

167 Intimate.

Arwen didn't know what more to say. Pursing her lips, she tilted her head to look at him. "You are just finding excuses to annoy me. Or else, nobody looks adorable when annoyed." 1

"I can't speak for others, but you do look adorable when teased," Aiden replied, and Arwen just looked away, not bothering to argue about that anymore. Anyway, she doesn't hate it when he teases her.

"Eat the apples," Aiden instructed, gesturing her back to the plate he had handed her earlier. "By the time, I get back, I want this finished."

Arwen glanced at the plate before again looking up at him, blinking, "Didn't you say you weren't going to work? Did you change your mind now?" she asked, then quickly realized how desperate her words sounded. Trying to cover it up, she added hastily, "I mean, you can go to work. I am just asking, nothing else."

Aiden shook his head at her. "Moon, I would be more than happy if you demanded I stay by your side with all authority. I am your husband, and knowing you need me would only boost my pride. Don't ever hesitate to do so."

"But you also have work to attend to. I can't be

selfish to keep you all to myself," Arwen replied. Her voice held a hesitance born of years of scoldings whenever she had asked her mother for attention. Over time, she had grown cautious, unwilling to ask anyone to stay with her—even when she was unwell.

Aiden leaned down and pressed his lips onto hers. It was so sudden that Arwen didn't have time to register it until it was over. Only when it was gone, did she realize what he did. Her lips felt warm and she couldn't control herself to reaching out to feel the warmth on the tips of her fingers.

"Being selfish for your husband's attention isn't wrong," Aiden said, his voice filled with a gentleness she had come to realize was reserved only for her. "You have all the right and authority to be selfish for me."

He then again motioned to her plate. "Now finish these before I return. And no, I am not leaving for work. I just need to discuss a few things with Jason."

Arwen nodded and picked up a slice of apple, taking a small bite. "Fine, go ahead. I will try to finish them."

Aiden nodded and turned to leave. But as he took a step away, Arwen called out, "Oh wait, husband!"

When he turned back, she hesitated before saying, "Can I borrow your phone? I forgot mine, and need to figure out how to get it back." Then realizing something crucial, she quickly added, "You don't have to be wary, I will be mindful of your privacy and won't check something I should not."

Aiden reached into his pocket, pulled his phone out, and walked back to hand it to her. "I have nothing that I need to hide from you, so there is no need to be cautious or scared. You won't find anything on there that you wouldn't want to see."

"Who is scared?" Arwen asked, feigning indignation. She didn't know how he had read her thoughts so easily, but she felt the need to deny it.

"I can see it all written in your eyes. Do you want to deny it?" Aiden asked, raising a brow.

Although she wanted to argue, Arwen wasn't sure she could. *How was it that he could read her eyes so easily, while she couldn't even decipher his actions?*

"Didn't you say you had something to discuss something with Dr. Clark?" She gestured him towards the door and added, "Go, before I decide to prove you wrong."

Aiden was intrigued, but before he could say anything, Arwen started having her apples, ignoring his presence as if he wasn't there in the room. Shaking his head, he turned and walked out of the room.

Once he was gone, Arwen turned to look at the door. She then reached for his phone, opening the camera app to look at her reflection. "How does he do that?" she muttered to herself, trying to read her own eyes but failing miserably. "Arwen, Arwen, you can't even read your own eyes. How do you expect to read his."

She shook her head before tapping on the back button to unlock his phone, only to realize it had a password. "Damn, I forgot to ask him for the four digits. Now what's the use of taking his phone when I can't even unlock it."

She sighed and was ready to set it aside, when she remembered something: hadn't he once said all the passwords were based on her combinations? She recalled it and then taking a chance she entered the one combination that came into her mind. But it didn't match.

Shaking her head, she muttered, "He told that about the passwords around the house. Of course, his phone is more of a personal thing — of course, he wouldn't set it on our combination." Thinking that, she was about to set it aside

again, but then paused, reluctant to give up just like that.

"Fine one more try with my initials," she said, moving her fingers to enter the digits slowly. She took a second to enter the fourth digit as if bracing herself to get denied again, but her pupils dilated, making her eyes widen in surprise when the password went smoothly, unlocking the phone with a click. 2

Arwen blinked her eyes, staring at the screen, trying to decipher it. The first attempt had been the date they got their marriage certificates, but the password wasn't that but her initials. Wasn't keeping her initials felt far more intimate?

However, what truly made her cheeks flush crimson wasn't that, but the next thing she saw on his phone. Covering her face with her hand, she muttered, not knowing what she could say more, "Is he even serious? What was he thinking when did this?"



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