

## Ex Wife 1503

### Chapter 1503

Stefan's words were reassuring, and Renee felt that maybe she was worrying too much about the future. She didn't want to regret wasting this precious time together, so it was probably best for her to take things one step at a time and live in the moment.

After speaking to Renee, Stefan went to the kitchen to cook. He was a bit worried because this was the first time he would be cooking for them, and he had to satisfy Renee, Adie, and Abby's tastes. He worked hard in the kitchen, determined to impress them. The children were enjoying themselves in the garden, and they could smell the aroma of Stefan's cooking from time to time.

Meanwhile, Renee was lying in bed. She wasn't sleepy, but the incident at the shopping mall had left her mentally exhausted. After a while, she dozed off.

"Dear? Dear, the food's ready."

As she drifted in and out of sleep, Renee heard a low and magnetic male voice. She pulled the blanket around her tightly and muttered something before going back to sleep.

"Do you want to sleep for a bit longer? I can bring the food here for you," Stefan murmured softly near Renee's ear as he stood under the dim light. With a lot of time and effort, he had finally prepared a number of dishes for Renee and the kids, so he was eager to hear Renee's comments about his cooking. However, when he entered the room and found her sleeping soundly, he couldn't bear to wake her up.

"Darling, is that you?" Renee was drifting in and out of her sleep, and thought she was dreaming. She reached out and hugged Stefan's neck, whispering sweetly, "I want a kiss."

Stefan's eyes widened, and his voice was hoarse as he whispered, "Are you sure... you want a kiss?" From what he remembered, Renee was rarely this enthusiastic and coquettish, and he suddenly didn't know how to respond.

"Your... lips. I can't reach them. Come closer. I want a kiss!" Renee pouted, biting her lip. This was just a dream anyway, so she could do anything she wanted. She could kiss him and touch him as she liked because Stefan was just a plaything for her to enjoy.

"Umm... okay."

"Come on!" Renee had to be bold, because she had to take this chance to do whatever she had always been too scared to do.

"Mm!" Warm lips met hers enthusiastically, and Renee focused on her mission. To her surprise, her plaything was rather out of control, and seemed to be trying to take the lead instead. Renee wouldn't accept that-she didn't want to be bullied by her plaything in her dream.

"Stop moving!" Frowning, Renee warned seriously, "You're just a toy, so don't forget your manners."

"A... toy?" Stefan asked slowly, feeling upset. "Do you know what you're doing? Are you asleep, or are you drunk?"

‘That’s none of your business. In short... You’re my toy and you’re at my disposal. Do you understand?’ Renee declared overbearingly.

“Fine then, you’re my master. You can do what you want with me, okay?” Stefan said dotingly, letting Renee have her way. He closed his eyes, letting out a blissful sigh as she kissed him. Suddenly, being a toy didn’t seem so bad.

“That’s more like it. I can have whatever I want since it’s my dream!” Renee sounded clear, but her mind was still fuzzy. Now that she couldn’t see, it was hard to tell fantasy from reality. Besides, the man underneath her was unusually obedient and not his typical dominant self, so it was definitely a dream. Emboldened by Stefan’s obedience, she became more playful, trying out different things.

“Mm... What are you going to do to me, master?” Stefan had readily accepted the fact that he was just her plaything, and was even looking forward to it. He stared at her under the dim light, passion and love shining in his eyes. Any man would have been frightened by Renee’s injuries, but to Stefan, Renee was an irreplaceable treasure. He would always be attracted to her since their souls were intertwined; he didn’t care what she looked like.

“What am I going to do?” Renee rubbed her chin and smiled cunningly. “You have the body of a supermodel, and it’s been a while since I’ve touched it... Can I touch your abs?”

“That’s what you want?” Raising his brows, Stefan placed Renee’s hands on his abdomen. He smirked and said huskily, “I’m yours... Go ahead and touch me.”