

## Chapter 16 Prodding The Wrong Spot

Jayden replied, "It's not that I look down on you. I'm merely speaking the truth."

"You don't trust me, right? That's why you don't want me to get too close or to do anything for you," Elyse retorted.

Jayden glanced up casually. He hadn't expected her to have keen observation.

"What does it matter? Our marriage isn't about love. We got what we wanted, so let's focus on business interests. No need for unnecessary gestures."

"Yet, you've made such gestures," Elyse argued. "You intervened to help me the other day, and you've been very generous with my father, offering resources and projects that don't directly benefit you."

Jayden explained, "As I've told you before, I won't allow anyone to bully my wife. It wasn't personal."

"Consider this my way of returning the favor, then," Elyse responded, believing Driscoll's comments about Jayden's inherent kindness. Her smile was genuine, and it seemed to make Jayden uneasy. He averted his gaze, his conscience pricking him. "Alright then."

"Thanks for giving me the opportunity to repay your kindness," she said, her voice carrying a note of gratitude.

Jayden almost laughed out loud at her cheeky wink but restrained himself to maintain his usual cool demeanor.

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Stepping closer to Jayden, Elyse confidently poked the inner side of his thigh and proclaimed, "You felt that. I'm confident that in time, you will recover completely."

Jayden was at a loss for words. She was actually touching his sensitive inner thigh!

He quickly grabbed her wandering hand. "Stop. Do you realize what you're doing?"

Elyse seemed to have discovered a leverage point upon seeing Jayden's reaction to her prodding his thigh. She quickened her pace and threatened, "If you don't listen to me, I'll keep poking until you do."

"Are you a child?" Jayden's lips pressed into a thin line, his tone souring by the second, nearly touching anger.

Suddenly, something went awry. Jayden winced, clutched his crotch, and his expression darkened.

Realizing her mistake in prodding the wrong spot, Elyse immediately withdrew her hand and stepped back, alarmed. "I didn't mean it. It was an accident."

Jayden took several deep breaths to calm himself before glaring at her fiercely. "How dare you!"

Elyse managed to dodge Jayden as he reached for her, standing up awkwardly. Feeling guilty, she announced, "Well, today's massage is over. Have a good rest. I'm leaving now."

Jayden's icy stare sent a chill down her spine, making her flee without a second glance.

"Now you want to run away?"

It was the first time Jayden had felt so humiliated, and

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anger simmered within him. Without a second thought, he  
boarded his wheelchair and chased after her.

This was his house—where could Elyse possibly hide? She  
had made a blunder, and now she had to face the  
consequences.

Elyse hurried to the living room on the first floor. Driscoll  
noticed her descending the stairs and approached with a  
warm smile. "What would you like to drink?"

Still flustered from her encounter, Elyse just wanted to  
distance herself from the situation. "Some coffee, please."

Driscoll nodded, misreading her flushed face as a sign of  
romantic flirtation. He mused to himself that perhaps a  
baby might soon be on the way, his smile growing even  
brighter.

After setting off to make the coffee, he encountered  
Jayden coming downstairs just as he finished. "Mr. Owen,"  
he greeted him.

Hearing the sound, Elyse spun around in shock. "Why are  
you here?"