

## Chapter 558 Tonight, We Sleep In The Same Bed!

In such moments, Alexis knew better than to provoke Leonel.

He seemed preoccupied, his mind likely on Evelyn. His actions seemed less about genuine anger and more about irritating her, perhaps even testing her.

With the tension somewhat diffused, Leonel could have been furious with her.

But with a sick child, parental concerns often override personal grievances.

He left her with a few terse words and began his slow ascent upstairs, his silhouette stretching in the light.

Alexis watched him go, debating whether to follow and check on Evelyn. However, recalling his harsh words, she chose instead to return to her luggage packing, her mind filled with worries about Calvin's future.

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Meanwhile, upstairs, little Evelyn had woken up.

She sat at the head of her bed, rubbing her eyes. In this unfamiliar environment, she was almost scared to cry but found some comfort in Ollie's company, managing to hold back her tears.

She looked hopefully at Leonel as he entered the room.

Leonel paused to watch her, and then approached and sat beside her bed.

He gently touched her head, asking softly, "Does it still hurt?"

Evelyn, brought back from her drowsy thoughts by her father's presence, snuggled into his embrace. "It still hurts," she whispered.

Leonel tenderly massaged the sore spot, soothing her.

Half-asleep in her father's arms, Evelyn murmured that she was hungry. Noting the time, Leonel smiled at her quick return of appetite.

He lifted his daughter, carrying her downstairs.

Indulging her reluctance to walk, he fully embraced his role as a doting father.

The house was well-prepared for Evelyn, equipped with everything a child could need. In the kitchen, Leonel set up a pink booster chair and had Evelyn sit there while he cooked.

He decided to prepare a substantial meal, anticipating that Alexis would join them later.

As he cooked, Leonel engaged in conversation with Evelyn, keen to catch up on her childhood years he had missed.

His interest in her early life was evident. He was eager to learn more about his daughter.

Evelyn indeed had a remarkable memory for a child so young, recalling even distant memories with clarity, much to Leonel's delight.

Out of nowhere, she asked in her soft, sweet voice, "Mr. Douglas, are you my daddy?"

Leonel, startled by the question, accidentally cut his finger, a streak of red blood appearing.

He momentarily froze but regained his composure as Evelyn repeated her question. Turning to her gently, he affirmed, "Yes, I'm Daddy!"

Evelyn then fell silent, gazing at him with eyes full of longing.

Although Calvin had filled in for the father figure in her two-and-a-half-year life, somewhere deep inside, she seemed to know that he wasn't her real father and longed to connect with her real dad.

Leonel's emotions swirled. He had spent the day wrestling with how to approach this topic with Evelyn.

But she, with her innate cleverness, had made it easier than he'd anticipated.

He quickly cleaned the blood from his finger and dried his hands before lifting her into his arms.

Evelyn cuddled against his shoulder like a little puppy, softly murmuring, "Daddy!"

Holding her with one arm and supporting her back with the other, Leonel felt an overwhelming surge of emotion.

She was his own flesh and blood.

Ollie, the puppy, danced excitedly at his feet but settled down after being fed some dog food and water.

As Leonel resumed cooking, Evelyn clung to him like a small koala, whispering into her father's ear.

Despite her illness, she was lively and chatty, her spirit undiminished.

Leonel found himself wishing that he could always have his little girl by his side.

Upon her return to the villa, Alexis carried only a small suitcase, aware that most of her belongings were still in Braseovell and that Leonel had likely prepared everything necessary for Evelyn.

Entering with her luggage, she received a cursory glance from Leonel.

"Put it in the master bedroom," he instructed indifferently.

Noticing Evelyn clinging to Leonel's back, Alexis approached with concern for her daughter's safety. She attempted to take her down, but Evelyn refused to let go, clinging even tighter.

Alexis, with no other option, left Evelyn there, cautioning Leonel to be careful with her.

Leonel responded with a cold snort, "I won't let anything happen to her! I don't understand you two, always leaving the child with the maid. Couldn't one of you have stayed with her?"

Alexis struggled to find the right words.

She chose not to explain the situation further and simply headed upstairs with her luggage.

Leonel watched her go, his gaze intensifying. Evelyn, still close to his ear, innocently asked, "Daddy, do you and Calvin both like Mommy, right?"

Leonel gently stroked her head but didn't give a direct answer.

Evelyn, young and easily distracted, quickly moved on from the topic. In her mind, she was just beginning to understand that she would be living here now. She worried about Calvin, contemplating asking her daddy if



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Calvin could move in too, so they could be a family of four.

In the master bedroom, Alexis was struck by its thoughtful arrangement.

The large bed, with its covers tossed aside, likely Evelyn's recent resting spot, caught her attention.

She softly touched the bedsheet and observed the furniture and the wardrobe prepared for both man and woman, reminiscent of a bridal suite. She suspected there must be a children's room somewhere too.

What emotions had driven Leonel to prepare all this?

He might have hoped for a reconciliation upon her return, but she came with different intentions. Now that her true motives were out, she wondered how he would react.

Her mind was a whirlwind of thoughts.

Not wanting to dwell in the room, she quickly went back downstairs after placing her suitcase.

Throughout the meal, her thoughts remained in turmoil.

Leonel was the epitome of calm and composure, adeptly feeding Evelyn. This was probably a skill he had mastered while caring for younger siblings in his past.

Evelyn ate obediently, her only peculiarity being her aversion to onions, which she promptly spat out.

"Just like when you were little," Leonel remarked with a smile, his gaze briefly meeting Alexis'.

However, his tone turned colder as he finished his sentence, casting an unspoken tension into the air.

Alexis wasn't sure how to react to the situation.

Evelyn, seemingly oblivious to the tension, chirped, "Mommy doesn't eat onions either? But she always tells me she eats everything!"

Leonel glanced at Alexis with a natural curiosity. "Oh, does Mommy really eat everything?"

He seemed to remember something, teasingly adding, "Yeah, she does!"

His jest was apparent, and Alexis, perhaps a bit frustrated, bit into a lamb

chop with more force than necessary.

Leonel couldn't help but chuckle lightly at the sight.

He hardly touched his own meal, his appetite seemingly absent. He instinctively reached for a cigarette but refrained, mindful of Evelyn's presence.

At 8 p.m., two servants arrived at the house, a necessary addition considering the responsibilities of both Leonel and Alexis, along with caring for Evelyn.

While Evelyn enjoyed her bath, Leonel also bathed the puppy, drying both afterwards.

He then dressed Evelyn in a onesie and carried her to the bedroom.

He decided it was best they all sleep together, given her young age.

Evelyn seemed perfectly at ease on the large bed with Leonel, as if he had always been there for her.

She wanted to sleep with the puppy as well, but Leonel was not keen on having three people and a dog in the bed.

After some persuasion, Evelyn agreed to place Ollie's pink bed close by, where the puppy looked comfortably nestled.

Evelyn, visibly delighted, emitted warm breaths from her tiny nose.

Leonel held her, feeling her slight yet sturdy form.

As she snuggled into the blanket, he sat beside the bed, reading a fairy tale book to her.

Evelyn rested her head on his arm, listening attentively.

By 9:30, she had drifted off to sleep, her cheeks flushed with warmth.

Leonel watched her lovingly, reluctant to leave her side. Eventually, he withdrew his hand and walked to the walk-in closet, where Alexis was organizing her belongings—a task she had been at for over an hour.

Standing by the door, Leonel observed her silently. Her expression was impassive, showing neither resistance nor joy.

It was understandable, given her primary reason for returning was essentially to "borrow seed"—nothing more.

In Alexis' eyes, her relationship with Leonel, along with any feelings she once held for him, had long faded.

Breaking the silence, Leonel asked softly, "Does this small amount of luggage mean you plan to leave again? Are you planning to leave as soon as you're pregnant, taking Evelyn with you— maybe even with Calvin?"

Beneath the glow of the crystal chandelier, Alexis lowered her gaze.

It was late, and she was too weary to argue with him.

Shaking her head, she replied, "No, it's just that I brought back only a few things."

Leonel watched her intently.

Suddenly, he closed the door and slowly advanced towards her, backing her against the wardrobe door.

Their bodies were close, his head lowered towards her.

Alexis turned her face slightly, not entirely resisting him.

Leonel paused, his voice raspy with emotion. "So compliant! Why? Are you afraid that— I might get mad and refuse to get you pregnant?"

"It's not like that," she answered, her voice trembling slightly.

The previous night had been different. There had been a specific goal in mind, and alcohol had dulled her inhibitions.

But now, they were both sober, without any impulsive desires, and their child slept nearby.

Her face felt warm with his proximity, barely an inch away.

Leonel, observing her quivering lips, asked quietly, "Did you discuss this arrangement with Calvin?"

Alexis looked up at him.

Leonel lightly touched her earlobe, which seemed flushed. "Being with me, don't you owe him that much? After all, he's your current— boyfriend," he said, the last word tinged with bitterness.

He wanted to ask more, driven by the concerns any man might have in such a situation.



Understanding the typical concerns of any man in his position, Alexis regained her composure and offered a light smile. "No need. This is my own matter," she said.

Leonel nodded, acknowledging her point. "That's true," he conceded.

Then, as he reached for the doorknob, he added with resolve, "I want us to share a room. Also, I have surgery scheduled at the hospital tomorrow, and I want you there with me."

Alexis started to object. "It's only a minor operation—"

"But I want you there," Leonel interjected firmly.

It wasn't about fear or a genuine need for her presence. He simply longed for her to be by his side for every significant moment in the future. His determination made it clear there would be no escaping this new arrangement.

Alexis chose not to argue further, understanding the necessity of his cooperation.

Leonel shut the door and leaned against it, surveying the room now shared with two additional occupants.

Ignoring a single bark from the puppy, he moved to the bed and gently kissed Evelyn's forehead.

The little girl stirred in her sleep, cuddling a pillow, her tiny, plump figure adorably curled up.

Leonel watched her with tender eyes, believing he could do this forever.

He mused if Waylen had felt similarly about his own children.

If he and Alexis were to have another child, Leonel found himself hoping for a boy—resilient and enduring, unlike Evelyn, who required constant nurturing.

After a shower in the guest room, Leonel returned to find Alexis still in the bathroom, clearly stalling.

Settling into bed, he cradled Evelyn with one arm while managing his affairs on his phone with the other.

The lighting in the room was softened to a warm yellow hue, creating a tender atmosphere.

Half an hour later, Alexis emerged, wearing a modest two-piece pajama set, clearly an attempt to temper any desires.

Leonel put away his phone, eyeing her attire.

He teased, almost provocatively, "Rest assured, I won't touch you now. We can't conceive at the moment, and with Evelyn here, what could I possibly do?"

"You're overthinking," Alexis responded, her tone even more indifferent and restrained than his.

Leonel let out a soft chuckle and, once Alexis was settled on the far side of the bed, turned off the light.

The room plunged into darkness, and Alexis found herself unable to sleep.

After a while, she broke the silence with a whisper. "We could actually consider in vitro fertilization. It wouldn't be much of a hassle."

There was a brief pause before Leonel responded, his voice laced with sarcasm, "You seemed to really enjoy the other night. If IVF was your intention, why not mention it from the start? Bringing it up now, after everything, seems a bit late, doesn't it?"

His words were pointed, yet Alexis seemed to have grown used to his sharp tone.

Perhaps too tired to argue, she focused on Evelyn, gently holding the child's tiny fingers, her gaze resting on her little face in the dim light. In moments like these, Alexis found solace in her daughter, making all the endurance worthwhile.

Leonel watched her silently, analyzing her every move.

To him, it seemed like Alexis hadn't truly considered their relationship at all. She appeared like a puppet, being with him solely for the sake of having a child, without any real consideration for their future together.

This thought pained him deeply, but he kept it to himself.

He wanted to ask her about her feelings towards Calvin, but his pride held him back from repeating the question. Instead, he wrestled with a mix of love and resentment for Alexis, desiring to possess her yet feeling uncomfortable with the situation.

As the night wore on, Alexis eventually fell asleep in the wee hours.



Leonel quietly got up and stepped into the hallway for a cigarette, a futile attempt to quell his inner conflict.

Alexis was his only source of solace, and he longed for her to show any emotion towards him—laughter, anger, even a slap—anything but this cold detachment.

After extinguishing the cigarette, Leonel returned to the bed, his mood slightly colder.

Lying behind Alexis, he tenderly wrapped his arms around her slender frame, his hands softly stroking her waist. His actions conveyed a deep, unspoken desire for intimacy and connection.