

## Ex-Wife 1812

Chapter: 1812

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 whatever 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.