

## Chapter 576 She Is My Wife

Alexis understood what Leonel meant.

In a hushed tone, she said, "I recognize him. He's connected to Marcus somehow."

Leonel actually heard of the saga involving Marcus and Melissa, but his knowledge was limited compared to Alexis.

His awareness largely came from Ross, who wasn't known for keeping things to himself.

With Alexis's revelation, Leonel's jealousy faded away.

Shortly after, a server arrived with their meal.

Leonel, who often doted on Evelyn, was now showing her the proper way to use cutlery in the upscale eatery. He advised her in a soft voice, "Be quiet while eating. It's the polite thing to do."

Evelyn agreed with a nod.

Then, with a hint of sweetness in her voice, she commented, "Daddy, then you should stop making loud noises at night. I need my sleep. It's not very polite of you, either."

Leonel was taken aback.

Evelyn sulkily remarked, "Dad, you always say how great you feel."

Leonel found himself at a loss for words.

Alexis blushed with embarrassment. Luckily, most of the diners were from overseas, except for the restaurant's staff and manager.

Several waiters overheard their conversation.

Being significant stakeholders in the restaurant, Alexis and Leonel commanded respect. No one showed any reaction as they probably

With a clear voice, she declared, "Dad, I want to come here again to eat this. Let's buy this place."

This reminded Leonel of Waylen, who would always fulfill any of Evelyn's wishes.

Whenever Evelyn expressed a desire for something even as grand as the universal resort, Waylen would encourage Leonel and Marcus to strive harder and acquire it quickly.

Money didn't really matter compared to Evelyn's happiness after all.

Leonel realized it was Waylen's influence at play. Glancing at Alexis, he chuckled and said, "Dad really spoils Evelyn."

Alexis smiled.

She then informed Evelyn, "This place is already owned by your grandma. There's no need for us to buy it."

Evelyn's eyes sparkled. "Does that mean I can eat here every day? I'd love to learn to cook such yummy dishes."

Leonel and Alexis were stunned.

Such an ambitious young girl!

Leonel held his forehead and said, "It's fine by me. As long as she's happy with it."

Alexis didn't mind either. The Fowler family was wealthy, and their priority was always Evelyn's happiness.

She gently patted Evelyn on the head and said, "Okay."

Evelyn was overjoyed.

Seeing her daughter so happy, Alexis felt a sense of ease. She leaned towards Leonel and mentioned, "I'm heading to the restroom. Keep an eye on Evelyn. Also, you have a meeting later, right? Evelyn and I can take a taxi home. I plan to visit my parents."

Leonel raised his hand and glanced at his watch.

Knowing the significance of today's meeting, he suggested, "Let Ross drive you. I'll wait until Evelyn is done. There's no need to hurry."

What mattered most to him was the harmonious time spent with his family.

It felt good to be a close-knit family of three.

With a soft smile, Alexis walked towards the restaurant's restroom.

As Alexis stepped out to wash her hands, she noticed someone else also coming out of the men's room. It was a waiter, which made her slightly uneasy. The high-end restaurant usually had separate facilities for staff and guests to maintain its exclusive atmosphere. She remembered Leonel mentioning this, and it seemed the rules were indeed not as strict as she had thought these days.

Turning around, Alexis was not startled to see Ryan there.

Ryan's gaze held a certain intensity. Alexis, having been the object of admiration for many, both men and women, recognized that look immediately.

She finished washing her hands, turned off the golden tap, and looked at the young man in the mirror. "What's up?"

Ryan appeared somewhat nervous.

After a brief pause, he managed to say, "Miss Fowler, feel free to call on me if you need anything."

The implication of his words struck Alexis oddly.

Did he see himself as some kind of gigolo?

Alexis couldn't help but laugh, unsure whether to feel sorry for Marcus or the clueless Melissa.

She leisurely dried her hands and a smile played on her lips.

"If I need anything? And what kind of 'need' are we talking about, Mr. Jenkins? Is this related to the restaurant, or is it something else?"

Her voice was laced with a touch of playfulness.

Ryan's face turned red as he hurriedly clarified, "Miss Fowler, I'm not that sort of person."

After discarding the tissue, Alexis gave him one last amused glance, smiled, and walked away.

It was only after she left that Ryan began to wonder how Alexis knew his name. Had she inquired about him? Was she really interested in him?

Despite feeling embarrassed, Ryan couldn't deny the allure of success.

He was well aware of the Fowler family's wealth. Just a small part of it could mean he wouldn't have to work another day in his life.

Moreover, he rationalized that he didn't need to stay with Alexis forever.

When the moment was right, he imagined leaving her, marrying someone else, having children, and leading a normal life.

Ryan was eager not to let this opportunity slip away.

He slipped to the counter, found Alexis' contact details from the computer there, and added her on WhatsApp.

Immediately Alexis got back to her seat, her phone signaled a notification.

Glancing at her screen, she noticed a new contact request on WhatsApp. Instantly, she figured out who it was.

With a smirk, Alexis thought about Ryan's overemotional behavior.

She chose to dismiss the request without a second thought.

Leonel inquired in a calm tone, 'Who is that? A man or a woman?'

Alexis didn't see the need to discuss someone so trivial. She responded nonchalantly, 'Just someone of no significance.'

Leonel was smart enough to make an educated guess about the identity of the person.

He let out a scornful laugh.

They remained seated for a bit longer. Once Evelyn was done with her meal, they settled the bill and left.

Just as they reached the entrance, Ross' car pulled up.

"Ross!"

Evelyn dashed towards Ross, who lifted her up and exclaimed, "Your grandpa has been missing you back at home."

Ross had a grandson himself.

His grandson was nowhere near as sweet as Evelyn. Ross happily settled Evelyn into a small seat in the car. Since Evelyn joined their family, every limousine owned by the Fowlers had been equipped with a child seat.

Waylen had instructed Ross to alternate between different cars daily.

With over ten cars at home, Waylen wanted Evelyn to experience rides in each one.

Ross' laughter was so hearty that his wrinkles seemed to fade. His love for Evelyn was immense. As he settled into the car, he realized he hadn't opened the door for Alexis. Quickly, he stepped out and apologized, "Miss Fowler, I'm really sorry."

Alexis playfully retorted, "Ross, you've forgotten all about me."

Ross laughed innocently. "I just have a soft spot for children."

Alexis hoped Leonel would join her in the car and suggested that Ross give him a lift. However, Leonel declined with a wave of his hand. "I'll stay for a smoke. You go ahead. I'll come to pick you and Evelyn up later tonight."

Alexis nodded.

As Ross accelerated away, Leonel lit a cigarette, watching the car vanish from view.

He took his time finishing the cigarette, and then strolled back to the restaurant.

He chose a seat and sat down.

After the restaurant had emptied of its last customers, Leonel lit another cigarette. The observant manager noticed Leonel's somber mood and approached him with a friendly demeanor. "Mr. Douglas, is there anything wrong we did?"

Leonel continued smoking calmly.

In a low tone, he replied, "It's a personal matter."

After his response, he extinguished the cigarette and headed towards the restaurant's kitchen, which had a passage leading to the changing room.

True to Leonel's expectations, Ryan was in the midst of changing.

As he buttoned up his shirt, Ryan's gaze frequently drifted to his phone, seemingly waiting for a response.

Leonel's voice was detached as he remarked, "Waiting for a response from my wife, are you?"

Ryan was stunned.

After a moment, he inquired softly, "Mr. Douglas, how did you figure it out? Did Miss Fowler mention it to you?"

Leonel shut the door gently and leaned against it.

He watched the young man in silence.

Ryan appeared calm and composed, but a hint of impatience flickered in his clear eyes. That was why he was bold enough to overstep boundaries.

"Please refer to her as Mrs. Douglas.

It's not that my wife informed me, but rather your intentions were too clear to miss. However, I assure you, she won't be responding to you."

"Is that so? Coming all the way here suggests you're not quite sure of yourself," Ryan challenged.

Leonel couldn't help but laugh. He approached Ryan and grabbed him by the collar with a sneer. "What do you really know? Do you think you know her well enough to make a move on her? Let me tell you, she wouldn't normally even glance at a guy like you. The only reason she's aware of you is because you're a complete failure."

Ryan was left speechless by this.

Leonel then released him and pushed him back against a locker.

As he straightened his clothes, Leonel's voice grew even colder. "Ever

heard of Marcus Fowler? He's my wife's younger brother, the newly appointed CEO of Fowler Group."

Ryan was familiar with the name. He knew Marcus was an immensely wealthy man, commanding a fortune in the trillions of dollars.

Ryan was puzzled, unsure of how this related to him.

With a mocking tone, Leonel asked, "Melissa is your girlfriend, isn't she? Marcus has taken a liking to her... Think about it, Ryan, where do you think your medical expenses come from? Melissa traded her emotions for that money. Have you repaid her? And yet, here you are, trying to charm a wealthy woman. Do you even have the right? Are you fully recovered? Even if a wealthy woman did show interest in you, could you really satisfy her needs?"

Ryan's face turned pale.

He clutched his chest and couldn't bring himself to meet Leonel's gaze.

With a smirk still playing on his lips, Leonel suddenly grabbed Ryan's arm. He scribbled a phone number on it. The pen's tip almost pierced his skin but Ryan didn't dare resist.

Once he finished writing Leonel capped his pen.

He looked down and said with dignity, "Call this number in two hours."

Ryan didn't probe further.

He understood his position was weak compared to the man before him, who was immensely influential. He knew Leonel was a powerful and newly affluent businessman.

Leonel walked away gracefully, without any show of disrespect.

At the door, the manager and a few staff members were waiting. Upon realizing the situation was under control, they let out a sigh of relief.

Once Leonel had gone, they inquired of Ryan, "Did you somehow upset Mr. Douglas?"

Ryan couldn't possibly reveal that he tried to ask Leonel's wife out. So, he ambiguously responded, "I'm in debt to Mr. Douglas."

The manager was surprised but wisely chose not to delve further.

Ryan composed himself.

He then spent a considerable time seated on the park bench. Slowly, he rolled up his sleeves, revealing the numbers Leonel had scribbled there.

Was Leonel a pervert who enjoyed thrilling and unconventional games?

He felt torn about the situation.

But he also secretly looked forward to it. The prospect of gaining something substantial by striking a deal was enticing. If he could please the couple, his life could transform for the better.

After two hours of indecision, Ryan finally dialed Leonel's number.

With a shaky voice, he greeted, "Mr. Douglas."

Leonel replied coldly with just a hotel name and a room number.

As Ryan ended the call, his fingers and body quivered... He had no desire to compromise his morals, but the lure of Leonel's wealth was almost too strong to resist.

Despite his reservations, Ryan made his way to the location.

Thirty minutes later, he was knocking on the suite door. To his surprise it wasn't Leonel who answered, but an unfamiliar woman. She appeared overweight, and her fashion choices were less than elegant.

She wore a massive diamond ring though, easily eight carats.

With a toothy grin, she appraised Ryan from head to toe.

Seemingly pleased, she invited him in as though she were bestowing a great honor, "Come in."

Ryan stood there, dumbfounded.

The woman sat on the couch and stretched her legs, revealing her black stockings. She nonchalantly pulled out several bundles of hundred-dollar bills and tossed them at Ryan. Eventually, she casually threw what amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

She seemed utterly indifferent to the lavish display. Seeing Ryan's hesitation, she flung more money in his direction.

Over 2 million dollars had now accumulated at his feet.

Ryan hesitated for a moment. Then, with the door still unlocked, he made his way to the woman's side, ready to follow her commands and cater to her preferences.

The woman, who looked like she was close to her fifties, had a strong libido.

She was drawn to Ryan's appearance, but found his physical stamina lacking. So, she brought out some sort of vitality-enhancing pills and fed them to him. The pills were effective; Ryan's face flushed, and his concern for the woman's attractiveness faded.

His eyes became fiery red and he behaved wild and unrestrained.

Meanwhile, in the next suite, Leonel was seated calmly on a sofa, eyes fixed on a screen.

He held a glass of red wine.

He watched with a sneer as the man who had hit on his wife debased himself like an animal for two million dollars.

In his eyes, Ryan was a fallen man.

For someone like him, how could he say no to the exchange of a bit of physical effort for immense fortune?

But such stamina wouldn't last forever.

Leonel knew that even if Ryan did earn by selling his body, the video evidence could coerce him into returning the money.

This revenge seemed flawless to him.

Disgusted, he switched off the screen as he was no longer able to stomach the sight. He then left the suite in silence.

Downstairs, his driver was already waiting for him.

As Leonel settled into the car, he said softly, "On our way back, let's stop at the toy store on Astron Road. I want to pick a gift for Evelyn. She's fond of the dolls and plushies sold there."

The driver had been working for Leonel for a long time. He responded, "The little girl will surely be thrilled."

Settling back into the plush leather seat and adjusting his tie, Leonel offered a smile. "She had a vaccination this morning. She's quite pampered by her family, much like her mother was at that age."

"Mr. Douglas, you must hold a deep love for her."

Leonel's expression softened into a gentle smile, as if the darker moments that had just transpired never existed...