

Chapter 547 Alexis Seemed To Be Pregnant

Leonel ended the call, the sound echoing in the quiet room.

He gazed at Alexis, his eyes reflecting a silent sorrow. Deep inside, he grappled with a complex mix of emotions. The news of his father's death had struck him unexpectedly, leaving him lost in a sea of conflicting feelings.

Leonel harbored a sense of relief, believing it to be the result of Kenneth's own karma.

With his passing, Leonel also realized he was alone in the world, without any blood relatives.

Time seemed to stretch on before Leonel finally found his voice. "Okay," he whispered.

Alexis opened her mouth to speak, but Leonel gently took her hand before she could form a question. "Alexis, can you come with me?" he asked, his voice as soft as a murmur.

It was not about saying final goodbye to Kenneth together or anything. Leonel simply knew he needed Alexis by his side more than ever.

Alexis nodded, her eyes full of understanding. "Okay, I'll come with you."

They would have to travel to another city to see Kenneth for the last time, which would take about three hundred kilometers from where Leonel stood.

Once they were settled in the car, Alexis asked softly, "How about I drive? You don't look too well."

"It's fine," Leonel replied, brushing off her concern with a slight shake of his head.

He took a moment, sitting in silence, before securing his seat belt and igniting the engine.

Three hours later, they arrived at Warszew.

Upon arrival, Leonel signed his name, and two hours later, he received a white urn containing Kenneth's ashes.

Outside, Alexis waited patiently.

As Leonel emerged, she approached him with a gentle inquiry. "Are you planning to take it back to Duefron?"

Leonel, his voice low, shook his head. "He hasn't completed his journey yet. I'll leave it here in Warsaw."

Alexis felt a wave of confusion wash over her.

Leonel led her to the riverside. He carefully opened the urn and released the ashes gently into the flowing river.

Gradually, the dust remains drifted away, disappearing into the water's depths.

A silent finality hung in the air.

Placing a comforting hand on his shoulder, Alexis gently asked, "Do you still hate him?"

Leonel offered no words in response. Instead, he turned and embraced Alexis tenderly.

He nestled his face close to her, remaining silent, lost in his thoughts.

Alexis chose not to break the silence.

Gazing into the distance, she pondered how the shadows of one's childhood could take a lifetime to fade. Despite Leonel's wealth and success, the scars of his past seemed destined to linger in his heart forever.

They lingered by the river for about half an hour before finally departing.

As the evening settled in at eight, Leonel guided the car back to Duefron. Remaining seated, he softly suggested to Alexis, "You go home first."

Casting a side glance at him, Alexis sensed something unspoken.

In a tone filled with quiet resolve, Leonel added, "I'm heading out. I'll return before ten."

Alexis understood his unspoken intentions.

She simply nodded. "Alright, but do come back early," she responded.

After she stepped out of the car, she paused, leaned back toward the window, and gently advised, "Drive slowly, okay?"

A subtle smile briefly crossed Leonel's face as he acknowledged her concern.

The car door closed, and the sleek black sports car gradually disappeared into the night. Alexis remained outside for a moment, her gaze following the path he had taken. She knew he was heading to visit his mother's grave.

Upon entering her apartment, Alexis closed the door and let out a tired sigh. She pulled out a hefty stack of dossiers, determined to occupy her mind while waiting for Leonel. Despite feeling exhausted, she made herself a strong cup of coffee, bracing herself for the long evening ahead.

Leonel didn't return until the clock neared midnight.

The apartment's soft light enveloped him in a warm embrace as he opened the door. Alexis was engrossed in documents on the sofa, her demeanor quieter than usual, eyes focused intently on the pages.

Taking off his coat, Leonel entered the room. "Why haven't you gone to bed yet?" he inquired.

He couldn't help but notice that she was still in the clothes she had worn earlier which was a clear sign she had been sitting there since she got home. She had been waiting for him.

What a fool, but such a patient soul.

Leonel casually draped his coat over the sofa and heard Alexis' voice. "I'm waiting for you. I'm almost done here. I'll head to bed after finishing this."

Gently, Leonel took the document from her hands, concern in his voice. "You haven't had dinner yet, have you?"

Lifting her gaze, Alexis countered, "What about you? You haven't eaten either, right?"

A smile graced Leonel's face.

He proposed, "I'll make us two bowls of noodles."

"Alright."

Alexis observed him as he rolled up his sleeves and moved toward the kitchen. His broad shoulders painted a striking picture.

In her mind, she mused that their relationship was actually quite perfect, just as it was.

In under thirty minutes, Leonel prepared two steaming bowls of noodles, accompanied by a savory soup.

Alexis was still enjoying her meal when he finished his.

"Is that all you're eating?" Alexis looked up at him, a hint of concern in her voice. Her worry came through as she couldn't help but comment, "That's hardly enough."

Leonel gently patted the back of her hand, his voice low. "I'm not really hungry. I'll step out for a smoke. You should get some sleep."

Alexis opened her mouth to speak but then paused, reconsidering her words.

Ultimately, she remained silent. After finishing the noodles, she washed the dishes and headed for a shower. But sleep seemed elusive; how could she rest so easily?

Leonel stood on the balcony, lost in the act of smoking, his thoughts a whirlwind.

He pondered whether he should have returned home that night. His presence, filled with a palpable sense of negativity, might affect Alexis. Yet, he longed for her by his side, craving her to be closer even if he couldn't touch her.

As the night wore on, sleep finally claimed Alexis.

Came morning, she woke to find Leonel absent from her side, the bed bearing no sign of his presence.

However, the aroma of bacon and coffee wafted through the apartment.

Slipping into her slippers, Alexis went out. Leonel had already prepared breakfast. He sat at the table, engrossed in the newspaper. At the sound of her footsteps, he looked up and smiled. "Good morning."

Alexis gazed at him, a question in her eyes. "Have you been awake all night?"

"No, I saw you were asleep and didn't want to disturb you. I slept in the

Leonel gently patted her on the waist. "Go freshen up. Breakfast is ready."

Yet Alexis continued to look at him intently.

Seeing her concern, his tone became softer. "I'm okay, really. In the end, he's just a distant memory now."

Under her breath, Alexis murmured, "You can be quite guarded. Leonel, it's not shameful to show your emotions in front of me. I've seen every side of you before."

A flicker of intensity shone in Leonel's eyes.

Alexis, sensing the moment's gravity, quickly excused herself. After a short while, she returned, dressed for the day, ready to join him for breakfast.

As usual, Leonel poured her a glass of milk and served sandwiches. He behaved as if the recent events hadn't touched him, as though Kenneth's passing was a mere blip in his heart, something he had overcome in just half a day.

Alexis found it hard to discern his true feelings. She understood that Leonel needed his own time to process everything.

Sipping her milk, she was caught off guard by Leonel's soft words. "Alexis, let's get married."

Alexis nearly spat the milk out of her mouth in surprise.

She was utterly taken aback.

His proposal, delivered in such a casual manner, felt more like their usual banter than a life-changing question.

The moment Alexis stirred, Leonel caught her hand, his voice rough with emotion. "Alexis, I mean it."

Alexis looked into his eyes, struggling for words. Finally, she managed to speak. "Isn't this too sudden?"

Leonel's smile was gentle. "You're already wearing the engagement ring. And if you desire something more romantic, I can make that happen. But first, you have to say yes."

"And if I don't agree, you won't make the arrangements, right?" Alexis

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playfully challenged him.

A light chuckle escaped him, tinged with delight.

Alexis found herself momentarily speechless.

Leonel then asked, "Are you surprised? Come on, what's your answer?"

Alexis' response came with less hesitation. "Alright, go ahead and arrange it."

"I'm actually going to do it," Leonel affirmed.

Alexis truly cared for Leonel and had long harbored thoughts of marrying him. His proposal might have been abrupt, but she didn't hesitate to accept. She did, however, feel a bit caught off guard.

Leonel's smile broadened. "I've been stuck with you since kindergarten. Who's really at a disadvantage here?"

Alexis let out a playful snort. "But you're the one who left halfway through."

"I'm right here. Alexis, do you really need to bring up that old skeleton in my closet again?" Leonel asked with a hint of playfulness.

"Absolutely! I'll remember it for as long as I live," Alexis replied, her tone laced with mock seriousness.

Their banter, though framed as a complaint, carried a comfortable and sweet undercurrent.

Soon, the news of their upcoming marriage reached their families. Mark and Cecilia made a special trip from Czanch to discuss the wedding date and various arrangements with Waylen and Rena.

While Leonel engaged in discussions with them, Alexis found herself with a bit more freedom to relax.

The wedding date was fixed for June.

As June swiftly approached, Alexis expressed her bewilderment. "Why are we having the wedding so soon? It's going to be so hot, and wearing a wedding dress in this heat will be uncomfortable."

Initially, Alexis suspected it was Waylen's suggestion.

However, Rena soon clarified, "It was actually Leonel's idea. He said he

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wanted to marry you as soon as possible."

Turning to Leonel, Alexis said softly, "So, it was you all along."

Leonel offered a smile. "What's the matter? Don't you want to get married to me sooner?"

It wasn't like that.

Yet, Alexis couldn't help feeling that everything was moving too quickly. Ever since Kenneth's passing, there seemed to be a subtle change in Leonel.

It was a change unseen by others, but Alexis felt it deeply as someone who shared a bed with Leonel.

Lately, Leonel had taken to lying on a pillow in his bed, silently gazing at Alexis in her sleep.

She lay in his embrace, and yet he watched over her each night as if fearing she might vanish into thin air.

Lost in her thoughts, Alexis was brought back to the present when a servant handed her a glass of hawthorn juice.

The scent immediately unsettled Alexis. Covering her nose, she hurried to the bathroom. "Claribel, what is this? Why does it make me feel sick?"

Claribel responded with innocent surprise, "It's just hawthorn juice. I got it freshly squeezed

just this morning."

Why was Alexis feeling nauseous?

Women often felt that way when pregnant, and Claribel couldn't help but wonder if that was the case with Alexis.

A dramatic shift came over Claribel's expression. That speculation soon caught the attention of others in the house, their eyes turning toward Leonel.

But Leonel had undergone a vasectomy.

How could Alexis get pregnant?

Before Leonel could clarify, Alexis, leaning weakly against the wall, emerged and said feebly, "I just went for a run. There's no way I could be

< Chapter 547 Alexis Seemed To Be Pregnant  +120 Points at most pregnant."

Tears brimmed in Alexis' eyes as she looked at Leonel, a silent plea in her gaze.

Only Leonel could truly read the emotion in her eyes, and he longed to embrace her.

Their explanation, however, seemed to disappoint the older family members.

The prospect of Alexis' pregnancy would have brought more joy to the family.

Trying to appear indifferent, Mark chimed in. "It's okay that you're not pregnant. I think Edwin and Laura might be considering another child next year."

At that, Cecilia gave Edwin a sharp kick. "Laura will have a hard time if she's pregnant again so soon. You don't seem to care about her struggles since she's not your daughter, do you?"

Mark quickly backpedaled, admitting his error, "Alright, I misspoke. I apologize."

Cecilia, not easily placated, retorted, "Even with a natural birth, Laura should rest for at least a year before they even consider a second child. And it's a decision for her and Edwin, not you. How did it become your concern as a father-in-law? You should be ashamed for meddling."

Mark apologized once more.

The scene was a mix of submission and triumph; one lowered his stance as the other stood proud.

Alexis watched the interaction with a hint of envy. As they headed back to the car, she remarked, "Mark and Cecilia are really close."

After speaking, she covered her mouth, her face turning pale.

Leonel, concerned, asked urgently, "Are you sure it's just from the run? Should we go to the hospital?"