

Chapter 550 She Simply Left Him

The sight of the shirt left Leonel momentarily taken aback.

Silence lingered as he refrained from responding.

Alexis, fixing her gaze on the pink mark, refrained from further inquiry. Instead, she murmured, "It's stained. Should I dispose of it?"

"Sure," Leonel replied with a subtle smile.

Alexis discarded the shirt into the bin, proceeding with other tasks, treating their recent discussion as a mere triviality.

Leonel observed her in silence.

Eventually, he approached her, lifting her gently. "Take a break. Don't overexert yourself, especially considering your pregnancy."

Without resistance, Alexis allowed him to carry her into the bedroom.

Placing her at the bed's edge, it appeared he had the inclination to kiss her, yet he abstained.

Alexis locked eyes with him.

In a husky tone, Leonel tenderly caressed her cheek. "Get some rest."

"And you?"

"I've got some matters to attend to."

Following a prolonged pause, Alexis gently remarked, "You've been quite occupied lately. Do you plan to manage everything before the wedding?"

Leonel remained silent, opting instead to run his fingers through her hair.

"Carry on with your tasks," Alexis whispered.

Pulling out the quilt, she settled down and shifted her gaze to the opposite side of the bed. "Leonel, could you please turn off the light? It's a bit too bright," she requested.

Leonel leaned in, extinguishing the light.

Observing her profile, he softly called, "Alexis."

"What is it?"

Following a brief period of silence, Leonel simply rose unhurriedly and exited the bedroom.

In the bedroom enveloped in darkness, Alexis lay with open eyes.

How could she manage to fall asleep? Throughout the night, she occupied herself by counting the hours. Leonel, on the other hand, spent an equivalent amount of time smoking cigarettes in his study, mirroring her wakefulness while lying in bed.

Only with the break of dawn did she succumb to sleep, waking to find Leonel absent.

In a bewildered state, Alexis perched on the bed.

Fragrances of breakfast and lingering notes of last night's blood permeated the air.

It was either a fragment of Leonel's history or perhaps a glimpse into the future.

Alexis mechanically retrieved her phone, dialing Leonel's number. After a half-minute ring, Leonel's tender voice greeted her. "Good morning."

Casually, Alexis remarked, "An early start at the office today?"

On the line, Leonel hesitated briefly before responding, "Not exactly." "Do you have a business meeting scheduled? Don't forget to have breakfast. Got to go. We'll talk later."

In silence, Alexis disconnected the call.

Gently lowering her hand, Alexis remained in a daze. When reality set in, tears stained her cheeks, and the touch felt chilling.

After contemplating for a moment, Alexis decided to call Darwin.

Aware of Darwin's motives, Alexis proceeded anyway.

Despite the awareness, Alexis fell into the trap, driven by concern and an inability to accept the situation.

Darwin, answering the call, anticipated Alexis' inquiry. Cutting to the chase, he remarked, "You've figured it out?"

A subtle smile accompanied his words.

"Alexis, now that you're aware of men's inherent weaknesses, do you realize that your lack of affection towards me is no different from Leonel, whom you do like? No, he's distinct from me. If I had you, I would unquestionably not be concerned about others."

Coldly cutting him off, Alexis demanded, "Where is Serenity hospitalized?"

Darwin scoffed. "You're not even willing to hire a private detective, are you?"

"There's no need for the expense. You're just anticipating my call, aren't you?"

Darwin nodded in agreement. "You're correct. Well, Serenity is in the VIP ward at Janeor Hospital. Leonel footed the bill."

Alexis promptly ended the call.

Pushing aside the quilt, she freshened up and silently completed her breakfast.

Following her routine, she changed into different attire and headed to Janeor Hospital by car.

Traffic congestion prevailed, accompanied by radio tales of confidantes.

Alexis paid no heed to the narrative.

Thirty minutes later, the car arrived at the hospital. In the parking area, Leonel's black sports car caught her eye.

No visit to the inpatient department was required to witness the complex situation unfolding between her prospective spouse and Serenity.

Peering through a window, Alexis observed Serenity in the passenger seat of Leonel's car.

Serenity's face wore a haggard expression as she nestled into Leonel's arms, assuming a forlorn posture. Though he attempted to distance herself at first, in the end, he couldn't bring himself to do it.

The man and woman leaned into each other in silent communion, resembling a couple entwined in a complex relationship.

Gazing at her grip on the steering wheel, Alexis exerted such force that her fingers paled.

Despite her earlier suspicions, Alexis felt profound distress in the current moment.

The turmoil within her was so intense that she felt nauseated.

The previous night, she questioned whether she was asking for too much.

In truth, all she desired was a genuine connection and a man exclusively hers, a desire unmet by Leonel.

In the aftermath of Serenity's loss of Darwin and more, Leonel rekindled his role as her first love.

Pitying Serenity, he extended care.

In the process, he overlooked abandoning Alexis, initially for Serenity.

Alexis smiled, laughing at herself.

She had, after all, invited this upon herself.

After loving Leonel for over two decades, she now comprehends the futility of her pretense and magnanimity. It wasn't worth it.

Despite being engaged and having a child, Leonel remained unrestrained.

Alexis, not wanting to disturb the couple, quietly started the car and drove away.

The car, operating smoothly, emitted a gentle hum as Alexis initiated it.

Unbeknownst to them, her vehicle glided past Leonel's.

However, Serenity's arm shielded Leonel's eyes, and Alexis drove past his world, leaving silently. In that final glimpse, tears glistened in the corners of Alexis' eyes.

The tears mirrored the anguish etched on Leonel's countenance.

Silently, Alexis departed.

Returning to the apartment, she refrained from packing her belongings but secured only her passport and identification.

Boasting visas for numerous countries, she possessed the flexibility to

fly at her convenience.

Later that day, she prepared to board a flight to Alsilia. At the airport, she dialed Waylen, declaring, "Dad, call off my wedding with Leonel."

Waylen found himself stunned.

He inquired anxiously, but Alexis responded casually, "We're not compatible. Dad, the plane is taking off. Goodbye."

Swiftly terminating the call, Alexis proceeded into the passageway.

Waylen stared at the phone in a daze for a long time. Then, as soon as the line disconnected, he dialed Leonel's number and shouted, "Leonel, what's going on? Why did Alexis want to call off the wedding? What did you do? Is there another woman involved?"

Leonel, caught off guard, instinctively denied any wrongdoing.

His gaze shifted to a coat in his car, inadvertently abandoned by Serenity.

A sudden realization dawned. Alexis took notice of it.

Panic seized Leonel, and his voice was strained. "Dad, please make Alexis stay."

Waylen responded coldly, "She's already left. She called me at the airport. I have no idea where she went."

The phone slipped from Leonel's grasp, fracturing into two pieces.

Frantically, Leonel raced back to the apartment, slamming the door shut. The surroundings mirrored their usual state—Alexis had only consumed half of the breakfast he prepared, leaving behind half a glass of milk, a customary routine.

He sprinted to the bedroom and dressing room.

Her belongings remained untouched.

Only her ID and passport were missing.

On the bedside table, a gleaming diamond ring he had gifted her rested.

Leonel descended into a state of madness.

Manically, he dialed Alexis' number and met with a dead tone. Resorting to her secretary, he inquired about Alexis' whereabouts.

The secretary disclosed that Alexis had secured a ticket to Alsilia.

The secretary was genuinely unaware of Alexis' precise location.

Leonel promptly secured a seat on the same flight, albeit more than ten hours later than Alexis. At the airport, he engaged in a half-hour conversation with Waylen over the phone, disclosing everything about Serenity.

Waylen, rendered speechless by Leonel's revelations, concluded the call in silence.

At the airport, Leonel sat dejectedly in a chair, staring at his phone, anxiously awaiting a call from Alexis. Whether she called to scold him or end their relationship, he just wanted to hear from her.

Yet she refrained.

Silently, Alexis departed without uttering a single word.

Merely instructing her father to annul the engagement.

An aversion to exchanging words with Leonel lingered in her heart.

Leonel, suppressing his tears, lifted his head slightly. Serenity failed to evoke any emotional response from him. As anticipated by Darwin, Leonel's concern stemmed solely from not wanting to witness a woman lose both her uterus and life. ⓘ

He was temporarily extending aid and solace to Serenity.

But this assistance and solace became the catalyst for losing Alexis. Leonel now, in hindsight, acknowledged that Alexis had discovered the truth the previous night when she saw the shirt.

Had he confessed then, could another opportunity have arisen?

Over the subsequent three years, Leonel repeatedly posed that question to himself during countless sleepless nights. He lamented not explaining himself to Alexis that night.

Boarding a plane bound for Alsilia, Leonel embarked on a journey.

News of Alexis remained elusive. A week later, Alexis departed for Flirean, a destination Leonel pursued as well.

Over the subsequent six months, Alexis shuttled between destinations, while Leonel lagged behind. He couldn't locate her, perennially a step too



slow.

After six months, Alexis ceased her frequent travels and settled in Braseovell.

However, Leonel remained unable to locate Alexis.

Business matters awaited Leonel in the homeland. Returning to Duefron, he tended to company affairs. When he intended to fly to Braseovell again, Alexis was already eight months pregnant.

The evening preceding the flight, Leonel occupied Alexis' apartment.

Leonel found himself unable to fall asleep. Over the past six months, he had been getting only about three hours of sleep per day.

Even sleeping pills proved ineffective.

Seated on the bed, a box at his side contained the wedding dress Alexis' family had initially selected for her.

Their wedding had not been annulled.

On that particular day, Leonel returned from abroad. Solemnly, he concluded their wedding ceremony in the church by himself. As the pigeons ascended, he lifted his head, tears streaming down his face.

His heart ached for Alexis.

Her whereabouts remained a mystery, her silence persisting for an extended period of time.

He couldn't fathom whether he would ever see her again if he persisted in searching for her like this for an extended period of time. She had left so decisively, forsaking not only him but also her home.

Tenderly, Leonel caressed the wedding dress.

The longing for her morphed into an almost resentful emotion. She departed without entertaining his explanations.

What was her current state? How was the baby faring?

Was forgiveness something she had chosen to withhold for the remainder of her life?

A persistent ringing emanated from his coat pocket. Reluctant, Leonel hesitated to answer, but it persisted, compelling him to respond.

Ultimately, Leonel yielded and answered.

After considerable hesitation, the person on the line stated, "Mr. Douglas, I'm from the blood bank. A week ago, Miss Fowler arranged for the entire blood supply to be airlifted from the blood bank to Braseovell."

Transferring the entire blood supply from the blood bank?

Leonel, almost frantic, interrogated the staff about the specific destination of the blood supply in Braseovell.

However, the staff was unaware of the destination. They could only confirm that the blood was dispatched to the airport, where Alexis personally claimed it.

Disconnecting the call, Leonel hastily made his way to the airport.

Swiftly securing a private plane to Braseovell, Leonel, upon arrival, invested heavily in booking large screens and media outlets to locate Alexis. Despite considerable expenses, Alexis appeared to have vanished from the world.

A week later, under the cover of night, Leonel's phone rang with a call from Waylen.

The conversation was brief. Waylen only told Leonel that Alexis had a girl.

The girl's name was Evelyn Fowler.

Leonel found himself in a state of shock. Clutching his phone in the nocturnal breeze, a strange sensation coursed through his veins, almost reversing the flow of blood.

Eventually, Leonel, his voice trembling, queried, "Where is Alexis?"

Waylen, with a solemn demeanor, shook his head.

In a hushed tone, he confessed, "I don't know. Come back home, Leonel. Reclaim a semblance of normalcy. Offer Alexis an escape, and find solace for yourself."

Clutching his phone, Leonel lapsed into a contemplative silence.

His resolve remained unyielding.

Waylen sighed, a touch of sadness permeating his voice. "You know her."

In truth, Alexis had extended every ounce of her tolerance to Leonel.

She was someone who couldn't easily forget something objectionable, yet she repeatedly made exceptions for Leonel.

Following the call's conclusion, Leonel sat by the river in silence, smoking contemplatively.

He gazed up at the starry sky.

The night sky in Braseovell was exceptionally luminous, with stars shimmering above. In a mix of happiness and sorrow, he contemplated that he now had a daughter, and her name was Evelyn. Evelyn Fowler.

He pondered whether Alexis endured pain during Evelyn's birth.

With no family by Alexis' side, he wondered if loneliness and fear consumed her.

Waylen's counsel echoed in Leonel's mind.

Encouraging Leonel to free himself and extend an exit to Alexis. Yet Leonel grappled with the haunting question—could he endure life if he liberated Alexis?

Uncertainty clouded Leonel's mind.

In February, he returned to Duefron, laboring under the hopeful assumption that Alexis would return upon his homecoming and cessation of the search.

Patiently, he awaited her change of heart.

Every day, he waited for Alexis, but she didn't return. Occasionally, he caught snippets of news about her.

He had even seen a photo of Evelyn from Laura.

She discreetly showed it to Leonel without informing Edwin.

Evelyn was an incredibly cute girl, resembling Alexis. Her brown hair had a slight curl to it.

The two-year-old girl gazed at the camera, radiating joy through her smile.

Leonel's eyes welled with emotion as he tenderly caressed the photo. In a hoarse voice, he implored, "May I keep this photo?"

Laura assented, and Leonel gingerly accepted the photo, cradling it in his palm, his gaze fixed upon it for an extended period of time.

Observing Leonel, Laura sensed a newfound strength emanating from him.

Several years had transpired, during which Leonel had shed weight and grown taciturn.

On a weekly basis, Leonel visited Waylen and Rena. However, each visit concluded with Leonel departing after presenting gifts. He refrained from lingering at the Fowler residence. On the occasion of Rena's birthday, an exception was made, prompting Leonel to stay momentarily.

Sympathizing with Leonel, Laura covertly passed Evelyn's photo to him.

At that moment, Edwin descended the stairs, catching sight of the photo in Leonel's possession. A sheepish expression crossed Laura's face.

Tucking the photo away, Leonel expressed gratitude, and then departed.

Edwin, gazing in the direction of Leonel's exit, questioned Laura after a prolonged silence, "He inquired about nothing?"

"No. Even if he had, I wouldn't dare divulge it."

Through the years, Laura remained under Edwin's sway.

Edwin refrained from discussing the photo extensively.

Laura covertly breathed a sigh of relief.

As they were getting ready to leave, Edwin got into the car and said at a leisurely pace, "In reality, Leonel will have the chance to meet his daughter soon. Alexis is expected to return next week."



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