

Chapter 459 Rena, Stay With Me A Little Longer

In the warmth of the kitchen, things took a turn for the romantic. Rena, sensing the shift, gently disentangled herself from Waylen's embrace.

But he wasn't about to let the moment slip away; he playfully cornered her against the counter.

Having handled mandarin fish just moments ago, the scent clung to his hands.

He didn't want that scent to transfer to her pristine clothes, so he held her carefully, using his hips to maintain the gentle pressure.

Rena's cheeks flushed a vibrant shade of pink.

She cast an anxious glance towards the kitchen door. "Any moment now, the staff might walk in," she murmured.

Waylen grinned. "Trust me; they'll turn a blind eye even if they see anything."

He then leaned in, sealing their conversation with a tender kiss.

He might've started out in jest, but the intimacy between them was undeniable and electric.

He gazed at her with nothing but adoration.

Feeling a mix of emotions, Rena lightly pushed against his chest.

"Your hands have that fishy scent. Remember, Leonel and Edwin are growing up, picking up on more than we realize. Shouldn't you, being their father and uncle, be a role model?"

His response was a playful nuzzle against her nose.

"Trying to paint me as the villain, Mrs. Fowler?" he said, his voice thick with amusement.

But, maintaining the playful banter, Waylen then refocused on preparing the fish.

Rena, her thoughts far removed from earlier concerns, adjusted her dress

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and combed her fingers through her brown locks.

She left the kitchen, not wanting to tempt fate further with Waylen's unpredictable antics.

In the living room, life went on as usual. The children were engrossed in their own worlds.

With Waylen's conspicuous absence, Alexis had wriggled out of her chair and was now playing with Olivia, while Cecilia lounged on the couch, munching on some chips.

Rena joined them, and Cecilia shot her a knowing look. She whispered, "Did my brother try to wind you up again?"

Rena, determined to keep her composure in front of her sister-in-law, replied, "Absolutely not."

"But why are your cheeks so flushed?" Cecilia teased.

Caught off guard, Rena stumbled for words.

Cecilia, relaxed as ever, continued munching on her chips and was engrossed in the TV.

She truly loved this place. The food, the ambiance, and even the playful interactions between the kids. If only it weren't for the bustling presence of so many children, she'd consider staying for good.

As these thoughts danced in Cecilia's head, she sneaked a glance at Rena, who, noticing, couldn't help but smile.

A servant entered, holding a pot of fragrant tea. "Mrs. Fowler, Miss Fowler," she began softly, "this is the newest rose tea blend."

Rena gave a nod, prompting the servant to exit.

She then poured a cup for both herself and Cecilia.

Taking a sip, she ventured, "So, how are things between you and my uncle?"

Cecilia hesitated, pausing her chip-crunching spree.

"Why the sudden interest?" she asked, slightly taken aback.

Despite the initial surprise, Cecilia and Rena shared a bond, often confiding in one another. Cecilia opened up about recent events, careful to omit any mention of Mark's questionable actions.

She emphasized her encounters with Elaine.

Listening intently, Rena affirmed, "You made the right call. Someone like Elaine shouldn't be entertained."

Cecilia's mind drifted to her past interaction with Elaine, who was vibrant, full of life, and unmistakably more influential than Ruth.

Yet, Elaine's association with Chandler had put her at odds with Cecilia.

After meeting Mark, it was evident Elaine had some intentions.

Rena offered some heartfelt advice, to which Cecilia responded with a nod and slightly teary eyes.

She genuinely felt that Rena was always on her side, especially when it came to Mark.

Later that evening, after sharing a meal, Cecilia, Edwin, and Olivia prepared to head home.

As the night deepened, Waylen took on the role of bedtime storyteller.

The clock struck ten, and Alexis, known for her affectionate nature, eagerly awaited her turn.

Even though she was the eldest, she was always the last to hear a story, which typically spanned half an hour.

Some labeled Alexis as overly attached, but she would simply puff up her chest and retort with a defiant "Humph!"

Waylen reentered the bedroom to find Rena, fresh out of the shower and draped in a silk bathrobe, diligently applying her skincare routine. The sight of her cascading hair, revealing a delicate neckline, caught his attention.

Making his way to her, he wrapped his arms around her waist, leaning in to softly press his lips against her neck.

Startled, Rena murmured, "Waylen."

Maintaining his proximity, he whispered by her ear, "Don't worry; my hands are clean now. No more fishy scent."

Rena made a half-hearted attempt to free herself, but it was clear Waylen was in a playful mood.

Deciding to indulge him, she relaxed into his embrace.

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As they enjoyed the closeness, Waylen would intermittently kiss and tease her, occasionally referring to their kids in jest.

Rena fought the urge to smile, biting her lower lip.

Clearing his throat, Waylen queried, "Did you know what Alexis just told me?"

Rena, genuinely curious, shook her head.

Waylen, fighting back laughter, shared, "She claims she's persistent with storytime to ensure our family's well-being. She believes that by keeping me occupied, I won't have a moment to be tempted by others."

Both surprised and entertained, Rena spun around to face him. "Who on earth taught her that? Did she pick it up from a TV show?"

Gazing intently into Rena's eyes, Waylen noticed her hands tugging at the hem of his shirt. His heartbeat quickened in response.

He retreated slightly and sat on the bed's edge, pulling Rena closer and pressed his lips to hers.

Words became unnecessary as their connection deepened.

Suddenly, their room was filled with gasps and moans as they shared a passionate exchange.

When the moment had passed, Rena nestled into Waylen's embrace, her head resting against his shoulder.

Collecting her thoughts, she revisited a topic from earlier.

"You seemed different today."

He teased, "Different how? I feel the same as always. Want a second round to be sure?"

She playfully silenced him with a finger to his lips.

With a more serious undertone, she murmured, "Did you secure another significant business achievement today?"

Matching her quiet tone, Waylen offered a smile and leaned in to kiss her.

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Rena, without any hesitation, met him halfway, the kiss deepening. When they finally parted, she whispered, "I'm happy about your partnership with my uncle. Just ensure Cecilia remains comfortable with the situation."

Wrapping Rena tightly in his embrace, Waylen pondered, "I wonder if you're looking out for Cecilia or your uncle."

Rena chuckled and made a feigned attempt to rise, hinting at a bath. But Waylen's grip on her hand halted her movement.

With a voice full of warmth and mischief, he urged, "Stay with me a little longer."

Rena's resistance melted.

Amidst their renewed intimacy, Waylen whispered playfully, "You always seem to know everything, Mrs. Fowler."

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