

Chapter 240 Dad And Mom Are In A Relationship

Rena found Waylen irresistibly captivating.

Their kiss was an enigmatic blend of passion and intensity. Despite her hesitation, Rena refrained from adding fuel to the fire.

Waylen's kisses trailed from her lips to her neck, and then to the tender curve behind her ear. In a husky tone, he uttered, "Rena, you still care about me, don't you? Do I linger in your heart? You just can't find a way to forgive me yet... Am I right?"

With her hands resting on his shoulders, Rena's action was tinged with embarrassment.

Gently composed now, she whispered, "Lower me down, please. The servants will gossip and how could I face them later? Besides, we're not genuinely together."

Alexis might be young and oblivious, but the servants would surely see them and gossip.

Waylen playfully bit his lip, stating, "They're seasoned individuals, they'll understand. Besides, reconciling after a divorce is a gradual process. We're in that process now; it's natural for us to be affectionate."

Locked in an intense gaze, Rena focused on him.

With a hoarse voice, Waylen inquired, "What do you see? If you truly care for me, then just help me..."

Rena's eyes averted for a moment.

Choosing to ignore what she noticed between his legs, she teased, "Even though you're no longer a lawyer, your persuasive tongue remains intact."

Waylen chuckled.

After setting her down, he let Rena cook and then took a few deep breaths until he regained composure.

Waylen then went to take his shower.

Rena's thoughts were in disarray.

She had wanted to inquire about his departure from the legal world but eventually she held back.

She believed Waylen understood her unspoken question, yet they decided to leave it unaddressed...

Admitting that she had feelings for him, Rena acknowledged her womanly desires and emotional connection.

Still, she felt it was too rushed.

They had experienced an on-and-off relationship before. If they engaged intimately again, it might affect Alexis this time if things went sour...

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Rena felt a tinge of unease.

Her mind wandered during dinner, but when facing Alexis, she emanated utmost tenderness.

At bedtime, she leaned against the headboard, cradling Alexis in her arms and read the fairy tale of Cinderella with gentle cadence.

Half-asleep, Alexis murmured, "Dad said he was the prince of mom when he read this last time."

Rena suppressed a slight cough, taken aback by Waylen's audacity.

Alexis sighed with contentment. "In the end, the prince and the princess get married."

Rena gazed at Alexis' innocent face, showering her with affectionate kisses.

As Alexis drifted into a peaceful slumber, her soft snores filled the room.

In the tranquil ambiance, Rena presumed that Alexis was dozing off. Setting aside the fairy tale book, she prepared to settle down herself. However, to her surprise, Alexis spoke up again. "What about dad and mom?"

Cradling Alexis tenderly, Rena responded with gentle affection, "Dad and mom share a special bond."

Feeling the warmth of Rena's embrace, Alexis drew nearer.

At that very moment, Waylen entered the room, holding a glass of milk. He had overheard their conversation and cast a faint smile at Rena.

A slight blush tinted Rena's cheeks as she lifted Alexis and urged, "Have some milk before you sleep."

However, Alexis was too drowsy to comply and refused to drink it.

Seated at the edge of the bed, Waylen planted a tender kiss on their daughter's cheek and hoarsely advised, "Let her rest. You have the milk."

Rena also declined the offer.

Waylen's eyes sparkled, and he huskily suggested, "What if I offer you something else to drink?"

Contemplating the idea, Rena eventually accepted the milk, sipping it slowly.

In the dim golden glow, her silhouette was adorned in a silk nightdress, and her long brown hair cascaded gracefully over her shoulders.

A glimpse of delicate skin adorned her collarbone.

Waylen couldn't help but admire her for a lingering moment.

After finishing the milk, Rena handed the glass back to him and settled down, murmuring, "Please turn off the light when you leave."

Leaning in, Waylen complied and bestowed a tender good-night kiss while whispering into her ear, "Rena, when will you share your nights with me?"

Rena responded softly, "Let such thoughts rest."

His lips brushed against hers, and he softly voiced, "I yearn for those nights to become our cherished routine."

Before Rena could respond, he departed.

As Waylen opened the door, the sound of rain greeted Rena's ears.

Unusually heavy rain showered the season, a rare occurrence.

In the middle of the night, thunder disrupted Rena's slumber.

The ominous rumble reverberated.

Bolts of lightning pierced through the darkness, illuminating the city's windows like ethereal lanterns.

Alexis awoke, trembling and seeking refuge in Rena's embrace, frightened by the storm.



Holding Alexis close, Rena reassured her, "I'm here. Don't be afraid, my darling."

Alexis still trembled with fear.

She nestled closer in Rena's arms, yearning to find her father.

Rena contemplated carrying Alexis to Waylen's room...

However, the moment she opened the door, the roaring thunder and blinding flashes of lightning filled the outside.

Suddenly, a gust of wind blew open a window.

Rain and wind inundated the room instantly, soaking the floor near the window.

With no hesitation, Rena decided.

She swiftly wrapped Alexis in a blanket and resolved to take her to Waylen.

As she was about to reach the door, the bedroom door creaked open first.

Waylen, clad in a bathrobe, approached them through the darkness. With a gentle gesture, he took Alexis from Rena's arms and whispered, "The power is out. And the backup power is dead. You two should go and sleep in my room."

Rena found herself unable to resist as fear and uncertainty gripped her heart.

With one hand holding Alexis and the other grasping Rena's hand, Waylen led them to the master bedroom.

His mere presence seemed to calm Alexis' fears and she clung tightly to him even as they settled on the bed.

Sideways on the bed, Waylen patiently coaxed Alexis, tenderly soothing her with gentle pats.

After about half an hour, amidst the soothing rhythm, Alexis gradually relaxed and nestled into his protective embrace.

Playfully, Alexis rested her feet on Waylen's abdominal muscles and he continued the gentle patting motion on her back.

Then, his gaze shifted to Rena.

In the midst of such tempestuous weather, they found themselves sharing the same bed, their child nestled between them.

Waylen's heart softened as he held Alexis close, his fingers reaching out to lightly touch Rena's fingertips.

"Are you asleep?" he inquired softly.

Of course, Rena hadn't dozed off. Feeling his tender touch, his fingertips slightly warmer, she felt as though her heart was ablaze.

Hastily, she closed her eyes and replied, "I'm ready to sleep."

The distant rumble of thunder served as a backdrop to their silent intimacy.

In a gentle tone, Waylen expressed, "If Alexis weren't here, I'd hold you close in my arms."

Eventually, Rena managed to drift into slumber somehow.

The only certainty she had was that he never let go of her hand throughout the night.

Early the next morning, when Rena awoke, she met Waylen's deep, penetrating gaze. It was unclear how long he had been watching her.

In her groggy state, Rena murmured softly, "I'll go prepare breakfast for Lexi."

Before she could move, he firmly held her wrist, pulling her closer. By the time Rena was fully aware, she found herself underneath him...

Waylen didn't utter a word.

With a firm grasp on her hands, he restrained her movements and lowered his head to kiss her passionately.

Their lips met in a fervent embrace and the passion lingered...

He whispered into her ear, "The power went out during the night, and the air conditioner wasn't working. You were lying in my bed, dressed like that. Rena... It wasn't really my fault that I was so turned on."

Rena gazed at him, finding his defense ridiculous.

He desired intimacy but, with Alexis right beside them, he refrained from being presumptuous.

Yet, his fingers gently explored under her silk nightdress, provoking a response from Rena.

She couldn't resist biting his shoulder and firmly stating, "Waylen, stop."

His gentle coaxes followed. "Are you feeling shy? Good girl... Just be quiet."

Her cheeks flushed and her heart raced.

Traces of his sweat glistened on her neck and the enticing movement of his Adam's apple further kindled her desires. He restrained himself, attempting to exercise control.

However, after years of restraint, the woman he desired now lay beneath him, her allure irresistible. If he continued to hold back, he would not be a man.

Tantalizingly close to her ear, he gently whispered, "Can we give

Rena found herself equally aroused.

As a mature woman, she had her own needs. Under normal circumstances, she might have welcomed his advances but now, she held back.

She was afraid of the possibility of another pregnancy...

Waylen, perceptive of her thoughts, extended his hand and opened the nightstand drawer, revealing a freshly acquired small box within.

With one hand, he unveiled its contents and felt a slight pang of nostalgia...

Trembling, Rena grasped his hand and uttered softly, "Waylen..."

Her eyes locked with his, drawn into the unique allure of a mature man's gaze.

Overwhelmed, Rena could barely contain her emotions.

Unable to endure it any longer, Waylen was on the brink of surrendering to his desires and making love to Rena... but then Alexis intervened by turning over and sitting upright. "Dad, I need to go to the bathroom."

Waylen's body tensed.

He rolled over, disheartened, losing all inclination to be intimate with Rena.

Likewise, Rena's mood had shifted and the desire between them waned.

Blushing, she adjusted her nightgown and contemplated leaving the bed.

However, Waylen wrapped his arms around her slender waist and hoarsely expressed, "She usually goes to the bathroom by

herself, but she didn't sleep much last night. Now she will be very clingy."

He offered this explanation just to retain Rena's company.

Though they couldn't seem to engage in anything further that very morning, he hadn't seen her display such tenderness in a long time and he yearned for her to stay.

All he wanted was for her to remain in his embrace.

Rena chose to stay because she wasn't in a suitable state to leave.

The prospect of the servants seeing her disheveled appearance dissuaded her.

Sensing her concerns, Waylen murmured softly, "Get some more rest."

Then he stood and carried Alexis to the bathroom.

After using the bathroom, Alexis nestled in Waylen's arms again, behaving like a spoiled child for a while.

Waylen bestowed a kiss upon her and instructed, "Brush your teeth and wash your face by yourself."

Alexis was capable of taking care of herself. She then returned to her bedroom, which had been already repaired by the workers.

Perched on the edge of the bed, Waylen gazed at Rena.

Sitting up, she leaned against the headboard, her eyes locking onto his.

Moments ago, they had nearly succumbed to passion, but now there was a deep sense of intimacy in their gaze.

Yet, as parents to Alexis, they couldn't act on their desires whenever they pleased, irrespective of circumstances.

Waylen had something to share.

He looked at Rena and whispered, "I want you to accompany me to the company anniversary next week."

Rena was taken aback.

She understood the deeper implications and replied softly, "I'll consider it."

In a gentle tone, Waylen implored, "For Lexi's emotional well-being, Rena, please think it over carefully."

Their eyes locked in a sincere exchange.

She sighed and said from the heart, "I'm concerned that once Lexi recovers, you might be the next one to be emotionally unwell."

With a smile, he inquired, "Are you worried about me?"