

Chapter 572 Alexis, Call Me Honey

Alexis found it hard to engage in the moment.

"What's on your mind?"

Leonel bowed his head, nibbling her earlobe gently. His tone was soft laid-back, yet his movements told a different story.

All Alexis wanted was for this to be over quickly.

Her nerves were frayed, thinking about the servant downstairs and Evelyn.

Leonel let out a groan.

He was at his wit's end.

His attractive face flushed a light shade of red. He couldn't take it anymore, his approach now more brusque than ever.

They were done having sex before dinnertime.

Feeling weak in the knees, Alexis watched as Leonel helped her with her dress and methodically buttoned up his own clothes. He ran his fingers through his hair with an air of nonchalance, betraying none of the fervor from moments ago.

Observing him in this state, Alexis couldn't shake off a sense of irritation.

Leonel leaned in, whispering into her ear, "Freshen up. I'll keep Evelyn company downstairs."

Alexis turned away, feeling that her cheeks still warm with a blush.

With a slight smile and a tone of dissatisfaction, Leonel said, "We'll pick up where we left off tonight."

In response, Alexis gave him a playful kick.

Smiling, he straightened his clothes and descended the stairs with grace.

In the bathroom, Alexis splashed her face with cold water, hoping to cool her flushed skin.

She then gazed at her reflection in the mirror.

Her face looked so radiant.

Gently touching her cheek, she marveled at how beautiful she looked right now, something she hadn't felt in years.

Could this change be because of being intimate with Leonel?

The thought made Alexis blush with embarrassment.

Worried that Evelyn might come looking for her, she hurried downstairs. The servant had already laid out the meal.

Leonel, who had been so imposing earlier, now sat at the table, gently entertaining his daughter. He appeared so composed, showing no sign of his earlier intensity.

Evelyn, looking at a piece of spareribs, asked in a soft voice, "Dad, can Ollie have one? It looks like he wants it."

Ollie, the puppy, wagged its tail under the table.

Though the puppy had grown since they'd got it, it was still small in stature.

Leonel explained patiently to Evelyn, "Ollie eats dog food and canned food. Salty food like this isn't good for him. How about we go to the pet store together next time and get some special dog treats for Ollie?"

Evelyn nodded in understanding.

She sympathetically said to Ollie, "Poor thing you can't even enjoy a bone."

She then gently stroked Ollie's head.

The puppy's eyes drooped, its body slumping in disappointment.

It looked so dispirited.

Watching this family scene, Alexis felt a tearful surge of emotion. She had envisioned such moments during her pregnancy with Evelyn. Now that it became real, a bittersweet sadness filled her.

Leonel's gaze suddenly met hers, noticing the moisture in her eyes.

He looked at her, trying to read her emotions.

As Alexis composed herself and sat down to eat, Leonel asked softly, "What's the matter? You were crying a lot back in the cloak room earlier. Why do you look like you're about to cry again?"

His mention of their cloak room shenanigans took her by surprise.

Alexis felt a twinge of annoyance. "I'm not crying," she remarked.

Leonel nodded, seemingly understanding what she meant. "Those must be delayed physiologic tears."

Unable to think of a retort, Alexis shot Leonel a cautionary glance.

He responded with a smile. Convincing her seemed effortless to him.

This time, he chose a different approach.

Leonel remained thoughtful and refrained from asking further questions. However, after putting Evelyn to bed, he took Alexis to the guest room next door. There, they were intimate repeatedly...

In the end, Alexis' voice grew hoarse.

Once they were done having sex, she turned her back to him and inhaled deeply.

Leonel, damp with sweat, stuck close behind her. He kissed the sweat off her skin and asked, "Why did you feel like crying at dinner?"

Alexis was caught off guard. She hadn't expected him to revisit the question.

He turned her to face him. As he basked in the moonlight, he kissed her tenderly.

His voice low and enticing as he inquired "I couldn't ask this in front of Evelyn. But Alexis, was it because of me?"

They had hardly discussed the reasons behind her departure after reuniting.

Yet, they both understood the underlying issues they had.

And now, he was broaching the subject. Did he want to talk about it?

Alexis lacked the energy for such a conversation.

He looked at her, trying to read her emotions.

As Alexis composed herself and sat down to eat, Leonel asked softly, "What's the matter? You were crying a lot back in the cloak room earlier. Why do you look like you're about to cry again?"

His mention of their cloak room shenanigans took her by surprise.

Alexis felt a twinge of annoyance. "I'm not crying," she remarked.

Leonel nodded, seemingly understanding what she meant. "Those must be delayed physiologic tears."

Unable to think of a retort, Alexis shot Leonel a cautionary glance.

He responded with a smile. Convincing her seemed effortless to him.

This time, he chose a different approach.

Leonel remained thoughtful and refrained from asking further questions. However, after putting Evelyn to bed, he took Alexis to the guest room next door. There, they were intimate repeatedly...

In the end, Alexis' voice grew hoarse.

Once they were done having sex, she turned her back to him and inhaled deeply.

Leonel, damp with sweat, stuck close behind her. He kissed the sweat off her skin and asked, "Why did you feel like crying at dinner?"

Alexis was caught off guard. She hadn't expected him to revisit the question.

He turned her to face him. As he basked in the moonlight, he kissed her tenderly.

His voice low and enticing as he inquired "I couldn't ask this in front of Evelyn. But Alexis, was it because of me?"

They had hardly discussed the reasons behind her departure after reuniting.

Yet, they both understood the underlying issues they had.

And now, he was broaching the subject. Did he want to talk about it?

Alexis lacked the energy for such a conversation.

Leonel respected her wishes.

Since that night, their relationship had seen considerable improvement.

Alexis no longer resisted Leonel.

In the three nights leading up to his business trip, they were intimate each night, leaving Alexis questioning everything.

On the last night, after a brief rest, Leonel moved towards her again. Alexis playfully pushed him away and said, "Hey, where do you even find the energy?"

She felt utterly exhausted from what they did just moments ago.

He checked her expression, ensuring she wasn't just playfully resisting.

Embarrassed, he eventually said, "It's been three years. Can't you allow me this satisfaction?"

Alexis felt a surge of annoyance.

They had been having sex daily for several days. Besides, this wasn't their first time together; they had a history, and the novelty had long faded.

Seeing her firm stance, Leonel didn't insist.

He calmed down and gently ran his fingers through her hair. "Shall I carry you to the shower?"

Alexis propped herself up on her elbows. "I'll manage on my own."

She paused, and then added, "You have a business trip early tomorrow, right? Get some sleep."

Leonel didn't respond, but just gazed at her. After a moment, he chuckled. Alexis' cheeks flushed, and she felt a bit embarrassed.

She wrapped herself in a bath towel and hurried back to the main bedroom.

Leonel, needing to wake up at seven, chose to stay in the guest room that night. After Alexis left, he pulled out a pack of cigarettes from the bedside table but set it down after a moment of thought.

Just then, his phone by the pillow started to ring.

He picked up the call, hearing his assistant's voice. "Mr. Douglas, the doctor in Rouemn has been contacted. Mr. Swain's treatment can begin soon."

Leonel responded calmly, "I see."

Ending the call, he headed into the bathroom.

As the hot water cascaded down, his mood darkened slightly.

He thought it was a common feeling among men to be bothered by their girlfriends' exes. His approach was straightforward: send Calvin abroad for treatment, and be there for Alexis and Evelyn as if Calvin had never existed.

Leonel's discomfort with Calvin ran deep. He chose not to send Calvin to Braseovell.

It was due to the fact that it was a place filled with memories of Calvin and Alexis' life together.

All these arrangements were Leonel's doing.

Alexis had no idea about anything. Until now, she believed that Calvin would be in Braseovell, with its better facilities and familiar doctors.

She had hoped to visit Calvin there someday.

Calvin, too, had kept silent on the matter.

Leonel's jealousy flared at the thought of Calvin's considerate nature. And he could barely contain his emotions.

The next morning after getting ready, Leonel entered the main bedroom.

Until now, Alexis and Evelyn were still asleep.

He gently kissed each of them on the forehead before leaving. Just as he was about to walk away, Alexis stirred awake.

She still appeared drowsy.

Leonel leaned closer toward her so that she could embrace him.

"Are you about to leave? Did you have breakfast yet?"

Leonel gazed at Alexis, choosing not to respond to her questions. Instead, he leaned in, sealing their conversation with a tender kiss.

Commented [Ma1]:

Commented [Ma2R1]:

Her body relaxed into his embrace, soft and yielding like a cloud.

After a lingering kiss, Leonel whispered close to her ear, "I'll be back in five days. Please take good care of Evelyn."

Alexis, resting against the softness of the white pillow, looked more radiant than ever.

The tenderness in her eyes was impossible for Leonel to resist. He leaned in for another kiss, murmuring "I should have been more insistent last night"

Alexis gently urged him to show restraint.

Leonel responded with a playful smile, lightly biting her lip. "Miss Fowler, there was a time you were wilder than me. You were always eager for more."

Hearing his words, Alexis blushed deeply. She nudged his leg, signaling him to hurry on his way.

However, Leonel mischievously tugged her feet from beneath the quilt.

He began to caress her affectionately.

Alexis bit her lip, a mix of embarrassment, anger, and fear swirling within her. If Evelyn were to wake and see them like this, what kind of parents would they be in her eyes?

"Leonel, have you lost your mind?" she exclaimed in a low voice.

"Stop it! Don't you have a flight to catch?"

He leaned in closer, whispering seductively, "Call me 'honey.' Say 'Honey, please,' and I'll let you be."

How could Alexis bring herself to say it?

The word just wouldn't come out.

Leonel's caresses grew more intense, driving her to the edge. She turned her head away, finally uttering the words in a faint, reluctant voice. Though barely audible, he caught every syllable, his excitement growing

Alexis' frustration boiled over.

She gave him a forceful kick, trying to halt his advances, but at that moment, Evelyn stirred in her sleep.

Alexis froze, too overwhelmed to react.

Leonel's chuckle, low and teasing, filled the air. He then effortlessly lifted Alexis, carrying her to the bathroom. Pressing her against the glass door, he kissed her passionately.

"You're so infuriating" Alexis protested.

As he pretended to unzip his pants, she found herself speechless. All she could do was lean into him, surrendering to his kisses.

Leonel, playful yet persuasive, coaxed, "Say 'honey' for me once more?"

"Nopel"

He chuckled, skillfully and intimately engaging with her. His familiarity with her body soon left her unable to speak. She clung to his neck, eventually whispering 'honey' in a soft, breathless voice.

Leonel seemed thoroughly satisfied.

Glancing at his watch, he found that it was already 7:30 am. Breakfast was out of the question.

Fortunately, he had indulged in something far more satisfying.

With no time to assist Alexis with her pajamas, he kissed her hastily and left. Alexis, embarrassed, couldn't help but curse under her breath.

Then, unexpectedly, the bathroom door swung open again. Leonel, who had been so intense moments ago, returned. He cradled her face tenderly, planting a deep, affectionate kiss.

After whispering three little words, he left Alexis stunned.

"I'll make it up to you," he murmured, acknowledging the urgency of their encounter.

He knew that she might still be feeling some discomfort because he was being a bit reckless moments ago.

But his desire had been too strong.

Blushing Alexis urged him to leave. This time, he really did.

In the shower, Alexis tried to wash away the lingering traces of him. She gently touched her belly, pondering the possibility of a new life beginning there.

In her heart, she hoped to have a boy this time.

Boys were far tougher.

A knock at the door interrupted her thoughts. She dried off and opened it to find a bouquet of roses waiting.

The servant smiled, "Mrs. Douglas, Mr. Douglas asked us to buy these for you before he left. He truly loves you. Many men lose interest in their family after having children. They become romantic with others."

Alexis accepted the roses with a gentle smile.

The bouquet of champagne roses was stunningly beautiful.

She mused over Leonel's recent clinginess. His desires seemed to be at an all-time high.

Men often became exceptionally enthusiastic when consumed by passion. The servant couldn't possibly understand that for Leonel and Alexis, despite that they already had a daughter, they were kind of still in the honeymoon phase of their relationship due to their recent reunion.



✓ You have unlocked exclusive
limited-time offer >>

Claim Now