

## Chapter 34 Patching Things Up

In the evening, Elyse stirred from her slumber, blinking in the dim light filtering through the window. Night had fallen, and a glance at her phone revealed it was well past nine.

Stretching her arms to dispel the numbness, she noticed the bedroom door creak open.

Jayden wheeled himself in slowly, his face bathed in the soft glow of moonlight. Despite the tranquil scene, his eyes betrayed a simmering anger as they locked onto Elyse, who was taken aback by his presence.

"You've been upset with me for the past two hours. Quite bold of you, isn't it? No dinner until I've pacified you?" he remarked, his voice firm.

As he drew nearer, Elyse felt her anxiety heighten. Instinctively, she retreated, eventually finding herself backed into a corner, her gaze pleading. "I... I simply dozed off accidentally. Skipping dinner wasn't my intention," she stammered.

Jayden's stare remained cold. "Elyse, don't think you can sway me by skipping meals. If need be, I have ways to ensure you eat. Best not to provoke me."

Elyse felt a pang of helplessness. Her explanation seemed to fall on deaf ears. She didn't intend to skip dinner. Upon her return to the room hours ago, feeling a bit weary, she promptly drifted off to sleep on the bed.

Seeking solace, she reached out, grasping Jayden's little finger gently. "I know I was wrong. Please don't be angry.

"You're frightening me," she pleaded, her voice tinged with fear.

Observing her distress, Jayden softened slightly. As Elyse looked up at him, her eyes shimmering with unshed tears, he detected a hint of desperation beneath her fear.

"Why so afraid? Are you a child?" he asked, his tone gentler.

Elyse bit her lip, her head drooping in despondency. "You were so aggressive just now, it was really intimidating."

Was it entirely his fault?

Jayden took her hand, his own emotions in check. "Get up and come downstairs to have dinner with me."

"I'm not going. You don't enjoy my cooking!" Elyse protested.

Jayden gazed at her intently. "I'll eat it."

Elyse was taken aback. "What?"

"I said I'll eat what you've prepared," he repeated firmly.

After a brief silence, she replied, "If you don't like it, you can decline."

"Enough talk. Come downstairs now!" Jayden insisted.

With a nod, Elyse rose obediently and followed him downstairs.

In the dining room, the table was set with the dishes she had prepared, still steaming from being reheated. The household staff were absent.

Elyse took a seat beside Jayden and inquired, "Where is everyone else?"

"None of your concern. Just eat," Jayden said tersely.

"Fine," she acquiesced, beginning to eat as instructed.

Jayden fetched a bottle of wine and poured himself a glass. The liquid, a light purple hue, exuded a fragrant aroma.

"Thank you, Jayden," Elyse expressed, her hand cradling her chin as she gazed at him.

No one had ever extended such kindness to her before. Jayden was the first. It was a feeling of being genuinely cared for. Though his sincerity remained to be proven, she felt content.

"Are you really this thrilled just because I offered some help?" Jayden inquired casually after taking a sip of wine.

"Well, you seem to be my pillar of support," Elyse responded honestly, her eyes gleaming with sincerity.

Jayden hadn't anticipated her directness. There was a purity in her gaze that caught him off guard.

He felt an unexpected pang of guilt. He realized in that moment that she was straightforward and uncomplicated, a trait he couldn't claim for himself.

Noticing the wine Jayden was drinking, Elyse quietly slid her glass toward him. "I'd like to try it too."

"Just a little," Jayden cautioned, pouring her half a glass.

She raised the glass to her nose, inhaling the aroma appreciatively. "It smells delightful. This wine must be exquisite."

"It's Driscoll's homemade fruit wine. You're quite fortunate to taste it," Jayden remarked.

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Taking a sip, Elyse savored the flavor. It was not overpowering, and as it flowed down her throat, a pleasant warmth spread throughout her body.

"This wine is truly exquisite!" she exclaimed.

"You have excellent taste."

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