

## Chapter 32

Carlos chuckled as he watched Leslie, her nose crinkling up in a cute way. Was this the real Leslie? Unguarded and genuine.

The Leslie from the charity event seemed composed and wary, lacking the innocence of a young girl. She looked more like a woman who'd been through life's storms.

Leslie kicked off her shoes and opened the closet, only to find it filled with men's clothes.

"No women's stuff? You want me to wear yours?"

Leslie raised an eyebrow, while her tone sounded more casual than anytimes

It was as if she'd known Carlos for ages.

"Put on my PJs for now. Someone will bring you women's stuff in half an hour," Carlos said with a light laugh. He walked to the side, drew the curtains, and lazily sat down, opening a bottle of red wine and pouring himself a glass.

Leslie eyed the spacious double bed, draped in light blue sheets. Carlos seemed to favor simple colors.

Strangely, just a glance made her blush.

Carlos noticed her blush and teased, "What's going on? Fantasizing about our night?"

"I am not! Carlos, can't you be less... you know?"

Leslie playfully scolded, then picked up his set of PJs and slipped into the bathroom.

In the spacious bathroom, Leslie set the warm water, placed the PJs neatly, and felt a bit uneasy.

She... was taking a bath here, while Carlos was waiting outside. No matter how she thought about it, her mind was running wild!

In the eyes of outsiders, she must have been brought here by Carlos... to make out?

The more Leslie thought about it, the redder her face became. She quickly took a hasty shower, nearly drying her hair, and donned Carlos's oversized PJs.

The thin silk long men's PJs, when worn by Leslie, exuded a certain charm.

Leslie opened the bathroom door, her slightly damp long hair cascading down her shoulders.

Her slim body was covered by the large pajamas, but it made her delicate face more attractive.

Carlos's eyes lit up, and a faint smile played on his lips. Leslie walked to the dressing table, gazing at herself in the clear mirror, noticing a blush on her cheeks.

However, Carlos stood up and walked behind Leslie.

Her heart raced as she pretended to be casual, taking the comb from the table and running it through her hair.

Carlos circled his arm around her waist, his warm breath brushing against her ear.

"Do you like it here?"

"Yes, I do."

Leslie put down the comb and pushed him. "Stop it, don't hug me like that!"

"I won't touch you," Carlos said with a light laugh. "But I want to kiss you."

As he spoke, a moist and warm kiss landed on her earlobe.

Leslie shivered, almost breathless. However, the secret she held made her tremble, and she closed her eyes.

Carlos's kisses intensified, while hearing his panting, Leslie felt somehow uneasy.

Suddenly, her body soared into the air, and her entire body was lifted up by Carlos. She fell heavily onto the big bed.

The spacious bed was so soft that the fall was painless, while it added an inexplicable excitement.

Leslie let out a surprised cry as Carlos pressed down on her. His large hands flipped her over, and suddenly, her whole body was against him.

Carlos stared at Leslie with fervor, seeing the panic in her eyes, an unwilling look.

Carlos's desire abruptly cooled.

Carlos had only one ex-girlfriend, someone he met abroad, and that was the only woman he had ever been with.

He didn't even spare a glance at the other women who came to his door.

And for the women he was interested in, Carlos wouldn't force them.

"If you don't want to... let's just say I lost my mind," Carlos sat up, walked towards the bathroom.

Leslie lay there in shock. She couldn't understand why Carlos, who seemed to be burning with desire just now, suddenly left her?

He said he wouldn't touch her unless she wanted him to.

Leslie took a deep breath. She hadn't expected Carlos's self-control to

be so strong.

If it were any other man, he would have forced her by now, right?

Five minutes later, a slightly damp Carlos walked out. Leslie felt uneasy and lowered her head.

"What's wrong? Look like you did something wrong? Did you steal my wine?" Carlos chuckled, walking over and lazily sitting beside Leslie.

Leslie glared at him. "I wouldn't drink your wine!"

"Then what would you like to eat? I almost forgot, someone's already eaten." Carlos teased, "Dinner alone tonight doesn't have much flavor."

"I... I'll have some with you!" Leslie felt a bit embarrassed. "Haven't you eaten yet?"

"Of course! Unlike you, so leisurely."

Carlos laughed, picked up the phone, and ordered dinner for two.

Later, someone delivered a variety of women's clothing – over ten sets. Leslie was overwhelmed by the choices.

In the end, she picked the most conservative set – a light blue silk dress and a perfectly fitting bra.

"Oh, by the way, I have good news to tell you,"

Carlos said seriously as they sat at the dining table after the waiter left.

"What good news?"

"My people found out... your mother was forced to marry Riley by your grandmother's family. Riley was just an ordinary man at the time."

Carlos stared into Leslie's eyes. "Your mother passed away when you were three, it means you don't remember what she was like, right?"

Leslie snapped out of her shock and nodded. "Indeed, I don't remember her face. Riley never left any photos of her either. But people say I look

much like my mother."

"My people also found evidence. When your mother married Riley, she was already pregnant. We found a retired nurse from a town clinic who vividly remembers... because she was her most beautiful patient."

Leslie looked at Carlos in shock. "Are you saying... she might have been waiting for someone else to marry her, but that person never showed up, so she had to marry Riley?"

"Probably. Because she was pregnant, and being an unwed mother would subject her and the child to scorn. Your mother... might have had such thoughts. However, she severed ties with your grandmother's family at that time!"


Carlos revealed the truth, and Leslie was left stunned.



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