



135 Can you feel it?

Back at Winslow Residence, Arwen stared at the comments and couldn't hold back a chuckle. As she laughed, Alden looked over at her, eyeing her with suspicion. 1

"What are you laughing at?" he asked, and Arwen just shook her head.

"Don't blame me, okay? It was your fault —or rather, the fault of creating your account so late. Now people are doubting if our marriage is even real or if I am just stirring up drama to clear my name." She scrolled further, grinning "Some people think I married an old man just to avoid embarrassment. They are all cooking up stories, trying to guess your identity."

Arwen couldn't ignore Alden's intense gaze. Finally, she looked up from her phone, giving him an innocent look. "What?" she asked. "It's not me; it's what people are saying online. Want to see yourself?"

Alden crossed his arms, leaning back as his eyes studied her. "Is it fun?"

Arwen blinked, feigning innocence. "What? Marrying an old man?" she teased. "Some of



them feel sorry for me, saying I made a long-term mistake by marrying an old CEO just to save face. Apparently, I will never be happy in 'long run'."

Aiden's brow lifted. "You believe them?"

Arwen bit back a smile, shrugging casually, "Who knows? I mean I have read some research that suggests men's ...stamina tends to decrease over time. You know, age and all that." 1

"I am an old man now, am I?" Aiden's voice was low, a hint of challenge in his tone as he stood up, gleaming with a mischievous glint.

"Well," Arwen replied, playing along, "you are a few years older than me, so technically, yes." She set her phone down, standing up just as he approached her, her own eyes sparking with amusement. "Who has to say you won't lose your edge soon?"

"Edge?" he repeated, stepping closer. The warmth of his gaze intensified "Maybe I should prove just how sharp I still am."

Arwen read his thoughts and took a step back, but in her haste, she didn't realize that she just stood up from the couch, and behind her, there wasn't much space.



Arwen's playful smile faltered as she felt lost her balance, and her back hit the couch again in the seated position. She tried to sit up, but before she could, Aiden moved quickly, closing the distance between them. His hands rested on either side of her, trapping her in the place.

She looked up, and the glint in his eyes made her heart skip. He leaned in closer. With his lips hovering just a breath away from hers, he whispered, "What was that you were saying about 'losing my edge?'"

Arwen tried to control her breathing. Biting her lip, she suppressed a smile as she met his gaze. "I was just stating what I read." Her voice was teasing yet soft. "Furthermore, you never took any chance to prove. How would I know things apart from what I read in the reports?"

Aiden's gaze grew even more intense, a flicker of determination flashing across his face as he leaned closer, his voice dropping to a deep murmur. "You want proof?" he asked and Arwen bit lips lightly, trying to hold herself back. His gaze noted her small action and smirked. "Guess I will have to remedy that."

Before Arwen could respond, he let his hand slip behind, pressing his fingers gently at her lower



back, pulling her even closer. The warmth from his touch sent a thrilling jolt through her, and she felt her heart race. She stared into his eyes, which held the spark of playful challenge mixed with something deeper.

"You know, all these words ... but I still haven't seen much action," she murmured, her lips curving up in a soft smile that held a dare for him.

When Aiden saw that a dark glint crossed his gaze. He tried to pull back but, before he could even move, Arwen grabbed him by his collar, pulling him back to her.

"I know you want to give me the time and make me understand what we have between us is deeper. But what if I say that you never had to make that effort?" she said, her voice soft, and coy.

Aiden stared at her as she tried her best to not look away from him. Her cheeks were flushed red. "Things that are obvious don't require evidence, husband. You don't have to prove anything. Every second I spend with you, every little thing that you do for me naturally is enough to let me know that what we share is different. I can feel it every time I stare into your eyes. So,



you don't have to hold back anymore."

Aiden's breath hitched at her words and for a moment, there was heavy silence between them. His gaze softened, his expression shifting from playful to something far more intimate. Looking into her eyes, he asked, "Are you sure?"

Arwen felt her heart flutter, a rush of warmth spreading through her as her pulse quickened. She parted her lips to speak, to tell him that she had never been this certain of anything, but instead, something more instinctive took over her. Without a word, she pulled him closer, letting her hands trace the sharp lines of his jaws.

"Let me know once you feel my surety," she whispered, her voice low and teasing, before she pressed her lips softly against his, letting him feel the depth of connection she could feel with him.

"Can you feel it?" she asked pulling back, her gaze a little dewy.

Aiden's stared down at her before nodding. When Arwen saw him nod, her lips curled up and she moved her arms to wrap it around his neck, more intimately.



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"Great," she said, her voice barely above a whisper but all rich with affection and a hint of desire. "Now that you know, I don't want you to hold back. Let's cherish our moments together."

Aiden's eyes darkened with intensity as he held her gaze, his lips curling in a slow, confident smile. Without another words , he swept her into his arms, lifting her effortlessly as if she weighed nothing at all. 

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