



53 The predator and its prey. 1

Arwen no longer knew what she should say that wouldn't make her feel awkwardly embarrassed. 1

Of course, he was right. It would have been kind of awkward for her to remove his shirt. But didn't he realize that seeing him standing without it would be more awkward?

Her eyes trailed down, noting his fairly muscular chest and then his washboard abs, the ridges appealing to her in a way she hadn't expected. At least, not this soon. For Heaven's sake, even if she was his wife, she had just taken on that role a day ago. How could she feel such strong desire for him so soon? What would he think? 3

"Do you have a problem?" Aiden voice cut through her thoughts.

Arwen snapped out of her daze, realizing she had been staring at his half-naked body for far too long to be considered decent. She mentally face-palmed before shaking her head. "No, I was just trying to recall the right process for giving a sponge bath," she lied, and Aiden smirked



meaningfully, but said nothing.

As she set the basin of water to the side, she stepped closer, though maintaining a safe distance. "I should begin," she said. "Let me know if you feel uncomfortable anywhere."

Aiden nodded as Arwen dipped the washcloth into the soapy water and began to gently scrub his front. Her hands moved from his neck, slowly down his arms, and then to his torso. No matter how careful she tried to be, her fingers brushed his skin a few times, as though they had a mind of their own, refusing to follow her command.

"I—I am sorry. It's kusr really soapy. I will wipe it clean first," she mumbled, her face flushed red as she avoided meeting his gaze. She quickly switched to a clean washcloth to wipe away the soap. But just as she pressed it to his chest, Aiden's hand covered, stopping her movement.

Her heart thudded at the unexpected touch, and her skin tingled as if it were burning. But it was a burn she didn't want to put out—it felt oddly pleasurable. She looked up, only to find his chestnut brows staring deeply into hers.

"Are you uncomfortable somewhere?" she asked,

blinking.

Aiden shook his head. "You are my wife and you have gotten all the rights over everything I have—including me and also my body. I want to remind you, just in case you have forgotten," he said, his voice low as he held his gaze, guiding her hands over his body. 3

Arwen hadn't notice it at first, but this time, when her hand moved over his chest, she felt his heart beating just as hard as hers. Could he also feel the same pull that she was feeling? The torturous, yet uncontainable, attraction?

"Will you remember this now?" Aiden voice was deeper than usual, filled with desire. 1

Spellbound under his gaze, Arwen nodded in response. Then, she felt a gentle tug on her wrist, pulling her a step closer.

"Your silence speaks volumes, but still I require you to use your words, Moon," he murmured, and Arwen looked up at him a little startled with the name he had called her. "Will you remember it now?" 8

"Yes," she whispered, her gaze drifting to his



lips.

Aiden's desire surged, but before he could lose control, he pulled back. "That's enough for today. I will handle the rest. You go and get freshen up." He feared that if he let her stay any longer, he might not be able to hold back. He was already on the brink, and any more temptation would snap his control.

Arwen was also pulled from her reverie, realizing what she had been wordlessly asking for. Her face turned scarlet, and she couldn't look at him. "Fine then, I will go," she said quickly. She turned to leave but took a step in the wrong direction, flustered. Finally she rushed toward the closet to grab her things and fled to the bathroom.

Aiden sighed, watching her leave as if her tail were on fire. Did she even realize that her reaction only made things worse? The more she acted like prey, the harder it became for him to control himself from becoming the predator she needed. The predator who would get his prey, no matter what it took. 3

Closing his eyes, Aiden shook his head and

muttered to himself, "Moon, you are going to be the death of me!" With a resigned sigh, he pulled his shirt on and left to for another room. He couldn't ignore the mess he caused himself in process of teasing her. 4

Meanwhile, inside the bathroom, Arwen still was not able to calm herself down. Everything felt so overwhelming that she could hardly make sense of it. The desire she had felt just now was unlike anything she had experienced before. The only relief was that Aiden was her husband and not a stranger. Otherwise, she would have gone insane.

"Arwen, what's wrong with you? Why are your hormones getting so out of control? You never behaved like this before —not even after staying engaged with Ryan for so many years. Then what's wrong with you now? Have you been so deprived that now, you simply can't wait?" Arwen chided herself, staring at her reflection in the mirror. The whirlwind of emotions she had just experienced was still very fresh on her face.

"Have you thought what he would think of you if you act so desperate? What if he takes it in wrong way?"



"Let him!" A bold voice from within encouraged her to be carefree, startling her. "He is your husband. You can afford to be careless around him. He seems reliable enough handle everything, especially you and your desires. Didn't he make that clear to you today?" 2

Arwen thought about for a moment and nodded to her inner voice. He did make that clear. But still, could she really let go her guards? What if he blames as Ryan did? Could she believe him to not be the same? 1