

Chapter 577 He Flipped

At the Fowler family residence...

Upon Alexis' return to her parents' place, she found herself unable to approach Evelyn, for Waylen reveled in caring for his granddaughter.

His previous insistence on Alexis' independence seemed irrelevant with Evelyn.

He often remarked, "Evelyn's just a little girl. She doesn't need to be independent yet."

"But Scott's nearly her age," Alexis pointed out. "You never said that about him."

After pondering for a moment, Waylen replied, "Boys need to be treated a bit tougher."

Alexis was at a loss for words.

She too adored Evelyn, as did Leonel. Everyone in the family doted on the child. Yet, Alexis harbored concerns about overindulging Evelyn, fearing it might make her too naive.

"All Fowler girls deserve to be pampered," Waylen remarked.

Cradling Evelyn, Waylen tenderly asked, "Were you afraid of the shot at the hospital today? Does your little bottom still hurt?"

Rena, meanwhile, was spoon-feeding Evelyn some apple puree.

Alexis was Waylen's eldest daughter, and Evelyn, his first granddaughter, born to Alexis and Leonel, held a special place in his heart.

Gently caressing Evelyn's soft cheek, he said with a smile, "Your grandma doesn't usually pamper people, you know."

Waylen himself hadn't received such attention; he was always the one caring for Rena.

At the Fowler family residence...

Upon Alexis' return to her parents' place, she found herself unable to approach Evelyn, for Waylen reveled in caring for his granddaughter.

His previous insistence on Alexis' independence seemed irrelevant with Evelyn.

He often remarked, "Evelyn's just a little girl. She doesn't need to be independent yet."

"But Scott's nearly her age," Alexis pointed out. "You never said that about him."

After pondering for a moment, Waylen replied, "Boys need to be treated a bit tougher."

Alexis was at a loss for words.

She too adored Evelyn, as did Leonel. Everyone in the family doted on the child. Yet, Alexis harbored concerns about overindulging Evelyn, fearing it might make her too naive.

"All Fowler girls deserve to be pampered," Waylen remarked.

Cradling Evelyn, Waylen tenderly asked, "Were you afraid of the shot at the hospital today? Does your little bottom still hurt?"

Rena, meanwhile, was spoon-feeding Evelyn some apple puree.

Alexis was Waylen's eldest daughter, and Evelyn, his first granddaughter, born to Alexis and Leonel, held a special place in his heart.

Gently caressing Evelyn's soft cheek, he said with a smile, "Your grandma doesn't usually pamper people, you know."

Waylen himself hadn't received such attention; he was always the one caring for Rena.

Catching Waylen's glance, Rena chided, "Don't fill her head with nonsense. You're the reason Alexis and her siblings are so independent. Now you're spoiling Evelyn."

Waylen simply chuckled in response.

She said nothing more.

At that moment, Evelyn cheerfully announced, "I wasn't scared. And my butt's fine now! Daddy and Mommy took me for steak. I want to go again!"

Rena knew she was referring to the French restaurant she owned, where she occasionally played piano in her youth.

It had been a year or two since her last visit. Rena was pleasantly surprised by Evelyn's fondness for the place.

A smile crept onto Rena's face.

She then turned to Alexis. "I'm transferring the restaurant into your name. Think of it as a gift for Evelyn from me."

Alexis, glancing up from a magazine, replied, "Mom, Evelyn's just a child. Besides, kids' interests change fast."

Rena was about to respond when Waylen interjected, "It's a small gift from your mom. Just accept it."

He seemed a bit awkward.

Alexis understood. Her father was safeguarding her mother's feelings, wary of her potential disappointment.

She approached Waylen, grasping his arm as she had in her childhood, and said, "Okay, I'll accept it."

Waylen gently tapped Alexis on the head and said, "That's the spirit."

Observing Alexis' calm demeanor, Waylen realized she was increasingly resembling Rena as she matured. As a child, Alexis had a personality much like his own, a touch arrogant perhaps.

This might be due to her deep love for Leonel.

Waylen noticed that Leonel and Alexis seemed quite harmonious these days, bringing him a sense of relief.

Just then, another figure descended the stairs, catching Alexis off guard. "Marcus?" she exclaimed.

Marcus appeared weary.

He buttoned his shirt, explaining, "I've been wrapped up in a collaboration project. It just concluded this morning."

He seemed lost in thought for a moment.

Lately, his life had been hectic. Despite the company's growth, a sense of emptiness lingered within him.

His world was filled with socialites and stars.

He had considered settling down, but none of the women he dated felt right. So, he buried himself in work instead.

Waylen, though keen on having a grandson, was understanding and didn't press the issue. Rena, noticing Marcus' strained appearance, suggested, "Why don't you take a trip to unwind?"

Marcus took a seat opposite Alexis.

"I have a team-building event coming up. I'll get some time away then," he mentioned casually.

Rena let out a soft sigh.

Marcus wasn't one to easily fall in love. His last infatuation with his secretary had caused quite a stir.

Rena wondered how long it might be before Marcus found love again.

As they conversed, the sound of a car engine echoed from the driveway. Alexis surmised that Leonel had arrived from work.

She glanced at her watch.

It was seven o'clock, thirty minutes later than Leonel had previously mentioned.

Shortly after, Leonel entered, bearing a bouquet of roses in one hand and a plush sheep doll in the other. Evelyn's eyes lit up, and she dashed to embrace the doll, snuggling into its softness.

Leonel cautioned her gently, "Be careful not to get too close. We don't want any respiratory issues."

Evelyn looked a bit disappointed but complied.

Leonel then presented the roses to Alexis, saying softly, "These are for you."

Alexis' face lit up with joy.

Seeing this, Waylen remarked to Rena, "I think I'll start giving you flowers

every day."

Marcus, leaning back, commented, "Leonel really knows how to make the ladies happy."

Leonel brushed off his pants and replied with a smile, "Thanks for the compliment. I'll keep it up."

After a brief exchange, Leonel clapped Marcus on the shoulder. "Care to join me for a smoke?"

Marcus sensed Leonel had something on his mind.

They both stood and strolled into the front yard. Watching them, Waylen mused aloud, "When did those two get so chummy?"

Truth be told, Marcus and Leonel hadn't always seen eye to eye.

Alexis raised an eyebrow but remained silent. She suspected it had something to do with today's events at the restaurant.

Alexis left with Evelyn in tow, while Leonel lingered behind.

Did he do something?

Outside, the two men lit their cigarettes. Leonel, however, only took a couple of drags before putting his out.

Marcus, with a cigarette dangling from his fingers, inquired, "Quitting smoking for the baby plans?"

Leonel responded with a sneer, "Your sister wouldn't have it any other way."

Marcus, with a cigarette held delicately between his fingers, took a couple of puffs, exhaling the slender trails of smoke. He chuckled softly to himself. "Makes you wonder, doesn't it? Do all men in love behave this way?"

He then squatted down on the ground, looking up at Leonel with a thoughtful expression. "You know, I've always been a bit jealous of you."

Leonel, puzzled, asked, "Jealous of me? Why?"

Marcus replied with a soft smile, "When we were still kids, you seemed to lack everything but in reality, you had it all. Dad always valued you highly, and my sister doted on you... Apart from Elva being the pampered one, all of us were subjected to rigorous education and high expectations. Yet, Dad allowed you to sleep in my sister's room every night. When I was young I wasn't even allowed to own a doll, but you had one from childhood."

Leonel felt a lump form in his throat.

Dolls... Was that something Marcus had been interested in as a child?

Lost in his thoughts, Marcus continued after a pause, "Your closeness back then made me envious. That's why I was so upset when you left my sister.

You had everything yet you seemed unsatisfied."

Leonel remained silent, absorbing Marcus' words.

This was the first time Marcus had ever opened up about this to Leonel. He reflected on how the situation with Melissa had been a harsh blow for Marcus. For someone of Marcus' privileged status to fall deeply in love was unusual. He didn't mind the disparity in their family backgrounds; his only desire was to be with Melissa. But in the end, he was left heartbroken.

Leonel gave Marcus a supportive pat on the shoulder, choosing to remain silent.

Finishing his cigarette with a smile, Marcus said, "Alright, dinner time. Let's head back in."

He started walking towards the house.

However, Leonel called out from behind "Marcus."

Under the fading evening light, Marcus turned and inquired "What's up? Something else?"

Leonel, pulling out his phone sent a photo to Marcus.

"Not much. Just that I bumped into a guy named Ryan Jenkins today. He

Commented [Ma1]:

Commented [Ma2R1]:

was trying to charm your sister. I took care of it."

At the mention of Ryan Jenkins, Marcus' expression shifted noticeably.

The name wasn't unfamiliar to Marcus.

Ryan Jenkins.. Melissa's boyfriend.

Leonel, with a sly grin, added, "Seems like they split up. Ryan looked like he was aiming for a shorter struggle, and I just gave him a hand."

Leonel then headed towards the porch, patting Marcus on the shoulder as he passed.

Marcus tensed up slightly. After Leonel disappeared into the house, Marcus checked his phone and saw the photo. It was a picture of a man and a woman in a compromising position.

Their expressions made it clear what was happening.

Marcus viewed the photo in silence for a moment before deleting it, deep in thought. He reflected on Melissa's betrayal for someone like Ryan.

If only Melissa had been honest, if she hadn't sold the bracelet, Marcus could have clung to the hope that she cared for him.

But she let him down and left.

The memories of his time with Melissa felt like a distant dream.

Sometimes, waking up at night, Marcus wondered if Melissa had been nothing but an illusion.

The photo from Leonel was a stark reminder that it was all real.

A faint smile crossed Marcus' face, acknowledging Leonel's ruthless method of revenge.

He was certain Alexis shouldn't know about this.

Not feeling inclined to share this with Alexis, Marcus tried to erase it from his memory, but it was hard. Eventually, he found himself almost resenting Leonel for telling him something like that in the first place.

After dinner, Leonel departed with his wife and daughter.

They had only been driving for five minutes when Evelyn, overcome with sleepiness, couldn't resist closing her eyes.

Leonel glanced at Evelyn in the rearview mirror.

Gently, he said, "Let her sleep. I'll carry her upstairs after we park."

Alexis nodded in agreement.

She softly patted Evelyn, who soon drifted off to sleep.

Alexis then wrapped her in a blanket.

Turning up the car's heater, Leonel drove with a softened gaze.

The years of separation from Alexis, and the time she had spent with Calvin, were painful memories for him.

Yet, because of Evelyn, Leonel had found a way to move past them.

He drove in silence for a while before speaking up again softly.

"Let's use the guest room tonight. We shouldn't disturb Evelyn; she's a light sleeper."

Alexis' cheeks flushed.

She turned slightly away, teasing, "Focus on the road. What's on your mind?"

Leonel raised an eyebrow, his thoughts clear.

Beyond his hope for another child with Alexis, he was, after all, a man with normal desires. It wasn't unusual for a man his age to be intimate multiple times a week, and even twice in one night.

He knew Alexis' desires had mellowed over time.

But he remembered that day before his business trip when they made out in the bathroom, and Alexis had seemed quite spirited.

Such things mattered to men.

Glancing at Alexis in the mirror, Leonel could only see her profile. Her hair seemed newly curled, the soft waves framing her delicate face and lending her a youthful appearance.

The night breeze was gentle, and such a lovely scene suddenly made him flip.

He cherished Alexis deeply, and it was natural for couples to express their love intimately. Yet, such a strong surge of love in his heart was rare for him.

In that moment, Leonel felt his heart race.

The sleek black luxury car came to a smooth stop.

Together, Alexis and Leonel carefully lifted Evelyn from the car. Leonel led the way as Alexis followed, adjusting her scarf against the chilly night air.

Since their employers dined out, the household staff was in a relaxed mood, not having to prepare dinner.

The servant greeted the couple attentively when they returned. "Mrs. Douglas, would you like something to drink? Maybe some tea to warm you up?"

Alexis was about to respond, but Leonel interjected, "No, thank you."

He then instructed, "Prepare something for us to eat at around ten."

The servant agreed with a smile.

Glancing at the sleeping Evelyn, she couldn't help but remark, "Evelyn looks so angelic in her sleep."

Leonel also gazed at his daughter, noting how she clung to her new sheep doll even in slumber.

He ascended the stairs with Evelyn in his arms.

Suddenly, Ollie, their dog, emerged, barking excitedly.

Alexis scooped up Ollie, soothing him with gentle whispers. Leonel commented from the staircase, "You've really grown fond of this dog."

haven't you?"

Alexis perceived the undertone in his voice but chose not to engage.

He was the one to introduce the dog into the family, for crying out loud!

Leonel was evidently in high spirits.

Reaching the bedroom, he flicked on only the night light. He then carefully removed Evelyn's shoes and coat, tucking her comfortably into bed.

In the soft light, Evelyn's face radiated innocence.

Bending down, Leonel planted a tender kiss on her forehead, his affection palpable. His mind, however, wandered to thoughts of spending intimate time with Alexis.

Alexis entered the room, Ollie cradled in her arms.

Ollie made a move to leap onto the bed, but Alexis gently guided him. "Not tonight, Ollie."

Disappointment flickered in Ollie's eyes.

Yet, when Alexis placed him in his pink cushion, he settled down obediently, lying still.

Ollie's fur was soft to the touch.

As Alexis stroked him, Leonel watched from behind, feeling a warmth in his heart. Before she could stand, Leonel embraced her from behind, resting his chin on her neck and whispered, "He behaves so well in your presence."

Before Alexis could respond, Leonel whispered again, his voice low and tender, "I can also be your good boy. Alexis, I'm willing to do anything for you."

He gently kissed the back of her neck.

The dim light and the quiet of the night created an intimate atmosphere.

Alexis glanced at him, a hint of playfulness in her eyes. "Are you sure that's what you want?"

"Yes, absolutely," Leonel replied without hesitation. His desire for Alexis was something he never felt the need to hide. He cherished their moments of closeness, once preferring her to take the lead, but now he found a new pleasure in being the more assertive one.

Now in his early 30s, Leonel had grown more confident and skilled in expressing his affection.

He continued to kiss her tenderly, and it wasn't until the heat between them grew too intense that he finally lifted her in his arms, stepping out of the master bedroom...

Alexis was still a bit hesitant. "Evelyn might wake up."

Leonel kissed her deeply, his reply a husky murmur. "Ollie will keep her company tonight."