

Chapter 552 He's Better Off Hating Her

Alexis, seated within the car, and Leonel, standing outside, were separated by a partially open window.

In the air lingered her scent, leaving Leonel both intoxicated and resentful.

Obsessed with her, Leonel harbored resentment over her relationship with Calvin.

Despite his efforts to disregard Calvin's presence, Leonel fixated his sharp gaze on Alexis and inquired, "Is this where you reside?"

"What's this? Mr. Douglas, did you purchase this entire neighborhood?"

"No, it's just an unexpected coincidence that I also live here."

Alexis responded with a smile, "Indeed, quite the coincidence. Now, could you move aside? We're in a hurry to reach home."

"Home."

Leonel echoed the word.

Suddenly, a laugh escaped him as he leaned in to whisper in Alexis' ear, "We once had a home, you know. We were even engaged."

"Long gone," Alexis replied with a touch of coldness in her tone.

Instructing the driver, she added, "Take the other route."

Leonel returned to his vehicle, steering it aside with apparent grace.

Yet his eyes concealed a profound sense of despondency.

Seated in the car, he observed Alexis' vehicle depart. After a prolonged moment, he took a cigarette, placing it in his mouth.

Lost in thought, he forgot to light it.

Collapsing heavily into the seat, he contemplated that this was

supposed to be their reunion.

A scratching sound echoed outside the car.

As Leonel opened the door, he discovered a spotted dog on his secretary's leash.

The secretary, somewhat embarrassed, commented, "It seems to have caught wind of your scent."

Leonel stooped, lifting the two-month-old puppy into his arms. The little canine nestled against his chest, affectionately licking his hand, exuding an endearing and gentle demeanor.

Leonel's thoughts shifted to Evelyn, the daughter born of his union with Alexis.

On this day, however, his focus remained primarily on Alexis, obscuring his view of Evelyn. Though he recalled Evelyn's sweet voice and her hair's rich brown hue—his preferred shade—he couldn't clearly discern her appearance. In moments of reverie, Leonel envisioned Evelyn as a youthful version of Alexis.

A strong desire to embrace Alexis and their daughter overwhelmed Leonel.

But constrained by circumstance, he cradled the puppy in his arms, placing it on his lap while steering home single-handedly.

As the car came to a halt, Leonel realized that Alexis' villa was situated right in front of his house. Despite the distance between the two villas, he could observe the activities in the opposite one if he focused.

Irony at its finest, Leonel sneered.

Stepping out of the car with the dog in his arms, he allowed the canine to frolic on the grass.

In the rear courtyard of the neighboring villa, Evelyn, accompanied by a servant, peered eagerly through the railing at the dog.

Ollie greeted Evelyn with a wagging tail.

Stepping closer, Evelyn studied Ollie intently for a prolonged moment. She then raised her gaze to meet the eyes of the man across the way.

Within a distance of less than 20 meters, Leonel observed his daughter.

Evelyn, resembling a doll with large eyes, exuded cuteness.

Leonel gestured toward Ollie, inquiring, "Do you fancy it?"

Evelyn nodded affirmatively. Following a moment of contemplation, she shook her head.

Ultimately, the little girl scampered back to her residence, colliding with Alexis' embrace. In a soft utterance, she whispered, "Mom."

Returning, the servant reported with a smile, "Evelyn spotted a puppy in the adjacent villa and took a liking to it. The proprietor seems respectable—a rather handsome man."

Sporting a faint smile, Alexis tenderly inquired of Evelyn, "What breed of dog is it? How about we get one too?"

Evelyn declined the notion of raising a dog, desiring the one from the neighboring villa.

Aware of Evelyn's unspoken desire, Alexis refrained from addressing it directly. Instead, she bestowed a kiss on Evelyn and instructed the servant to engage in play with her.

Ascending the stairs, Alexis commenced unpacking in her room.

Given the early summer weather, lightweight attire sufficed. The majority of her suitcase contents catered to this season.

Unpacking the four suitcases, she arranged the items in the changing room.

Despite being nearly three years old, Evelyn continued to share a bed with Alexis.

The room housed a wardrobe brimming with Evelyn's dresses.

The bedroom door received a series of knocks, and Calvin entered. Leaning against the changing room doorframe, he observed Alexis momentarily. Then, with a flat tone, he remarked, "Your wardrobe seems tailored for summer only. Seriously? Are you planning an exit before autumn arrives?"

Pausing in her organizational efforts, Alexis nodded affirmatively, stating, "Indeed, I have intentions for that. If all goes as planned, I'll depart once my tasks here conclude. Both you and Evelyn will fare better in Braseovell."

Unexpectedly, Calvin approached, positioning himself behind her.

With a gentle tone, he shared, "Actually, you don't have to take me into consideration. Your family resides here, and it's more beneficial for you and Evelyn to stay. Regarding Leonel, I doubt he can compel you."

After three years, Calvin matured a lot, resembling a reserved young homebody.

He had withdrawn from the media spotlight, transforming from a star into a cherished family member of Alexis.

Their closeness allowed him to sense her fragrance and feel her warmth, sparking an eagerness within him.

Despite his desire, he refrained from making any advances, opting to accompany her as her family as the only feasible action.

Glancing back at Calvin, Alexis said in a soft tone, "I also prefer residing in Braseovell. It feels right."

Calvin's eyes brightened momentarily, only to swiftly dim. Ultimately, he remained silent, offering only a bitter smile.

Alexis unlocked the French window on the balcony.

She ventured outside to breathe in the air of Duefron.

Alexis had been away for three years. Tomorrow, she planned to bring Evelyn home to meet her parents.

Abruptly, her gaze halted.

She saw Leonel on the opposite balcony, holding a cigarette between his slender fingers and gazing at her, his thoughts concealed...

Alexis didn't bother offering a smile in return.

She had simply made the decision to leave.

In that moment, Calvin emerged and noticed Leonel across the way. He gave Alexis a reassuring pat.

Alexis trailed behind Calvin as they returned to the bedroom.

The closed French window obscured their figures, overlapping through misted glass.

Resting against the French window, Alexis inquired in a raspy voice, "What's going on?"

Calvin leaned in closer to Alexis and advised, "Let him face a bit of reality. I doubt any man could endure it, especially Leonel at this moment."

The men understood each other thoroughly.

Alexis noticed that Leonel continued to gaze at her with intense eyes. In reality, she didn't need any schemes to achieve her objective. However, since she had no desire to really stay by Leonel's side, even if she went back to him now, their relationship would be doomed to have an expiration date.

Wearing a self-deprecating smile, Alexis remarked, "You're correct. It's preferable for him to harbor resentment toward me."

This way, they could part ways entirely.

The bedroom was tranquil in this afternoon as the sun bathed everything in its glow, creating a beautiful scene.

Calvin truly desired to preserve this moment.

Calvin remained silent. He pressed his head against Alexis' face and murmured, "If I can live for another 20 years, I won't give up on you."

Following Calvin's words, his lips lightly grazed the side of her ear.

Alexis remained silent and didn't pull away. She contemplated the possibility that if Calvin's words held true, perhaps she would truly share her life with him. However, life had no room for "ifs." At present, she could only wish for Calvin to live a few more years.

Speaking in a soft and gentle tone, she urged, "Don't talk like that."

Calvin expressed in anguish, "You're aware of it."

They silently leaned on each other for an extended period of time. Their reliance on each other as family was evident, yet through a window pane, Leonel perceived their actions to convey a different message.

To him, Calvin and Alexis appeared as a tangled couple engaged in a passionate kiss. Perhaps, in a moment of irresistible desire, they might succumb to intimacy.

Despite standing in the sunlight, Leonel remained devoid of any warmth.

His gaze fixed on the glass, as if a piece of his heart had been brutally torn away.

Alexis and Calvin...

Was this kind of kiss a frequent occurrence for them? Did they engage in it every night, much like Alexis and Leonel did in the past?

Leonel lifted his hand, intending to smoke.

However, the wind had already extinguished the cigarette. He retrieved the lighter and attempted to ignite it, but his fingers trembled.

Eventually, he broke the cigarette.

Residing in this place tortured Leonel, yet he was reluctant to relocate. Even if, upon looking up, he encountered scenes that shattered his heart.

In under 12 hours, Leonel had witnessed a myriad of scenes that almost broke him.

He felt distressed.

The barking of Ollie on the upper floor irritated Leonel. He even considered instructing the servant to bring the dog to the neighboring villa to Evelyn.

However, in the end, he refrained from doing so.

In the evening, Leonel showered, changed into fresh clothes, and set out for a stroll.

Leonel had the dog on a leash.

Ollie had a penchant for barking, especially when he spotted flowers and plants he hadn't sniffed before. He was undeniably adorable.

Following a couple of turns, Leonel spotted Evelyn in front of the villa.

Evelyn clutched a ball in her arms.

She gazed at Ollie with anticipation.

Leonel crouched down, gestured towards Ollie, and questioned Evelyn, "Do you like this puppy?"

Evelyn expressed her liking for Ollie. Extending the ball beyond the railing, she eagerly proposed a trade. "I'll swap this for the puppy."

Leonel greedily stared at her face.

After a moment, he smiled and declared, "I won't make that trade with you."

Not only did he decline the trade with Evelyn, but he also retrieved the ball from her possession, leaving her visibly upset.

At that moment, a servant approached. Hastily opening the door, she uttered with embarrassment, "Sir, about this ball..."

Leonel smiled and said, "Oh, she just dropped it. And I only picked it up for her."

The servant was embarrassed.

Misinterpreting this courteous man, she invited him inside. "It appears you have a fondness for Evelyn."

"Is her name Evelyn?"

Leonel loosened the leash on the puppy, allowing it to frolic on the grass. Subsequently, he lifted the delicate little girl.

The three-year-old girl emanated a milky scent.

She felt soft and fragrant.

Leonel extended his hand and gently touched Evelyn, causing her face to wrinkle. Although she hadn't forgotten that he had teased her earlier, she still liked his puppy.

Leonel set her down and gave her a gentle pat on the buttocks. "Go and play," he encouraged.

Instantly, Evelyn brightened up and engaged in play with the puppy.

She had long overlooked the fact that he was a bothersome man.

Leonel kept his gaze fixed on Evelyn, prompting the servant to smile and remark, "Sir, it seems fate has brought you and Evelyn together. Upon closer inspection, your eyes share a resemblance."

Leonel shifted his gaze away and uttered slowly, "Actually, I'm her uncle from her mother's side."

The realization dawned on the servant.

It's no wonder he and Evelyn share similar eyes! She thought.

Leonel didn't linger. Despite any desire to ascend and observe the activities upstairs, he restrained himself. He was not that mad.

Upon departing, he took Ollie along with him.

Evelyn hesitated to part with Ollie. Leonel assured her, "I reside in the rear. If you wish to play with the puppy, simply have someone accompany you there."

Leonel appeared handsome and respectable, residing in a luxurious villa, and he claimed to be Evelyn's uncle; therefore, the servant harbored no doubts whatsoever.

Leonel departed with the dog.

After he left, Alexis descended and summoned Evelyn.

Evelyn threw herself into Alexis' arms and whispered about the dog named Ollie and its owner. She reiterated the same details to Alexis before falling asleep, not wanting to forget them.

The night had advanced, and Alexis, gazing at the little girl in her arms, felt a twinge of concern.

Truthfully, Evelyn had endured loneliness over the past two years.

This was precisely why she developed a strong liking for the puppy.

Alexis gently patted Evelyn's form and desired to share sleep with her, yet Alexis found herself unable to. Whenever Alexis closed her eyes, she couldn't help but envision the way Leonel gazed at her.

His eyes revealed a mix of yearning and animosity.

The notion of Leonel potentially harming her in response to her next actions sent shivers down Alexis' spine.

Though it was his fault, she harbored an inexplicable sense of guilt.

She found herself without any alternative.

She believed some things just needed to be addressed one way or another.

A restless night plagued Alexis with inadequate sleep. The following morning, upon waking up, she noticed a slight swelling around her eyes.



Employing a generous amount of powder, she concealed the dark circles beneath her eyes.

As she gazed at her reflection in the mirror, she felt momentarily entranced.

Truth be told, she appeared older than before.

It wasn't merely due to childbirth but also to the toll on her mental well-being. The eyes of the person in the mirror lacked the radiance present in the previous Alexis. A distinct transformation had taken place.

Alexis recalled that she hadn't been in such a state after the initial loss of Leonel.

The realization dawned on her that, having regained him before losing him again really made a difference.

The sound of Evelyn's voice emanated from below. Alexis hastened to freshen up before descending the stairs.

Calvin and Evelyn had already taken their seats at the table.

Evelyn behaved well, consuming her meal quietly, with Calvin occasionally attending to her needs.

Seating herself, Alexis whispered, "Later, I'll take Evelyn to my parents' place. You can stay home and rest."

Alexis aimed to keep Calvin from getting overly involved. Considering Calvin's fragile health, Alexis was aware that Leonel might not appreciate seeing Calvin. If Leonel did, he would likely express disapproval or be unnecessarily harsh. Calvin offered a faint smile and insisted, "Allow me to accompany you back."

While expressing himself, Calvin extended his hand to stroke Alexis' hair. "How could you forget that we're a loving couple now?"

Alexis responded with a smile.

Following breakfast, Evelyn nestled into Calvin's arms and confidentially shared with him the puppy she had spotted the previous night. She employed all the beautiful words she knew to describe the puppy, Ollie.

Sporting a smile, Calvin inquired, "Did the servant allow him entry?"

His words were directed at Alexis.

Alexis nodded. "I'll have a word with the servant. However, I doubt he'll be a frequent visitor."

His pride would prevent him from being a constant presence.

Most likely, Leonel's desire to see Evelyn motivated his visit last night.

Calvin refrained from probing further. Following breakfast, he arranged some gifts and placed them in the car.

Alexis entered the car, holding Evelyn. She whispered softly, "I'll take the wheel."

Calvin insisted, ultimately taking control of the steering wheel.

Thirty minutes later, the car gradually pulled into the Fowlers' residence. In attendance were not only Waylen, Rena, and their children, but also Korbyn and Juliette.

In the company of Korbyn, it seemed Waylen was not granted an opportunity to speak.

Upon meeting, Korbyn took Evelyn in his arms. He shed a few tears, scolded his son Waylen for being useless, and finally reprimanded Leonel for being irresponsible.

Subsequently, Korbyn surveyed the surroundings and inquired, "Where is Leonel? Doesn't he care about his own child?"

Juliette discreetly cleared her throat.

Only at that moment did Korbyn notice Calvin. Korbyn scoffed, "Calvin is Calvin. Leonel is Leonel. We can't let Leonel off the hook just because Calvin has looked after Alexis and Evelyn for him. Raising a child isn't a walk in the park, is it? Leonel just stayed out of it after he merely contributed the sperm? That's ridiculous!"

Following Korbyn's remarks, the sound of another car approaching became audible.

Leonel parked the car, disembarked, and shut the car door. With utmost respect, he entered and addressed Korbyn, "Grandpa."