

Chapter 560 I'm A Traditional Man

Alexis' breath was in disarray, a chaotic symphony playing within her lungs.

Getting married? Was Leonel truly contemplating tying the knot with her?

Considering their situation, the idea of marriage appeared quite unconventional. What could be going through Leonel's mind?

Sensing her uncertainty, Leonel gripped the steering wheel and gazed ahead. After a pause, he casually stated, "I'm a traditional man. Given that we're expecting a baby, let's consider getting married first."

Evelyn observed with keen interest.

Her parents were expecting another child, even though they already had her.

Were they not married?

The disappointment settled within Evelyn.

Unaware of Evelyn's feelings, Alexis, lost in thought, questioned Leonel's conservatism. She pursed her lips and inquired, "Didn't you mention filing a lawsuit against me?"

Leonel lowered his gaze and calmly uttered, "If you're hesitant about getting married, that's fine. I want custody of both children in that case."

Following his statement, he met Alexis' gaze in the rearview mirror.

He appeared composed with no visible signs of nervousness, yet his fingers on the steering wheel grew pale from exertion.

Alexis felt the need for thoughtful consideration.

However, Leonel couldn't afford her any time. He observed her in silence, anticipating her decision.

Alexis' lips twitched slightly.

He quipped, "What? Are you contemplating consulting with Calvin?"

Alexis couldn't refute Leonel's misconception, and she refrained from offering an explanation.

She turned her face away and uttered softly, "Let's go."

These two words served as her concession to him, or perhaps a compromise within their relationship.

Leonel maintained a stoic silence.

His jawline tightened as he pressed the gas, initiating the car's movement.

The ambiance became nuanced. Evelyn clutched a sheep doll, observing them with anticipation.

At the red traffic light, Leonel subtly turned his head and tenderly remarked, "If you're feeling cold, I can adjust the heating."

Evelyn whispered that she wasn't cold.

Leonel retrieved his light overcoat and handed it to Alexis. With his dark eyes fixed on her, he instructed, "Put it on her."

As Alexis took it, her fingers inadvertently brushed against his.

The touch was warm.

As Alexis took the coat, he paused. The tension between them heightened after their eyes met.

Evelyn, being young, didn't grasp the subtleties. She simply believed Leonel's coat was warm, his cooking skills impeccable, and his appearance pleasing.

Evelyn adored her father.

As soon as the green light appeared, Leonel restarted the car and reached the city hall in under half an hour.

Leonel's secretary awaited them at the building's entrance.

Evidently, this decision was not impulsive.

Spotting them, the secretary approached, wearing a smile. "Hello, Mr. Douglas, Miss Fowler."

In truth, the secretary had the urge to pinch Evelyn's cheek but hesitated as she was cradled by Leonel with a protective gaze.

Lowering her voice, the secretary assured, "Everything is ready."

Leonel nodded, entering with Evelyn in his arms. However, Alexis hesitated. The secretary glanced at Alexis, offering an apologetic smile.

Eventually, Alexis followed suit.

The middle-aged woman who received them, paid little attention to their identities as she saw a handsome man and a beautiful woman entering, the man holding a lovely girl. She directly inquired, "Tying the knot after having a child?"

Upon hearing her question, Alexis blushed a little.

Perched on Leonel's lap, Evelyn gazed around curiously.

The woman glanced at Evelyn, and then lowered her head to resume her tasks.

She commented as she typed their information into the computer, "Your daughter is adorable."

Leonel turned to Alexis, and then addressed the clerk with a serious tone, "We're expecting our second child. We'd like to get official beforehand."

The clerk's demeanor had evidently softened.

She guided them through the forms, took photographs, and stamped the documents.

The procedures were soon completed.

At that moment, Leonel and Alexis officially became a married couple. In their twenty-fifth year of knowing each other, the reality of finally becoming a legal couple left them somewhat astounded.

Alexis, in particular, was taken aback.

After a prolonged moment, Alexis lifted her head slightly, locking eyes with the depth of Leonel's gaze.

With a slightly hoarse voice, he casually suggested, "Let's head to the hospital, Mrs. Douglas."

The term "Mrs. Douglas" rolled off his tongue effortlessly and felt

surprisingly good.

It seemed like a phrase he had mulled over countless times.

Alexis followed in his footsteps.

Despite her height, Alexis found herself looking up at him. She took in the sight of his neatly groomed hair, the crisp white shirt, and, of course, Evelyn nestled comfortably on his shoulder.

Evelyn fixed her gaze on Alexis, attempting to discern her emotions.

Alexis quickened her pace, tenderly patting Evelyn's head. In response, Evelyn's face eased, and she affectionately addressed Alexis as "mommy."

A subtle twitch touched Alexis' nose.

Returning this time, Alexis sensed a transformation in Leonel. His emotions—a blend of affection and resentment—perplexed her. She found herself unable to predict Leonel's next move.

This uncertainty unsettled her.

This departure from her usual self left Alexis disoriented. Clarity in matters of love and hate had been her hallmark.

Yet, when she looked at her daughter, a sense of relief washed over Alexis.

Upon reaching the hospital, Leonel entrusted Evelyn to Alexis as he headed into the operating room. He instructed, "Wait for me here. I won't be long."

A faint smile graced Alexis' lips.

At that moment, the doctor arrived—a familiar face to the Fowlers. Spotting Alexis, he grinned reassuringly, "Don't worry, Alexis. It's a minor procedure that won't impact his fertility."

The doctor, fond of Evelyn, affectionately pinched her soft cheeks.

Evelyn greeted him obediently.

Lightening the mood, the doctor quipped, "Time to save your little siblings."

Alexis felt a sense of awkwardness.

Observing Alexis quietly, Leonel spoke softly after a while, sparing her from embarrassment. "I'm ready."

The doctor smiled and walked in, closing the door behind him.

The procedure was brief. Leonel rested briefly after emerging from the operating room, and by noon, they departed from the hospital.

Seated in the car, Leonel examined the medications in the bag.

Evelyn embraced him from behind, her eyes sparkling with concern as she asked, "Daddy, does it hurt?"

Leonel tenderly caressed her head and reassured her, "It doesn't hurt."

Playfully, Evelyn blew gently on his cheek and teased, "Even if it hurts now, it won't once I blow on it."

Leonel smiled.

Over the past three years, his smiles had been infrequent, let alone appearing so genuine.

Yet Alexis harbored a sense of melancholy. It seemed Leonel was somehow constantly on edge around her, and his words always carried a tinge of mockery.

After contemplation, Alexis spoke up. "There's a court trial in the afternoon. I'll grab a taxi to the law firm."

Leonel leisurely stowed away the medication.

"We've still got time. After lunch at my company, I'll arrange for the driver to take you there.

And do change your attire.

Wearing this dress, people might assume you've just got married today.

Alexis was left without words. Hadn't they indeed got married today?

Nonetheless, she refrained from objection, recognizing Leonel's volatile nature—like a ticking bomb ready to detonate at any time. She wished to avoid any confrontation with him.

She anticipated he would take her to his investment company.

Unexpectedly, the car halted at Exceed Group, a company she had once overseen.

As the car came to a stop, Alexis gazed up at the familiar building, lost in contemplation.

Leonel casually remarked, "A year after your departure, I took charge. Naturally, you remain the majority shareholder of Exceed Group. Essentially, I've been working on your behalf, generating income."

He delicately caressed the steering wheel and said, "Over the last two years, you received a 52-billion-dollar dividend from the Exceed Group. I worked my ass off to secure it for you. I earned the lavish lifestyle you and Calvin enjoyed in Braseovell through countless sleepless nights."

Alexis remained silent, tears welling up in her eyes.

Her demeanor brought to Leonel's mind the moment she experienced her first menstrual period at the age of 16.

His heart softened.

But he recalled who had shared those three years with Alexis in Braseovell.

Occasionally, those thoughts would fiercely assail his mind.

Consequently, Leonel engaged in a game of push and pull with Alexis.

However, he consistently displayed patience with Evelyn. He proved to be gentler than any father in the world, showering Evelyn with care—a stark contrast to Waylen's approach to tending to the children.

The entire Exceed Group staff witnessed Leonel emerging from the car, cradling a little girl.

With tender skin, large eyes, and brown curly hair, the little girl was undeniably beautiful.

Was she... Leonel's daughter?

After a while, the door on the opposite side swung open. Stepping out was Leonel's significant other, Alexis. However, despite everything, Leonel and Alexis seemed outwardly harmonious but inwardly at odds.

Timely, Leonel's chief secretary entered the scene.

Accompanied by Leonel's other secretaries, she distributed wedding

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favours. Each employee then received a delicate box of expensive chocolate.

The entire Exceed Group resonated with joy.

The news circulated among the staff that Leonel was married to the eldest daughter of the Fowler family.

Having grown up together, they had finally tied the knot.

Their child was nearing three years old.

Alexis was rendered speechless. In a subdued tone, she questioned, "Leonel, are you behaving childishly?"

Leonel cradled Evelyn, awaiting the elevator. He turned to Alexis, sneering. "What's the matter? Do you intend to present yourself as a single woman even after making a commitment to me? Or perhaps you're hesitant to inform Calvin? Still feeling inseparable from him? Do you still wish to resume whatever you had with him?"

Alexis weathered Leonel's harsh words in silence.

Evelyn wrapped her arms around Leonel's neck and inquired, "Dad, what does 'inseparable' mean?"

Leonel was momentarily taken aback.

After a prolonged pause, he responded tersely, "It means two people living together."

Evelyn comprehended and mused to herself, "Like when Calvin and Mommy lived together, and with me. Calvin always talked about how beautiful Mommy was and how much he liked her. That's what 'inseparable' means, right, Daddy?"

Leonel's expression turned livid.

After a moment, he instructed in a deep voice, "From now on, refer to Calvin as Mr. Swain."

Evelyn felt a twinge of unhappiness, but she refrained from challenging adults. In her thoughts, she continued to address Calvin by his name like she always did.

Alexis, however, found herself powerless against Leonel's decisions.

She marveled at the energy exhibited by the person who had just

undergone the operation.

The secretaries not only distributed wedding favors within the company but also sent them to major media outlets in town.

Duefron boasted over a hundred such media outlets, and the Exceed Group's generosity did not go unnoticed.

In under half a day, the news of Leonel's marriage echoed throughout Duefron, reaching even Waylen. Witnessing the surprising development, Waylen, wiping his eyes in disbelief, turned to Rena. "Are my eyes playing tricks on me, or did Leonel genuinely secure a marriage with Alexis? He acted swiftly and discreetly. And now... what about that guy?"

The reference was to Calvin.

Rena absorbed the news in silence, perusing a photo portraying the serene tableau of Leonel holding Evelyn, with Alexis alongside—a family picture exuding perfection.

After contemplating the image, Rena sighed with emotion. "Waylen, those destined to be together will eventually find their way back. Calvin and Alexis were never meant to be together."

Waylen and Rena weren't oblivious; they knew conflicts were likely brewing between Leonel and Alexis.

The choice to tie the knot likely stemmed from their mutual dedication to their child.

Even with underlying tensions, they wouldn't create a scene before their parents.

After getting married, breaking up was not as casual an endeavor as when they were both single.

Despite Waylen's initial urge to call them, he held back and proposed, "Forget it. Let's extend an invitation for dinner this weekend."

In that instance, Marcus descended the stairs, also becoming aware of the news.

Sporting a subtle smile, he commented, "Leonel acts swiftly."

Marcus only provided Leonel with a simple tip, and in a matter of days, Leonel figured things out and handled the situation adeptly, exerting influence over Alexis. Marcus acknowledged Leonel's remarkable capabilities.

Waylen felt considerable irritation at Marcus's response.

At the age of 27, Marcus had yet to find himself a girlfriend; his days seemed to always be consumed by work.

Just as Waylen was about to voice his thoughts, Marcus, in a nonchalant manner, remarked, "Dad, didn't you meet Mom when you were 28? I still have a year left."

Waylen scoffed. "That's not the same! You're too reserved. I fear you won't even know how to woo a girl."

Marcus playfully adjusted his cuff link, chuckling.

He believed men just know what to do when encountering the right girl meant for them.

It was just that simple.

Marcus remained silent and left. Seated in the car, he dialed his secretary, instructing, "Darcy, book a flight for me next Tuesday. I need to fly to Tashkao. There were issues with the previous merger case. I'll be there for five days. Make the necessary preparations."

Following the call, Marcus thought of something and smiled.

It appeared that the troublesome case was no longer as bothersome.

In the villa, Waylen peered out the door, questioning his wife, "Rena, did you notice Marcus' expression just now? He was smiling... I'm not imagining it, am I? It's a rare sight to witness him smile! Whom do you think he inherited that from? I wasn't as aloof in my younger days, was I?"

Rena rested against the sofa, expressing nonchalance.

"If he didn't inherit that from you, then from whom? You weren't easily impressed by anyone."

Waylen approached Rena from behind, tenderly embracing her.

"Despite numerous options, I found you captivating."

Rena offered a subtle smile. The fine lines at the corners of her eyes bore witness to the imprints of age, embodying the grace and maturity bestowed by time.

Waylen sensed an unbreakable bond with Rena.

In his youth, he would occasionally unwind with friends, like Roscoe, over drinks.

However, after turning 40, Waylen no longer desired such outings.

He found comfort in staying with Rena and observing their children grow. Rena never imposed restrictions on him, and he naturally drove home after work every day.

In a hushed tone, Waylen asserted, "Rena, I'm confident Leonel will make an excellent husband."

Rena responded casually, "I have no concerns."

Waylen tenderly caressed her face, like he always did.

Chuckling affectionately, he remarked, "I know the children I've raised."

Rena nestled into his embrace, lost in thoughts. Although Alexis, being their firstborn, displayed sensibility and competence, she also bore the weight of their greatest concerns.

From birth, Alexis was destined for a challenging life.

Rena harbored the hope that Leonel would bring happiness to Alexis and that the two would share a lifetime together.