

Chapter 565 We're Planning For Pregnancy

Alexis found herself slightly taken aback.

Leonel's change in attitude was unexpected. She had not anticipated such a shift in his demeanor overnight.

The sincerity in his words, however, was palpable.

Alexis found it impossible to decline this proposition. She was eager to create a positive family environment for Evelyn after all.

The prospect of having another child in the future further fueled her contemplation.

After a prolonged silence, Alexis softly acquiesced. Tears welled up in her eyes, betraying the internal struggle she sought to conceal.

Leonel, observing her tear-stained eyes, leaned in, tenderly wiping away her tears. "Don't cry, Alexis. Don't cry," he murmured reassuringly.

"I'm not crying," she retorted stubbornly, pulling the covers over her head in a feeble attempt to shield her vulnerability.

A sense of sadness enveloped her, and only she was aware of the extent of her reluctance to make compromises.

Perhaps this was the cost she had to bear for loving him during her youth.

Leonel had practically grown up alongside Alexis, understanding her inside out. How could he miss the current emotional turmoil?

He didn't coerce her. Instead, he embraced her gently, even with the quilt wrapped around them.

He tightened his grip on her, holding her close. It only hit him that she was truly back in this very moment, ready to share her life with him.

"Alexis, you're finally back," he said gently.

Alexis felt a lump in her throat and a painful throb in her heart. She tried to speak, but words failed her.

Leonel didn't mind whether she spoke or not.

He just held onto her tightly. Downstairs, Evelyn's cheerful voice echoed. She must be playing with the puppy, full of life, and showing no signs of being unwell.

Delicately, Leonel pulled back the quilt, revealing a glimpse of Alexis' face.

Her long hair was disheveled, and her nose showed signs of redness.

It appeared she had shed tears.

In a low, gravelly voice, Leonel remarked, "You've done a great job taking care of Evelyn. She's adorable."

Reflecting on the past, he recalled his initial reluctance toward children. Back then, he envisioned adopting. However, with Evelyn now grown, if given the choice, he'd opt for her.

The joy of having a child of his own was something Leonel couldn't have comprehended until it became a reality.

With a daughter now in his life, his affection and care for her knew no bounds.

The morning unfolded with Leonel by Alexis' side. On one hand, the joy of her return filled him; on the other, a realization dawned about the intensity of his actions the previous night. Despite this, he was more than willing to be there for her now.

Words flowed between them, and eventually, Alexis succumbed to sleep.

Upon waking, Alexis discovered that lunchtime had already arrived.

Leonel entered, urging Alexis to rise for lunch. As she complied, scratching her tousled hair, she observed him in formal attire—an unusual choice for home.

"You're not heading to the office?"

Glancing at his attire, Leonel grinned. "Is it a crime to wear something nice at home?"

Alexis caught his implication.

The intention behind his attire was clear—he aimed to captivate her with his looks. However, having encountered numerous attractive individuals,

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she knew he actually wasn't the most handsome man she'd ever met.

Pushing away the covers, she got out of bed, only to find her legs momentarily faltering.

Resolving not to appear vulnerable, she straightened her posture, and a soft chuckle escaped from behind her.

Inside the bathroom, Alexis vigorously brushed her teeth.

Possibly impressed by her resilience, Leonel took the initiative in the evening. "Aren't you attending the law firm's party? You're not planning to skip it, are you?"

Lounging on the sofa, perusing a magazine, Alexis queried lazily, "So now you're okay with me going? Planning to settle the score with me later maybe? I'm not up for your moody spells right now."

Closing the distance, Leonel leaned in, gently nibbling her nose.

"I'll be your chauffeur."

A moment of silence passed before Alexis mumbled, "We still have staff around, you know."

Leonel remained silent, gazing at her in this manner. Despite the years of separation, he yearned to be with her constantly, feeling that the current level of intimacy was insufficient for him.

At that moment, Alexis's phone interrupted.

It was her secretary calling.

The secretary inquired about the evening's celebration party. Alexis, meeting Leonel's gaze, responded with assurance, "I'll be there punctually."

Ending the call, she turned to Leonel. "I'll handle the driving myself."

"Are your legs bothering you?" Leonel grabbed the car keys. "Let me take the wheel."

Without waiting for Alexis' response, he scooped up Evelyn in one arm and cradled Ollie in the other, strolling out.

In a hushed tone, Alexis admitted, "I haven't had a chance to change."

Without facing her, Leonel grinned. "Get changed then, and I'll be waiting

Alexis remained silent.

Upstairs, she donned a simple but elegant black dress, fitting for the upcoming office party.

Typically, she refrained from adorning herself with jewelry. The only item she kept with her was the ring nestled between her fingers.

From the jewelry box, she selected a blue diamond necklace and adorned herself with it. The piece was beautiful yet subtly elegant, devoid of extravagance.

Heading downstairs, Alexis entered the car.

Engaged in conversation with Evelyn, Leonel shifted his attention upon hearing Alexis' approach.

"Something on your mind?" Alexis inquired while securing her seat belt.

In a low, raspy tone, Leonel complimented, "You really shine in that dress."

The knee-length dress showcased her long, slender legs, vividly reminding him of the previous night's intense moments.

A flush crept up on Alexis' cheeks.

The journey to the restaurant lasted around half an hour. It marked Evelyn's first outing with her parents, and her excitement was palpable.

Evelyn's chatter filled the car, met with patient and gentle responses from Leonel.

Resting against the back of the seat, Alexis remained silent, absorbing the conversation happening around her.

She sensed Evelyn's joy, distinct from the period when the little girl lived with her and Calvin. It underscored that no one could replace Leonel as a father.

"What's on your mind?"

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"What's on your mind?"

Suddenly, Leonel took hold of Alexis' hand.

Alexis, feeling a bit uneasy, hesitated for a moment. "Focus on the road, you're driving."

Leonel released her hand with a smile.

Upon reaching the restaurant, Leonel halted the car and courteously opened the door for Alexis.

"I'll head in on my own," Alexis declared.

Surveying the restaurant, Leonel teased, "Scared your colleagues will spot me? Am I that disgraceful?"

"Everyone knows you," Alexis responded, her gaze dropping.

Witnessing her softened demeanor, Leonel reassured her, "Just joking. Go on inside."

Having spoken, Leonel prepared to re-enter the car.

On the other side, a group of individuals emerged from another vehicle. They comprised lawyers from the Sterling Law Firm, including Milo, the one overseeing the Heron case with Alexis. Spotting Alexis, Milo approached with an apologetic smile. "Ms. Fowler, this must be your husband, Mr. Douglas, am I correct?"

Without waiting for Alexis to introduce them, Milo promptly shook hands with Leonel.

Expressing regret, Milo addressed Leonel, "Mr. Douglas, I sincerely apologize for the disruption in Ms. Fowler's life the other day. I'm the host today and must extend my apologies to you as well."

Smiling modestly, Leonel replied, "I actually have plans to head home."

Milo persistently urged Leonel to remain.

Glancing at Alexis, Leonel asserted, "This is your celebration party, and the decision isn't mine to make."

Faced with this situation, how could Alexis drive Leonel away?

Chuckling, Milo empathetically patted Leonel's shoulder, whispering, "I get it, Mr. Douglas. You're not afraid of your wife; you're just respecting her."

Leonel maintained his composed smile, adept at portraying himself as agreeable.

Leonel carried Evelyn out of the car and took Ollie to a nearby pet store. Ollie clung to the cage, casting a glance of discomfort at Leonel.

Upon entering the private room, Evelyn's cuteness effortlessly melted everyone's heart.

They took turns holding Evelyn, who displayed no shyness as she greeted her mother's colleagues.

Her demeanor was tender and adorable.

Milo and the group were engrossed in socializing, urging Leonel to join in the drinking. With a smile, he declined, citing the impending drive as an inconvenience.

"Arrange for a designated driver afterward."

"Mr. Douglas, Ms. Fowler, you can't escape having a drink with us tonight."

Typically, Alexis couldn't avoid such situations, but today Leonel intervened, taking the glass from her and smiling. "Apologies, but she can't drink either. We're actually in the midst of preparing for pregnancy."

Leonel's words sparked imaginations among those present.

Leonel boasted undeniable handsomeness, while Alexis radiated beauty.

Naturally, speculation would continue to escalate.

Despite Alexis typically being care-free, she couldn't endure the speculative gazes. Leaning on the chair, she raised her head and dismissed the assumptions. "Don't mind him. I'm just not feeling well

Commented [Ma1]:

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Commented [Ma4R1]:

today."

Milo caught on, seizing the chance to extricate himself from the awkward situation.

The dinner buzzed with liveliness, and Leonel displayed a down-to-earth demeanor. He acquainted himself with all Alexis' colleagues, even scheduling a future meal together.

Only inside the car did Alexis exhale in relief. "You're quite the conversationalist."

Alexis found it hard to believe that Leonel could find enjoyment in such a dull party.

Leonel shifted his gaze to Evelyn, likely feeling drowsy. She had nodded off in the car seat.

Ollie crouched beside Evelyn, its head lowered.

A softened expression crossed Leonel's face. Gazing elsewhere, he remarked, "I find it intriguing."

Alexis offered no response.

In reality, she understood that Leonel simply desired to integrate into her life as quickly as possible. A man of his temperament couldn't actually find Milo and the others particularly engaging.

Alexis refrained from further comment, leaning back against the seat in silence.

Leonel tossed a coat onto the seat behind her, advising, "Wrap it around yourself. Don't catch a cold."

Alexis delicately draped the coat over her shoulders.

Before starting the car, Leonel dimmed the lights, repositioned himself, and asked in a hushed tone, "Alexis, what do you think? After all that happened today, do you believe we can start over?"

Alexis became more contemplative.

Matching his subdued tone, she queried, "Aren't we already good? Why

this question?"

Leonel leaned in, cradling the back of her head, and whispered, with foreheads touching, "No need to feign ignorance. You understand what I mean. I spoke of love, not settling."

Refusing her escape, he sought a direct response. He yearned for her answer.

With a lowered gaze, Alexis replied, "It's just been a day. How could I possibly know?"

"Then in a week, a month, a year... even ten years. As long as you're by my side, you'll figure it out one day, alright?"

In a subdued tone, Alexis observed, "Leonel, you're seeking a promise from me again."

"Will you grant it or not?"

Leonel asked, his gaze penetrating.

Rather than responding verbally, Alexis leaned in and kissed him on the lips. Following the kiss, she embraced him and uttered, "Drive. Evelyn has dozed off."

Additionally, Ollie had missed dinner, evident in its resentful eyes.

Leonel's Adam's apple bobbed.

After a brief pause, he released her and initiated the car. The journey back proceeded at a leisurely pace.

With Evelyn asleep, Leonel played calming melodies.

Upon reaching the villa, Leonel enveloped Evelyn in a blanket, lifting her from the car. Meanwhile, Alexis led Ollie with a leash.

Alexis trailed behind, observing Leonel ahead. She concluded that this was it.

The life they had now was actually quite nice, wasn't it?

Entrusting Ollie to a servant, Alexis ascended the stairs. Evelyn had yet

to take her medicine.

Evelyn lay in a profound slumber, and Leonel hesitated to disturb her. Gazing at her peaceful face, he inquired of Alexis, "Would it be alright if she skipped the medicine tonight?"

Alexis remained silent.

Perched on the bedside, Alexis tenderly caressed Evelyn's warm visage, coaxing her gently awake.

In the subdued lighting, Evelyn stirred.

Frowning, she uttered, "Mom, I don't want to take medicine."

Alexis scooped Evelyn into her arms, cradling her tenderly.

Providing solace to Evelyn, Alexis dispensed pills from the medicine bottle onto the bedside table. Hastily, she fetched warm water. Despite Evelyn's aversion to the bitter taste, she obediently consumed the medicine, furrowing her brow. Post-ingestion, she nestled in Alexis' arms, whispering "Mommy" in a hushed tone.

Alexis continued to cradle Evelyn.

After an extended period, Evelyn lay motionless. Leonel assumed she had drifted off and contemplated carrying her to tuck her in.

Abruptly, Evelyn burst into tears, murmuring softly, "Mommy, am I going to die?"

Alexis lowered her head, planting a tender kiss on Evelyn's forehead. In a raspy tone, she reassured, "Absolutely not. You'll be a healthy and strong little girl after the operation."

Due to her tender age, Evelyn couldn't fully comprehend, yet fear still gripped her.

Clinging tightly to Alexis' neck, she resisted letting go. Alexis patiently soothed her. After approximately thirty minutes, Evelyn finally succumbed to sleep.

Throughout the entire ordeal, Leonel observed in silence.

He refrained from intervening, apprehensive of disturbing Evelyn, who appeared to be ensnared in a nightmare.

Following Alexis placing Evelyn in bed and ensuring her comfort, Leonel tenderly grasped Alexis' shoulder, questioning softly, "How did she develop this issue?"

Alexis leaned to dim the light and suggested to Leonel that they move to the living room for a conversation.

However, once there, Alexis remained wordless, contemplating the glass of water for an extended period of time.

Leonel refrained from pressing her.

Eventually, in a subdued tone, Alexis began, "When Evelyn woke up once, she overheard the doctor discussing her condition with me. A nurse intentionally said something to frighten her. She has grappled with this issue intermittently since then, particularly upon waking."

Leonel gradually balled his fists, maintaining silence.

He cradled Alexis tenderly in his embrace.

Perhaps the warmth of his embrace triggered a reaction from Alexis, prompting her nose to twitch. She yearned to broach the topic of Evelyn's condition and their future, but found herself unable to do so.

Despite appearances of a reunion between Alexis and Leonel, how many additional estrangements lingered from eight years plus three?

Leonel pressed a gentle kiss to Alexis' forehead, affirming, "I'll be here for you, starting now."

They embraced one another silently, the quietude lingering.

Initially, halfway back to the villa, he was quite aroused and entertained by the thought of holding her until she fell asleep tonight.

However, now he had no such intention for intimacy.

His predominant concern shifted towards Evelyn.

Abruptly, regret surged within him for his earlier judgment of Alexis. He

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+120 Points at most

shouldn't have doubted her capabilities as a mother. Over the past three years, Alexis had endured a more challenging life than he had envisioned.

Coupled with Calvin's illness, her struggle was undoubtedly profound.

Leonel lowered his head and whispered against her face, "I'll treat you better than I ever have."

His words were accompanied by a twitch of his nose, revealing a sense of melancholy.



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