

98 You are a big tease.

"Where is Moon?" Aiden asked the butler as soon as he returned back home. His eyes already moved to scan the room, searching for her while clearly noticing her absence. 1

Mr Jones, long accustomed to this ritual, smiled and replied, "Madam is in her practice room. She had asked us to let her know when you come back home."

"That wouldn't be required," Aiden responded smoothly while slipping off his jacket and handing it to the butler to keep. "I will go to her myself."

With that, he strode in the direction of the practice room.

After the long day away, this was the moment he craved —the moment when he could return to her. After craving it for years, it had finally become the daily routine that brought him to his kind peace.

As he entered the practice room, the sight of Arwen gracefully stretching caught him off

guard. She moved fluidly, moving her slender legs, extending them into a perfect lunge —each motion was controlled, yet seemed effortless. Her breath also came slow and steady, making his chest tighten at her sight.

Aiden's heart skipped a beat. He knew she was beautiful, the best among all. But right at that moment, with her undeniable elegance, she looked breathtaking. His gaze lingered on his figure without him realizing, admiring the strength and vulnerability in her posture.

"You are practicing?" he asked, his voice as low and soft as though he feared disturbing the moment. He hadn't realized that he had held his breath for a while before.

Arwen blinked before looking up, a flicker of surprise passing through her gaze, but then her lips curled into a teasing smile. "Yes, needed to bring this room in use sooner. I couldn't wait."

Aiden's eyes traced her movements, and after a moment, he slowly began uncuffing his sleeves and rolling them up to his arms. The quiet rustle of his shirt, filled the air, pulling Arwen's attention like a magnet. Her gaze held curiosity,

but his sight like that soon ignited something else in her eyes.

Her voice came out more breathless than she intended. "What are you doing?" she asked.

Aiden didn't answer. Instead, he stepped closer and knelt beside her. "Let me help you," he offered, leaning to rest his hands on her waist. His touch was warm, which grounded her, yet it sent a tremor through her at the same time. There was something deeply intimate about the way his fingers pressed against her skin, guiding her into a deeper stretch.

The space between them buzzed with unspoken tension. Arwen's heart fluttered, and her breath caught, feeling the weight of his closeness. His breath slowly brushed her ear, sending shivers down her spine.

"Breathe with me," Aiden whispered, his voice soft yet commanding. The strain of control in his tone was impossible to miss, as though he was holding something back—holding himself back.

Arwen instinctively leaned into him, following his lead. Their breaths synchronized while their shared movements amplified the tension

simmering between them.

As she leaned forward into another stretch, Aiden's hands slid lower, following the curve of her back, teasingly. His fingertips grazed her skin with just enough pressure to make her gasp softly.

Arwen breath hitched. Closing her eyes, she surrendered to the sensation of his body guiding hers.

"You are pushing yourself too hard," Aiden whispered, his concern evident in his voice, yet an unmistakable sensuality lingered beneath. His words wrapped around her like a velvet caress, making her knees weak, melting her slowly.

Arwen turned her head slightly. Her breath hitched when their eyes met. Time seemed to have paused for a moment, making the world fade away slowly and gradually. His hands lingered at her hips, and as she shifted, their bodies brushed in a way that made them feel the sparks through their souls.

"Are you underestimating my limits, husband?" she asked, her eyes daring him with something both dangerous and intoxicating. She wasn't



sure she was ready for what she was tempting him into, but the thrill of it ignited a fire in her.

Aiden chuckled softly in response, his eyes darkening with desire that he no longer bothered to mask. Not giving her a chance to back away, he stepped closer, his hands sliding down to the small of her back, pulling her gently but firmly against him.

Arwen gasped, her hands instinctively resting on his chest. The steady beat of his heart thrummed beneath her fingertips, grounding her in a moment that felt far too fleeting.

"Of all people, I would never underestimate you, Moon. Try me and you would know how far I am willing to go to prove it," Aiden said, his voice rougher now, thick with seductive promise that sent a shiver down Arwen's spine.

Arwen's breath hitched, and her rationality felt slipping away, melting in the heat of him. Just when she was about to lose herself, she caught the last thread of her self-control, her palms pressing firmly against his chest.

"I think I have exercised enough for today," she said, her voice quieter, laced with the

uncertainty that she didn't want him to know. She looked away, trying to avoid meeting his gaze.

But Aiden didn't let her escape so easily. Tilting her chin up, he gently forced her to look at him. "Oh really? I thought we were just getting started."

Arwen parted her lips to respond, but when she saw his gaze flicker down to her mouth, she faltered. She thought he would lean in to kiss her, as he always did, but after a few moments of waiting and realizing he didn't, her brows furrowed, almost involuntarily, in complaint.

When Aiden noticed her expression, he couldn't hold back a smile. He knew exactly what she wanted —and he was more than willing to give it to her ---but this time, he wouldn't make it so easy.

"You want something, Moon?" he asked teasingly.

Arwen glared up at him, fully aware of his playful taunt. She frowned, but said nothing, her pride holding her back.

"You are too stubborn for your own good," Aiden smirked knowingly.

Arwen narrowed her gaze at him. "And you are a big tease."

Aiden raised his brows, his smirk widening, "Isn't that the fun part?" he teased. "Moon, if you want something, either ask for it or take it yourself. Either way, I won't stop you,"

Her eyes narrowed further, the playful spark between them turning into a quiet challenge.

"You want me to ask for the kiss?" she asked as if warning him of the consequences.

Aiden raised his brows, feigning surprise, "Wait, you want a kiss?" 1

