

Chapter 556 Do You Want To Go To The Hotel Or My Place

On this night, the moon shone brightly and stars twinkled sparsely in the sky.

Leonel stood quietly in the villa's front yard.

It appeared that Calvin had some urgent matters to attend to which necessitated him to leave earlier.

Alexis accompanied Calvin to his vehicle. Calvin opened the car door and leaned in to speak with her.

His demeanor was undoubtedly tender.

A soft smile graced Alexis' face in response. Calvin placed a kiss behind her ear in a gesture filled with a hint of desire. It was a sign of closeness shared only by lovers.

Calvin entered his car and left after their brief intimate encounter.

The black vehicle gradually faded into the darkness.

Alexis lingered for a moment before she decided to return to the banquet hall. As she turned, her gaze unexpectedly met Leonel's.

He was standing beneath the tree.

Its leaves cast shadows that played across his face and lent it a mysterious and somewhat somber appearance.

He pulled out a cigarette and lit it.

But he didn't smoke it. He simply watched Alexis and focused his attention entirely on her.

Alexis had no intention of lingering with Leonel. She attempted to walk past him.

Her efforts were halted when he firmly grasped her arm and pressed her against the rough bark of a tree. The coarse texture scraped against her delicate skin and caused mild discomfort. But, the secluded nature of

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their surroundings added a different, more stirring dimension to the moment.

Leonel leaned in close, his presence felt at the back of her neck.

She anticipated a kiss, but it never came.

One hand held his cigarette and he used his free fingers to trace the spot where Calvin had kissed her.

The touch began softly, and then grew more intense and firm.

Leonel's actions grew increasingly forceful as if he was attempting to rub the piece of flesh off.

"What's the point?" Alexis murmured in a soft voice, "Don't waste your energy."

Leonel's gaze lifted and met hers.

He fixed a deep gaze on her and his voice was rough with emotion. "You knew I was going to follow you so you orchestrated the scene. What was your aim? You wanted to prove that I still want you and I'm jealous and upset about this?"

Ashamed by his accusation, Alexis averted her gaze.

"Do you realize what you're doing?" she asked.

"I'm fully aware," he responded. His voice even raspier than before, as he moved closer to her. "I really want to fuck you," he whispered.

This declaration sparked a fierce reaction in Alexis, who pushed him away.

Leonel was determined not to let Alexis go this time, regardless of their chaotic relationship.

They were entangled in a contentious battle over the custody of Evelyn. Despite their current animosity, one undeniable truth remained—

He still had feelings for Alexis.

Since she left, Leonel had been afflicted with a metaphorical ailment. It was an emotional void, for which Alexis seemed to be the only cure.

As she stood before him, he saw her as the remedy to his longing.

Leonel, with a firm grip, escorted Alexis to his car amidst her struggles. He used one hand to restrain her and emotionlessly instructed the driver in the front seat, "Return to the villa."

"No." In a state of panic, she banged on the car window. "Leonel, have you lost your mind?"

Her intention had indeed been to have sex with Leonel. ①

But the presence of the driver, and the proximity of Leonel's villa to her own residence made the situation unacceptable to her. ①

She had envisioned a more private setting, like a hotel for their encounter.

Once the car doors were securely locked, Leonel released Alexis and sat back. He assumed a composed and elegant posture.

Leonel exuded a sense of control. He casually brought out a bottle of red wine from the freezer and poured himself a glass. He seemed to relish in Alexis' evident distress.

"Don't worry. I won't tell him," he said with a sly tone.

Annoyed, Alexis glared at him and kicked. This caused the wine to spill and stain the luxurious carpet of the car. Leonel appeared indifferent to the mess.

His body trembled slightly out of excitement, anticipating what was to come.

His desire was not just for a physical connection, but to claim her entirely in every sense.

Leonel abruptly changed course and directed the car towards his apartment instead.

By the time they arrived, it was nearing nine in the evening.

Surrounded by the hustle and bustle of people, Alexis felt constricted to raise her voice against Leonel. The reputation of the Fowler family was at stake, and she dared not cause a public scene.

Resigned to the inevitable, she acknowledged that the location didn't matter if she was going to have sex with Leonel.

Given the timing, it was a period she deemed likely for conception.

Despite this, her reluctance was palpable. On one hand, she genuinely

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felt averse to the situation and on the other, the notion of being
compelled into such intimacy was inherently distasteful.

Leonel's approach was brash and almost offensively arrogant.

Once inside the house, he tossed Alexis onto the plush sofa. Her face
pressed into the cushion and she could faintly hear the sound as he
unfastened his belt.

This was followed by a clinking sound as it hit the floor.

Leonel then grasped her waist and kissed her forcefully.

Caught up in his arousal, Leonel spent a considerable amount of time as
he kissed and caressed her. His voice quivered as he asked, "Why aren't
you aroused yet?"

She was not like this before.

Leonel brooded over how submissive Alexis used to be around Calvin
which ignited a spark of anger in him. His attempts at seduction
intensified, yet her response was lukewarm. Resigned, he continued
regardless...

Perspiration beaded on his brow.

Drops of his sweat fell onto the couch and trailed down her neck.

Leonel's behavior was harsh.

During their third round, he regained some clarity and adopted a softer
touch.

He planted kisses on the nape of her neck, where Calvin had once kissed.
He remarked these spots with his essence.

Alexis teetered on the brink of collapse beneath him.

He finally found contentment well past midnight.

They were both breathless and clung to each other. After some time,
Leonel softly kissed her ear again. Without words, Alexis understood his
thoughts lingered around Calvin kissing her before.

She gently distanced herself from Leonel as she needed a moment and
said emotionlessly, "Avoid leaving any hickeys."

This request seemed to provoke him.

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Leonel's actions turned frenzied. He gripped her head and kissed her with wild abandon and then demanded her to reciprocate.

Her body was a vision of beautiful mess.

Now, it bore the evidence of their encounter. She was now covered in hickeys.

Irritated, Alexis pushed him away. "What are you, a dog?"

Leonel still naked, leaned against the sofa. He was indifferent.

He lit a cigarette and puffed smoke as he watched her.

Alexis got dressed, but her dress did little to conceal the marks.

He suggested coldly, "If you don't want Calvin to find out, just stay hidden for a few days until they fade."

Alexis halted midway through dressing and removed her dress. She then headed to the bathroom for a shower.

There was no point in dwelling on emotions now.

Leonel, having leisurely finished his cigarette, trailed her to the bathroom. He simply wanted to talk to her.

The bathroom was filled with steam and silence.

After a shower, Alexis wrapped herself in a bathrobe and entered the dressing room.

She always kept some of her clothes there.

As she selected her clothes, Leonel leaned on the doorway. "Why be with me? Let me guess. Am I filling a void he can't?"

Alexis replied as she dressed herself, "This was a one-time thing. Don't flatter yourself."

He ran his tongue over his lower lip and grasped her wrist. "And what if I decide to tell him?"

Alexis met his gaze and asked, "Would you really?"

A smile played on Leonel's lips. "That depends on how you act."

His smile held a trace of bitterness. Deep down, he yearned to ask her to

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return, but he knew she wouldn't. Her affections were now with Calvin.

Suddenly, his mood changed.

His demeanor became even colder than before. He draped himself in a bathrobe and moved towards the balcony with a detached air. "Miss Fowler, you're right. This was just a one-time thing."

He lowered his head and continued, still smiling, "No matter how low I stoop, I don't want leftovers from someone else."

After a moment, he gazed at Alexis.

She caught the expression on his face.

Then she turned her head away and announced, "I'm leaving now."

Leonel's Adam's apple moved noticeably. After a pause, he asked, "Do you want me to call a cab for you?"

"I can get one myself," she replied.

She discarded her dress into the trash. As she moved to leave, Leonel's voice followed softly. "Did you dress up so elegantly tonight just to tempt me?"

Alexis didn't respond and she exited swiftly.

The door closed softly behind her. Leonel's gaze lingered on the closed door, his thoughts adrift.

Unexpectedly, a warm droplet fell upon his arm.

Realization dawned on him as he lifted his head slightly.

In the aftermath of their intimacy, it became clear to him how completely he had lost her.

As they had sex, she was distant and barely present. And the name she softly murmured was not his.

Leonel let out a soft, imperceptible laugh at that moment.

It was nearly two in the morning when Alexis arrived home.

Calvin was still up, waiting.

He had left a lamp on and was seated on the living room sofa, engrossed in a book. But he awaited her return.

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Alexis looked slightly weary when she entered.

Calvin glanced up at her. With the intuition of a man who knew, he could discern from her expression that Leonel had been intimate with her.

After a brief silence, Calvin rose and poured her a glass of warm water. With a soft voice, he offered, "I'll make you something to eat."

Alexis halted him with a single word, "Calvin."

Her voice was raspy, tinged either with sorrow or physical strain.

Calvin didn't probe; he simply approached her.

Alexis rested quietly against his shoulder and said quietly, "When I get pregnant, let's return to Braseovell."

Calvin didn't question what would happen if pregnancy didn't occur.

He simply acknowledged her words with a nod, gave her a gentle pat, and headed towards the kitchen.

He prepared a bowl of her preferred noodles. After eating up half of it, she found herself unable to resist.

Memories of the intimate encounter in Leonel's apartment flooded back to her.

But no, it was more of a crude physical interaction between a man and a woman. The thought made her feel nauseous.

Ultimately, she couldn't stop herself. She rushed to the restroom to throw up.

Calvin stayed by the door and kept his distance.

Alexis splashed her face with cold water. Once she felt more composed, she glanced at him through the mirror and whispered, "I will get pregnant. I have to."

Calvin's heart sank a bit at her words.

He even thought about suggesting she should be with Leonel, to stop this self-inflicted pain.

But the words just wouldn't leave his mouth.

Alexis was trapped in a corner. She had led Leonel to believe she was

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involved with Calvin.

Calvin was aware of Leonel's nature. Even if he appeared indifferent now, trouble would surely follow once he and Alexis got into a serious argument. Leonel's love for Alexis meant he would always be bothered that she had a history with another man.

The following day, Waylen called Alexis.

Alexis suspected Marcus might have snitched on her, especially since Marcus had also attended the dinner party the previous night.

Her father likely had questions.

She drove solo and made her way back to the Fowler residence. Upon parking, she noticed someone in the lot. It was Leonel.

She stepped out of the vehicle and shut the door.

"You seem to be everywhere, Mr. Douglas," she remarked.

He leaned on the car door and idly kicked at the pebbles beneath his feet. He then glanced up and asked, "What's wrong? Am I not allowed to visit Dad and Mon? They're also my parents now."

Alexis wasn't going to be easily fooled.

She tried to ignore Leonel and leave, but he blocked her path.

He approached slowly and bent close to her as he eyed the turtleneck she wore today.

With a laugh, Leonel commented, "Really, you have the courage to return? Did Calvin have any reaction to seeing you with all those love bites?"

"It's none of your concern," she retorted.

With a sneer, Alexis added, "But you're not as impressive as you used to be. Whether it's skill or physical stamina, you've noticeably declined. What's the matter? With all your wealth, can't you afford some practice? It's unlike you to be so miserly."

Her words were cutting and she refused to back down.

Both amused and irritated, Leonel retorted, "Did you not enjoy last night? You wouldn't have had sex with me four times if it wasn't pleasurable."

Alexis glared at him and headed towards the hall.

From behind, Leonel's cold voice followed. "You can't even walk properly."

In response, Alexis removed her high heels and hurled them at Leonel. He effortlessly dodged them. He was about to add more when Waylen's voice echoed from the second floor, "What's going on down there?"

As they all converged in the hall, Waylen sipped his tea and massaged his forehead. "One of you is a parent, the other a CEO of a major listed company, the second largest in this continent by market value. But here you are, bickering like children. It's disgraceful."

Waylen felt embarrassed, especially at the thought of facing anyone.

He felt particularly sorry for Calvin.

Marcus had returned with unsettling news for Waylen the previous night. "Dad, Alexis is still involved with Leonel. They left the party early, together in the same car."

They even shared a kiss before they got in. They were probably headed to a hotel or their place."

With a cold tone, Marcus added, "Perhaps there'll be another 'happy event' on the horizon again."

Again... The word 'again' echoed bitterly in Waylen's mind.

His anger was immense.

It wasn't that he opposed Alexis and Leonel together, but... What about Calvin? Waylen might not have been fond of entertainment industry folks, but Calvin had left that world behind and had proven himself a decent man.

Calvin appeared neat and composed.

Truly, he was a more suitable match for Alexis compared to Leonel, but she got back to Leonel after she made a commitment to Calvin? This was such a mess!

Waylen got to his feet, paced around, and then halted. "When did you two start this relationship again? Have you been fair to Calvin? Haven't I always told you from your childhood to stay true to your significant other and honor your promises?"

At that moment, Marcus happened to come down the stairs.

He had hung out until late the previous night, which left him looking

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somewhat out of sorts today.

Alexis shot Marcus a piercing look.

Marcus grinned as he fiddled with his diamond-studded watch and said, "I'm quite fond of Calvin. Alexis, it's not right to mistreat someone who's honest, right?"

Alexis wished he would stop talking.

Waylen nodded in agreement. "Exactly. You shouldn't take advantage of Calvin just because he's compliant with you. Now, what's it going to be... Should I inform Calvin, or will you two promise to stop this... whatever it is?"

Alexis couldn't refute the truth that she had indeed been with Leonel last night.

She just accepted it and gave her word. "I'll end things with Leonel and commit to a life with Calvin."

Waylen turned to Leonel and asked, "And what do you think?"

Leonel bowed his head and fiddled with his lighter. He then responded nonchalantly, "I'm fine with it."

This response infuriated Waylen. He stormed upstairs and declared, "Alright, I'm done meddling in your matters."

Waylen intended to discuss this with Rena.

He had decided to distance himself and left the matter for Rena to handle.

After that, Alexis also took her leave. This left only Leonel and Marcus in the living room. With a skeptical look, Leonel eyed the younger man and asked coldly, "I find it hard to believe you actually like Calvin."

Marcus' hypocrisy was evident.

He was marked by coldness and pride.

It seemed improbable that he would genuinely have any concern for Calvin.

Marcus strapped on his watch and prepared for a game of golf later. He looked intently at the man before him.

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Love had truly complicated Leonel's life.

With a mild smile, Marcus said, "Isn't this what you've been aiming for? My father expressed support for Calvin. But actually, he was keen on my sister picking you. He's... two-faced, just like my sister.

Leonel, do you honestly believe my sister is interested in continuing whatever you have now?"



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