

Chapter 231 Daddy Kissed Mommy

Waylen erupted in laughter, his face contorted with anger.

Returning to the seat opposite Rena, he reached for the now cold coffee, raising it to his lips as he savored each sip with deliberate slowness.

Upon draining the last drop, he disdainfully placed the empty cup back on the table and curled his lip in contempt.

"And so, I frequently visit your abode to spend time with our child, do I? Should bad weather strike, may I find shelter within your walls? Rena... You may possess self-control but I fear I lack such restraint. Should news of the CEO of Exceed Group engaging in a prolonged affair with his former spouse become public, it will undoubtedly tarnish my reputation and jeopardize my future marriage."

His words dripped with flirtation, igniting a furious rage within Rena.

Damn it!

She no longer wished to engage in conversation with him. They were destined never to reach an agreement.

Just then, the clock chimed seven times, piercing the air.

It was seven in the morning.

Waylen glanced at his timepiece and advised Rena, "Go and freshen up; change your attire. We can escort Alexis to school together later."

His countenance softened slightly. "She will be overjoyed, no doubt."

Rena complied, her gentleness stemming from her deep concern for her child.

Insisting on utilizing the guest room for her ablutions, she deemed changing her clothes unnecessary.

As she finished her shower and got dressed, she was struck by the onset of her menstrual cycle.

A faint stain of blood now adorned her beige skirt.

Time slipped away from her in the bathroom. Waylen rapped on the door, inquiring, "Have you finished your shower? Alexis will wake up soon. It would displease her if she were unable to see you..."

Worse yet, it could potentially trigger another relapse.

Rena was filled with anxiety.

She hastily cracked open the door. After all, she and Waylen had once been married, so certain matters were not as difficult to discuss. "I'm menstruating. Do you happen to have any tampons and women's clothing here?"

Waylen's eyes delved into the depths of her being.

He cast a slow, thoughtful gaze upon her and replied, "Why would I possess such items? I have not had any women in my life during these years, so of course I do not possess women's clothing here."

Rena bit her lip and retorted, "No one is asking you to prove your loyalty. But how am I to proceed now?"

Waylen studied her intently for a moment before uttering, "Wait here."

Considering there were still female servants in their forties present within the household, they likely hadn't reached menopause.

As for clothing, Waylen retrieved a black shirt and a pair of gym shorts from his wardrobe.

The servant, her face slightly flushed, handed him the tampons. "I hope Mrs. Fowler finds them suitable."

Waylen examined the brand and a smile tugged at his lips.

"She has used this brand before."

His smile caught the servant off guard, leaving her astonished.

The household staff had been aware of Mr. and Mrs. Fowler's divorce, witnessing their bitter falling out at the time. They never anticipated that the couple would have any contact with each other again. The servant couldn't believe her eyes when she saw Mr. Fowler's evident joy upon his ex-wife's arrival the previous night.

Waylen proceeded directly to the guest room.

Meanwhile, Rena was in the bathroom, experiencing a slight discomfort in her lower abdomen.

Ever since giving birth, she had been prone to experiencing pain during her menstrual cycle.

Swiftly, she changed into the clothes Waylen had provided.

Emerging from the bathroom, Rena was taken aback to find Waylen still present, seated on the sofa engrossed in news articles on his mobile phone.

As Rena approached, Waylen lifted his gaze.

Donning his black shirt, the hem cascading elegantly over the gym shorts, Rena showcased her slender legs.

She cinched the waistband snugly around her waist.

Waylen's Adam's apple bobbed gently as he uttered in a husky voice, "You look good."

Rena intended to search for a bag to store her own clothes, but Waylen casually interjected, "Let the servant handle the laundry."

Rena couldn't fathom entrusting such a private task to anyone else.

Furthermore, this was Waylen's abode.

Persisting in her pursuit of a laundry bag, Rena's quest was abruptly interrupted by Alexis' awakening. Clad in bare feet, the little girl set out in search of her mother. Eventually, she discovered Rena in the guest room and flung herself into her mother's awaiting embrace.

Rena cradled Alexis in her arms.

Planting a tender kiss on Alexis' forehead, Rena scooped her up, gripping her little feet gently as she remarked, "No more walking around barefoot, alright?"

Alexis nestled her head against Rena's neck, offering no verbal response.

Waylen contemplated Alexis walking on her own, yet Rena declined. She carried Alexis back to her room, assisting the girl in getting dressed.

Alexis' voice resonated softly, "Will Mom and Dad take me to school together today?"

Rena found herself momentarily stunned.

Then, a gentle smile illuminated her face. "Yes, we will take you to school together."

Within the guest room, Waylen made his way into the bathroom.

Rena's garments lay within the laundry basket, bearing slight traces of bloodstains upon her beige dress.

As a man of noble birth, Waylen had seldom concerned himself with washing his own clothes, let alone the stained garments of a woman.

Yet, his heart ached for Rena. He willingly took it upon himself to launder her clothes. Swiftly, he hand-washed her skirt, shirt and undergarments before placing them in the dryer to hasten the drying process.

Upon completing this task, a sense of tenderness enveloped his heart.

Although Rena adamantly refused to reconcile with him, they shared a child. Waylen believe that she would gradually soften...

Slowly descending the stairs, Waylen left Rena to tend to Alexis in her morning routine. On this rare occasion, he indulged in savoring a cup of coffee while perusing the morning newspaper.

This atmosphere of coziness enveloped Waylen, rendering him momentarily lost in his thoughts.

Perhaps... This was what true happiness felt like.

The sensation surpassed even the ecstasy of their intimate encounter the previous night, when he kissed her and caressed her body.

Of course, given the choice, Waylen would willingly engage in endless kisses and passionate lovemaking with her.

Within the Alexis' bedroom, the little girl's vivaciousness seemed to have subsided.

Rena carefully selected a delightful floral dress for Alexis and skillfully teased her curly hair into a fluffy and touchably soft state.

As Alexis slipped on her shoes, Rena's fingers gently grazed her tiny legs, marveling at their tender texture.

A warmth radiated within Rena's heart.

In truth, Waylen had taken great care of Alexis, resulting in her rosy and tender complexion.

Lost in contemplation, Rena was caught off guard when Alexis planted a kiss on her cheek.

Alexis' adorable nature was irresistible.

Reluctant to part from her sweet angel, Rena showered her with kisses, lifting her up and uttering, "Let's go downstairs for breakfast."

Rena descended the staircase, carrying Alexis in her arms.

Observing this, Waylen's brow furrowed slightly as he inquired, "Why don't you let her walk on her own?"

Nestling against Rena's neck, Alexis sweetly replied, "Daddy is jealous of me."

Waylen sneered. "Jealous? Why would I? You weren't even there when I was with your mother!"

"I was on the bed," Alexis smiled mischievously. "I saw it last night. Daddy kissed mommy... Mommy said no but daddy insisted that mommy liked it."

Waylen was rendered speechless.

Rena yearned for the floor to open up suddenly and swallow her up.

The servants, who were engaged in house chores, scurried away discreetly upon hearing that.

Waylen cleared his throat and addressed his daughter, "Alexis!"

Alexis obediently took her seat.

Usually disciplined by Waylen, Alexis exhibited excellent manners. She didn't act spoiled or demand to be fed by Rena. However, her eyes held a hint of pleading.

Rena's heart ached in response.

Unable to contain herself, Rena addressed Waylen, her voice tinged with exasperation, "She's barely four years old. There's no need for her to be so self-reliant."

Speaking with solemnity, Waylen responded, "She can already eat on her own. She can wash her own socks and even bathe herself. We don't need to revert her back to a state of dependency just because you're here now."

Alexis poked at her food with a spoon, her dissatisfaction evident.

Rena chose not to press the matter further.

Instead, she gently caressed Alexis' head, silently providing comfort.

Restless, Alexis yearned for Rena to employ her charms.

For instance, in a situation like last night, regardless of what Rena desired, Waylen would comply. He would do anything for Rena if she allowed him to shower her with kisses.

Unaware of Alexis' thoughts, Rena continued with her breakfast.

After breakfast, Rena approached the servant, requesting a laundry bag. At that moment, Waylen calmly interjected, "I've already washed and dried your clothes. Leave them here for your next change."

Rena was taken aback, a blush tinting her cheeks.

Her clothes had been stained with blood. Waylen...

He had taken it upon himself to wash them?

Alexis, engrossed in her quest for nourishment, suddenly leaped up.

She perceived a double standard in her father's actions.

Her mother was no longer young, yet her father was still willing to assist with her laundry, while she, a three-year-old, had to wash her own socks!

Waylen glanced briefly at Alexis before returning his attention to the newspaper. "When you grow up, you can have a man do your laundry for you. And if you can't find such a man, then you'll have to wash it yourself."