

55 Kiss me the promise.

The next morning, Arwen began to stir from her sleep, but the lingering laziness kept her from leaving the comfort of the bed. Pressing her cheek deeper into the soft pillow, she tried to get more comfortable. But suddenly, she shifted slightly, feeling something poking underneath her. 1

Her brows furrowed a little. But before she could contemplate anything, she heard a very, very familiar voice of warning.

"Moon, you shouldn't be stirring something you can't handle."

Aiden's gruff voice rumbled, the vibration reverberating in her ears. A shiver ran down her spine when she realized what could be poking her. She dared not move.

But wait a minute—why was she lying on top of him? Her sleeping habits were quite proper and appropriate. There was no way she would have moved this much in her sleep. Then what happened last night?



As if answering her confusion, flashes from the previous night began coming back to her.

"You are my wife, Moon. With me around, you will never be unloved," Aiden had said before soothing her to sleep. He had held her in his arms before lying down on his back. And she had felt so comfortable that she hadn't been able to bring herself to move.

Remembering last night's events, Arwen closed her eyes and silently cursed her boldness. While she had enjoyed the comfort of his arms, she hadn't prepared herself for the consequence that would follow in the daylight?

"Still not planning to let go?" Aiden asked, his voice playful.

Arwen turned to look at him, and for a moment, her breath hitched at the sight his handsome face so close to hers. But not wanting to make the situation more awkward than it already was, she forced herself to regain the composure. "I didn't mean to cause you any discomfort. But thank you for helping me last night ... and also for this," she said, gesturing to the position they were lying in.

Aiden smiled, resting on hand behind his head.
"Is that all you are going to do to show your gratitude? Just a simple thank you?"

Arwen immediately shook her head. "Not at all. I will —"

"Kiss me," he interrupted, and Arwen blinked, not quite understanding. "Kiss me the promise, Moon," he repeated, leaving her confused.

"Kiss you a promise?"

Aiden nodded. "Use your kiss to seal the promise I asked you for last night."

Did he ask her a promise? Arwen couldn't remember. But even if she didn't, she couldn't bring herself to refuse. Especially when he called her 'Moon'. Every time he used that name, she felt inexplicable surge of confidence within her, as if that name had the power to lift her spirits. 1

"What promise did you ask for?" she inquired.

"The promise to let me love you. To make you see that you are not unloved, but that not everyone is capable of loving you as you deserve. To show you how the people around



you have failed, and how you deserve so much more." 5

Arwen's heart pounded at his words as she lean in to his touch that was slowly tugging the stray strands of her hair behind her ears. People often said to believe actions, not words. Yet, somehow, his words alone held all her trust. Without realizing it, she was already nodding.

The next thing she knew, her breath was stolen away. His lips crashed against hers, Arwen was dumbfounded.

"This?" she tried to speak in between, but her attempt gave Aiden the chance he needed. He slipped his tongue into her mouth, teasing her playfully until she gave in to him. Her hands pressed against his chest, while his arms tightened around her waist, ensuring she stayed away from his arousal—mindful not to trigger anything she might not be ready for.

Aiden finally let her go just before she might have run out of breath. Arwen looked up at him, still a little dazed.

"Kiss me a promise, Moon," he repeated. "I won't feel at ease with anything less. Let me know you

will allow me to do all that's needed to be done."

"Why, though?" Arwen asked, still puzzled by his determination to do so much for her. He had already done more than enough by helping her escape her engagement. Making amends for something that wasn't his fault wasn't his responsibility. So, why?

"Because I am your husband. And it's my responsibility to make you believe that you deserve nothing less than a world."

Arwen was about to remind him that their marriage had been impulsive and that she didn't want to burden him. But the look in his eyes made her pause. There was an intensity there, a sincerity that tugged at her desire to be selfish for once.

She gave in to the longing. The longing to be loved and cared for. "Though this way of sealing a promise seems odd, I promise," she said before leaning forward to peck his lips.

Aiden's pupils dilated a little in surprise, but it vanished too quickly for Arwen to laugh at it.

Meanwhile, the internet was in an uproar. As the



day began, more people started receiving penalty notices from the court, and the city buzzed with commotion. Everyone knew what had happened outside Cralens Care Hospital the previous day, but no one had expected the subsequent fallout.

Gianna hadn't returned to the city yet, but while scrolling through the internet, her brows furrowed in concern. She quickly dialled Arwen's number, but it was busy. She tried again—still busy. Frustrated, she was about to book an urgent flight when her phone rang.

Seeing it was Arwen calling, Gianna wasted no time answering. "Arwen, did you get hurt? Are you okay?"

"Gianna, I am fine. There is nothing to worry about." Arwen replied, but Gianna wasn't convinced.

"Don't lie to me, Wennie. This trip is not important as you. If you are at the hospital, I should be there with you."

"Hospital?" Arwen repeated, confused. "Anna, I am not at the hospital. I am at home, and I am all fine and good. If you don't believe me, you can



video call me, and I will show you."

"You think I won't," Gianna replied, sounding suspicious, before quickly adding, "If you are really fine, how did your mother take such a bold step against everyone?"

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Scarlet_Shine

Creator's Thoughts

