

Chapter 566 Do I Need A Blind Date

Alexis remained silent.

On this serene night, words were unnecessary. She and Leonel shared a quiet moment before making their way back to the main bedroom.

While Alexis took a shower, Leonel stood beside Evelyn.

Leaning against the edge of the bed, Leonel gently traced his slender fingers over Evelyn's soft face. Simultaneously, he Googled various information about her illness on his phone.

Evelyn dreamt of her parents and Calvin.

Ollie lounged in the lawn.

In the dream, Evelyn wore a smile.

Unable to resist, Leonel bent down to kiss Evelyn. When he looked up, he realized his love for their child was immeasurable.

Alexis emerged from the bathroom and caught sight of the endearing scene.

Approaching with a gentle demeanor, she said, "Go take a shower; it's late."

Leonel had contemplated stepping out for a quiet cigarette, but Alexis intervened, reminding him, "Didn't you mention we were preparing for pregnancy?"

He complied and took a seat.

He drew her into his arms, fixing his gaze upon her. "What did you say?"

Alexis hesitated, unable to repeat such words.

Though she attempted to stand, her body remained firmly held by him, rendering her immobile. Leonel leaned in close, his voice slightly hoarse against the back of her ear. "I've heard that intense intimacy increases the chances of pregnancy. So, next time... concentrate when we're

together, okay?"

Blushing, Alexis murmured, "Just go take a shower."

A gentle smile graced Leonel's face—a rare sight in recent years. This smile seemed to dissipate the surrounding heaviness, casting a glow of happiness upon him.

He tenderly scratched her face, and then trailed down to her neck, and further below...

The brightness of the light enveloped them.

Alexis, feeling a tinge of embarrassment, shifted uncomfortably.

In truth, Leonel found the situation somewhat arousing. However, sensing Alexis' concern for Evelyn, he exercised restraint...

Since that night, their relationship had noticeably improved.

On Saturday, Waylen initiated the process of asking his family members in Duefron to head home. The villa was a hive of activity.

Evelyn had a strong fondness for her grandfather's residence, finding it an enjoyable retreat.

She was particularly attached to her cousin, Scott Evans, who, despite his perpetually serious expression, transformed into a big baby whenever in his mother's embrace.

Evelyn visited with Ollie. She had the intention to show off in front of Scott.

Leonel noted that Ollie was no ordinary companion.

And Evelyn believed it firmly.

The black Land Rover gracefully entered the villa.

Leonel emerged from the vehicle, opening the back door and lifting Evelyn out with care.

In her arms, Evelyn cradled Ollie.

Scott, wearing a serious expression, confronted his father, "How come we don't have a puppy at home?"

Edwin, not particularly fond of dogs, recalled Laura's interactions with

one back when she lived in her agent's house.

Edwin stood firm in his decision never to introduce a dog into their household for the rest of their lives.

At 30, Edwin exuded maturity and charm.

He glanced at his son and let out a wry chuckle. "Once we have a dog, will your mother be tending to you or the dog? Consider it carefully. If we get a dog, you and the dog will have to share your mother's attention."

After a brief contemplation, Scott eventually conceded.

In the end, his mother held a more important place in his heart compared to a dog.

Edwin, having successfully persuaded Scott, felt a sense of satisfaction. He cast a triumphant gaze at the couple and chuckled. "I've been waiting for you for a long time."

Leonel affectionately patted Evelyn's shoulder, urging her to play with Scott.

Meanwhile, Leonel joined Alexis in the hall, where numerous people were present, including Marcus and Elva. Olivia had returned to Czanch and was not in attendance today.

Alexis greeted her parents, attempting to downplay the situation.

Waylen snorted disapprovingly. "Marriage is a significant event. Why didn't you inform us about it? Who will adorn the wedding dress and jewelry your mother has meticulously prepared?"

A pang of guilt hit Alexis.

She cleared her throat and replied, "Evelyn is all grown up now. Having a wedding ceremony now doesn't seem appropriate."

Waylen, familiar with Alexis' ways, sneered. "Ah, so you do acknowledge it's not appropriate."

Alexis cut to the chase, stating, "Neither Marcus nor Elva are married. Mom can focus on getting ready for their marriages."

Upon hearing this, Waylen redirected his attention to his other two children, urging, "Marcus, why haven't you found yourself a girlfriend yet? If you can't manage it yourself, we'll arrange blind dates for you."

In a casual tone, Marcus responded, "Do I really need a blind date?"

What was that?

His words seemed to be implying something. Was he already with someone perhaps?

For the time being, Waylen relented, shifting his gaze to Elva. Elva promptly exclaimed, "Dad, I'm still young."

She had a point.

Waylen then turned his attention back to Alexis, asserting, "See, it's all your fault. You haven't set a good example for your younger siblings. They now all resist the idea of marriage."

Alexis chuckled. "Dad, that's not fair. Where do you think I learn this from?"

Waylen was infuriated, and contemplated freezing Alexis' bank account.

Leonel gently patted Alexis on the shoulder, advising, "It's a rare occasion for you to come back. Let's not argue."

Marcus casually flipped through a magazine, remarking, "This is how things usually work between them. Leonel, I'd suggest not getting involved. My father actually thrives on it. He just doesn't feel well if he hasn't argued with Alexis."

With that, Marcus stood up and bid a serious goodbye.

"I apologize, but I have a golfing appointment. My secretary is waiting for me outside. Don't wait up."

Waylen expressed a slight dissatisfaction. "Can't you reschedule for another time? Today is supposed to be about family!"

While adjusting his diamond cuff link, Marcus offered a faint smile and replied, "Today's appointment holds greater significance. I can't afford to miss it."

The parking lot was visible from Alexis' vantage point.

Beside the black car waiting for Marcus stood a petite figure—Melissa. Alexis suspected that the golfing appointment was just a fabrication, surmising that Marcus simply intended to spend more time with Melissa.

How interesting!

As Marcus approached the parking lot, Melissa courteously opened the car door for him, and he got in.

A slight frown creased Marcus' brow as he observed Melissa opening the passenger door of the car.

He instructed, "Sit in the back."

Melissa took her place beside Marcus with unease. Though modest, she wasn't entirely oblivious. Lately, gossip about her and Marcus had been circulating in the company.

The rumors suggested that Melissa was seeking connections with Marcus.

However, she had no such intentions. She knew she and Marcus were not cut from the same cloth.

Determined to hold onto her job, she brushed off the harsh words. Yet, her intuition hinted at a distinct change in Marcus' behavior towards her.

As was the case today, he intended to play golf, yet he was dressed in formal attire.

He possessed a striking handsomeness.

He was truly radiant.

Melissa had contemplated clarifying matters with Marcus, but he had never engaged in anything beyond occasional sternness and frequent requests for overtime.

Expressing her thoughts would undoubtedly be viewed as disrespect in such a case.

After careful consideration, she opted to suppress her thoughts.

Marcus closed his eyes to rest, sensing the gaze from the person beside him. The wariness in Melissa's eyes resembled a rabbit scrutinizing a wolf—an intriguing sight.

Upon opening his eyes, he retrieved something from the console and tossed it into her hands.

It was an apple.

The idea of a rabbit nibbling on an apple must have amused him.

Melissa cradled the apple in her hands, uncertain of its intended purpose. Was it meant for her?

Marcus smoothed the creases of his suit pants and uttered slowly, "You don't like it? Well, then, let's opt for French cuisine."

Summoning her courage, Melissa asked, "Mr. Fowler, aren't you supposed to play golf?"

"That's been canceled now.

On another note, I've decided to move to an apartment near the company. I'm not too fond of the idea of a housekeeper. How about this? You move in and look after me."

Marcus mentioned it casually, leaving Melissa stupefied.

Residing in his apartment and caring for him?

Wasn't that akin to living together?

Of course, Melissa didn't dare to utter such rebellious words to her boss. In a hushed tone, she could only timidly resist, "I'm not accustomed to living in someone else's place."

Well...

Marcus tapped his knees with slender fingers, his movements graceful and pleasing. After some contemplation, he proposed, "In that case, the company will lease an apartment for you nearby. The company will cover the rent. How about allocating \$20,000 a month? Your responsibilities would simply include preparing meals daily, doing laundry, and ensuring basic sanitation for me."

Melissa considered the proposal with some reservations.

Yet, the appeal of \$20,000 was hard to dismiss. With that sum, she could...

Without explicitly agreeing or declining, she remained silent.

Her lack of a firm response could be interpreted as a form of tacit approval.

In high spirits, Marcus directed the driver, "Head to my apartment near the company."

The driver acknowledged and executed a smooth turn...

Thirty minutes later, the car came to a halt in front of a building. Marcus gracefully exited the car and gazed at Melissa still inside. "Why don't you join me?"

Melissa stepped out and approached Marcus, murmuring, "That was quite swift."

Raising an eyebrow, Marcus observed her.

Melissa hastened to add, "Mr. Fowler, your efficiency is truly commendable."

With a composed demeanor, Marcus took the elevator to the top floor with Melissa. As the doors opened, she was taken aback. This duplex spanned at least 400 square meters despite Marcus calling it an apartment.

The warm, beige-colored decor added to the inviting atmosphere.

Observing her sparkling eyes, Marcus reveled in the satisfaction of his vanity. He casually tossed the key card onto the table by the entrance and changed his shoes. "Feel free to choose a bedroom if you like."

In a hushed tone, Melissa murmured, "I could just rent an apartment for myself nearby."

Marcus didn't press the matter. He strolled to the kitchen, examining the well-stocked fridge with an array of fruits, vegetables, and meat.

Casting a reserved glance at Melissa by the doorway, he remarked, "I have a craving for home-cooked meals."

At only 22 years old, Melissa had no desire to become a servant.

Yet, Marcus seemed to offer her more than she expected.

Promptly removing her jacket, she declared, "I'll start right away."

As she shed her jacket, regret crept in. Having got ready for the golfing appointment, she wore a sports zip-up hoodie over a lace halter top.

Gathering her composure, she mumbled, "I forgot."

Near the kitchen fridge, Marcus cast a glance her way, leisurely retrieving a bottle of milk. "If it was intentional, it doesn't bother me."

What kind of insinuation was that?

A realization dawned on Melissa. Marcus evidently had a romantic interest in her. It was time to reject him and exit his life firmly; she couldn't afford to get entangled with a man like Marcus.

Marcus, however, was offering an unusually generous salary.

And Melissa desperately needed the money.

She decided to feign ignorance and accept the job, going as far as preparing home-cooked meals and handling his laundry.

In her naivety, she believed that as long as Marcus didn't verbalize anything, she could secure this substantial salary along with the twenty-thousand-a-month rent.

Her need for money overshadowed any reservations.

Melissa remained unusually quiet. Her culinary skills weren't top-notch, and the dishes she labored over for an hour fell short of satisfaction...

When she brought the dishes to the table, Marcus was already waiting.

She admitted sheepishly that the dish wasn't delicious.

Marcus cast a glance at her, and then picked up his fork and started eating. He finished a bite with composed ease. Finally, he set down his fork and remarked, "I'll arrange for the company to enroll you in a cooking class. You can also learn flower arranging and some other things while you're at it."

Melissa's self-esteem shattered, and she quietly asserted that she didn't need to acquire the other skills.

Leaning against the back of the chair, Marcus commented, "It's always beneficial to broaden your skills."

Marcus was accustomed to holding authority in the company and facing dissent, especially from a secretary.

Melissa then sat down to start eating.

Giving her a disdainful glance, Marcus condescendingly remarked, "Did I say you can sit down and eat? I haven't got anything to eat!"

Hastily setting down the food, Melissa replied, "I'll order takeout for you."

Evidently displeased with takeout, Marcus scrutinized her once more. Grabbing his phone, he ordered French cuisine from a five-star hotel with

a bottle of red wine.

While waiting for the food, he lounged in front of the TV and instructed her to tidy up the bedroom flatly.

Melissa swapped her shoes and stepped inside.

Upon entering, she found herself slightly taken aback. The space was clearly occupied, exuding the scent of someone's living presence.

A man's shirt lay on the large white bed.

She reached for the shirt, intending to put it into the laundry basket, only to discover beneath it a pair of black briefs.

It was made of pure cotton.

It bore the faint scent of recent wear, carrying a hint of masculinity that brought a blush to her cheeks.

She pondered whether she would be responsible for cleaning such intimate items in the future.

Cooking class, flower arrangement class and everything... No matter how oblivious Melissa might have been, she could comprehend Marcus' implicit expectations, even if he refrained from verbalizing them.

At that moment, an impulse to escape surged within Melissa.

Yet, when she turned around, she found Marcus leaning against the doorway, silently gazing at her. After a pause, he said, "You don't need to handle that. I stayed up late last night and forgot to attend to it."

Melissa breathed a sigh of relief.

She lowered her gaze and murmured, "Then I'll place it in the bathroom for you."

Marcus remained silent. As she emerged from the bathroom, he said softly, "You're welcome to stay here if you want. There are five rooms available."

Melissa gently shook her head.

In truth, she harbored a twinge of guilt toward Marcus. Aware of his feelings for her, she couldn't deny taking advantage of the situation... She felt indebted. Hence, she endeavored to cook dishes tailored to his taste. Perhaps he might not be so furious on the day of her resignation.

Fortunately, during their subsequent interactions, Marcus remained as exacting as ever.

She had an inkling that she might be overthinking things.

How could a man as proud as Marcus develop feelings for her? Perhaps he simply required a competent secretary, who could also play the role as his housekeeper.

To express her gratitude, Melissa diligently mastered over 30 dishes within a week.

She also became well-versed in Marcus' daily routine.

Maintaining the apartment meticulously, Marcus' clothes consistently bore a neat appearance, with a subtle but pleasant fragrance lingering about them.

Seated in his office, Marcus lowered his head and took a sniff of his sleeve.

It had been hand-washed.

Did that silly girl not realize that frequent hand washing would take a toll on her hands?

He recognized the significance she attached to her role, contemplating that he should just tell her the truth. Perhaps he should tell her he desired a relationship with her, and was not seeking only a housekeeper.

However, the recently intriguing life sparked a desire for more enjoyment.

Tonight, Marcus decided to get her to eat carrots.

While carrots weren't Melissa's favorite, they were certainly enjoyed by rabbits.

As long as Marcus contemplated post-work life, his mood remained buoyant... Lately, his daily inclination was to all about finding new ways to tease Melissa.

It was quite amusing.

He then pressed the internal line and said, "Ask Melissa to come into my office."