

Chapter 557 You Can't Get Pregnant

Leonel's eyes narrowed subtly at what Marcus had just said.

To Leonel, Marcus always seemed like a man who spoke little but every word he said was usually of importance.

Naturally, the depth of Marcus' recent words struck Leonel as out of character, raising his suspicions.

Despite his doubts, Leonel masked his feelings, merely snorting in response. "You seem to understand Alexis quite well," he remarked.

Marcus sighed. "What do you think? We're siblings, after all.

Leonel, you've been around Alexis long enough. Had you really known her, things wouldn't have turned out this way.

Do you really think it was all about you taking care of Serenity?"

He chose not to elaborate further, glancing at his watch instead.

"Apologies, I must leave. I have a golf appointment with Mr. Watson and I'm running late."

As if on cue, the hall emptied swiftly.

Leonel lingered briefly, feeling a wave of boredom wash over him. He was about to leave when a servant suggested he stay for lunch, mentioning it was Waylen's idea.

Leonel pondered for a moment but decided against it.

On his way out, he unexpectedly encountered Alexis.

Her car was stranded by the roadside; she was on her phone, presumably calling for help. Leonel's car slowed, his gaze fixating on her silhouette.

She looked as slender as ever.

The memory of holding her the previous night, feeling her contour, flashed in his mind, causing a slight swallow.

Pulling over, he lowered his window and called out, "Alexis?"

She turned, briefly continuing her phone conversation before ending the call.

Leonel stepped out of his car, eyeing her broken vehicle. "Car trouble? Need a ride home?"

Alexis responded without hesitation, her tone even, "Someone from the service center will be here soon."

Leonel simply nodded.

Leonel appeared ready to leave, yet he paused, a hesitation in his posture. "About last night..." he began tentatively.

Alexis seemed indifferent. "Let's just forget it happened," she said.

He watched her closely for a moment before a smile crept onto his face.

"You're right. It's best we forget about it, especially now that you have someone else in your life."

Leonel could sense her cool detachment. It wasn't born of hatred; she simply wanted nothing to do with him...

Climbing into his car, he drove off swiftly, catching glimpses of Alexis' diminishing figure in the rearview mirror.

His grip on the steering wheel tightened, frustration evident in his voice. "Alexis, why did you come back?" What the hell did she want?

He pondered over the events of the previous night.

It had been too easy, uncharacteristic of Alexis to yield so readily if she was truly unwilling, let alone engage in intimacy multiple times.

At an intersection, he braked hard, lost in thought.

Marcus' words echoed in his mind. "Leonel, do you honestly believe my sister is interested in continuing whatever you have now?"

The realization then hit him.

It must have been Alexis' plan all along.

The alluring dress, her solitary presence, all orchestrated knowing Leonel wouldn't resist her charms.

The sunlight streamed into the car, but Leonel seemed unaffected, his thoughts elsewhere.

Lighting a cigarette and placing it against his lips, his mind wandered to Evelyn, their two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, fragile and thin, her tenderness belying her lack of strength.

A heavy feeling settled in his heart.

Evelyn was sick.

That had to be the reason for Alexis' actions. She was seeking another child from him, perhaps as a hope or solution for their ailing daughter.

Leonel put out his cigarette, rubbing his face with force. He longed to confront Alexis about Evelyn's health, but restrained himself.

Instead, he made a different call.

"I need a thorough investigation on someone. Yes, my daughter, Evelyn Fowler. Gather all her information from Braseovell, especially hospital records and medical details. I'll pay whatever you demand. Just make it quick."

After the call, he sat motionless, lost in thought, before finally driving off.

The service he employed was costly, but it was worth it.

Leonel spent twenty million dollars but received the information by the afternoon.

Evelyn's blood carried a regenerative disorder, necessitating a matched stem cell transplant. The optimal solution was a transplant using cord blood.

Consequently, Leonel was Alexis' chosen partner for this purpose. Given that the highest chance of a successful match came from umbilical cord blood from a donor sharing the same biological parents as Evelyn, Leonel's involvement was crucial.

As evening approached, the twilight cast a golden hue over the bedroom.

Leonel sat in contemplation, the documents slipping from his grasp onto the carpet.

Regaining his focus, he picked them up, reviewing them repeatedly.

He consulted a specialist he knew. The diagnosis matched the

They needed another child, Leonel realized.

But he pondered, if Evelyn weren't sick, would Alexis have ever returned?

Her disdain for him was no secret, she wanted no part in his life.

Leonel struggled with these thoughts, unable to decide which outcome was more painful or unbearable.

Then, the sound of a child's laughter drifted through the window.

Instinctively, he moved, opening the French doors to the balcony. His gaze fell on Evelyn, playing on the lawn with Ollie...

Dressed in a floral dress, Evelyn was a picture of tenderness, her hair soft and fluffy, reminiscent of a delicate doll.

The sight instantly softened Leonel's heart.

Suddenly, Evelyn stumbled and fell on the grass. She rubbed her eyes, tears welling up.

Without hesitation, Leonel rushed downstairs to her.

The maid had already scooped Evelyn up and was brushing the grass off her, but the little girl's tears persisted, her cries filling the air while Ollie, her companion, hovered anxiously.

"Evelyn,"

Leonel called out as he pushed the fence open, crouching to lift her into his arms.

The maid hesitated, aware of the rumors about Leonel being Evelyn's father, and stepped aside.

Evelyn's crying intensified.

Leonel gently rolled down her pantyhose to reveal a bruised knee, his heart aching with sympathy.

"Shall I put some medicine on it?" he suggested softly.

Evelyn sobbed in response, her features reminding Leonel strikingly of a young Alexis. "You're just as sensitive to pain as your mother," he whispered.

With Evelyn clinging to his neck and Ollie in his other hand, Leonel returned home.

His villa was unusually quiet, void of any servants.

He settled Evelyn on the sofa before retrieving a first aid kit, squatting down to tend to her wound.

"Does it hurt?" he asked gently.

Evelyn, looking up at him, shook her head. "It doesn't hurt anymore, Mr. Douglas. Your eyes are red," she said, reaching out to touch his face.

Leonel, touched by her concern, carried her upstairs. Recently, he had instructed his secretary to purchase a variety of children's clothes and pajamas.

Considering her injured leg, he chose a comfortable pair of pants and a blouse to dress her in, ensuring that she was comfortable.

The clothes were soft and snug. In a quiet voice, Evelyn asked, "Why are you so nice to me?"

Leonel, while helping her with her shoes, paused briefly. "Because I care about you."

Evelyn's affection for Leonel was evident, especially since he had given her the puppy. She clung to it, reluctant to leave.

Lost in thought, Leonel carried her downstairs, his mind set on cooking for her.

His culinary skills were impressive; the dishes he prepared were both delicious and visually appealing. Evelyn devoured a large portion of smashed potato with cheese and eagerly requested more.

"That's enough for now."

Leonel advised, gently patting her full belly and shoulder, his emotions

complex.

Previously, Evelyn had been more of an extension of his love for Alexis.

His affection for her was intertwined with his feelings for Alexis.

However, learning of Evelyn's illness and her daily struggles had shifted his perspective.

He was her father and felt a newfound desire to care for her himself, not just as part of his love for Alexis.

After a day of play at his place, Evelyn dozed off. He removed her shoes and tucked her into the soft bed, sitting silently by her side for a long while.

The responsibility of caring for her was delicate, he reflected.

Had Calvin assumed such a role before?

Evelyn stirred in her sleep, hugging the puppy and murmuring Calvin's name.

A shadow passed over Leonel's eyes. He softly caressed her face, and then turned his attention to business matters on his laptop. Around five in the afternoon, Alexis arrived to fetch Evelyn.

Seeing Alexis, Leonel's demeanor was cool. "You took your time. Is your life with Calvin so engrossing that you forgot all about Evelyn today?"

Alexis' lips tightened slightly.

Calvin was in the hospital, suffering from a deteriorating health condition that required a ten-day treatment.

Alexis felt no need to explain Calvin's situation to Leonel. She simply inquired, "Where's Evelyn? I'm here to take her home."

Leonel paid no attention to her question.

He strolled leisurely to the kitchen, poured himself a glass of water, and drank half of it. Turning to face Alexis, he still said nothing.

Alexis' heart started racing.

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In a lowered voice, Leonel questioned, "You're so detached. Do you have no feelings for me anymore?"

Alexis found herself at a loss for words.

Leonel glanced at the remaining water in his glass, a soft smile on his lips. "If you don't love someone, how can you be intimate with him? Or is it just about seeking thrill and physical satisfaction, Miss Fowler?"

Alexis, flustered, responded, "Leonel, let's not discuss that."

Surprisingly, he nodded. "Right. We don't need to talk about it. But if you can't conceive, will you come back to seduce me again for the same purpose? If you fail to get pregnant, will you keep coming back and use me just as a means to an end, disregarding my feelings, only needing me for my sperms? Have you considered how it might hurt me or perhaps you just couldn't care less?"

His words were direct.

He made it clear to her that he knew something.

Alexis realized that Leonel knew the truth behind their sexual encounter last night.

A heavy silence fell before she finally asked, "What exactly do you know?"

Leonel observed her silently for a moment, and then replied softly, "Everything. But what about you, Alexis? What do you know about me?"

Confused, she looked up at him, unsure what he meant by that.

Leonel closed the distance between them. He was only a step away, his breath caressing her face, a mix of warmth and chill.

"Three years ago, I underwent a vasectomy.

And I never underwent a reversal surgery. Did you know about that?

Alexis, it's impossible for you to get pregnant. Your efforts last night were futile."

His words were laden with blunt humiliation.



Alexis, facing him, swallowed hard, her response caught in her throat.

Leonel, his emotions reaching a boiling point, thrust a stack of documents before her. "Why didn't you tell me? Why choose to handle Evelyn's situation alone, abroad? You've kept the truth from me. You sought intimacy only to conceive... What if the next child has complications as well? What are we supposed to do then? Huh? Tell me, what should I do? What would happen to the baby?"

He advanced toward her, his voice strained. "How long do you expect Calvin to be by your side?"

The tension between them was palpable, both visibly shaken.

Alexis, usually so composed, found her strength waning in Leonel's presence.

She looked down, her voice barely above a whisper, "And how long will you be with me?"

You promised not to get involved with her, but the next second, you were each other's arms inside the car.

Leonel, I can't trust you anymore."

A profound silence enveloped them.

It dawned on Leonel that their issues were more than just the passage of time.

There were deep-seated cracks in their relationship, a fundamental lack of trust.

Alexis no longer desired him in the way she once might have. Her need for a child from him didn't equate to love.

And while Leonel harbored love for her, it was tainted by resentment.

Lighting a cigarette with trembling fingers, the rising smoke created a hazy barrier between them. He asked, his voice hoarse, "What do we do now?"

The necessity of having a child for Evelyn's sake loomed over them.

But Leonel was adamant; he didn't want their intimacy to be a mere means to an end.

Leonel's yearning for Alexis was palpable. He craved her return, regardless of her willingness.

His desire was not just for her physical presence but for the alleviation of his loneliness. Even if she hated his guts, her mere presence would be enough.

Alexis remained silent, her gaze fixed on him as she awaited his decision.

She realized she had no leverage in this situation.

Leonel, aware of her predicament, responded coldly, "Pack your things and move in tonight. Additionally, I'll make an appointment to reverse the vasectomy to facilitate your pregnancy as soon as possible."

His tone left Alexis uncertain if he was being sarcastic.

Without much time to ponder, Alexis simply nodded, her eyes drifting upstairs where Evelyn likely slept.

Leonel, keenly observing her, said with a hint of sarcasm, "If you tell Evelyn I'm her biological father, she probably won't mind staying. Unless you're too attached to Calvin... Alexis, are you prepared to leave him?"

Knowing Leonel's nature all too well, Alexis retorted with a sneer, "If I say I don't want to leave Calvin, would you accept him being part of our lives?"

Her response visibly agitated Leonel.

In an impulsive move, he drew Alexis into his arms, their kiss passionate and intense.

Alexis yielded to his embrace, her resistance melting away.

Leonel's voice, rough with emotion, broke through the kiss. "You still think of him? Even going so far as mentioning his name in front of me?"

Their kiss was fervent, leaving Alexis momentarily stunned.

Leonel seemed unable to restrain himself, his gaze fixated on her slightly



dazed expression.

In a moment of raw honesty, he confessed, "I really need to fuck you," his words laced with a mix of longing and frustration. His approach had changed since their reunion, marked by a raw urgency and a disregard for her feelings, driven by his own overpowering desire.