

Chapter 548 If You're Pregnant, Then Have It

Resting against the back of her seat, Alexis felt some discomfort.

"I might have overeaten. We don't need the hospital," she said weakly.

After a moment's thought, she added softly, "I can't be pregnant anyway."

Concerned by her condition, Leonel reached out, touching her face. "Your face feels cold. We should visit the hospital."

Alexis' protests were to no avail.

Leonel insisted on taking her to the hospital.

At the gastroenterology department, the doctor inquired about her symptoms, and then glanced at them, asking casually, "You two are a couple, right?"

With a slight pursing of her lips, Alexis confirmed, "Yes."

The doctor then said, "Head to the gynecology department for a check-up."

Bewildered, Alexis protested, "But that's not possible."

The doctor, with a knowing look, advised, "I'm the doctor here. And I know what I'm doing."

Alexis had more to say, but, Leonel, sensing her hesitation, guided her out. He masked his concern with a forced ease.

Outside, Alexis murmured, "I can't be pregnant, not since you—"

Leonel reassured her with a gentle pat. "Just wait here. I'll find you a doctor."

As he turned to leave, Alexis clutched at his clothes, her voice barely above a whisper. "Leonel... if... if I am really pregnant, would you want the baby?"

Returning, Leonel wordlessly embraced her.

Alexis rested her head against him, whispering, "I'm scared."

The thought of an unplanned pregnancy, without prior consultation with a doctor made her wonder... what if there was something wrong with the baby?

Leonel, comforting her, kissed her hair. "Don't worry. I'm here for you."

She stayed in his embrace a bit longer before he left to find her a doctor.

The obstetrician's efficiency meant Alexis received her test results within half an hour.

Alexis was five weeks pregnant, a surprising revelation considering Leonel's recent vasectomy. It seemed the condom they had used previously had failed, resulting in an unplanned pregnancy.

Holding the test report, Alexis was in disbelief.

After a moment, she looked up at Leonel.

Their eyes met in a silent exchange. Finally, Alexis broke the silence. "Leonel!" she called out in a slightly trembling voice.

Leonel's Adam's apple moved as he swallowed.

"Let's talk outside," he said quietly.

They walked to the car and sat in silence. Finally, Leonel, with a gentle touch, said, "Tomorrow, I'll arrange a specialist appointment for a thorough check-up. You'll need blood tests and other lab work."

His acceptance of the situation was evident.

He had considered the implications, understanding Alexis' desire for the child.

Tears welled up in Alexis' eyes.

She had known and cared for Leonel for over two decades, often compromising in their relationship. Now, he was supporting her choice without hesitation.

In this moment, their bond felt deeper than ever, transcending mere companionship.

Alexis, usually strong, found comfort in leaning on him, yearning for his support.

Leonel stroked her hair, reassuringly murmuring, "Everything will be fine."

He believed in facing challenges together. Their failed contraception led to this, and they'd navigate it as a unit.

The baby was a shared creation, not just by Alexis alone.

The couple returned to their apartment, where Alexis, possibly due to her pregnancy, or simply the emotion roller-coaster, fell asleep quickly.

Meanwhile, Leonel spent a long time on the phone outside.

He was arranging for a group of top foreign experts to come and consult on Alexis' pregnancy. The call stretched for half an hour before they finalized the arrangements...

The apartment was tranquil after Leonel ended his phone call, a subtle sweetness in the air.

Pausing at the bedroom door, Leonel eventually entered and sat beside Alexis. He gently kissed her forehead, reminiscent of her childhood slumber.

He watched her sleep before delving into his phone to research pregnancy advice, focusing on nutrition and prenatal care.

Absorbed, he didn't notice the time passing until evening hues filtered through the window, casting a soft glow.

Alexis stirred awake.

Gazing at him tenderly, she whispered, "How long have I been asleep?"

Leonel leaned in, their foreheads touching. "Around three hours."

He slid his hand under the quilt, softly caressing her abdomen.

"Does pregnancy make you tired?"

She nestled closer, enjoying his touch.

"I'm just a little over a month along. I'm not really tired."

"Then should I have a look at your schedule for the next months?"

Alexis was really busy in the next few months.

She thought for a while and said, "I'll try to minimize my work."

They shared a laugh. "Had I known, I might have skipped the vasectomy," Leonel joked.

Resting against him, Alexis suggested, "You could get a reversal." 

She envisioned having just one child, and using contraception thereafter.

Leonel, silent, continued to caress her belly.

"What would you like to eat? I'll cook for you."

"Fish soup sounds good."

He kissed her. "Alright. Fish soup it is."

As Leonel prepared the fish soup, he took a moment to call Waylen, sharing the news of Alexis' pregnancy.

After a pause, Waylen inquired, "So, when's the wedding?"

Stirring the soup, Leonel smiled, "We'll stick to the planned date. Alexis has been losing her appetite lately. The timing should work out."

Waylen felt a sense of satisfaction.

He paced his home, rubbing his hands together in excitement.

Rena entered, noticing his buoyant mood. "Hmm... What's got you so cheerful?" she asked, a hint of curiosity in her voice.

Waylen beckoned her closer.

Leaning against him, Rena listened as he shared softly, "Alexis is expecting!"

Proudly, he added, "Leonel's handling it so well."

Rena, both happy and amused, playfully scolded him, "Don't say such things in front of the kids. Act your age!"

Waylen, undeterred, drew Rena into an embrace, planting a kiss on her.

Breaking the kiss, he teased, "What about my age? You don't seem to mind every time we are intimate."

Rena, choosing not to argue, simply stood in his embrace.

Thoughts of being a grandmother filled her mind. She longed to go to

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Alexis, to prepare nourishing meals for her. But Waylen interjected, "Leonel is adept at caregiving. Let's give them some space to experience parenthood first-hand."

Rena nodded in agreement, admiring Waylen's wisdom. He swelled with a bit of pride at her praise.

A week later, the foreign experts arrived.

The results were more reassuring than Alexis had anticipated. The fetus was healthy, passing all examinations with no issues.

The only unique aspect was its Rh-negative blood type.

Alexis appeared anxious at this revelation.

Leonel, seeking to comfort her, bent down and kissed her forehead.

"That's good. It's a unique blood type, and that's all."

"You always see the bright side," Alexis retorted, half-amused.

Leonel responded with another kiss.

"Staying positive is the best we can do."

Alexis initially wanted to remind Leonel of his previous reluctance to have children and his vasectomy, but she held back, watching him affectionately touch her belly.

In that peaceful moment, she felt that everything was worth it.

Leonel treated her with utmost care.

He began contacting colleagues and family members, adjusting his schedule to prioritize her.

"Chloe, let's lighten my workload for the next two months... Yes, I need to be there for my wife."

"Edwin, let's move our meeting to a home session. Yes, you heard me. Yes, Alexis is pregnant and needs me."

"Marcus, remember the tonics you recommended? Could you get some more? Yeah, for Alexis. She needs the nutrition."

In every conversation, Leonel's focus was clear: Alexis' pregnancy was his priority.

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Hearing Leonel's repeated references to her pregnancy, Alexis rolled her eyes playfully, feigning annoyance. "You talk as if I'm the first woman ever to be pregnant. I'm not that fragile."

Leonel leaned in close, their noses touching.

"But I'm the one who got you pregnant. If you're not precious, then who is?"

Alexis couldn't help but smile. "You do have a way with words."

Leonel's hand rested gently on her belly. "I have a feeling it's going to be a girl."

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