

Chapter 559 We're Going To Get Married

Alexis could feel the heat emanating from Leonel's body behind her.

His hand on her waist was a sensation she couldn't ignore. They had both been abstinent for three years, and their recent encounters were far from enough to quell their desires.

However, Alexis wasn't ready for more.

When Leonel's hand wandered to her back, she found herself whispering, "Didn't you have a vasectomy?"

"Does a vasectomy mean I can't be close to you?"

Are you still thinking about Calvin?"

Leonel's words were soft as he kissed her neck, his breath warm against her skin.

But then, he withdrew his hand, seemingly losing interest.

Alexis lay still, trying to ignore his presence. After a couple of minutes, Leonel quietly rolled over, putting their sleeping daughter, Evelyn, between them.

Alexis expected the night to continue in silence. But as she closed her eyes, she felt the intensity of Leonel's gaze. When she opened her eyes, she met his piercing stare.

He looked at her as if trying to see through her, and then abruptly got out of bed.

The sound of running water came from the bathroom, leaving Alexis to wonder what he might be doing.

She lay there, struggling with her thoughts about their future.

When Leonel returned, chilled from his time in the bathroom, he sat on the sofa briefly, perhaps to avoid disturbing Evelyn. Alexis couldn't help but suggest, "I'll sleep in the guest room with Evelyn from tomorrow on."

Leonel remained silent, his response unclear.

Moments later, Alexis found herself lifted into his arms.

Leonel had a way of holding her that was both affectionate and teasing. She had mentioned his vasectomy, trying to set a boundary, but he always seemed to find ways to stir her emotions, often leaving her in a state of unfulfilled desire.

His actions felt cruel to her.

Alexis retreated to her side of the bed, leaning against her pillow. In a low voice, she told Leonel, "Get out of here."

Leonel just sneered in response.

He seemed to enjoy seeing her flustered, thinking it meant she still harbored feelings for him.

But then, his thoughts drifted to the past three years she spent with Calvin, and his smile vanished.

Finally, he said coldly, "Sleep."

Determined not to show weakness, Alexis turned her back to him and remained silent.

They spent the night together, yet the distance between them was palpable. Leonel's behavior towards Alexis was a confusing mix of warmth and coldness.

However, his demeanor changed entirely with Evelyn, their daughter.

He was endlessly patient and accommodating with her, fulfilling all her needs.

Evelyn hardly needed to walk whenever Leonel was around, as he was always ready to carry her. The next morning, the villa's floors were all covered with soft wool carpets, making it a safe playground for kids.

Ollie, their puppy, frolicked on the carpet while Evelyn tried to pull its tail.

The puppy barked in pain.

Leonel came to Ollie's rescue and then gently lectured Evelyn about not pulling a dog's tail like that.

She lowered her head, patting Ollie affectionately.

"Alright. Time for your medicine."

Leonel carefully prepared her medicine, and there were six sizable pills in total.

Getting Evelyn to take her medicine had always been a challenge for Alexis, and even Calvin's efforts were often in vain.

However, today, Evelyn sat obediently in her chair.

Leonel halved each pill, instructing Evelyn to take two sips of water with each half. She complied and soon finished her medicine.

As a reward, he gave her a piece of candy, which she enjoyed with evident satisfaction.

During breakfast, which included a soft-boiled egg, milk and finger-sandwiches, Leonel attentively fed his daughter, squatting beside her.

Alexis, watching this, couldn't hold back her comment. "She's capable of eating by herself. Children should learn to be more independent."

This was the approach the Fowler family had always taken, encouraging self-reliance even when sick.

Leonel, not even glancing at Alexis, responded softly, "My daughter doesn't need to be independent yet. Elva wasn't, and she's turned out fine. There's nothing wrong with being a bit spoiled."

Alexis found herself at a loss for words.

More than anything, she didn't want to argue with him.

She had hoped for a peaceful coexistence with him, especially since now she needed his help to get pregnant.

After Evelyn finished eating and started playing on her own, Leonel had a quick meal. Then he turned to Alexis, saying slowly, "We both have our jobs, but Evelyn needs someone to look after her."

Alexis expected him to suggest sending Evelyn to her parents, but Leonel surprised her by saying, "I'll take Evelyn to the office with me from now on."

Alexis objected, "She'll get bored at the company."

"And what's the alternative? We don't have a reliable nanny at home," he replied, his gaze steady on Alexis. "Are you worried I might take our daughter away from you? Don't be. You're not the only one who wants

After his comment, Leonel fell silent, perhaps due to his sour mood.

Alexis felt the strain of their frigid relationship weighing on her.

In a soft voice, she suggested, "Leonel, we don't have to keep struggling like this. It's been three years— Maybe it's time to leave the past behind. We don't need to force ourselves to be together."

Leonel's response was cutting. "Then maybe you could talk to me nicely instead of leading me to bed."

He stood up and leaned in, his slender fingers gently pinching Alexis' chin.

"It's too late for that now," he said, before heading upstairs to change.

He swapped his casual attire for a suit and tie, adding a lapel pin that gave him an air of sophistication.

Alexis wondered why he was dressing so formally for a mere hospital visit.

As Leonel descended the staircase, he caught Alexis' puzzled gaze. Looking down at her, he said flatly, "You should change too."

Alexis thought her outfit was appropriate— a white shirt and knee-length skirt, suitable for her afternoon court trial.

However, as Leonel sat on the sofa holding Evelyn, who was playing with his lapel pin, he casually remarked, "Your clothes are too plain."

Alexis couldn't help feeling a bit irked. Why did it matter if her outfit was plain for a hospital visit?

Nevertheless, she went upstairs to change, her annoyance simmering.

Entering the master bedroom, Alexis stopped in her tracks, surprised.

On the bed lay a soft red wool dress, accompanied by a dark-colored, thin overcoat and a pair of stockings.

The ensemble, she imagined, would look very feminine.

Leonel had prepared this for her? She couldn't fathom why he would choose such an outfit.

She wanted to ask him, but knew he wouldn't explain, especially not in

Perched on the edge of the bed, Alexis gently ran her slender fingers over the clothes, her thoughts drifting to her past with Leonel.

They had been good together once.

Had Serenity not entered the picture, perhaps they would have had a happy life together. But life was unpredictable, full of unexpected twists.

What truly came between them was not Serenity, but their own state of mind.

Lost in thought, Alexis didn't realize how much time had passed until she heard a knock at the door. Leonel's voice, still carrying a hint of coldness, broke the silence. "Are you ready?"

"Just a minute," she replied.

Instead of using the changing room, Alexis decided to change right there, at the edge of the bed.

The clothes fit perfectly and flattered her figure.

The red hue complemented her long, curly brown hair, accentuating her femininity.

She slowly pulled on the thin silk stockings, slipped into her stiletto heels, and picked up the coat. She had to acknowledge that Leonel had a keen sense of what suited her. As she was finishing up, the door swung open.

Leonel's eyes briefly sparkled, and then seemed to grow more intense.

Alexis noticed that his attire matched hers.

Was it intentional?

Wasn't it a bit overdressed for a hospital appointment?

It wasn't until they were seated in the car that Alexis, her voice low, finally asked, "What exactly are we doing?"

Leonel glanced at her through the rearview mirror, his tone unexpectedly gentle. "We're going to get married."