



## 62 It's perfect.

Once they were done, Jacob gestured for his team to leave first. While they exited, he stood leisurely and extended his hand to Arwen. "It was nice meeting you today. I will proceed with the case and get back to you soon," he said, smiling. Arwen also stood to respond, but before she could take his hand, Aiden stepped beside her and handled the formality himself. 1

"You are welcome, Jacob. I hope you won't disappoint us," Aiden said

Finding Aiden's possessiveness pretty amusing, Jacob raised his brows but said nothing. "I won't let anything ruin my record, you know that, Ade." Smirking at Aiden, he turned back to Arwen and smiled. "This definitely won't be our last meeting, Arwen. See you soon. Aiden might be busy at times but don't worry, we can hang around without him," he teased, making it sound deliberately ambiguous.

Arwen sense the tease and held back a chuckle. She glanced at Aiden, who nonchalant. If not for his arm wrapped around her waist, she might



have really thought he wasn't bothered at all. But that subtle gesture spoke volumes and it intrigued her.

"Sure. We can do that sometimes. I wouldn't mind." Arwen replied, and Jacob nodded before looking at Aiden with a grin. "Great. Isn't it, Ade?"

If looks could kill, Jacob would have been dead. But since it couldn't, he didn't mind the bone-chilling gaze Aiden was giving him. He was enjoying seeing how much he had managed to get under Aiden's skin. 3

Aiden, however, remained composed. His tone smooth as he responded, "I am sure you two could —if there's is ever a moment when I am not around." His eyes shifted briefly to Arwen before returning to Jacob. "But you know some things are meant to be exclusive ...and I don't tend to share what's mine." 2

Arwen coughed, completely unprepared for that statement. She had been enjoying the playful exchange until Aiden made it sound so serious. Meanwhile, Jacob was momentarily speechless. He thought he had succeeded in irritating Aiden,





but apparently , it wasn't that easy.

"Emyr, Mr. Thorne's team must be waiting for him. I will leave you to escort him out," Aiden said before turning to Arwen, gesturing towards the door, "Let's go to my office."

Arwen, still a little in a slight daze, nodded and let Aiden escort her out of the conference room.

As Jacob watched them leave, he finally recovered from the verbal jab Aiden has delivered. "Has he been like this all this time?" he asked Emyr, clearly still processing what had just happened.

Emyr, now accustomed to such situation, smiled and nodded. "Ever since Madam appeared, it's been like this."

Jacob shook his head and patted Emyr's shoulder. "Good luck, buddy. Life is going to be tough for you. Hope you get more used to it soon." 8

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From the conference room Aiden led Arwen directly to his office. Once inside, he closed the





door behind them. Arwen turned to ask him something, but before she could get the words out, Aiden kissed her ravenously. 5

One of his arms held her by her waist, pulling her close, while the other cupped her cheek, angling her head perfectly. This kiss took her by surprise. Though it wasn't uncomfortable, it did make her heart race. Her lips were soft against hers, but the intensity of the kiss felt like he was reassuring himself of something.

As they kissed, he pushed her deeper in his office, all the while keeping her enclosed in his embrace. Arwen didn't realize where they were going until she felt the edge of the desk behind her. Aiden gently leaned her back against it, her hand falling flat on the surface.

"You are my wife," he said, and Arwen wasn't sure how to respond. His words felt less like declaration and more like self assurance, as if he needed to remind himself. She had questions — curiosity about what had hurt him so deeply in the past that he reacted so intensely to a simple joke. 2

Even a fool could tell that Jacob had no romantic





interest in her. He was merely teasing Aiden and Aiden knew this too. Then why?

"I-I have thought it over," Arwen said, seizing the moment when he paused, slightly calming down.

Aiden pulled back, his brows furrowing with curiosity. What did you think about?"

"You asked me to come up a name for you, something that would make you feel the same way I do when you call me 'Moon.'" Arwen responded.

Aiden's gaze deepened. "And what did you decide?"

Arwen smiled, gently pushing him back so she could regain her posture. "Would you be okay if I called you 'husband'? I know it's quite simple, but I feel it suits you better. You are —" 1

"It's perfect." Aiden interrupted, before she could finish.

Though Arwen had given it a serious thought, she still wasn't sure if it was the right choice. It seemed too simple, almost lacking the effort she had wanted to put into it.

"Really?" she asked, searching his face to see if he was truly okay with it. Aiden didn't hesitate. He pressed a kiss to her forehead and hummed in response.

"Nothing could be more perfect," he said, wrapping his arms around her. Arwen's head rested against his chest, and she could hear the rhythm of his heartbeat —fast, unsteady, and racing, as if trying to accept something as real.

"Your employees seemed shocked earlier. Why did you do that?" Arwen asked, shifting the conversation slowly.

Aiden pulled back and answered simply, "They should know you."

"But I thought we would be keep it low-profile since our marriage didn't exactly start under ideal circumstances. I assumed you might not to —"

"There could have been no better ideal situation than the one we shared," Aiden said firmly, his brows knitting slightly. "And there is no way I would ever keep our relationship a secret. It's everything but that. You are my wife and I want the whole fu\*king world to know it." 7



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His words rang in her ears. Arwen stared at him for a moment, processing what he had said. She hadn't planned on hiding their relationship either but something about the intensity in his tone left her a bit confused.

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**Scarlet\_Shine**

Creator's Thoughts