



## 91 A ring. 1

The next day morning, 1

Aiden was sitting and waiting for Arwen to join him for breakfast when he saw her emerging from the closet with a velvet box in her hand.

"What's that?" he asked.

Arwen had thought that he was waiting downstairs, but hearing his voice so close surprised her. "Oh, you are here. I thought you would be waiting at the dining table."

Aiden did reply immediately; his eyes were fixed on the velvet box in her hand which Arwen soon noticed.

Glancing down at the ring inside, she turned it towards him and said, "This is the Foster family's heirloom. Ryan, my ex-fiancé's mother, gave to me. But now, I don't think I hold a position to wear it, so ..." Before she could finish, Aiden interrupted.

"Did you like that ring?"



"Huh?" Arwen looked up at him, confused. But when she saw the deep furrow in his brows, she understood what he was asking. Laughing softly, she walked up to him and said, "I am no longer Ryan's fiancée, husband. I brought it out so that I could go and return it to Aunt Beca."

"Here," she showed him the ruby ring, "It's beautiful, isn't it?"

Aiden glanced at the ring and nodded with a hum. "If you like it, you can keep it," he said, and Arwen's eyes widened in surprise at his words.

Closing the box, she tipped his chin up. "Say that again," she demanded as if warning him to repeat those words again. But seeing the grumbling expression on Aiden's face, she blinked, trying to hold back her laughter. He looked like a kid who had just been badly upset. 1

"Wait, you can't possibly be jealous, can you?" she teased.

Aiden looked away, and Arwen felt butterflies in her stomach. No one had ever gotten jealous over her before, so she wasn't sure what it felt like. But now that he was behaving like this, she knew —it felt both exciting and fun.



Composing herself, she sat down in front of him, dipping her head a little to catch his eyes. "Are you sure, you wouldn't mind if I wear it on my finger all the time." 1

"Ask the the Fosters how much they want for it. We will buy it from them," Aiden said simply, without looking away from his laptop. If she likes it, he wouldn't let her feel sad. 1

If Arwen had any doubts before, they were gone now. It did bother him but he was ready to comply if she didn't want to part from the ring. Fighting back a smile, she shrugged. "I don't think that will be necessary. Aunt Beca treats me like her daughter. She wouldn't mind sharing one of her beautiful pieces with me. All I have to do is say I like it, and I will get to wear it."

As soon as she finished speaking, she froze. Aiden's cold gaze locked her in place, and for a moment, she forgot to breathe.

"To hell, I will let you wear something that has got another man's name engraved in it," Aiden growled, pulling her close until she was almost flush against him. "Moon, if you wear something so intimate as a ring, then it carries only my





name engraved in it so that both you and the world know who you belong to." 1

Arwen's breath hitched, her pulse racing at the sheer force of his words. The raw emotion in his eyes left her momentarily speechless, and yet she couldn't resist teasing him just a little. "But didn't you say, I can keep it?" she asked, her voice soft but playful.

Aiden's grip tightened subtly. "I suggested buying it from them because you see attached to it," he replied, his voice lowering to gravelly whisper. His eyes darkened further, searching her face as though her response held the response to her unspoken question.

Arwen's lips curled up in a tender, slow smile. She reached up, gently cupping his face, brushing her finger over his skin. "I never said I liked it, husband," she murmured, her voice warm and intimate.

She stepped back slightly, straightening her posture, before opening the box again. "It's a beautiful ring, indeed. But it's not meant for me. I don't feel connected to it the way you think. I have worn it for so long that it's just ...a habit.



Without it my finger feels empty, that's all."

She paused, her eyes softening as she met his intense ones. "But if you think that wearing someone else makes me belong any less to you, then I will never wear

She then looked up at him. "So, husband, you don't have to get jealous over such a small thing. If wearing someone else's ring makes me belong less to you, then I would happily not wear it. Because I want to belong to you. I belong to you, husband, same as you belong to me." 1

Aiden stared at her, his expression shifting from possessiveness to something deeper — something far more vulnerable.

He reached out for her hand, gently taking the velvet box from her and closing it with a decisive snap. "Moon," he said softly, his voice mixed with warmth and authority, "you never belonged to anyone else. Not truly. And you never will. I won't give anyone that chance to steal you away from me. Not ever." 2

He then took her hand to his lips and brushed a kiss over her knuckles. His words sounded deep, and Arwen felt it too. But before she could think





about it, Alden shifted her attention.

"Let's go get you a ring tomorrow."

Arwen raised a brow. "A ring?" she asked, and Alden glanced down at her finger.

"Yes, a ring. Your finger shouldn't miss something that wasn't worth it," he said with a small smirk. Arwen chuckled at his nonchalant tone. Rubies were among the rarest gemstones, and not to mention, this particular piece was Forster family's heirloom —one of the most valuable of its kind. Yet here he was, dismissing it as if it were meaningless.

But then again, she learnt something important about him today —he was possessive as hell. "Fine," she teased, "then I will expect something even more beautiful than this. Let's see what you get me."

