embraced her, soothing her with gentle words, before giving her another kiss, getting dressed, and heading out.

Left alone, Laura cuddled a bunny doll as she drifted off to sleep.

Meanwhile, Edwin, busy with pressing matters, couldn't help but smile in the elevator as he reminisced about their moments together.

At his prime, his every action radiated allure.

Outside the hotel, in the parking lot, Vanessa sat in her car, watching Edwin with a quiet intensity. Her heart ached with a mix of bitterness and reluctance.

She was well aware of why Edwin had brought Laura here.

Having previously been close to Edwin, Vanessa struggled to grasp how a man like him would go to such lengths to please a woman.

As Edwin approached, his face still wore a look of contentment from his recent encounter.

Vanessa bit her lip. As Edwin neared, she stepped out of the car and called out, "Edwin!"

He halted, giving her a slightly furrowed look.

The feud involving the Smith and Evans families was nearly resolved, with the Smiths suffering a devastating defeat and no chance of regaining power for at least the next five years.

Edwin had shown restraint, only wishing Vanessa would cease provoking him.

Vanessa, leaning down, retrieved a wedding invitation from the car.

Edwin didn't accept it, but Vanessa persisted, placing it on the roof of his car. She looked at him and asked, "Will you come?"

Edwin pulled out a cigarette, lighting it with a flick. He inhaled deeply, and then said in a laid-back tone, "I doubt I'll make it."

Vanessa, her face ghostly, forced a smile. "Yeah. She won't be too thrilled, will she?" she remarked.

After a moment's pause, Vanessa withdrew the invitation she had offered.

Next week, she was set to marry a man she felt nothing for. Her visit today was sort of a farewell to Edwin.

This man was wealthy, yet a decade older than her. He had been married before: his wife had died.

The old Vanessa would have never considered such a match.

But now, her choices were limited. This man had been a great benefactor to the Smith family.

Edwin, still holding his cigarette, crushed it out, ready to leave. Vanessa blurted out, "It's unfair. I've done so much for you, yet Laura... I've never seen her lift a finger for you."

She lingered, still hoping Edwin would change his mind.

But Edwin just caressed the steering wheel softly and replied, "Laura has put in her effort to become someone I appreciate. That's all that matters."

Love wasn't about who did more or less.

It was about what the heart yearned.

And Edwin knew both he and Laura yearned for each other.

Closing the car door, Edwin drove off in his black luxury car... Vanessa watched him go, and then lifted her head slightly and took a deep breath.

It was the end.

Her one-sided love had led to nothing but disappointment.

Edwin pulled up to the office and paused before getting out of his car.

Instead, he sent Laura a message.

It wasn't text, but just a photo.

This was a special photo he'd snapped secretly one night as Laura slept.

The bedroom's yellow light cast a warm glow, highlighting her slightly flushed face. She looked both innocent and adorable in her slumber.

Edwin had watched her for a while before capturing this moment.

As he sent it, he found himself gazing at the photo, lost in thought.

He remembered Vanessa questioning his choice of Laura over her, given her seemingly better prospects.

But to Edwin, liking Laura needed no justification.

Love didn't require reasons.

Meanwhile, after Edwin and Laura's departure, Leonel began tidying up the house.

Despite being a billionaire CEO, his domestic skills were impeccable.

Alexis munched on an apple. "Leonel, should we get someone to help out with the household chores? You're always so busy. Won't you get tired from all the sweeping and cooking?"

"Do you worry about me?" Leonel asked, a smile on his face.

Alexis, swinging her long legs, hummed vaguely. Then, Leonel added, "You know, sometimes when I'm swamped by work back at the company, doing chores actually feels like a break."

Alexis wasn't a fan of household tasks.

Her way of unwinding usually involved a drink. She realized it had been ages since her last bar visit. Being with Leonel had changed her in ways.

Observing Leonel, Alexis seemed lost in thought.

Leonel, sensing her mood, remarked, "You can't hit the bars, Alexis. You've got a boyfriend now."

"I just need to chill out."

"Nope. No bar hopping for you."

Alexis chuckled. "What, are you planning to keep me on a leash or something?"

Leonel's response was slow but playful. "If that's the game you're into, I'm in."

Alexis couldn't believe his audacity and scoffed, "In your dreams."

Just as Leonel was about to respond, his phone interrupted. It was an unknown caller.

The voice on the other end was direct. "Is this Mr. Leonel Douglas? I regret to inform you that your father has died in prison."

The word 'died' echoed in Leonel's mind.

He was momentarily lost for words.

He wanted to deny the man was his father, yet he remained silent.

What was the point? The man was dead already.

Alexis overheard part of the conversation.

She gently patted Leonel's shoulder, suggesting softly, "You should go handle this. It'll be your last chance to see him."