

Chapter 35 So, Am I A Good Kisser

The phone on the table buzzed, drawing Jayden's attention away from his meal. While engrossed in the message, he failed to notice Elyse pouring herself another glass of wine and quietly savoring it.

When he finally looked up after finishing his message, he was greeted by her flushed face and shining eyes. His gaze fell upon the wine bottle, positioned just inches away from its original place.

Calmly, Jayden questioned, "Tell me honestly, how many glasses did you have?"

Elyse, despite gesturing five with her fingers, confidently replied, "Just three glasses."

"Do you realize how potent this wine is? Even I wouldn't have three glasses in one sitting," Jayden remarked.

Elyse shook her head, leaning closer to him and speaking softly. "I was just feeling so happy. That's why I had a few extra glasses."

Jayden, amused by her drunken state, decided to tease her. "How happy exactly?"

"Well, there's your assistance, the removal of online rumors, and your hopeful recovery after massages," Elyse said with a giggle.

"So you're only happy about those things," Jayden noted with a smirk.

Observing Elyse in her softened state, he found her remarkably alluring. With a playful gesture, he reached out and gently pinched her cheek.

"I'm not the man I once was. Now I'm just a cripple. Don't bother with any massage offers. I've grown accustomed to the pitying looks," he confessed, his tone tinged with resignation.

She grasped his arm, a look of concern etched on her face. "No, you can stand up. Once we achieve it, we'll demonstrate to everyone and prove them wrong."

"Do you think standing up will be that easy for me?" Jayden countered.

"We'll work on rehabilitation. I'll give you massages and help with your therapy every day. We'll persevere until we succeed," Elyse insisted, her eyes shining with optimism.

Jayden gently lifted her chin, his expression tinged with skepticism. "Rehabilitation might be a lifelong journey for me. Are you prepared to commit to that for the rest of your life?"

With a blurry gaze, she tilted her head, pondering his words. "For the rest of my life?"

Jayden found it hard to believe that someone would genuinely offer such unwavering support. He couldn't shake the pessimistic notion that her dedication might wane over time.

"Then for the rest of my life! I'd gladly spend it as your wife," she declared, her tone resolute.

Jayden regarded her in astonishment. How could she be so willing to commit to a disabled man like him for life? Did she truly understand the magnitude of her words?

"Jayden, while I'm committed to being your wife forever, you do have your flaws. Can you work on those too?" Elyse added, her lips forming a playful pout, her eyes brimming with reproach.

Jayden cast a casual glance at her and inquired, "What flaws are we talking about here?"

Elyse responded, "You mentioned that my cooking isn't up to par."

Jayden chuckled. "We have a chef on staff. You needn't bother with cooking in the future. I'd like to extend my lifespan a few more years."

"You're just teasing. I'm actually quite skilled in the kitchen!" Elyse retorted.

"And your cooking prowess matches your kissing technique. Was I your first kiss?" Jayden teased further.

Elyse felt a pang of nervousness. "I'm a great kisser!" she defended herself, fearing Jayden wouldn't believe her.

Seeking reassurance, she leaned in for a kiss before he could say more. Jayden, restraining his emotions, allowed her to kiss him briefly.

Only when she pulled away did Jayden slowly open his eyes, gazing at the audacious woman before him with a steady gaze.

"So, am I a good kisser? Nothing to say now, huh?" Elyse remarked, sporting a smug smile and wiping her lips. There was no trace of saliva. She hadn't kissed him sloppily.

As she rose to leave for her room, Jayden halted her in her tracks. Turning back, she found herself enveloped in his embrace.

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"You..." she began, but before she could finish, Jayden gently pressed the back of her head, and their lips met once more.

Elyse closed her eyes nervously, feeling Jayden's assertive tongue matching his personality even in the intimacy of their kiss. She found herself unable to resist him in the slightest.

The dining room fell into a hushed tranquility. Elyse could distinctly hear the soft sounds of their kisses intermingling. As she drifted into a daze, a peculiar sensation gradually overwhelmed her senses, and she found herself completely immersed in the moment.

Sensing Elyse's erratic breathing, Jayden realized he needed to ease the intensity. His fervent kiss morphed into a tender caress, the intertwining of their lips and the gentle play of their teeth.

Breaking away from the kiss, he paused, observing the slightly parted lips of the woman in his arms as she gasped for air. Her eyes now bore a mix of confusion and a hint of desire fueled by their intimacy.

Lifting his gaze, Jayden brushed away a stray strand of hair from Elyse's mouth with his thumb. "That's how you kiss. Your technique, on the other hand, resembles that of a dog licking."

The combined effects of alcohol and their passionate embrace had left Elyse in a haze, her mind clouded. She gazed at Jayden for a prolonged moment before tilting her head and sinking into his embrace.

Cradling her in his arms, Jayden smirked. "You're no seasoned drinker, yet you seem to enjoy the wine. Quite the paradox, aren't you?"

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Jaylen stood up with Elyse in his arms and carried her to
her room. After ensuring she was comfortably settled in
bed, he quietly left for the study.

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