

Chapter 21 You Should Consider Being My Real Wife

Watching Jayden interact with the woman, Elyse couldn't shake the feeling that he had a hand in orchestrating the chaos.

"The wedding will be canceled. Let's go back." Jayden gently patted the back of her hand, and they left the chaotic venue.

Once seated in his luxury car, Elyse raised the partition and questioned, "Do you know that woman?"

Jayden fiddled with his ring and replied, "Why would you think that?"

"I saw how she interacted with you," Elyse pressed, her voice tinged with surprise. "You planned this disruption, didn't you?"

"You're overthinking it. Do you really think I have that much free time?" Jayden looked at the excited Elyse and explained, "That woman needed to get into the hotel, and I simply asked someone to assist her. That's all there was to it."

"Oh, I see. I almost believed you had orchestrated the entire event."

"I don't need to scheme against Xander. He's perfectly capable of creating his own problems," Jayden remarked.

"That's true," Elyse agreed, nodding. "It's the first time I've seen someone so foolish. Does he have many children with different women?"

"I don't know how many children he has out there. I only know that his family will be the talk of the town tomorrow. The scandal will likely hurt their stock price, and Egan Brooks will be livid."

As he finished speaking, something occurred to him. He turned to Elyse and said, "You conducted yourself well at the wedding today. You didn't embarrass me. What would you like as a reward?"

After a brief pause, Elyse smiled and replied, "I don't need a gift. It's my role as your wife to uphold your dignity and honor."

"Then, let me give you a credit card. How much would you like?" he offered.

"I don't want money. Please, don't give me money," Elyse responded earnestly.

Jayden fell silent, puzzled by her refusal of money. He couldn't help but wonder if she was putting on an act to show she wasn't interested in money.

Having met her parents, who were both greedy and stingy, he suspected she might share these traits as their daughter. Yet, having spent the past few days with her, he felt she seemed different from her parents. What was going on?

Jayden speculated that perhaps she was just being hypocritical, influenced by her parents. It seemed unlikely she could genuinely be kind-hearted. Unless, of course, she hadn't inherited those traits from her parents.

Shocked by his own thoughts, he dismissed them. They were, after all, her parents!

Puzzled, he rubbed his forehead and exclaimed irritably, "I just wanted to give you something. Why do you always refuse me?"

"Because I'm your 'fake' wife. I don't deserve your money," Elyse explained.

"Then maybe you should consider being my real wife," Jayden suggested.

"What?" Elyse was taken aback, wondering if she had misheard. Did he really suggest that?

Jayden's reasoning was straightforward. Elyse was currently the most suitable wife for him. If she could maintain her kind façade for a lifetime, it might not be such a bad idea to stay married to her permanently. She was manageable, and he felt no need to consider her feelings deeply.

Unbeknownst to Jayden, this thought contradicted his initial impression of Elyse when they first met.

Elyse, unaware of Jayden's contemplations, felt a sense of acceptance. The care and love she had lacked since childhood seemed within reach. She wasn't certain if he was serious, but his words genuinely made her happy.

"This isn't just a reward for how well you handled yourself at the wedding but also a thank you for the massage." Suddenly, Jayden whispered in her ear, "Shouldn't I reward you for all your efforts?"

Elyse was caught off guard and blushed deeply. She pursed her lips and pushed him away, protesting shyly yet indignantly, "Stop it, your pervert!"

Jayden sneered, tilted his head back, and lounged against the seat, teasing her, "Pervert? You even poked my manhood. I'm the one being taken advantage of."

He was being taken advantage of?

Wide-eyed and furious, Elyse glared at him. She was absolutely livid!

