

77 Nothing to be confident about.

Arwen panicked when she felt his warmth pulling away. She wanted to shake her head, to stop him, but he had already turned his head away. Desperation swelled inside her, and before she knew it, her fingers had already clasped onto his pullover, pulling him closer than before.

Aiden was taken by surprise —or perhaps he just feigned it on his expression. "What are you doing?" he asked, furrowing his brows in confusion.

She stared into his eyes and then whispered softly, "T-this doesn't make me uncomfortable. You never did, nor does your closeness." Her face flushed with hue of deep red, revealing just how nervous she was about her boldness.

It took everything in Aiden to hold himself back. His gaze darkened with an urge, a desire, the kind that only this woman lying beneath him, could stir in him. "You mean—" he began with a voice groggily deep, but his words paused in the

mid when he felt her fingers grip his pullover harder.

"Kiss me, husband," she commanded softly, and that was all the permission Aiden needed. 1

His lips crashed onto hers with one swift motion, letting her feel every ounce of passion she had asked for. The kiss was both intense and tender —sparking a slow-burning flame. He held himself above her with one arm, while his other hand tangled in her hair, tilting her head just enough to deepen the kiss. "Let me in," he murmured against her lips, demanding entrance, which she eagerly granted. 1

Their tongues danced with perfect chemistry, stirring a passionate battle that sent sparks through both of them. Arwen felt as though she was losing herself in his touch. Her hand found his chest, pulling him closer as though he were the very air she needed to survive. Every movement deepened their connection, the bond of their souls.

Arwen forgot to breathe until Aiden finally pulled away, leaving both of them gasping for air.

Resting his forehead against hers, he let his hot

breath fan against her ears while he struggled to calm the desire she once again ignited within him.

"I know this feels rushed," Aiden whispered with a voice thick with emotion. "And maybe it is. Because when it comes to you, Moon, I can hardly hold back. You make me unleash the darkest desire that even I am not sure of. So, we will take this one step at a time. Even if it feels fast, we will unfold it slowly ... together. Okay?"

Arwen nodded, unsure of exactly what he meant, but willing to follow wherever he led. Her trust in him only seemed to be growing with each passing day, with each passing second. "What are we doing next?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

Aiden opened his eyes, gazing down at her flushed face. Just seeing her like this made him want to lose himself in her all over again. But he forced himself to breathe deeply, pulling himself off her before wrapping her in his arms. "For now ... let's just sleep."

Arwen blinked, surprised. Was that all? "Just sleep? Are you sure?"



He chuckled softly as his arms tightened around her. "I am sure ... unless you are ready for an all-nighter." When he felt her bury her face in his chest to hide her embarrassment, he smirked. "Like I said, Moon, I can hardly hold back around you. So only unleash me when you are ready to take all of me. Until then I will settle for these small treats."

"You are shameless," Arwen muttered, trying to pull away, but he held her firmly.

"Gladly, around you, Moon," Aiden replied with a grin, reaching out to pinch her cheeks gently.

"Now, sleep, before I change my mind." He stroked her hair softly, and before long, Arwen drifted off to sleep in the safety of his embrace.

Arwen didn't know when she fell asleep last night, but it hadn't taken long. The next morning when she woke up, she was no longer in the comforting arms of Aiden, though the memories of the night before were still fresh. Stretching, she glanced around the room. The faint sounds from the bathroom made it clear that Aiden hadn't left for the office yet.



Turning on her side, she reached out to check her phone. Scrolling through it, she noticed the wave on the internet against her from the previous day had died down already. Now, most of the blame had shifted on Delyth, with people accusing her of being the instigator behind everything. Some were even saying she deserved the pain and suffering she was going through.

As Arwen read through the comments, she couldn't help but wonder how Delyth was reacting to it all. Just as the thought crossed her mind, her phone rang in her hand, making her frown. The tug between her brows only deepened when she read Delyth's name flashing across her screen.

Without hesitation, she rejected the call. But just a few seconds later, her phone rang again. She rejected it for the second time, only for it to ring for the third time. Knowing that it wouldn't stop until she picked up the call, Arwen reluctantly answered. 1

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And she heard Delyth huff arrogantly on the other end. "Arwen, do you really think you are in a position to reject my call?"

"Didn't I just do it twice? Want me to do it again, to prove that I can?" Arwen's voice came out a clear warning. 1

"Arwen, don't act so confident. Not in front of me. We both know you have nothing to be confident about," Delyth said, but Arwen only chuckled, making Delyth pause.

"Are you sure about that, Delyth?" Arwen asked, before continuing, "Because as far as I remember, I have always had everything that's needed to be confident. Unlike you, who can't even breathe without depending on others. Do you need me to remind you of the details?" 4